

The Indian Review

CONTAINING THE

CREAM

of Current Literature.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we
can find information on it.—SAMUEL JOHNSON,

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VOLUME II.

CALCUTTA:

PUBLISHED BY W. H. TARGETT, 4, WATERLOO STREET.

1884

The Indian Review.

No. 486
19

No. 7.—APRIL, 1884.

ACTS AND FICTIONS OF RENT LAW CONTROVERSIES.

LAND Tenures in Bengal include fiscal relations and dispositions of property not dreamed of in the philosophy of the English farmer. Under the combined influence of improved government and commercial prosperity, the value of agricultural estates has increased in India as in other countries of the world. But the Bengali speculator has encountered this economic fact, of common, if not of universal, prevalence, in an original way. The superior landlord, released by the Permanent Settlement from all fear of enhanced demands from the State, has, in most instances, transformed himself into a limited annuitant, under a perpetual contract with a tenant who, so long as he discharges his own obligations to the man above him, is left free to make what arrangements he pleases with those below. Using this freedom in accordance with a prevailing fashion, which means abusing it, the first tenant converts himself into an intervening annuitant under a permanent agreement with a third party, who repeats the process in his turn. The substantial accuracy of this description is not affected by the circumstance that these tenants of degrees are sometimes technically defined as 'talukdars' of various shades, since the qualifying element of a *taluk* is a theoretical, if not a practical, tenancy of land. Of the baronial flavour which Lord Canning recognised in the Talukdars of Oudh, so far as it has any social or political consistency apart from the inherent economic relation to a leasehold, there is no trace in the sublime

refinements of 'patnis' observable in Bengal. There seems to be no limit in law or custom to the process of sub-infeudation, of which a brief outline has just been given; and it follows from the free resort made to it all over Bengal that the chief, if not sole, result of the general improvement in the value of land has been the interposition of numberless intervening estates between the landholder, whose name is recorded as proprietor on the 'Taujih,' or State Revenue Roll, and the ultimate tenant, the cultivators of the soil. Most of the holders of these intermediate tenures have been accurately described as drones. Drawing annuities from land, to the improvement of which they contribute nothing, they feed on an important section of the national resources to which they make no return.

It is not, however, easy to see the bearing of these facts on the essential characteristics of the present Viceroy's land policy, or to realise the good faith of many arguments that have been brought forward against it. If the result, or even tendency, of this policy were to increase sub-infeudation, it might still be an open question whether an experiment, undertaken, on other grounds, for the greatest good of the greatest number, the cultivating masses, should not be persisted in until experience decided, with an authority to which presentiment cannot aspire, whether the advantages aimed at under the experiment could not be attained; and if so, whether they would not compensate for the evils arising out of the prevailing system, especially as that system seems likely to continue, and perhaps extend, whether the experiment is attempted or not. But as the characteristic feature of the policy of the Indian Government is to secure to the last tenant the enjoyment of the beneficial interest with which immemorial usage has invested him, which the earliest British land legislation in India unmistakably recognised, and all later British Indian legislation has only confirmed or plainly aimed at confirming, it is not easy to understand why any development of sub-infeudation, accidental or designed, should stand in the way of a simple measure of justice. It has been publicly stated in England that the vice of Lord Ripon's land policy in Bengal consists in its provisions for enriching the intermediate tenant at the expense of the actual cultivator. It has been equally publicly stated in India that the crime of Lord Ripon's land policy consists in the provision it makes for enriching the cultivator at the expense of the superior landlord. Both these statements cannot be correct. Whatever colour prepossession may lend to either, neither seems to have any foundation on fact.

It must not be overlooked that in India, as in other countries,

there is of necessity a social substratum in the form of a large labouring class: all men are not born in the possession of estates, any more than all men are necessarily born landless. The proportion in which actual cultivators may also be owners of any kind of right, of occupancy or usufruct, in land may well form the subject of careful enquiry—a question, however, on which little useful information can be expected till the systematic record of rights planned by Sir G. Campbell, but ever since for some reason or for none, neglected by his successors, is established.

But whatever light investigation may shed on this subject, in regard to which abstract speculation is almost worthless, there are, and must always be, a class of labourers whose services may be obtained on hire for agricultural or for any other industries. If it is imagined that Lord Ripon intends to endow landless labourers with the wealth of the superior landlord, evidence of the fact is on every ground preferable to rhetorical flourishes. If it is supposed that Lord Ripon does not intend to transfer the possessions of small farmers to landless labourers, those who advance the hypothesis ingenuously may fairly be asked to explain in what manner the underlying fact can form a ground for rational complaint. There is reason, however, to fear that the habit of mind which is associated with the constant treatment of all radical reform as confiscation—a habit which abandons all analysis of individual facts on their own merits, and thus runs the risk of becoming a mere badge of party instead of an indication of conscientious scruples—is above, or below, answering pointed appeals. Otherwise the real grievance (if any there be) now obscured in verbiage, might be unearthed. But any one seeking information about Bengal land tenures will come, very early in the search, on the fact that the “*rayat*,” who was invested by prescription with a beneficial interest in the soil, which Lord Cornwallis recognised in 1793 and Lord Canning confirmed in 1859, must be either the hereditary occupant of the unit of tenure, the “*jot*,” or some legitimate successor of such an hereditary occupant. This is the man to whom the Indian Government is anxious to do justice, in continuation of the policy of Lord Cornwallis, for the avowed purposes of which the code of 1793 was evidently not found to suffice when Lord Canning introduced Act X of 1859, and for which the latter enactment apparently does not suffice at the present day.

It is equally interesting and instructive to note that, whereas in first formulating a land policy for Bengal which has never been changed, Lord Cornwallis pointed out to landlords the obligations they owed to their tenants; the two later developments of land legislation—that

of Lord Canning in 1859 and that of Lord Ripon to-day—have both charged on landlords their failure of duty, and determined to provide by measures of gradually increasing stringency for the fulfilment of claims to insure which a mere sense of duty has not sufficed.

Any real interval which hostile criticism can mark off between the gradations of land legislation of the three periods will thus be seen to be the measure, not of any variation in the objects persistently pursued in one direction from beginning to end, or even in the definition of the claim consistently enforced from first to last ; but of a palpable default on the part of one of two contracting parties. The main ground on which the present experiment has been launched obviously is that the interests of the "rayat," the unprotected *beneficiaire*, are being wholly neglected by the "zemindar" no less than by intervening "talukdars," both of whom have grown so emboldened by their past successes as to make them the basis of new claims. The pretexis now advanced by landlords were never heard in 1859, and could never have been imagined in 1793 ; and though candour calls for the admission that some of them, such as those resting on the pretence of recent investments of capital, could not well have been raised before, yet it is equally certain that, if the root of the right on the strength of which capital is said to have been invested, had been in existence in 1859, it could not possibly have then been concealed.

Meanwhile the tyranny of evil success has taken forms which would excite amusement but for the grotesque sadness that is interwoven with them. Superior holders of land, besides taking rents properly so called, exact from the common victim illegal cesses for which excuses are founded in every incident which can befall a human creature from the cradle to the grave. If the landlord marries, the tenant pays a marriage fee. If the landlord has a son, the tenant pays a birthday fee. If the landlord entertains guests, the tenant pays a sumptuary fee. If the landlord dies, the tenant pays a funeral fee. Domestic occurrences of these and other sorts happen to other members of the landlord's family, whereupon the tenant pays some more fees. If, on the other hand, the tenant does anything out of the common, he is required, on some estates, to pay ; whatever happens the tenant pays. He may die for nothing, but almost every other incident of his own or another's life is, from the landlords' point of view, an occasion for a payment.

While exacting all he can from his tenant, the landlord, in the vast majority of cases, does nothing whatever for his estate. When he has converted himself, as already shown, into a limited annuitant

who can expect no return from any capital which he may lay out on improvements, it is unreasonable to expect him to fling good money after bad. It is important to bear in mind that in estates on which the superior landlord is a limited annuitant, with perquisites, the projected legislation is not designed to interfere with his annuity, but to prevent the growth of further annuitants between him and the final holder. The singular statements sometimes made as to the extent of the capital lavished by landlords on the improvement of landed property will perhaps best be met by the early publication of Lord Mayo's Resolution on Advances for improvements in Land, and the whole correspondence which led to that resolution. It would then become apparent to every one that the Government of India has from time to time been induced to offer advances of money to persons having beneficial interests in land, in order to tempt them to improve their property, but that, up to 1872, all such inducement had lamentably failed. The cause of the failure has already been explained. On a simple matter of fact of this kind, the appeal must not lie to hyberbole and rodomontade, but to figures of a very different description.

The opposition offered to the Government of India is not, so far as can be seen, owing to Lord Ripon's supposed discovery of a "*last beneficiaire*" in the intermediate tenant, any more than it is owing to his creation of a "*last beneficiaire*" out of the hireling labourer. In either case the "*zamindar*" and other annuitants would gain no more advantage than they will now gain from the reform which is in hand. This reform—whatever legal technicalities may be needed to define it—is, in a word or two, to distinguish the hereditary tenant or his legal successor on the one hand from the hireling labourer, with whom no one but a disingenuous controversialist can confound him, and on the other from the intermediate holder, with whom imperfectly informed writers may possibly unintentionally have confused him; and to give him his due. To say that the investiture of hereditary rayats with ordinary rights of property—more freedom of conveyance and the like—is to expose them to temptations to extravagance, is to make a statement at once intelligible and probably correct. The reply to it is, that further legislation may hereafter be necessary to save him from himself. Municipal law has often become a special providence for others than infants and lunatics. But to deny him his right, and to claim them for others, is to make discussion on the protection of the rayat impossible. A test of the sincerity of those who object to the new Rent Bill on the ground that it wrongly enriches one class at the expense of another may be readily found in their answers, if they will make any, to the simple question whether opposition will cease on

plain proof of the true character and object of the bill. Not even to disarm faction can the Government of India trifle with an honourable purpose whose justification is its justice.

No doubt the reform taken in hand by the Government will have to round some curious corners when launched upon a conservative society like that of Bengal, where, as we have seen, even abuses of a grave kind claim prescriptive rights, and evil practices possess a wonderful tenacity. In all likelihood too the obstacles raised by agitators, whether ill-meaning or well-meaning, will multiply or intensify the difficulties of the situation. But mistaken obstruction, whether honest or dishonest, cannot permanently interfere with public justice. So much has of late been said in enthusiastic English periodicals about national instincts and national aims, that it may prove useful to statesmen in future to watch the principles on which the latest national policy is being matured in India, under the joint inspiration of national hopes and party politics. An alliance of English gentlemen and Bengali Báboos, who have no single interest in common, beyond the temporary one of suppressing the cultivating classes on some estates, is striving to thwart the government in its determination to rescue and elevate the masses. The benefits arrived at, moreover, differ from the sentimental satisfaction promised by the Ilbert Bill, in being convertible on strict commercial principles into money and all that money can buy. The painful part of such an alliance is that some at least, and perhaps many, of those who have been tempted to join it, have been blinded to the probability that the real instigators of the movement which is now making headway in India are equally indifferent to the anxieties of landlords and tenants; or at any rate are mainly concerned with the infliction of a political defeat on their opponents in England. The circumstance that Indian newspapers which have for years advocated the tenant's cause as the just one, have suddenly embraced the cause of the landlord, which they formerly pronounced to be unjust, admits of another remark besides the one that wisdom has come with reflection. It is doubtful how many Englishmen in India would have been found ranged on the side of a convicted tyranny, if the Government which is bearing down on it had not unhappily and unwisely made itself unpopular by a more questionable reform. But politicians may rest assured that, whatever else a liberal Viceroy may fail in doing in India, the nation will not permit the failure of any earnest attempt made by a Viceroy of any party to redeem promises made nearly a century ago to the millions of Bengal—promises in the fulfilment of which the honour of the nation is involved no less than the satisfaction of the claims of suffering humanity.

W. C. MADGE.

TEA IN INDIA AND CEYLON.

- 1.—*A Tea Planter's Life in Assam.* By GEORGE. M. BARKER.
Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co., 1884.
- 2.—*A Handbook to the Ceylon Court.* Calcutta International
Exhibition, 1883.

IF there are "sermons in stones" why not romance in a tea-cup ?

The story of the fragrant leaf from its first appearance in the West, two hundred years ago, to the present time, would fill a goodly volume. Thus far we have had no more than sketchy outlines, or technical works unsuited to the tastes of the general reader, and the book to which we allude has yet to be produced. Materials for it are however, cropping up from time to time, and amongst others are the two small and unpretentious publications mentioned above. How different the conditions under which the tea industry of the world, and the sea-borne trade in the leaf are carried on at the present time from what was the case two centuries ago, when the article was known only in cities and towns of England, when it was brought home as a rare and costly luxury in gallant ships, perfect in model and discipline, which braved the perils of the Cape of Storms, the value of a few cargoes equalling a small kingdom's ransom. All this is changed to-day. The swiftest steamers reach London from the far East in about as many weeks as those ships formerly took months, *via* the Cape : yet, strange though it may sound, great as are the trade changes that have taken place since the first small consignment of tea was taken home from the chief port of China, we are practically as little acquainted with the local conditions under which the leaf is grown, gathered, carried, and packed as in those far-off times, when three voyages with cargoes of silk and tea sufficed to make the fortunes of captains and supercargo. If this is no longer the case, if stories of the "Flying Dutchman" and shoals of mermaids have given way to anecdotes of the sea-serpent or of Red Sea chariot wheels, there is still much to be told of the "land of the fragrant leaf," and that not always attractive or pleasing.

How few of our friends at home, sitting on a calm summer evening on a flower-fringed lawn, sipping their cups of Indian

tea, give a thought to those brave hearts who, daring the perils of fever-stricken plains and stormy hills, have courted fortune, too often to find a grave. How little is known amongst the fireside gathering on a long winter's eve of what it costs to grow the pleasant beverage they are drinking. How little mothers and sisters know of the troubles that await the seeker of "fresh fields and pastures new" in far Assam, and of the trials and privations that are bound to be his lot. Therefore it is that works, however small, however unpretending, that undertake to let in a flood of light on the unknown regions of the East, are to be welcomed as useful whilst they are amusing.

Such a volume is that of Mr. Barker, who throughout his two hundred and forty odd pages never wearies and is always more or less instructive. It is a little book which fathers having sons to send out into the world will do well to read before resolving on making them tea planters, for it will show how necessary to success in such a career is a strong and enduring physique, a constitution that can withstand fatigue, privation, and sickness often under the most trying conditions. It is evident that the author of the little work before us has not made the worst of things, but has told a round unvarnished tale without prejudice and devoid of exaggeration. He tenders to the young would-be emigrant advice which, however good, may not always be followed. He tells the youth of the present day discontented with his prospects at home, not to think of a Colonial or Indian venture, unless he has tried every possible career at home, and then not to venture out, at any rate on a tea-planting speculation, unless with some definite plan before him. As for the financial prospects for the Assam emigrant he says with truth: "Unfortunately, many in England on the lookout for work are carried away by what seems to be a large salary. Tempting offers of billets are occasionally to be seen advertised in the daily papers: one hundred and fifty rupees a month (equivalent at the present rate of exchange, to about £150 per annum) to commence with, and the additional prospect of a steady increase at the rate of Rs. 500 a year for the first three years. This sounds well, but nothing can be more misleading than these figures. One hundred and fifty a year to a London clerk seems to be abundant wealth, though among them are many whose yearly bills for education used to exceed that amount, now content to accept far less, and contrive—Providence alone knows how—to marry upon it. In Assam, this amount of pay just enables a man to exist, but that is all. Luxuries, which at home would be classed amongst necessities, are not for him. Famine prices are paid for all English and

American-tinned provisions." The author is quite right in telling his readers that in the jungle stations of India a rupee does not go further than a shilling at home; we doubt if it does as much, and yet, in order to endure the severe work and privations of a tea-planter's life in Assam, it is absolutely necessary that he should live well, or he will find his strength and health give way before long. There is no doubt that the fatigue and trials incident to a life in the East amongst planters involve far harder work and necessitate much more personal supervision than are called for in any of the ordinary occupation at home. A word of warning to young men on the score of drink is most appropriate, for in a climate like this, and in an occupation involving violent exercise with severe variations of temperature, the temptation thus to reinvigorate exhausted nature is often very great.

There are the usual chapters on the voyage out, the arrival at Calcutta, the sights and wonders and worries to be met with in the City of Palaces, all of which, true enough as a rule, are not connected with the object of these remarks, *viz.*, to illustrate the story of the fragrant leaf in India and Ceylon. The various land and water routes to Assam are described, showing how much has yet to be done before connection between the capital and this important tea district can be considered on a satisfactory footing. Whether by steamer or railway the journey is terribly monotonous, except, indeed, when it is broken by an incident of some kind, such, for instance, as the swamping of the boat by a portion of the lofty mudbank falling in upon it, as frequently happens. The arrangements for storing goods at the river side at certain points are primitive in the extreme: a few bamboos stuck in the ground with a pretence of a thatch for a roof. This answers all the purpose, but occasionally a sand storm comes on, when the bamboos and thatch will be swept into the river, and the goods buried some feet under sand and have to be dug out when the site is discovered.

It is when we come to the chapters treating of life on a tea estate in Assam that the really interesting portion of the work commences, and those who have had no experience of such matters will find in this portion of the volume ample subject for study. The curiously constructed bungalow and its wide verandah—the huge porch—the roof lashed together with a sort of jungle twine—and yet, in spite of all this, leaking sadly on one's bed during a thunder storm; all this is told with painful vividness. The dreary monotony of a planter's daily life is at times broken by such incidents as a visit from a tiger or a homicidal coolie. We are told how "if well

in the jungle or near the Naga territory, it is advisable to sleep with a loaded revolver either under the pillow or near at hand, for use against tigers or panthers, which do not find the jump on to the chung (the raised floor) any very great hindrance to their inquisitiveness, and may at any time stroll in through the open doors of your bedroom and look round. Again, there is the fear of a vindictive coolie, who perchance may think it a happy deliverance, so far as he is personally interested in your demise, to brain you. One planter, in Cachar, awoke on a morning, two years ago, to find a coolie standing over him with a naked *dhau* (half chopper, half knife) in his hand, and wearing any thing but an amicable expression. But, objecting strongly to the turn the proceedings were about to take, he succeeded, after a brief struggle, in wresting the weapon out of this well-intentioned man's hands. The only reason that the planter ever afterwards obtained for his intended assassination was at the man's trial, when he stated that he had a dream, wherein, at the peril of offending his deities, he was ordered to kill the sahib."

But tigers and midnight assassins are not the only excitements of a life in the far corners of Assam. The hum-drum of every-day existence is at times enlivened by an earthquake, or, failing that incident, by a rain storm usually accompanied by a violent hurricane; and then, welcome though the cool storm may be, the havoc it creates is terrible within and without. Doors are torn from their hinges, matting is ripped up, furniture is hurled about the room, and alas for any glass or crockery that may happen to be standing on the sideboard,—all is swept in one common ruin, and the planter, whilst revelling in the freshness of the breeze, cannot refrain from totalling up the cost to his slender resources! In addition to these larger troubles there are others of a minor character yet none the less trying: the insects of the country are numerous and aggravating. The author assures us that "a long blood-curdling chapter might easily, if space allowed, be devoted to insects, flying and crawling; birds, beautiful but songless; wild animals, dangerous and inoffensive: and all the other fauna inhabiting this vast natural history repository of the world. Were it not for the innumerable mosquitos; ants, black and red; spiders, whose every step is a good six-inch stride, and whose bite or lick, as it is generally termed, will incapacitate the unfortunate licked one from active work for a few days after the accident,—I say, if it were not for these and some other detestations, life would be twice as agreeable." The list is filled up with scorpions, centipedes, booming beetles, croaking bull-frogs with stentorian lungs, and scrambling rats and mice, which

make up a tolerably long list of living torments by day and night, to say nothing of the innumerable tiny flies which swarm at meal times on the dinner table, and immolate themselves in the soup or the gravy.

The author has some amusing incidents to relate in reference to tea-planting and tea speculation, and the following little anecdote is worth extracting, as illustrating the present pecuniary position of some of the "gardens." In the early days of Assam, when it was commonly believed that the possession of a tea plantation was the key to fortune, we are told how an enterprising planter sold a so-called "garden," for two lacs of rupees—Rs. 2,00,000 :—

"The negotiations were completed while the worthy proprietor was in England on a visit. At the time of the sale the garden was *in nubibus*, and consisted of a fine stretch of jungly land. A telegram to his manager to clear and put out at once anything that could with reason be called a tea plant, followed the handing over of the first instalment of purchase-money, and when in due course the unfortunate purchaser arrived in the East, he found his newly-acquired possession with about ten bushels to the acre: the rest had died out—so said the vendor. It is a pretty little tale of treachery, and has one advantage over most other stories—it is quite true."

The trials of a tea-planter in regard to obstreperous and lazy, coolies are beyond the imaginings of uninformed "Westerns." The climate is most trying, the insects are infamous, wild beasts are sad inflictions, but the coolies are more trying to the planter's temper than any of these. The manager of a garden needs a perfect temper, a disposition of calm philosophy which nothing can ruffle, nothing can disturb. The lower class of Oriental is probably pretty nearly the same in most essentials in all parts of the East yet there are degrees of stolid indifference and idleness to be met with in all—the Assamese and the Tamil, for instance, possessing varied traits stamped indelibly on their natures. Nor are the features of tea-planting in the North and the South less marked, though as regards first principles, all have a common origin in certain well-defined rules.

If the history of tea-planting in India and the East generally should ever come to be written as a history, the industry will no doubt be found to have had a very different growth in India from that which it had in Ceylon. The circumstances were widely dissimilar. During the first years of tea in Assam, many mistakes were made to be afterwards corrected, and, later on, when it was found that shares in tea-gardens that had been looked upon as worthless, were in reality

likely to prove good and lasting investments, there was an unprecedented "rush" for tea land, leading to purchases at excessively high prices, the consequences of which are being felt at the present time. Without any intention of entering upon technical questions in this industry, it is impossible to avoid referring to the peculiarities of tea-planting as explaining some of the difficulties under which the enterprise is labouring. Large first cost, expensive management, heavy agency charges, excessive cost of importing labour and costliness of transport—all these, added to drawbacks incidental to climate, &c., make up a list of impediments which are sufficient to explain the planter's existing stationary position. When we see the heavy figures representing the first cost of an estate, and know that an outlay of about £3,000 is needed to import three hundred coolies into the district—when we read of managers drawing Rs. 1,000 a month, and the keep of two horses, while Calcutta charges and transport represent a very serious figure—we are not surprised to learn that only about one-third of the Indian tea estates yield their shareholders a dividend, the remaining two-thirds either giving nothing in the shape of profits or actually being a loss.

This little book tells a story of heavy disabilities under which the tea-planter labours, true enough no doubt, but we suspect he has omitted a few items. We are told that "a year or so ago there was in the *Englishman* a long correspondence concerning brokers' charges, and statements were then made, which, if substantiated, go to show that the broker gets more than his fair share of the good things in the transaction. There are, of course, brokers and brokers. The time is not far off when the brokers' position will have to be reconsidered, for the high charges made by them, and the low prices that the tea realises, do not reconcile the planter to his part of doing all the hard work and getting a scanty share of the pickings."

The question naturally arises, how does it happen, with so many aggravated circumstances against the industry, that even one-third of the estates yield a profit, and some few of them rather good dividends? This must arise from differences inherent in the system. Mr. Barker does not touch on these matters, or, when he does, but lightly. He moralises on the costly taste for machinery on all sides, forgetting how much coolie labor is saved by it, and regrets that no one has as yet invented a means of cheapening the cost of weeding a plantation. Perhaps a visit to the more cheaply worked tea estates in Ceylon would enable the Assam planter to accomplish this without the aid of machinery: at any rate he could learn a few things there, which might be turned to profitable account

in India, for though Ceylon is young in tea, it has already made rapid strides in the cultivation and the manufacture of tea, as witness the high prices realised by the Ceylon leaf in the home market.

In the island, whose court at the Exhibition is described in the little handbook whose title heads this article, the tea enterprise has been built up on the decay of one of its oldest industries. For well nigh half a century the cultivation of coffee had enriched thousands of individuals, filled the coffers of the State, and enabled the country to be covered with a net-work of roads and railways than which none better are to be found in the East. In an evil day a pest visited the island, just as phylloxera decimated the vineyards of France, and sweeping through its fairest districts laid low the planters' hopes. In a few short years, where prosperity had been so long, decay undermined the best and most flourishing properties, and now a fierce and continuous struggle with adversity is going on. The planters of this much tried island, baffled but not beaten, turned their attention to the rearing of new products, and with indomitable pluck and unwearied energy tried some of those articles best known and in most request in the home market; amongst these was tea, a plant which had been grown on one or two estates for some years quietly and almost unheeded by the planting world. But when the pest storm burst over coffee—when fields upon fields of this favourite plant showed little more than their denuded branches with here and there a sickly leaf held out as a signal of distress—amidst all this wreckage, the planting community took counsel in their hour of need, and nothing daunted by what had befallen them, they resolutely took up the culture of what seemed to them most suited to the climate of the country—one of sunshine and showers,—the best of all leaf-producers. Thenceforward tea became the favourite product. Little was then known of it, but that little was turned to good and practical account. Supplies of the best varieties of seed were obtained from India. Some of the leading Ceylon planters visited the tea districts of Darjeeling and Assam, and soon a way was found for this new departure that promised to lead to success.

In some instances portions of coffee land, where the plants had ceased to bear, were planted up with tea: these were mostly at a good elevation, from two thousand to four thousand feet above sea level; but the larger plantings were on new land from which the forest had been cleared, and these were at varying altitudes ranging from but little above dead sea level to fifteen hundred feet; for not only were opinions divided on the question of altitude,

but land was not always obtainable where most desired. Nearly all these new clearings were on a small scale, for the industry was but tentative, and though it was seen that good tea could be produced, the cost and probable market value were as yet unknown quantities.

Patient application, unceasing economy, and continued improvement in method have after some years crowned the efforts of the Ceylon planters with a full measure of success. The little handbook tells the reader that the tea hitherto shipped from Colombo "has been the produce of about six thousand acres of cultivated land, and it is estimated that there are other four thousand acres also in tea, not yet at a producing age. This area is quite insignificant as compared with the extent of land available, but the results obtained from it enable us to state with accuracy the financial outcome of this new industry. There are two estates in their ninth year of production at altitudes from three to five thousand feet, and there are others at lower altitudes of less age, say up to five years. The data obtained from a dozen or more of these show that the annual yield per acre on high estates is 350lbs. to 400lbs. of tea per acre, whilst on new land at lower altitudes, where the heat and rainfall are greater, as much as 600lbs. and 700lbs. per acre, are obtained. Most of these returns have been obtained from trees which have not yet arrived at maturity, at an average of only four years."

This tea, we are told, costs not more than seven pence to eight pence per pound when shipped, and realises in the London market 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9½d. per pound, whilst according to the published accounts of Assam tea companies, the cost of the Indian article is seldom below 10d. to a shilling the pound. The cause of this difference is not far to seek. Ceylon tea gardens are in nearly every case the property of private parties, not of public companies, and to a great extent managed by resident proprietors who have every inducement to economise. Most of them, instead of as in Assam being four or five days' journey from a port of shipment, are within sound of the Columbo fort gun, on a first class road along which it is a pleasure to travel.

Contrasting vividly with the dull monotony of most of the country in lower Bengal, the scenery in the tea districts of Ceylon, under the cool shadow of Adam's Peak, of sacred footprint celebrity, has charms rarely to be met with on the continent of India. Gifted with a varied wealth of vegetable growth, the sea-board of this fertile island of pearls and spices fills the traveller with amazement at the broad expanse, the universality of vegetable life,

luxuriant and ample in its ever-varying tints. "A bare rock is seldom seen, and not long since a sturdy tree topped the submit of Pedrotalagala, the loftiest mountain pinnacle in the island. Life and decay are equally rapid in this rich domain of the vegetable kingdom. The plant that falls to-day is gone to-morrow, and we search the tangled jungles of the interior in vain for dead trees cumbering the ground, so rapidly do insects and creeping plants conceal them from view."

The contiguity of these extensive tea districts to the lofty range of hills running north and south from the Peak explains the continued rainfall which they enjoy, and which, aided by almost unbroken sunshine, induces a constant succession of flushes of the tea plant during ten months out of the twelve. The months of February and March are occasionally hot and droughty, but rarely so much so as to stop the rush of sap and the flush of green tender leaf. During the storm months of June and July when cold, driving rains beat up from seaward, the plants are allowed a respite, and the pruning knife is brought into requisition: at all other times in the year crop operations are ceaseless.

As already stated, most of the Ceylon tea properties are managed by resident proprietors, who, having a direct interest in the outlay on their plantations, are careful that none but needful expenditure is incurred. We need not search far afield for the cause of the excellent outturn of leaf on Ceylon estates, when we remember that in China the work is carried on by the poorest classes of rural labourers, who, although accustomed to the process from their youth upwards, have never had the advantages of skilful scientific supervision. In India the manufacture is carried on under the superintendence of native overseers, the manager exercising no personal overlooking of the delicate processes of withering, fermenting, rolling, drying, &c. On Ceylon estates, on the other hand, the manager is much more in the tea house than in the field amongst the pluckers; for he feels that he can more safely leave the field hands with an occasional visit only than be absent from the tea rooms, where an hour's negligence may irretrievably spoil a large break of his best tea.

Necessarily this unceasing vigilance on the part of the manager renders his life one of great and persistent toil. Happily for him he labours in a healthy climate, for in Ceylon a sea breeze is rarely absent from the tea estates, and in no part of the island where this cultivation is carried on are there any malarial influences at work. The plantations are almost invariably on undulating land,

the planter's bungalow and garden being located on one of the many hill slopes of the estates. The majority of these plantations are as yet in their youth, few of them containing more than a portion of tea in full bearing, whilst very many are even now only yielding their first pluckings. Those in the Adam's Peak district and its vicinity have the advantage of nearness to Colombo. A first class carriage road traverses the country for thirty miles from the seaport, and at that point branches off in two directions, one of these traversing a fine, undulating, richly-wooded and well-watered country for thirty miles further upwards, along which, at no great distance from it, are to be found dozens of young gardens, all of which will during the next few years, furnish their quota of the leaf to the London market. Many of these are as yet unknown as producers, but already the names of others are recognised in "the Lane" as representing a quality of tea which has become a general favourite in England. In the words of a London Broker's report: "The finest type of Ceylon tea has a merit of its own, which is not unlikely to command a market for itself; while for such as do not possess this distinctive fine character, prices will always follow, more or less regularly, the movements of the general market."

According to the little hand-book to the Ceylon Court: "To the present time nearly all tea shipped from Ceylon has been hand-made. On many estates, however, machinery for rolling and sifting is being erected, and in one or two instances such machines are already at work in a satisfactory manner. The estimated saving in cost of production by this means is a minimum of three cents* a pound, but in addition to this gain there is a still more important saving in the fewer number of hands required, especially in the process of rolling. The calculation is that, one of the improved machines for rolling, tended by a coolie and two boys, can be made to do the work of thirty labourers,—a very important saving when we bear in mind the demand that must arise for hands with extended tea cultivation during the next few years."

With regard to labour Ceylon planters are more favoured than their friends in Assam. It is true the Singhalese villagers are as unreliable as labourers on an estate as the Assamese or other natives of India, but coffee estates have, during the last forty years, been steadily supplied with coolies from the neighbouring coasts of South India, and these Tamils have grown so attached to the planters of the Ceylon hills, and have been uniformly so well cared

* Three-fifths of a penny.

for, that it is rarely that any scarcity of labour is experienced ; the Tamils coming from and going to their villages of their own free will and mostly at their own cost. The aptitude of the Tamil race for taking to any new description of work is well exemplified in the facility which they have shown in acquiring skill in the tea-garden and the tea-house. Nominally labour in Ceylon is dearer than in India, but in the former country there exist none of those crushing burdens on labour-supply with which planters in Assam and elsewhere have to contend, adding as they do so heavily to the cost of the article produced. Again, the value of the labour differs materially in the two countries, the Tamils being far more skilful, and therefore more valuable than the class of labourers chiefly employed on Indian tea-gardens. . .

Whatever may be thought of the systems pursued in the two countries in regard to the production of tea and the relative quality of the article, there can be very little doubt that the Ceylon planter has much the advantage in reference to climate, to social enjoyments, and to freedom from many of those privations and discomforts which weigh upon life on an Indian tea-garden. Surrounded by far less objectionable neighbours, troubled by far fewer depredations and annoyances from the jungle, and as yet a stranger to those natural pests which attack the tea plant in most districts of India and above all, located in a country easy of access by road and rail, and at no place remote from the shipping port, the tea-planter of Ceylon possesses advantages which promise at no distant date to crown his anxious labours and struggles with assured success. The events of the last few years have tried the endurance and the courage of most of those who have embarked in planting operations in that island. The scourge which, in the shape of a coffee pest, has devastated the finest district of the country, has tried their philosophy and their resources to the utmost. In this new enterprise of tea cultivation, it is to be hoped they will meet their well merited reward.

JOHN CAPPER.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSING OF THE
CALCUTTA INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

March 10th, 1884.

'Tis past ; no more the daily concourse, smit
With zeal to view the strange and goodly sight,
Winds through these affluent courts, dark faces lit
With wonder and delight.

Where 'neath this roof (great wealth in narrow room)
Before their gaze the opulent East unrolled
Her treasures, cunning labours of the loom,
Ivory and gems and gold ;

And carven work of stone, a king's behest,
And hammered bronze by patient fingers wrought,
Mixed with the sterner products of the West,
In gathered pomp were brought.

Thou too, great island of the southern main,
Didst hither waft us from thy friendly shore
The virgin riches of thy teeming plain,
Timber and grain and ore.

And with us knit in closer amity,
Thee, who art Britain's too, to-day we greet,
And southward flies across the sail-spanned sea
Thy welcome loud and sweet.

And now the pageant fades ; and village ears
Only the tales of vanished splendour fill ;
Before these doors the sable throng appears
No more ; these halls are still.

No more from joyless secret chambers glide
Veiled figures, tempted by the shining store ;
On this new paradise gaze wonder-wide
Those lustrous eyes no more.

And like some dream that haunts the waking mind,
Shall this fair work, as little understood,
Melt from our thoughts and leave no fruit behind,
No augury of good ?—

And shall this scene, unveiled by princely hand
'Mid cannon's roar and trumpet's festal tune,
But buy new dower of commerce for the land,
A mercenary boon ?

Nay ; for in token of a sky that wears
Hate's frown no more and anger's storms that cease,
Lo ! from this ark forth flies a dove that bears
The olive-branch of peace.

Sprung from one common lineage nursed of yore
By old Caucasian steep or Oxus' flood,
Two nations here clasp kindred hands once more
In bond of brotherhood ;

As in late years when India's future lord,
Envoy of Peace from Faith and Right that springs,
Sealed his in fellowship and firm accord
Her people and her kings.

Queen, dear to us who own thine island sway,
Here too in native ears thy name is sweet,
And Eastern hearts with Western joined to-day
In loyal concord beat.

India, methinks this day from sea to sea
One watchword rings across thy teeming lands :
Twin-based on Justice to ourselves and thee
This mighty empire stands.

W. TREGO WEBB.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

CENSUS OF BENGAL, 1881.—The December number of the "Quarterly Journal of the Statistical Society" contains some interesting notes by Mr. Beverley, who, as Inspector-General of Registration, conducted the Bengal Census operations of 1872, on the report recently written by his successor Mr. Bourdillon, of the Census of 1881.

Many of our readers will remember the feeling of incredulous surprise with which Mr. Beverley's figures were received some ten years ago, when the vague guess-work notions then existing as to the population of Bengal were shown by the results of the first scientific Census of the country ever made to have been in most cases some ten millions below the mark; it was some time before the figures were received as other than gross exaggeration, the public being slow to believe that the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal was the ruler of nearly 67 millions of people, the soil of this province being thus more densely populated than that of the United Kingdom. It was natural, therefore, that the results of the second Census should be awaited with considerable curiosity. Would this second Census confirm or contradict the results of the first? Mr. Beverley's object is to show that the more recent figures so far support those of 1872 as to show that the latter certainly did not overstate, and could not, on the whole, have greatly understated the population.

As it is since 1872 that Assam has been separated from the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, the figures of Bengal proper alone must be taken from the Census of 1872 for comparison with those of 1881. The returns for the two years show the aggregates of 62,705,718 and 69,536,861 respectively, giving an increase of 6,831,143 persons, or 10.89 per cent. in the course of nine years. This increase seems in itself sufficient to show that the population in 1872 was not overstated.

That, as regards parts of the country at all events, it was understated Mr. Beverley freely admits. In outlying districts, such as the Chittagong Hill Tracts, the Sonthal Pergunnahs and Chota Nagpore, the enumeration of 1872 was carried out by rough and ready methods,

and under very imperfect supervision. "In one district the people were counted by means of notches cut in a stick, in another by knots tied on a string; in some parts the figures returned were merely the estimate of the chief civil officer; in others they were based on a rough survey; while in many cases they were simply such as the native chiefs themselves chose to furnish without any check or examination whatever. Accordingly, we find that, whereas the population of these districts was estimated in 1872 to be 7,339,713 persons, it is now returned at 9,636,628, giving an apparent increase of no less than 36 per cent. This, of course, cannot be a natural increase, and only shows that the estimates arrived at in 1872 were greatly below the mark."

Taking the regulation districts alone, where the operations of 1872 were more or less of a regular and scientific nature, the figures for the two years are 59,900,233 in 1881 as compared with 55,366,005 in 1872, giving an increase of about 8 per cent. for the nine years.

Neither Mr. Beverley nor Mr. Bourdillon thinks that the true rates of births and deaths have been ascertained for Bengal or that any safe deductions may as yet be safely based on the returns; but both rates are believed to be higher in India than in England. Special obstacles prevent the ascertaining of the normal rate of increase in India, namely, the occasional recurrence of those devastating agents—the fever, the famine and the flood. Thus in the period under review Bengal has been visited, first, by a severe scarcity which was prevented from sweeping away hundreds of thousands of the population only by exertions almost superhuman and a vast extraordinary expenditure on the part of government; secondly, there have been three distinct epidemics of malarious fever, and these pestilences are calculated to have carried off at least a million and a half of persons during the years under notice in the districts of Burdwan, Hooghly, Dinagepore and Rungpore; and, lastly, the great storm-wave of 1876 and the epidemic of cholera that followed it are credited with something like 350,000 deaths. We have thus a total of 1,885,000 persons whose death may be accounted for by non-natural causes between the dates of the two censuses. This number, added to the population of the strictly regulation districts as ascertained by the recent Census, would bring the rate of increase up to 11·5 instead of 8 per cent.

Mr. Beverley proceeds to quote from Mr. Bourdillon's report some of the more striking facts brought to light regarding the population of Bengal, its numbers and conjugal conditions, and the proportion of men to women and of children to adults.

Accepting the figures of the 1881 Census, we find that the population of the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal outnumbers that of any European nation, except Russia, and is larger by 38 per cent. than that of the United States. The average Bengal district has a population equal to that of the county of Surrey or the state of Virginia, while the average population of a sub-division is greater by some 30,000 than that of an English county.

Excluding the Feudatory States, Bengal has an average density of 442 persons to the square mile as compared with 445 in England and Wales, while in some districts in Behar the pressure of the population on the soil is almost incredible, Mozufferpore being credited with 859 persons to the square mile and Sarun with no less than 869; and in these districts the people are multiplying as fast as anywhere.

One of the most unexpected facts elicited by the Census of 1872 and subsequently confirmed by the returns of 1881 was the large number of Mahomedans in Bengal; the figures for the two years show that they form over 31 per cent. of the entire population.

The number of Christians in the province has increased from 91,066 in 1872 to 128,125 in 1881, or at the rate of 40 per cent. in the nine years. This increase has, of course, been mainly among natives, their numbers having risen from 48,957 to 87,399, that is by 78 per cent., or nearly 9 per cent. per annum. This marvellous increase is mainly to be attributed to the success of missionary labours in the Sonthal Pergunnahs and Chota Nagpore.

To the European observer, who has had no personal experience, of India, it is no doubt an astonishing fact that at any given time nearly half (49 per cent.) of the entire population of Bengal, men, women and children, at any given time are actually married, while if the widowed be included under the heading "married," the percentage of "single" persons is only 38 in Bengal against 60 in England. Of males between thirty and forty years of age in Bengal only 5 per cent. have remained bachelors, while of women between twenty and thirty only 1 per cent. are still spinsters.

The proportion of widows in a country where remarriage of widows is almost unknown is, of course, far beyond that in England, 21 per cent. being the figure for Bengal against 7.5 per cent. in England. Out of the 7,500,000 widows in Bengal upwards of 300,000 are under twenty years of age, and are condemned by an inhuman and immoral social law to drag out often a long life in melancholy degradation. Many of our readers will, we think, be astonished to learn that the Census tables show that polygamy is virtually unknown among the.

Hindus, and extremely uncommon among Mahomedans. Among the Hindus plurality of wives is not allowed, except for good and sufficient reasons, and, as a fact, the returns show more Hindu husbands than wives, the excess being, no doubt, due to the fact that many Hindus who come to Bengal for trade or service leave their families behind them in other provinces. Among the Mahomedans, of whom it is, we believe, a not uncommon idea among Europeans that each man among them has at least four wives, there are not more than 1,033 married women to every 1,000 married men. Mr. Beverley considers that Mr. Bourdillon is justified in his conclusion that polygamy is practised to a small extent by the Musalman population. The reason assigned for this—and it is one that we have heard from the lips of Mahomedans before these statistics assured us of the comparative rarity of polygamy—is, that the cost of the ceremony and the extra expense involved in maintaining two or three families are so great as to render plurality of wives a luxury that can be indulged in by only a few rich men.

The age tables of the two censuses, though not altogether trustworthy, agree in returning the proportion of children to adults as much larger in Bengal than in England—a natural result of the universality of marriage, which means a high birth-rate, and of the shorter average duration of life in India.

At the Census of 1872 the females were found to be slightly in excess of the males, though elsewhere in India the males were returned as largely outnumbering the females, and in 1881 similar results were obtained. Mr. Bourdillon writes: "The error to which Census operations in India is most liable is an understating of the female population. National prejudices and a false shame among the upper classes, and among the lower classes a tendency to ignore the existence of their women as not worth returning, combine to produce this result, and to reduce the ascertained numbers of the weaker sex below their true figure." The gradual spread of knowledge and actual experience that no harm or shame follows the enumeration of the females of a household are by degrees removing objections to the supply of true returns, and it is to be expected that each succeeding Census will show an increase in the proportion of females; and, in fact, such an increase may be taken, so far as it goes, as a proof of the greater correctness of later returns.

Mr. Plowden, the Census Commissioner of India, has, it is understood, in preparation a review of all the returns for the different provinces. Such a broad survey should throw light on many important

social and economic questions in India, and prove of interest to others besides the statician.

KASHGARIA, EASTERN OR CHINESE TURKISTAN : *Historical and Geographical Sketch of the Country ; its military strength, industries and trade.* BY A. N. KUROPATKIN (Colonel on the General Staff of the Imperial Russian Army). Translated from the Russian by WALTER E. GOWAN, Major, Her Majesty's Indian Army. Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co., 1882.—This handsome volume has been before us for some time, and but for press of other matter would have received earlier notice.

In a prefatory note Major Gowan alludes to the fact that Kashgaria, has since the publication of the original work, disappeared from the list (now rapidly decreasing) of the independent states of Central Asia, and that another turn of the wheel of fortune has once more placed the Chinese in possession of that country. His conjecture that "before long the further progress of that other Power, in whose movements both England and India have so great an interest, will divert to Kashgaria some of the attention given to Kuldja and the Turkoman oases," seems, in view of the recent advance of Russia to Merv, likely to be speedily justified. We have the word of no less an authority than Sir R. Temple that any occupation by Russia of the state of Yarkand-Kashgar would be most injurious to the long established rights and interests of England in the north-western part of the Himalayas. That Russia is bent on extending her influence in that quarter might be conjectured with tolerable certainty from her hitherto almost unbroken advance eastwards, even had she not recently taken the important step of appointing a Consul-General at Kashgar.

The work is introduced to the reader by an account of what led to the mission of Colonel Kuropatkin. The object of the embassy on which he was sent in 1876 by General Aide-de-Camp Von Kaufmann was the opening of negotiations with Yakoob Bek, the "Badaulet" or Khan of Kashgaria, relating to the re-arrangement of the border line between his possessions and the newly-conquered Khanate of Kokan, just turned into the Russian province of Fergana. Such knowledge of Kashgaria as was at the time possessed by Russia was not merely incomplete, but it exaggerated the real powers of the ruler of the country, making it appear that Kashgaria was a powerful Musalman State, which might well become a centre for the rallying of the disaffected population of Russia's newly acquired territory. Its importance in Russian eyes

was, moreover, increased "in consequence of the attempts of the English to draw this country to their side, so as to incorporate it in a neutral zone of countries, which was to separate Russia from India and to acquire in Kashgaria a fresh market for the sale of their manufactured goods."

The immediate result of the embassy was, as might be expected, compliance on the part of Yakoob Bek with the Russian demands. There is something pathetic in the helpless tone of the wild chieftain's final submission: "I accept the proposal of the Russian envoy to carry the boundary through Sooyek, Ooloogchat and Malabar, because I do not consider it possible to act in opposition to the will of Mons. the Governor-General of Turkestan but I will send with you my own envoys for the purpose of requesting the powerful Yarwim-Padishah to make some abatement in his demands, and to leave in my hand places in the construction of which I have laboured for fourteen years. If he will not consent to this my petition, then I must leave it entirely to Mons. the Governor-General of Turkestan to establish a boundary line wherever he may consider necessary, and I will accept his decision." The author adds with some *naivete* that, finding that the position of Yakoob Bek was a very difficult one, and that his "monetary resources were very bad," he had no hesitation in requesting him to surrender "without any indemnification on our part several posts which, in the opinion of Yakoob Bek, had a very important military significance" as well as in pointing out to him the necessity of subjecting himself to the will of Mons. the Governor-General of Turkestan.

Thus far the introduction, which to the general reader will be certainly not the least interesting part of the book.

The first three chapters give an instructive account of the geography, administration and trade of Kashgaria; chapters iv, v and vi sketch the history of the country from its earliest conquest by the Chinese down to 1877, the date of the embassy's return. We then have a detailed description of the Kashgarian army, its organization, commissariat, armament, training and its numerical strength and distribution at the date of the Embassy, together with conclusions drawn therefrom. The latter are briefly summarised in the concluding sentences:—

"With regard to the opposition which at this particular epoch a Russian army marching on Kashgaria would encounter, it may be said, that such an opposition would detain us only during the time that it would take to march through the mountainous tracts for the purpose of capturing Yangi-Shar and certain other fortified points. In the open field Yakoob Bek's army could be

as easily defeated and scattered as have been the hosts of Kokan, Bokhara and Khiva, when these have met our Turkestan troops at Irdjar, Tchapanata, Zeraboolak, Chandir and Makhram."

The last chapter glances at the events in Kashgaria subsequent to the envoy's departure, the advance of the Chinese and the defeat and death of YakooB Bek. As a sample of the style of the translation, which is so easy and idiomatic that it reads like an original English work, we quote the brief account given of Kashgarian trade with India, about which Colonel Kuropatkin allows that he got but little information. That he looked with some apprehension on the possible increase of interchange of commodities between Kashgar and Hindustan is shown by the fact that one of his proposals for the attainment of a better balance of Russian trade with Kashgar is, significantly enough, "the imposition of a heavy tax on English goods, chintzes, muslins, cloths and Indian teas."

"According to reports, there came to Yarkend from Hindoostan, during the year 1873-74, several large caravans carrying goods amounting in value to 800,000 roubles (£100,000.) But the goods brought by these caravans did not meet with a ready sale, and the greater part of them is now lying in the caravanserai of Yarkend. As we have remarked above, English chintzes, although about the same price as the Russian, sell but badly, and this because their colour quickly fades, and because they are made of a soft and perishable material. Of other goods imported from India into Kashgaria, there are quantities of yellow sugar which does not sell well, woollen webs (also a failure) and cloths (red *drap-de-dame*). The latter sells only fairly well, but muslins always find a good market.

"In exchange for the imported Indian goods, silk is bought at Khotan, opium in Yarkend, and goats' wool at Kashgar and Aksu.

"According to the very accurate calculation of Mons. Kolesnikoff, the value of the goods imported from Kashgaria into India was as follows :—

Silk, 2,800 <i>poods</i> , at 20 ducats	...	56,000 ducats
Goats' wool, 1,600 <i>poods</i> , at 3 ducats	...	4,800 "
Opium, 700 horse-loads, at 18 ducats	...	12,600 "
		<hr/>
		73,400 "

* or 200,279 roubles = £25,034.

"Moreover, it is said that considerable quantities of silver and of gold are received into India from Kashgaria.

"The trade with India lies in the hands of natives of that country, but it is stated that, during the year 1876, there was one English trader also residing at Yarkend."

The book is an important addition to our scanty sources of information regarding regions that the Russian advance is every day rendering of greater interest to Englishmen, and its clear and attractive type makes it very pleasant reading.

ECONOMIC PRODUCTS OF INDIA. *Exhibited at the Calcutta International Exhibition, 1823-84.* By George Watt, M.B., C.M., F.L.S., Bengal Educational Service. Vol. I. Calcutta: Printed by the Superintendent of Government Printing, India, 1883.—This work is a monument of learning and industry displayed by the author. The present volume contains four parts, comprising gums and resins—dyes, tans, and mordants—fibres and fibre-yielding plants—oils and oil seeds, perfumery, and soaps. The various products are arranged alphabetically throughout, and the volume closes with, on the whole, a carefully compiled Index, though we miss *tusser* or *tasar*, upon which an excellent article of more than twelve pages occurs in the body of the work. All the silks in fact appear, for some unknown reason, to be excluded from the Index.

It would also, we think, have saved trouble and needless repetition if the Index had furnished page references to the text, instead of unnecessarily repeating a good deal of the information to be found there, and labelling, for reference to the body of the work, each product, as gum, dye, fibre, &c. As it is, time is lost in making a reference since the reader has to go through two distinct mental processes before he can find out a word in the text; he has first to note the Linnæan or other scientific name of the product (for these are placed first in the body of the work, while the vernacular names only are given in the Index); and secondly, he has to note whether it is a gum or a tan or an oil or a mordant or what not, in order that he may be able to turn to that one among the four parts under which it is to be found.

Among the fibres is given an interesting account of jute, its properties and uses, its cultivation and preparation, and its commercial varieties, followed by a valuable "History of the jute industry" interspersed with statistical tables. From this we find that the foreign trade of India in jute began with the exportation of grain from the rich plains of India, Burmah, and China, when, bags being required for this trade, thousands of rough gunnies of home manufacture were greedily bought up; and the production of and trade in gunny bags rapidly became a recognised occupation of the Bengal peasant. Then, in 1828, the fibre began to be exported to Europe to be manufactured into cordage, and ultimately into the bags required in the grain trade, and a large export trade was established in raw jute to feed the Scotch mills. Steadily the exports increased, the demand for gunnies calling into existence the Dundee mills, and in 1854 the first Indian factory, the "Ishera Yarn Mills Company" was established at Ishera near Serampore by Mr. George Ackland,

now known as the "Wellington Mills." Nothing, writes Dr. Watt, could demonstrate the development of the jute trade more than a careful examination of the exports of raw jute and manufactured jute from 1860 to 1880.

"During that period 22 factories, larger than the average jute factories of Europe, have come into existence, and have gradually commenced to pour their manufactures into the market, largely, if not entirely, meeting the home (Indian) consumption. While this has been taking place, the foreign exports of raw jute have uninterruptedly continued to increase, each year exceeding the preceding, apparently quite unaffected by the powerful Indian competition with the Dundee and other foreign manufactures."

The exports of raw jute from Calcutta, which in 1832-33 amounted to 11,800 cwts., reached in 1877-78 a total of 5,362,267 cwts., valued at more than 34 million rupees.

The writer also gives us a valuable article under the heading Gutta-percha, a word of Malayan origin, signifying the gum (*gatah*, *guttah*) of the Percha tree. The spelling *gutta* is clearly due to confusion with the Lat. *gutta*, a drop, with which the Malayan word has nothing whatever to do. Of this valuable product, Dr. Watt remarks :—

"The immense demand has caused an extended enquiry all over the globe with the view of expanding the field of supply or discovering substitutes in sufficient abundance likely to meet the demand without endangering the extermination of the supply of plants. As far as gutta-percha is at present concerned, there cannot be a doubt but that a few years more will suffice to eradicate the supply from the Straits settlements. This prospect is an alarming one, and one in which not only the Colonial Government should take the most decided steps within its power, but one which should excite a reaction in India. There does not seem to be the slightest reason why our tidal forests should not, to a large extent, be made to meet the demand. There cannot be a doubt but that the true gutta-percha plant would thrive in many of our almost wasted forest tracts, were it to be experimentally introduced."

The book is very clearly printed, and appears to be carefully edited, but there are occasional slips, perhaps inevitable in the first edition of a work of this kind. Thus, in searching for the famous *rhea* grass, which belongs to the *Urticaceæ* or nettle family, we find it in the Index under its Assamese name *Rhia* with its appended scientific title given as *Bohmeria nivea*. This however appears in the text as *Bæhmeria*. Both forms are apparently incorrect; a reference to Colonel Drury's "Useful Plants of India" shows us that the true spelling is *Boehmeria*, or as Professor Oliver gives it, *Bæhmeria*. This, as the author well remarks, is perhaps the finest (*i.e.* the strongest and most beautiful) fibre in India, but unfortunately its preparation is at present a very laborious and expensive process. In 1871, the

writer tells us, a reward of £5,000 was offered by Government for a good extracting machine for this fibre without success. From its great value, if a cheaper method of preparation could be discovered, it would rapidly undersell all other fibres. We understand, however, that such a machine (patented by Messrs. Death and Ellwood) has recently been invented, and was actually on view at the Calcutta Exhibition. Of this the writer tells us nothing.

We may remark that a list of Abbreviations, as well as an improved Index, would add to the usefulness of the work before us. By what occult process, for instance, is the unscientific reader to divine that *H.* stands for Hooker, *Wall.* for Wallich, and *D. C.* for De Candolle, as they presumably do?

In conclusion, we desire to congratulate the author on the ability and painstaking industry that he has brought to the compilation of this valuable work.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX TO MR. C. MARVIN'S WORKS AND TRANSLATIONS ABOUT CENTRAL ASIA GENERALLY. Prepared by Major W. E. Gowan, Bengal Infantry, No. III. Calcutta: Published by the Calcutta Central Press Company, Limited, 1883. The object of this series of indices is to enable the student of Central Asian politics readily to refer to any military question or incident treated of in Mr. Marvin's works; only information likely to be useful in a strictly military sense being included.

The present work is an index to that author's book on the Russian campaign against the Turkomans, and will no doubt be found useful by the specialist or the geographer.

THE CREAM

Of the Quarterly Reviews.

THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1884.

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Wycliffe and his Teaching concerning the Primacy. By the REV. L. DELPLACE, S.J.
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MADAGASCAR: PAST AND PRESENT.

Histoire Physique, Naturelle et Politique de Madagascar. Par Alfred Grandidier. Paris. 1875.

Voyage à Madagascar. Par Auguste Vinson. Paris. 1865.

Reise nach Madagaskar. Von Ida Pfeiffer. Wien. 1861.

L'Ile de Madagascar. Par E. M. Blanchard. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1 Juillet, 1 Août, 1 et 15 Septembre, et 15 Décembre, 1872.

The Great African Island. By the Rev. James Sibree, Jun., F.R.G.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1880.

Twelve Months in Madagascar. By the Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1875.

Madagascar Revisited. By the Rev. William Ellis. London: John Murray. 1867.

Madagascar and its People. By Lyons M'Leod, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1865.

A miniature continent, equal in area with France itself, Madagascar ranks in point of size, as the second island in the world being

second only to Borneo. Rising on the west by long slopes to a central plateau from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea, it plunges on the east in much sharper declivities, like the face of a breaking wave. The rugged tableland extends some 200 miles from north to south and varies from 30 to 90 miles in width. Near its centre is planted the mountain mass of Ankàratra, rising to 9,000 feet high, and occupying an area of 100 square miles. This pile is evidently the volcanic heart of the island and is full of extinct craters.

"Among its remarkable volcanic monuments is the singular natural fortress of Ambatonga, inhabited by the Antankàrana, or 'people of the rocks,' to the south-west of Mount Amber, at the northern extremity of the island. Here an extinct crater, covering an area of about eight square miles, forms a sunken floor, girt by a ring of precipices, and communicates with the plain outside through a cavern or fissure resembling a long tunnel, with a deep water on either hand the narrow pathway through it. Farther south again, at Mandritsara, is another volcanic depression on a larger scale, forming a valley-pit thirty miles long, 2,000 feet in depth, and studded with beehive-shaped eminences, evidently the product of igneous action."

The rivers of Madagascar are not available as water-ways, being mostly blocked by sand-bars, and much broken by rapids. One, Matitanana, leaps 400 feet of sheer land-cliff in a single flash of foam.

A forest girdle, from 20 to 40 miles in width, follows the contour of the shores of Madagascar at some distance from them. Conspicuous amid its growth is the *ravenala*, or traveller's tree, with its reservoir of fresh water in the stalks of its banana-like fronds; the *sagus raphia*, or sago-palm yielding that nutritious starch and a useful fibre; and the *pandanus*, or screw pine with its branching roots, with the mangrove and the fan-palm. Here too we find the gorgeous *Poinciana regia* with its flame-coloured mass of blossom, along with numerous orchids, besides the more useful products of the jungle—honey, India-rubber, and gum-copal.

It is curious that the vegetation of Madagascar is more nearly allied to that of the Eastern Archipelago than to that of Africa, while its animal creation is so unique as to be the wonder and enigma of science.

"But the catalogue of this insular fauna, it has been well observed, is even more remarkable for its omissions than its contents. The great carnivora are entirely absent from it; the ungulates, or solid-hoofed quadrupeds, are unrepresented there; the numerous antelopes thronging the African veldts have not even a remote cousin across the Mozambique Channel, and other ruminants, the wild hogs and cattle which abound there, are believed to be of foreign importation.

"Missing species are represented by strange variations on their types : numerous families of agile lemurs, almost exclusively peculiar to Madagascar, take the place of the quadrumana, from whom they are anatomically distinguished ; a plantigrade cat presents an unique combination of feline and ursine attributes, and a wart-faced hog adds a fresh deformity to the ugliness of its kind.

"Ornithology is no less highly specialized, and M. Grandidier says : ' If we except birds of powerful flight, such as the waders, palmipedes, and raptors, most of the species inhabiting the island are not found elsewhere, and there are several genera peculiar to it.'"

The most probable theory explanatory of this zoological isolation is that of Mr. Alfred Wallace, who believes that Madagascar, once part of the adjacent continent, was separated from it before the present denizens of Africa had migrated thither from their earlier homes in Europe and Asia. The Madagascar fauna would thus be a survival of an earlier phase of animal life, extinguished elsewhere by the advent of more powerful types.

The shores of Madagascar are infested with the malaria fever, from which, however, the highlands are exempt. The summer, from November to May, is the racing season, the winter six months being dry and clear. Thunderstorms are, in the interior, of a very destructive character, and 300 deaths are calculated to be annually caused by lightning throughout the province of Imèrina alone. The mountain capital, Antananarivo, now bristles with lightning-conductors, introduced by M. Laborde, a French resident.

A great part of the island is still a *terra incognita*. It first figures in the narrative of Marco Polo as the home of the fabled *rakhi*, and in Madagascar was actually found the so-called "roc's egg," now exhibited in South Kensington Museum, and represented by a liquid capacity of over two gallons almost justifying the creations of Oriental fancy. But the æpiornis, the extinct bird hatched from this portentous egg-shell, is believed to have been of the ostrich tribe, and therefore quite unequal to the feats of wing ascribed to Sindbad's aerial carrier.

The first European to catch sight of Madagascar was Diego Saures, a Portuguese Captain, on February 1st, 1506. All attempts on the part of the Portuguese, however, to occupy the island proved abortive, and an English expedition to take possession of it was planned under Charles I with no tangible result, save the publication of a poem by Sir Wm. Davenant, entitled "Madagascar." In 1642 a French expedition sailed with the same object, and again in 1665, but a massacre of the colonists put an end to these attempts.

"While legitimate commerce was driven from the shores of Madagascar, they became the haunt of all the maritime rascality engaged in piracy and slave-hunt-

ing, and it was early known as an ocean Alsatia, the refuge and sanctuary of cosmopolitan crime. Flanking the great traffic route to the East, it afforded a convenient ambush for the sea-vultures gathered from all points of the compass to prey upon its commerce. From the hidden openings of its glass-green lagoons, from the mouths of rivers folded deep in tropical jungle, from creeks where coral reefs parted the blue pool within from the leap and dazzle of the boiling sur outside, stole forth low, dark hulls, smothered under dizzy heights of sail, and displaying the black flag that made them the terror of the deep. Many a Portuguese carrick heavy with the spoil of the Carnatic, many a slow Dutch galleon deep laden with the drugs and spices, the gold and gems of the Eastern Archipelago, was dragged in triumph to the ports of St. Mary's Isle, where her arrival was the signal for a hideous carnival. Hogsheads of spirits were tapped on the beach, around which swarthy Bacchantes flaunted in robes destined as gifts for princesses, and grotesque negresses reeled and sang, their shocks of crisp hair crowned with gems worthy to form an empress's coronet. At night, when blazing torches lit the lurid revel, its fun turned to ferocity, and wild dithyrambs were drowned by wilder curses, and men fought like tigers over their prey, and the beach ran blood into the brine.

"The sea-robbers lived on the best terms with the natives, whom they invariably sought to conciliate, and, many of them marrying the daughters of chiefs, became potentates and founders of dynasties. They surrounded themselves with all the luxury of Eastern sultans, and built lordly dwellings deep in the primæval forest. Captain Misson, a Provençal, erected a fort and town, brought land under cultivation, gave a constitution and code of laws to his settlement, called *Libertatia*, and, while sending out his ships to scour the seas, traded peaceably with his neighbours on shore. This model corsair colony was nevertheless exterminated by the natives, who suddenly assumed a hostile attitude and massacred their quondam friends.

"The notorious Captain Kidd, who, sent out with a roving commission by William III, against the pirates of the Indian Ocean, ended by hoisting the black flag himself, made Madagascar for a time his base of operations."

It was not till 1722, when the capture of the Archbishop of Goa roused general indignation, that this pest of pirates was extirpated by a combined expedition; but piracy left a terrible legacy to Madagascar in the slave trade, resorted to by the ex-Corsairs, and abolished in the reign of Radama I. But meanwhile the history of the island had entered on a new phase, under the impetus of a sudden development of some of the native races.

It was exclusively with the coast tribes that Europeans had hitherto come in contact, and of these the Sakalavas were by far the most powerful. Subjugating the tribes of the interior they formed two strong kingdoms whose supremacy endured till the end of the last century when they found a rival in an unexpected quarter.

"About the date of the Norman Conquest of England, as native tradition tells, a small Malay tribe arrived on the coast of Madagascar from beyond the sea, and, driven by pressure of population towards the rocky plateau of Imerina, possessed themselves there of a district measuring some eighty miles in one direc-

tion by sixty in another. Here they attained such relative degree of civilization as is shown by skill in weaving silk and cotton fabrics, in the cultivation of the soil, and the manufacture of metals. The Hovas, however, like the Jews in Europe, were despised by the other races of Madagascar, and perhaps for the same reason—their aptitude for commercial pursuits—but, like the Jews, they too prospered on the antipathy of their neighbours. It was about the beginning of the present century that the appearance among their hereditary rulers of two remarkable sovereigns gave a sudden impulse to their development, and transformed the tribe into a nation.

"The first of these leaders, Andrianimpoinimèrina, 'the chief in the heart of Imerina,' consolidated his inland kingdom by the subjugation of adjacent provinces; the second, his son and successor, Radama I, carried his victorious arms to the eastern and western seas, reduced the Sakalavas and other tribes to vassalage, and assumed the title of King of Madagascar.

"The island had meantime become the battle-field of colonial jealousies between the two great Western Powers of Europe, the English maintaining that it was included in the cession by France, under the Treaty of Paris, of Mauritius and its dependencies. France, which had reoccupied some of her abandoned positions on the Ile Ste. Marie, repudiated this interpretation, and Sir Robert Farquharson, Governor of the Mauritius, conceived the astute idea of playing off the newly-risen force in Madagascar politics against the pretensions of the rival Power. To this epoch, therefore, dates back the long grudge of France against the Hova nationality, which her statesmen declare a pure fiction of British diplomacy."

Captain Le Sage, English Envoy to Radama I in 1816, was the first European to set foot in the Hova Capital. After a toilsome journey of 224 miles he and his companions reached Antananarivo, situated on a long bluff rising sharply some five hundred feet above the plain, with a population of 80,000.

"Its most characteristic feature is derived from the 'horns of the houses,' the long crossed ends of the gable rafters projecting three or four feet beyond the roof at each end, and giving it the appearance of being terminated by a pair of small windmills. To the end of each of these projections is attached by a wire a small wooden image of the falcon, called voromahery, or 'bird of power,' the national emblem of the Hovas. Two models of the same bird, in gilt bronze, surmount the Tranovola, the 'Silver Palace' of the king, which, built on the highest point of the hill, termed Tampombohitra, 'the crown of the town,' towers above the mass of houses, with its triple tiers of open galleries and steep slope of roof rising to a height of sixty feet."

The most important provision of the treaty then negotiated was the abolition of the slave trade, in consideration of which Radama was to receive from England a yearly subsidy of 2,000 dollars, as well as arms and ammunition. A temporary difficulty gave rise to the unflattering simile "false as an Englishman" proverbially current in Madagascar.

"A magnificent service of plate was among the presents sent to soothe the feelings of the irritated monarch, and a drill-sergeant, sent from the Mauritius to

train his army formed another pledge of the amity of his new ally. This man, Brady by name, rose high in the royal favour, and remained a prominent figure at the court of Antananarivo. From his teaching was derived the use of English military terms still employed in Madagascar, though in such corruptions as *Soporitra*, and *Reraiky takopon adirara*, it may not be easy to recognize the familiar words of command, 'Support arms!' and 'Rear rank take open order!'

Radama, however, was shrewd enough to dread contact with civilization, and refused to permit the construction of a road to his capital, and recent events seem to prove his political sagacity. No obstacles, however, were placed in the way of Christian teaching, and English missionaries, especially of the independent body, established themselves at the capital, and reducing the Malagasy language for the first time to writing, translated and distributed the Scriptures among the people, making many converts.

"The French, meantime, sought to counterbalance English influence by intrigues against Radama among the coast peoples, and both in the north and south fomented abortive rebellions against his rule. Their attempt to obtain a footing on the mainland, near the Ile Ste. Marie, was likewise frustrated in 1822 by the appearance on the coast of Radama and his victorious army, while at the other extremity of the island the French flag was ignominiously hauled down from the walls of Fort Dauphin, and the settlers driven from the locality."

Radama died in 1828, and was succeeded by one of his eleven widows under the title of Ranavalona I, a name which may be worthily coupled with the most ferocious tyrants in history. The massacre of all her late husband's relatives was followed by a reign of terror and the banishment of all foreigners.

"The French, meantime, true to their policy of supporting the coast tribes in their resistance to Hova rule, had established that protectorate over the western Sakalavas on which their present claims are based. Isormoumeka, a queen of that nation, driven with her people from the mainland by the tyranny of the Hovas, took refuge, in 1839, on the small island of Nossi-Bé, and, in consideration of protection from the French, made over to them her territory on the west coast of Madagascar, from Cape St. Vincent to the Bay of Passandana. They have since then been in occupation of the islands of Nossi-Bé and Mayotte, but their claims to dominion on the mainland have remained dormant for over forty years, while they have recognized that of the Hova Government by the payment of dues, and by the acceptance of an indemnity for the act of one of the chiefs in the ceded territory."

In 1831 Ranavalona massacred the whole manhood of one of the coast tribes, summoned to appear in a given place, where they were butchered to the number of 25,000. One of her buffalo hunts was said to have cost the lives of 20,000 wretches, impressed as carriers without any provision for their sustenance. Her wars in 1840 are believed to have caused the slaughter of 100,000 men, and the slavery of double that number, sold as prisoners by her victorious

troops. Under this ogress, in 1849, began the persecution of the native Christians, spoken of amongst them still as "the dark days."

The death of this female tyrant in 1861 once more threw Madagascar open to European intercourse. Her only son succeeded under the title of Radama II, whose reign opened with the fairest auspices. He pardoned his rival for the throne and set at liberty a number of Sakalava chiefs, sending them home with valuable presents.

Such magnanimity was not lost on the Sakalavas; they henceforth became the most loyal of Radama's subjects, and the war-wasted border-land between the two peoples was now brought under cultivation. But the deterioration of the King's character under the influence of a body of young companions, known as the mena-maso, led eventually to his downfall.

"During the spring of 1863 strange reports began to reach the capital from the neighbouring villages of a mysterious sickness prevailing there, affecting the patients with paroxysms of dancing madness about the period of the full moon. This epidemic, called 'ramenjana,' was accompanied by other supernatural manifestations, and by visions and apparitions in the heavens, where the spirits of the King's ancestors were seen, as though in prognostication of startling events. As time went on, groups of these maniacs began to appear in the streets of the capital, dancing along to the sound of singing, or the music of rude instruments, and even invaded the precincts of the palace, creating scenes of tumult and excitement. The King's mind was much disturbed, and his recognition of the sacred character of the malady was conveyed in a decree, desiring all who came in the way of those affected by it to stand aside and uncover as they passed. A still more extraordinary edict, promulgated on the 3rd of May, licensed an appeal to arms after a declaration before witnesses, as the lawful mode of settling all causes of dispute between individuals, groups of people, or even entire villages, and abrogated the enforcement of any penalty for the blood shed in these combats. Such a proclamation amounted to a legalisation of civil war, and was believed to be designed to cover a general massacre of Christians, against whom the supernatural machinery just described had been doubtless set in motion by the priests.

"The effect of the decree was, however, never tested, as the Prime Minister and his party, after remonstrating in vain with the infatuated prince, took the remedy into their own hands, and organised a revolution for his overthrow. During the next few days the capital was filled with troops, the palace surrounded, and the mena-maso, the detested Ministers of the King's policy, hunted out and summarily executed to the number of about thirty.

"The closing scene of the tragedy soon followed. At day-break on May 12th a party of soldiers and conspirators broke into the royal apartments, and, after forcibly removing the Queen, who vainly tried to shield her husband's person, flung a mantle over his head and strangled him with a girdle. 'I have never shed blood,' was the unfortunate monarch's last utterance—a plea for mercy which availed, one may well hope, in heaven, though not on earth. The first reforming sovereign of a despotic dynasty, Radama, died, like Louis XVI of France and Alexander II of Russia, a victim to the violent reaction of forces crushed into impotence by the iron rule of his predecessors."

He was succeeded by his Queen and cousin under the title of Rasohérina, the previous three reigns forming the transition stage of Malagasy history. Her reign was beneficent and uneventful ; she encouraged Christianity and was herself baptized, as also was her cousin and successor Ranavàlona II in 1869, and the national idols were publicly burnt. On her death in 1883 her niece, Ranavàlona III, succeeded to the throne ; but as the Prime Minister, the virtual ruler of the country, retained his office and became her consort, the inauguration of a new reign has effected little actual change.

The highest class among the Hovas is formed by the *andriana* or nobles, descended from royal clans. Their aristocratic lineage is, however, no bar to their earning their bread as artisans and tradesmen. The middle-class consists of the Hova freemen, divided into numerous tribes and families, each intermarrying only within its own circle. The slaves since the enfranchisement of those of African origin are divided into two categories—the “ Andevo,” descended from conquered tribes, and the “ Zaza Hova,” enslaved for debt, crime, or political offences. The absence of public prisons renders slavery for life a frequent penal sentence.

The population of Madagascar probably does not exceed four millions, the Hovas forming about a fifth of the whole. The latter are of a lighter complexion than their subjects.

Rice is their staple food, of which eleven varieties are grown, and great labour is bestowed on its culture. Edible roots, yams and sweet potatoes abound, and oxen are reared on a very large scale. The flesh, cooked with the hide on, is the great luxury of the natives, four of whom are capable of consuming an ox in twenty-four hours. A favourite beverage is a sort of rice-water, but a more potent drink, called toak, is fermented from honey or sugarcane.

“The sale of spirituous drinks is forbidden throughout Imerina, where drunkenness was at one time a capital offence, but the other islanders are under no such restrictions, and are much addicted to stimulants. The Hova Government, compelled by treaty with foreign Powers to permit the importation of spirits, nobly declines to make a profit on their consumption, and being entitled to charge a duty of 10 per cent. on their entry, levies it in kind, and has every tenth barrel of rum broken on the beach at Tamatave.”

“The export trade of Madagascar consists almost entirely of cattle, shipped to the neighbouring islands of Mauritius and Réunion. As in other parts of the globe, the Manchester fabrics, once extensively imported, are losing the market owing to deterioration of quality, and are gradually being supplanted by American goods, despite the greater length of the voyage. Mr. Hall, the English Acting Consul, says in his report on the trade of Madagascar for 1882 : ‘The imports of grey shirtings show a falling off of about 30 per cent, and it is to be feared that the trade in this once flourishing staple will continue to

decrease, for the worthlessness of Manchester clayed cottons is now being found out by the customer."

"One cannot regret that fraud, tolerated at home, should be detected and exposed abroad, and that commercial dishonesty should draw down the penalty of commercial failure.

"The currency of Madaga scar consists of silver dollars, or piastres, chopped up into minute fragments to the number sometimes of 600, and a small pair of scales for weighing this microscopic coinage is a common article of personal equipment. The commercial shrewdness, as well as the oratorical fluency of the Hovas, finds full scope in the protracted chaffering with which they transact all their bargains."

The Malagasy dwellings, constructed of wood, bamboo, or a composition of earth, generally consist of a single room and a sleeping loft. They are carefully oriented, their gables facing north and south, so that the house forms at once a sun-dial, compass, and calendar.

"Its interior geography is referred to the points of the heavens, and the hours of the day are named according to the position of the sun in regard to it. Noon is 'the coming above the ridge;' one o'clock when the first rays penetrate the open door; 'the peeping in of the day,' three in the afternoon; when they reach the central post to which domestic animals are attached at night, is called 'at the place of fastening the calf;' and half-past four when the sunlight gains the eastern wall, 'touched.'"

A few pots and baskets and mats constitute their ordinary domestic furniture, and there are neither chairs nor tables. The leaves of the banana supply them with plates and dishes. The women are wonderfully skilful in spinning and weaving with the simplest appliances.

"The lamba, the characteristic article of national costume, is generally homespun. It is a piece of drapery, most frequently white, but often striped or fringed at the edge, reaching from the neck to below the knees, and worn as an outer covering by both sexes alike. Made without sleeves or openings for the arms, it is an inconvenient though picturesque garment, and has to be laid aside, or fastened around the waist, when really active work is undertaken.

The Malagasy language belongs to the Malay family, but has assimilated a certain number of Arabic terms, and is a soft and liquid speech.

"Metaphorical names are frequent, such as *maso andro*, 'the eye of day,' for the sun; *ny anivon ny riaka*, 'the land in the midst of the moving waters, for Madagascar itself; and *tsi afa javona*, 'that which the mists cannot climb,' for its highest peak. Some of these descriptive epithets, generally compounded with the negative prefix *tsi*, are full of quaint suggestiveness. Thus the thorny acacia Indica is called *tsi-afaka-ombe*, 'not penetrable by oxen;' the turkey *woron-tsi-loza*, 'the not terrible bird,' with an evident correction of the first impression produced by its aspect; and a small grey fly of mosquito-like pertinacity, *tsi-mati-tehaka*, 'not killed by a slap,' a phrase comprising a whole elegy on a wakeful night."

The *tabù* is practised, and the word *mambu*, crocodile, was, for instance, interdicted, because it entered into the name of Andriamaniba, a chief in Western Imerina, the alternative word *voay* being exclusively used thenceforward.

The great Malagasy festival is that of the New Year, of which the central incident is the bathing of the sovereign, signalized by the kindling of bonfires. Circumcision, derived doubtless from the Arabs, is still adhered to.

Throughout the whole of Madagascar the same superstitious beliefs prevail, forming an elaborate and degrading system of fetichism. There is a complicated fabric of astrology, and infants born at inauspicious times are summarily made away with. Others are mutilated as a sort of compromise with destiny, as was the present Prime Minister, deprived at birth of the first joint of the index and middle finger. Twins are also condemned, and those born at midnight are regarded as predestined sorcerers, the living personifications of evil.

"The Malagasy beliefs as to the animal kinship and descent of man would do credit to a modern evolutionist. Each tribe has a brute ancestor which its members hold sacred, and more than one traveller, after shooting a lemur or babacoot as a zoological specimen, has had to surrender its remains to his attendants for honourable burial. A boy having been tricked by his companions into making a meal on the flesh of his supposed ancestor the sheep, in the belief that he was eating goat, is described by one of the missionaries as having become violently ill when he learned the truth."

"Transmigration of souls is a cardinal article of faith, and among the Betsileos is supposed to be regulated by the same rules of precedence that govern the social hierarchy. Thus the soul of the noble, after a ghastly three months watch beside the unburied corpse, is believed to pass into a seven-headed worm, which develops later into a great serpent, the fanano, and no Betsileo will pass these creatures save with bended knee and face reverently bowed between his hands. When one supposed to harbour the soul of a recently-departed chief approaches a village, it is escorted by the whole population who trace in its movements a resemblance to the stately bearing of the deceased, and in the markings of its skin a reproduction of the bead embroidery of his winding sheet. Middle class souls meantime can aspire to no higher avatar than that of a crocodile, and those of the lower orders are mud-born once more as vulgar eels."

"Among Malagasy superstitions must be ranked the strange, but widely diffused, belief in ordeal by poison—a form of jurisprudence, common also to great part of Africa. The kernel of the tanghena nut, scraped in water, is the test of guilt and innocence, the accused being acquitted if his system reject the poison, together with three pieces of chicken-skin swallowed with it, but convicted if these *pièces justificatives* be not forthcoming. The ordeal, whose abolition was one of the reforms of Radama II., was, before his reign, resorted to on such a scale as to have an appreciable effect in diminishing the population, whole com-

munities voluntarily subjecting themselves to it as a means of rebutting accusations. The administration of the poison in large quantities was also a common mode of execution."

The Christianising of Madagascar has been gradually proceeding, but now all is changed by the recent French aggression, in itself unjust, and in its immediate effects most disastrous to the Missions.

"The claims of France to a protectorate over the north-west coast, founded on its cession by the fugitive Sakalava princess in 1839, might have seemed abrogated by over forty years' tacit acquiescence in the *status quo* as well as by the treaty negotiated in 1868 with the Queen of Madagascar, whose sovereignty over the whole island is implied in the unrestricted recognition of her title. The action of France is, moreover, a violation of the agreement concluded in 1854 between Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski in which it was stipulated that neither Government was to seek any advantage to the detriment of the other, and that they were for the future to act in concert, fully recognizing the entire independence of Madagascar. But the rights of England have ceased to count as an obstacle to the designs of other powers in any quarter of the globe."

In spite of the difficult position of the French forces on the coast, blockaded by the Hovas, and with the unhealthy rainy season before them, of their ultimate success there can scarcely be a doubt. The Hovas have, in the European sense, no army, and natural obstacles cannot prevent the conquest of a practically undefended country. It is difficult, however, to see what advantage France seeks to gain from a distant and costly enterprise which promises little glory and no substantial benefit.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1884.

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Contemporary Literature	—

MR. GLADSTONE.—The present number of the *British Quarterly* is singularly void of articles of general interest. The panegyric of the Premier, which opens the number, is at all events thorough going, and as giving the Nonconformist view of Mr. Gladstone's character and career will probably interest even those among our readers who dissent most strongly from it more than accounts of "Methods of Survey" in Palestine or of the "Alleged Fictions of the Chronicles." Before commencing his review of Mr. Gladstone's political career, the writer has some bitter remarks to make on "personalities in politics," and deprecates with warmth the "prevalent violence and discourtesy" in the language of the Opposition regarding the Premier, Sir Stafford Northcote being the only opponent who is credited with becoming moderation of expression—a moderation which the "flip-pant impertinence" of his son is said to counterbalance. Mr. James Lowther, Lord George Hamilton, Lord Randolph Churchill, and even the Lord Mayor, come in for a share of rebuke for their attacks, and are told that their intellectual poverty is so conspicuous when compared with the capabilities of the great leader they criticise that their strictures are merely ludicrous. The Tories are informed that the personal devotion to Mr. Gladstone, which it is acknowledged is in some danger of taking the place of a thorough loyalty to Liberal principles, has been largely created by their own unrelenting and irrational animosity; Lord Beaconsfield, in openly expressing his displeasure that the succession had fallen to Mr. Gladstone, and complaining of Lords Granville and Hartington as wanting in spirit,

because they did not take the helm when it was offered them, is found guilty of unconstitutional opposition to the chosen of the people, and of making the election a victory not only for Liberalism but for Mr. Gladstone personally, thus giving him in all but name the position of a dictator.

The sketch of Mr. Gladstone's early politics begins by quoting Macaulay's description of him as "a young man of unblemished 'character' and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern unbending Tories, who follow reluctantly a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor." That this description should lead the writer to think of a young politician of to-day to whom the concluding part of Macaulay's sentence applies with strange closeness is not to be wondered at; but the contrast between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Gladstone is, he thinks, hardly greater in talent than in spirit. Lord Macaulay calls Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on Church and State "the strenuous effort of a very vigorous mind to keep as far in the rear of the general progress as possible," and in another passage shows that even with the most intense exertion the young Tory writer cannot help being greatly in excess of Locke himself. The writer sees in this a proof that even so early in his career there were two opposite tendencies struggling for the mastery in Mr. Gladstone's mind, the native spirit of freedom and progress asserting itself against the influence of culture and associations which had tended to keep him under the sway of tradition and authority.

For Mr. Gladstone's early environment was particularly unfortunate for a leader of progress. His father, Sir John Gladstone, is described as "a Tory of the Tories," an estimable man, but one so dominated by old ideas and prejudices that nothing could reconcile him to the aberration of his brilliant son from the established ways in which he and his for years had walked. Two remarks of the elder Gladstone regarding his son are quoted from Dr. Wordsworth's article in the *Fortnightly Review* of July 1883:—

"Towards the end of 1883, the year after W. Gladstone had taken his first degree at Oxford, and when he was about to be brought forward as Tory member for Newark by the high Tory Duke of Newcastle, Mr. John Gladstone, the father, was dining at the house of Mr. Bolton, the great Liverpool merchant, where my uncle the poet, was also one of the company. After dinner, my uncle took occasion to congratulate Mr. John Gladstone on the remarkable success of his son William at Oxford, and added an expression of the anticipation that he would be equally successful in the House of Commons. To which the father replied, 'Yes, sir, I thank you; my son has certainly distinguished himself greatly at the University, and I trust he will continue to do so when he enters public life, for there is

no doubt he is a young man of very great ability,' but he added, 'he has no stability.'

"Of the disputes and differences that arose between father and the son, especially on the subject of Free Trade, when the latter, as Colonial Secretary, was abetting the measures of Sir Robert Peel for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, there was no attempt at concealment, at least on the father's part. I can well remember one such occasion at Fasque, in 1847, when, after explaining his own principles, he remarked, pointing to his son, who had withdrawn himself from the discussion, but was still within hearing, 'But there's my son William, ruining the country as fast as he can.'"

Mr. Gladstone's Oxford associations were equally unfavourable to Liberal thought. Bishop Wordsworth remembers hearing his speech at the Oxford Union in opposition to the Reform Bill, and pronounces it equal to anything he heard at the House of Lords, though he was present through the entire debate, which lasted for five nights and was considered a remarkable display of political eloquence.

Much of the intense opposition that Mr. Gladstone has now to face is ascribed to the change in his political attitude and party relations:—

"Tories cannot forgive him his desertion of the old banner, and there are not a few of the aristocratic Whigs who are quite as little pleased by his adhesion to the new. There is no man in whom there is less of the professional politician or who is less under the influence of the traditions of party, and this is sufficient to make him obnoxious to those who have no sympathy with the earnestness which is so marked a feature in his character. It is not too much to say that his personal earnestness has contributed largely to transform the character of our political conflicts, elevating them from mere faction fights between the 'ins' and the 'outs' into an antagonism of policy. Hence to all believers in drawing-room intrigues and club tactics; to all lovers of pleasant and judicious compromises; above all, to those who regard politics as a game of chess in which Whig and Tory nobles are the players, and the people, with their blind loyalty and prejudice on the one hand, or their ardent hopes and aspirations on the other, the pieces in their hands, he is a standing offence. He has spoiled their game, and therefore they insist, as his father did thirty-six years ago, that he is ruining the country. There has been no sign in the interval that the process has begun, but the assertions are not, therefore, less confident, nor are the denunciations less furious and sweeping."

But, it is contended, in reality there is no politician of the day whose course has been more consistent with itself throughout. His conversion was but a development, and a development for which those who watched him most closely were partially prepared. Bishop Wordsworth's endeavour to support Sir John Gladstone's judgment of his son merely supplies materials for its confutation, showing the early stage at which the seed of Liberal ideas began to germinate.

"The Bishop was associated with Mr. Gladstone in the heated conflicts of

half a century ago. Mr. Wordsworth, then a tutor, and his two pupils, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Lincoln of that day (afterwards the Duke of Newcastle, a member of the Aberdeen Ministry), were among the promoters of an Anti-Reform League in the University, and the petition against the Bill was drafted by Gladstone and revised by his companions. During the half-century that has intervened, the Bishop, after the fashion of men of his type, has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Of course he is separated from his old pupil *longo intervallo*, and his conclusion is that the latter is unstable. If it was so, he would certainly be a striking exception to the Scripture maxim, 'unstable as water, thou shalt not excel' Not only is his excelling altogether unique, but it is due to what the worthy Bishop regards as instability. Here is the statement criticizing Mr. Brinsley Richards, whose three articles in 'Temple Bar' are invaluable contributions to the knowledge of the great statesman.

"I could not subscribe to Mr. B. Richards' sentiment that 'that no man could better deserve the description *tenax propositi* than Mr. Gladstone,' if the words are to be understood of his case as a whole. That he has been tenacious, inflexibly tenacious, of his aim or resolution for the time being, whatever it might be, is undoubtedly true; but the *propositions*, for example, of his early writing upon Church and State, are as wide as the poles asunder from the *propositions* of his last great speech on the Affirmation Bill; while the speeches which he made in favour of the Increased Grant to Maynooth (1845), and of the removal of Jewish Disabilities (1848), come in between the two, and plainly indicate a process of transition.*

"There need be no difficulty in taking this statement as it stands and still maintaining the verdict which Mr. Brinsley Richards has pronounced. Everything, indeed, depends on the meaning which we assign to the 'propositum.' If it be restricted to the propositions which Mr. Gladstone has undertaken at different times to defend, it would of course be absurd to insist that there has been no change. But surely this is greatly to narrow the meaning of the term. Ought it not rather to be regarded as describing the aim which Mr. Gladstone early set before himself, and which it has been the great business of his life to realize. Even in the lowest and poorest sense he has been '*tenax propositi*.' So far from readily abandoning principles he had once avowed, he has clung to them with a firmness approaching to obstinacy, until the influence of early associations and prejudices has been slowly overborne by the overwhelming force of conviction. But his true 'propositum' throughout has been not the maintenance of a system or the defence of a party, but the discovery of truth, and when he has seen it he has never been faltering or half-hearted in the service he has rendered to it. It was clearly this feature of his character which led his father to the opinion which he expressed concerning him. His son could not believe in the wisdom of every institution in the best of all possible worlds, but must examine for himself, perhaps hint objections which needed an answer, and to which satisfactory answer was not forthcoming. All this was very unlike a good steady Tory, such as a rising Gladstone ought to have been. But the independence thus asserted was never lost. It was not manifest in any violent change, but in a slow process of transition, shown as the Bishop himself indicates, in very marked stages of advance."

As early as the year 1874 the Bishop appears to have become uneasy as to the orthodox Toryism of his former ally, so much so that he did not vote for, though he would not vote against him. Already he was uneasy about the Irish Church and Mr. Gladstone's possible design upon it. Mr. Coleridge [now Lord Chief Justice], the Secretary of Mr. Gladstone's Committee, and others, endeavoured to satisfy him but to no purpose.

"None of my correspondents, however, not even Mr. Gladstone himself, was able to satisfy my scruples, and so I persisted in declining to vote for him both then and ever afterwards, not from any alienation of private regard and esteem, but under the conviction that though he might prove a very fit representative for many other excellent men and not a few among my own friends, with *their* opinions, or at least their suspicions not yet awakened, he would not fully represent me with *my* opinions and with my suspicions wide awake. But wisely or unwisely, happily or unhappily, I went farther. After Mr. Gladstone had been seated for the University of Oxford by his first election in 1847, in which I abstained from taking any part, being loath to vote against him, and unable, as I said, to vote for him, he published a pamphlet in the form of a letter, which he addressed to the then Primate of our Church, Bishop Skinner, and which, though professedly on the subject of the admission of laymen into Church synods, *appeared to me to contain the germ of 'Liberation' principles, and of the political equality of all religions.* To this publication I felt called upon to issue a counterblast (February, 1852) in the form of a letter addressed to Mr. Gladstone himself on the 'Principles of Religious Liberty.' This no doubt, in my circumstances, was a strong measure, and though he thanked me for the kind manner in which I had 'managed the personal part of the controversy,' he complained that 'such things cut deep.' It was with us a case of *Amicus Plato sed magis amica Veritas*. He himself had been the aggressor. The tendency of his pamphlet, as he himself must have known very well, was to commit our Church, as disestablished in Scotland, to an approval of the principle of disestablishment, and this, was a manœuvre which, however innocent he might think it at a time when many English High Churchmen were more than half voluntaries (mainly in consequence of the Gorham judgment of 1850), I could not but feel it would be wrong in us, being for the most part establishmentarian upon principle, to acquiesce in, merely because we happened to be in a low estate."

The Bishop's judgment of Mr. Gladstone was prophetic, being much in advance of the prevailing opinion.

"It was not till years afterwards that he heard 'the present Sir Robert Peel say, in a sarcastic tone, to a gentleman sitting next to me, as he pointed out Mr. Gladstone to him, "that's the greatest Radical in the House." Even this was before he became the Liberal leader, but it only came to the Bishop as a confirmation of his own diagnosis made long before. From studying the working of his mind he had thus early perceived that 'he would become a Liberal of the Liberals, both upon that (the church) and other questions.' Now that his anticipations have been largely fulfilled, and Mr. Gladstone is known as the most able and thorough Reforming minister England has ever known, surely the Bishop should give him credit for being '*tenax propositi*.' He has not been consistent

as those esteem consistency, who suppose it to mean that obstinate adherence to an opinion once formed which makes all instruction valueless and all progress impossible."

The crucial period of Mr. Gladstone's history is said to be that which intervened between the resignation of Sir Robert Peel in 1847 and the formation of the Aberdeen Cabinet in 1853. At this turning point of his career it long seemed doubtful to outsiders which path he would select. Church sentiment, aesthetic culture, the friendships and associations of his early days all pointed one way, while on the *Liberal side, divided as the party was by internal quarrels and those of the meanest and smallest kind, there was little to inspire hope or awake enthusiasm.*

"If Mr. Gladstone had been repelled by the broils between Palmerston and Grey and Russell, and had been hopeless of any great good to be wrought for the nation by reformers with so little noble daring, or unity of purpose, or comprehension of Liberal ideas, he would only have shared the feelings of Richard Cobden. On the other hand, if the Tories were divided and disorganized as the consequence of the triumph of Free Trade, still there was hope of gathering them round some standard which they might regard as the banner of the constitution. Protection was dead as a principle of English legislation, just as borough-mongering had died before it; but it would have been easy to find something else which might have served as a rallying point. If Mr. Gladstone would have accepted the place of leader, how gladly would he have been welcomed! Those who tell us that it was jealousy of Disraeli which made him a Liberal, either, show their own crass ignorance or are presuming upon ours. They are thinking of Disraeli as he was in two or three of the later years of his Administration, not of Disraeli as he was, when he entered on the hard, steady, uphill work of more than twenty years— all collar work, and often of a very humiliating character, by which he rose to the summit of his ambition. It was dire necessity alone which made the Tory party accept him as a leader, and the creation of that necessity is one of the unpardonable offences which Mr. Gladstone has committed."

Passing over the period of neutrality, when every one was speculating as to the future destiny of the Peelites, and especially of the most brilliant member of the party, we reach the Liberal Conservative period of the Aberdeen Ministry which was followed by the brilliant Chancellorship of the Exchequer from 1859 to 1865. Mr. Gladstone's rejection by Oxford in the latter year is described as the completion of his political emancipation, and he at once turned from the conclave of country clergymen which overrules the heart and brain of the University and makes a constituency that ought to be the most enlightened in the country, the most narrow and bigoted, and sought the support of progressive Lancashire.

'At last, my friends,' he began his address at the Free Trade Hall, 'I am come among you, and I have come, to use an expression which has become

very famous, and is not likely to be forgotten, I am come among you "unmuzzled." His explanation of his own defeat at the University is really a brief but ample vindication of the change which after many delays had thus at last been consummated.

"I am aware of no cause for the votes which have given a majority against me in the University of Oxford, except the fact that the strongest conviction that the human mind can receive, that an overpowering sense of the public interests, that the practical teachings of experience, to which, from my youth, Oxford herself has taught me to lay open my mind—all these had shown me the folly, I will say the madness, of refusing to join in the generous sympathies of my constituency by adopting what I must call an obstructive policy."

"His clear logic had shown him that between the obstructive policy and an intelligent and rational advance, there could be no alternative, and once convinced of this, he did not hesitate as to the side which he should choose."

The change from Oxford is not regarded with any regret by the writer, as the University member should hardly be a great party leader.

"One thing seems certain, the member for the University could not have been the Liberal Prime Minister, and England would have lost the benefit, and the party the glory, of the two great Administrations of which Mr. Gladstone has been the chief. The great measures which were passed in the early years of the Ministry of 1868 are so fresh in the recollection of our readers that it cannot be necessary for us to enumerate them here. They touched almost every department of legislation, and whatever they touched they improved. A Church was disestablished, and the unrighteous principle of Protestant ascendancy in a Roman Catholic country, for the maintenance of which such atrocious crimes had been perpetrated, was overthrown; the independence of the electorate was secured by the establishment of the Ballot; the first attack was made on the landlord system in Ireland; the aristocratic preserve in the army was invaded: the finance of the country was administered with consummate skill. In all these matters there was the policy of 'thorough.' The Lords succeeded in some modifications; and in some of the adjustments and compensations which were made, the concessions to vested interests were too ample; but there was an honest endeavour to work out a principle. The Education Act was an exception to the general law of the Ministerial measures. It was in the hands of a Minister who believes in progress by compromises which conciliate opponents. He forgot that they have also a tendency to irritate and alienate friends, and this departure from the strong principle on which the Prime Minister everywhere acted, shipwrecked the Ministry."

The contrast between Mr. Gladstone and previous heads of Liberal administrations is nowhere more conspicuous than in their respective relations to the House of Lords.

"Lord Salisbury, in one of his recent speeches, said that it is only since Mr. Gladstone's Premiership that the relations between the two Houses have been so severely strained; and his Lordship is right. But the change is due, not as he meant to suggest, to the fact that Mr. Gladstone's measures have provoked more opposition from the Peers, but that he has been less yielding than his predecessors. If the measures of former Whig leaders were less drastic, they did not on

that account receive a more kindly treatment from the Lords ; and if the conflict has of late become more keen, it has only been because Mr. Gladstone has not so readily submitted to their dictation. The reform of the indefensible abuses in the municipal corporations was resisted with as much passion as the acts of ' confiscation,' as Tories describe them, which have signalized Mr. Gladstone's rule. The difference has been in the issue of the conflicts. Mr. Gladstone has shown a bold front where his predecessors had been accustomed to accept the snub. Whig Ministers had too much reverence for the authority of the Lords to commit themselves to a struggle in which success would have meant the humiliation of their own order. And the Lords took advantage of the sentiment. The battle was not between an aristocratic and a popular party, but between two aristocratic parties ; and though the one had a majority in the Commons and in the country it could not on that account show itself indifferent to the wishes of its own class.

" Mr. Gladstone has acted upon a different principle. He is not content, as were his Whig predecessors, to be snubbed and humiliated ; to have his measures rejected, or else so transformed that their parents would not recognize or care to claim them ; to knock year after year at their Lordships' door and be repulsed, in short to leave the government of the country in their hands. Hence his administration has increased the power of the House of Commons to an appreciable degree. The first occasion on which he showed this spirit was in relation to the unprecedented and unconstitutional action of the Lords relative to the repeal of the Paper Duty. The Opposition was led by one of his Whig predecessors in the Chancellorship—one who might have been called an extinct volcano, except that he never was a volcano at all—and Lord Monteagle was as successful as the Duke of Argyll would be to-day in an amendment on some Land Bill. But it was soon found that their Lordships had to deal with a Chancellor who knew his own mind, and was not to be turned aside from his purpose. Had Mr. Gladstone been Prime Minister, there might have been a serious conflict at the time ; as it was, Lord Palmerston passed a resolution, intended, as the story goes, to tell the Lords ' that it was a very good joke for once, but they must not give it to us again.' The next year the Lords did what, but for inconceivable stupidity, they should have done gracefully and at once. There have since been other conflicts, but only once has Mr. Gladstone yielded. The Compensation for Disturbance Act was rejected in the short session of 1880, and it was not revived because a more complete measure took its place. In other cases there have been concessions on both sides, but Mr. Gladstone has effectually vindicated the authority of the House of Commons, which had been shaken by the pliancy of previous Liberal ministers."

The secret of Mr. Gladstone's hold on the people is said to be above all their trust on the righteousness of his policy, while to his great rival principle, it is said, was a jest.

" Theirs was not a mere difference of opinion, it was still deeper antagonism as to the value of political opinions altogether. The one dazzled his generation for a time, but has left nothing behind him except a measure, forced on him, and by him forced on his party, in flagrant contempt of political honesty and to the lasting injury of their own interests. The other has written deep his name in the most important legislation of the country. The one was a cynical schemer, the other is an upright statesman."

The devotion of the Nonconformists to Mr. Gladstone is a subject on which the writer may be supposed to speak with some special knowledge ; he calls it one of the most remarkable political phenomena of the time.

" They have received little, and have nothing to expect, from the Prime Minister. By no section of the party has such trusty allegiance been rendered, and by none has such scanty return been received. The legislative changes which have been made in our favour have no doubt been considerable, but we can hardly be expected to cherish a very profound gratitude for reforms which, like the opening of the Universities, had become inevitable, by the growth of public opinion, or, like the Abolition of Church Rates and Burials Bill, were extorted by our own force, and which in the latter case were materially weakened by the amendments of the Liberal-Conservative who fills the office of Lord Chancellor, and in consequence of his strong ecclesiastical bias, has marred not a little of its work, especially in administration. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church was a great assertion of the principle of religious equality, but no effort was spared to deprive it of all encouragement for us ; and so far from the Government seeking to conciliate Dissenters by the measure, it was Dissenters who employed all their force to support the Government in a policy which they felt to be necessary for imperial interests. As to the distribution of offices, it is a point on which the less said the better ; but the neglect of Nonconformist claims is notorious. It only deserves notice, however, when, as in the case of the Charity Commission, there is no provision for the representation of Nonconformist views in bodies to which important Nonconformist interests are entrusted,

" Of course on several of these points there is grumbling with some suppressed regret and astonishment on the part of others ; but so far is there from being any disaffection, that there is no name which would elicit so enthusiastic a response in any assembly of Congregationalists as that of William Ewart Gladstone. The cause is not far to seek. For obvious reasons the ambitious desire of personal distinction has never been an important element in the policy of Dissenters ; and, in truth, until the fashion of society changes, it is very doubtful whether the bestowal of such honours means any substantial advantage to Nonconformity. At all events, the more robust among the political Nonconformists, those who are the ' backbone ' of which so much has been heard, are not likely to allow their action to be influenced by the way in which Nonconformists are overlooked in the distribution of offices. They do not seek them, it is extremely doubtful whether they would accept them if offered. Mr. Gladstone has succeeded to a bad tradition, a tradition which assigns hard work to Radicals and the promotion to Whigs, and has not had time to get free from it. The difference between Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice and Mr. Brand and members below the gangway, is that the former inflicted blows on the Government, while the latter struck blows for it, but these are neglected while those are promoted. It is the fruit of a vicious system which no Minister, however powerful, can altogether defy. Nothing is more certain, however, than the collapse of an arrangement so inequitable. Personal attachment to the Prime Minister alone has repressed an outcry from those who are too often treated as hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Passing over the Nonconformist view of Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical appointments, which would be keenly resented if more im-

portance were attached to them, while, as it is, these High Church nominations give ground for alarm only as to the security of the establishment and are no special menace to dissent, we give the view taken of Mr. Gladstone's speech of the Affirmation Bill.

"Never has Mr. Gladstone taken a grander position than in this masterly vindication of the rights of conscience. Often as he has electrified the House of Commons and the nation by some splendid burst of eloquence, there has been none more remarkable and more worthy of careful study by those who are honestly desirous to understand the man and his policy, the secret of his power, the fundamental principles of his character, the reasons for the passionate enthusiasm he kindles on the one side, and the intense malignity with which he is attacked on the other. As a piece of oratory, the speech would have been pronounced a masterpiece in any man. As the production of a veteran of a hundred fights, already in his seventy-fourth year, it was little short of a miracle of genius and power. Mr. Gladstone, however, has so accustomed the world to achievements which younger politicians might well envy, and continues to exhibit so much of the spirit and *verve* of youth, that it is very difficult to think or speak of him as an old man. Besides, the intellectual force, the unanswerable logic, the thrilling eloquence of the speech were, after all, less wonderful than its moral characteristics. Such a speech has seldom been heard in the House of Commons; certainly such a speech was never before made by a First Minister of the Crown. Its lofty moral tone, the noble contempt with which mere party interests were treated, the enforcement of the paramount claims of truth and justice as the guiding principles of a party, the unwavering faith in the triumph of the right, and the refusal to degrade religion by using unfair and unholy weapons for its defence, marked him out as a Christian statesman of the noblest type. It marked the culminating point in a life-long education, and it is only as it is viewed in connection with the history of the man that its marvellous qualities can be fully appreciated. Had Mr. Bright made it, it would have been hailed with enthusiasm, but still it would have been regarded only as the natural product of a Nonconformist discipline; but as the speech of one trained in a school of Obscurantism, in which some of his early companions still remain, and one who, with all his love of liberty, still holds the principles of the most exclusive of Church parties, it has a character absolutely unique. If anything was necessary to add to its impressiveness and grandeur, it may be found in the fact that the great principle of religious liberty for which he contended with such unsurpassed power, was presented to him in the most objectionable and repulsive association, and that his allegiance to it never faltered, though there were those who had drunk in the lessons of liberty from their very childhood who were unable to apply a principle, in which they must have become perfect, in a case so exceptionally offensive."

The article ends with a lament over the enervating influence of parliamentary life upon the personal character of some Liberals, whose political fibre is weakened by the atmosphere of lobbies drawing-rooms and clubs; cravings after social distinction, possibly frettings of disappointed ambition corrupt the simplicity of their faith. They are plied with all kinds of allurements, skilfully adjusted to their supposed weaknesses and are seduced into caves and

dens of the earth. To keep the soul alive and the heart true under such conditions is not easy.

"But Mr. Gladstone has done it. After a political career of half a century he retains his freshness of spirit, his allegiance to truth, his faith in the people, his devotion to the cause of liberty and progress. He has come unscathed out of the fiery ordeal, and proved that to is possible to be a politician and yet remain loyal to his conscience, faithful to his country, devoted to the service of his God. It is not wonderful that pert aristocrats, scheming politicians, monopolists of all shades, do not understand him, for it needs a sympathy with truth to appreciate and honour its apostle. It is not more surprising that the ill-regulated spirits, who are simply bent on change, and have no reverence for the past nor wise understanding of the present, should fret against one who, even in his progressive movement, must be true to himself and his deepest instincts. The former class, in their blind hatred of all innovation, cannot perceive that he is the greatest Conservative force of the time. The latter, in their impatience, will not admit that progress thus regulated is the surest and most enduring, and that which alone is suited to the English temper. But the nation recognizes more clearly every day the transcendent worth of the great statesman in whom these opposite tendencies are combined, and who himself is so conspicuous an example of Christian and patriotic statesmanship."

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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GLIMPSES OF THE SOUDAN. By Lady Gregory.—Suddenly all eyes have been fixed upon the Soudan, and in Dr. Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa* we find a cyclopædia of accurate information, scientific, practical, reliable, on this topic now grown so interesting. First among the nations mentioned in his journal come the Nubians.

"Their country has not flourished under Egyptian rule, and is so depleted by emigration that much of the land formerly cultivated is now allowed to lie idle. To escape from the intolerably heavy taxation, the young men leave their homes, usually for Khartoom, where they take service as soldiers in the merchant service and act as escort to the southward-bound caravans. When money is plentiful with the merchants they are well paid ; at other times a share of cattle or slaves, the plunder after a raid on some unfriendly tribe, is their reward. They are all Mahommedans, and will not touch the cigar of the

Christian, from an idea that the tobacco has been soaked in spirits. In the same way they will not eat preserves, which they believe to be mixed with the fat of the unclean animal, or cheese, which they imagine to be made from its milk. The spirit, *merissa*, presents a temptation which they are unable to resist. They are proud of having abandoned heathenism and of their belief in one God."

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"An uncomfortable belief is also prevalent amongst them that some of their women, being witches, inhabit at will the body of a hyæna. Dr. Schweinfurth thought he was performing a meritorious act in shooting 'a hyæna at Gallabat, but found himself bitterly reproached by the sheikh, who informed him that his mother, being one of these 'hyæna women,' might have been dwelling in the beast at the time. The Nubians have a love of freedom, which Dr. Schweinfurth attributes to their hatred of order, and have a greater independence of manner than is known in Egypt proper."

"They are cowardly in battle and untruthful in word. Their moderation in eating is commendable. They have a sense of humour and understand a joke. Their conversation is of a far more romantic turn than that of the practical Egyptians: they discourse of the wonders of the world, the Suez Canal, the great ships of the Franks, the wild beasts, and wilder natives of Central Africa."

From the White Nile banks to Kordofan and Darfoor the country is inhabited by Baggara Arabs, a warlike race, some of whose members are tributary to Egypt. Their wealth consists of herds of fly-bitten cattle, and they are fond of war and the chase. They are the finest of the nomad races of the Nile, are fond of finery, are of light brown complexion, and have the reputation of being the boldest of all Ethiopian robbers.

The whole left bank of the White Nile is inhabited by the Shillooks with a population of over a million. They are Negroes, though not of a degenerate type.

"Until the Egyptians came the Shillook government had been the most perfectly organized and conducted of all the Negro races of the Nile. Now the country is being deserted, and agriculture is declining. Their land is favoured by nature, has a fertile soil, abundance of water, both from rain and from the rising of the river, good pastures, and fish and game in plenty. The Shillooks are short of stature, and by way of compensation arrange the hair in a comb or crest, high upon the head. The men wear no clothing, the women have only an apron of skins. They seem naturally adapted to the moist river flats on which they live, and with their lean, lanky limbs, small, narrow heads, and long thin necks, appear to be of the stork or flamingo type, especially when seen leisurely striding over the rushes, or standing on one leg for hours together in an attitude of languid repose, their bodies smeared over with grey ashes. In spite of all their national troubles they are merry and light-hearted, full of jokes and puns, which are sometimes inspired by draughts of *mer'ssa*. A long spear is their only weapon"

Next come the Dinka, the great cattle-breeders, whose park-like territory covers a very large area.

"In figure they resemble the Shillooks, but their colour is darker, their hair closely cut, except a tuft at the back, and their lower teeth broken out. The women wear a clothing of skins, and an immense weight of iron ornaments. A cord round the neck is the symbol of mourning. Their huts are clean, and in the preparation of their food they are more particular than any other tribe. They are fond of farinaceous messes, and when a large dish has been prepared will repose round it in a circle, each with his gourd of milk or butter, and each eat separately."

"Their cattle are the pride of their eyes and the delight of their heart, dearer than wife or child. In each village the largest building is a hospital for sick cows. The earliest amusement of the children is the moulding of bullocks and goats in clay, and their vocabulary concerning cattle-breeding is richer than that of any European country. When a cow dies the neighbours, who, though highly appreciating beef, could not be induced to slay one of their own adored beasts, gather together and eat it; but the bereaved owner sits apart, unable to touch a morsel. They are useless for food, as they are never killed, and they yield very little milk; but the Dinka is happy if he can sit and gaze at them, 'growing nice and fat;' yet there is no idea of attributing to them anything of a sacred character."

"The women are much prized as slaves, and command a high price, having the reputation of being excellent house-keepers, though, like most invaluable house-keepers, they are a plague to their masters in other ways."

On the border of the Dinka land begins the "iron country," stretching to the Equator. Here the Dyoor, a small tribe, dwell. They possess no cattle on account of the gad-flies; but the nature of the soil is taken advantage of, and every Dyoor is a smith by birth.

"Their little clay smelting-furnaces are in constant use, and by them are forged the spear-heads and spades used in the province as current coin. The Dinka contemptuously style the Dyoor 'wild men,' but are glad enough to keep on good terms with them and to buy their iron work. Their dialect is that of the Shillooks, to whom they are related. They crop the hair closely, and their dress, usually made of a calf-skin, bears some resemblance to the tails of an ordinary dress-coat. They have more natural affection for their parents and their children than is shown by other tribes. The babies lie in cradles, instead of hanging in a strap, and the old grow grey-haired amongst them. The women do the house and field work; the men hunt, and are expert in snaring big game, such as buffaloes and antelopes."

The country of the Bongos is about as large as Belgium. It has also an iron soil, and the inhabitants are more compactly built, than the races hitherto met with, and excel in handicraft. In iron work they equal, if not excel, the Dyoor, and their chains and manacles are in much repute with the slave-dealers. They till their land

but are improvident, and are often driven to live on roots and bulbs.

"Their taste in cooking is more pronounced than that of the Dinka. Meat is considered most savoury when putrid; all crawling and creeping things are devoured, and decayed fungi, dried and powdered and mixed with their sauces, whet their appetites for such dainties as rats and worms. The children even have exciting mice battues, and sell the produce to each other, tied together in bunches by their tails. 'These are our cows,' they say. The men wear aprons of skin, the arms covered with small iron bangles. The women wear such masses of iron rings round arms and ankles that their movement would hardly be more effectively impeded by high-heeled boots. The rest of their costume consists of a branch or a bunch of grass. All have a taste for music, and contentedly strum for hours on nondescript instruments. Their religion is not one that can afford them much consolation. They have a firm faith in the existence of witches, and though they believe in spirits, they look on them all as malicious and destructive. Divorce is recognised, and in cases of infidelity, the wife receives a sound flogging, while the co-respondent is fortunate if he escapes with his life. This was once a peaceful country, but since the Khartoomen came in 1850 and made an easy prey of the scattered, leaderless tribes, the arts have been decaying, and the population diminishing. Thousands of boys and girls were seized and sold as slaves."

The Mittoo had only submitted to Egypt in 1867. Their district is wonderfully fertile, but they are a feeble folk, and reckoned of little value as slaves.

"But in one art, that of music, they excel all their neighbours. The soul of music is in them. Their instruments are brought to great perfection; of these the chief are lyres, with sounding boards, and flutes of the European pattern. They also have an idea of melody. A hundred of them will sing together in time and tune. All the skill that is wanting in their work, and the strength that is wanting in their frames, and the beauty that is wanting in their faces, seem to be concentrated in this power of musical expression."

The Niam-Niam, a wild and warlike race, are great hunters, and are rapidly exterminating the elephants of Central Africa.

"They use many weapons, lances and sickle-bladed knives and trumbashes, a kind of boomerang with mischievous-looking iron prongs and points. They file the incisor teeth to a point to facilitate the seizing of an enemy's arm in single combat. The men wear striped and spotted skins, which the sons of chieftains are privileged to loop up at the side. But, like Samson, their strength and glory lie in their hair, and fancy is exhausted in finding new ways of dressing it. Plaits, braids, puffs, tufts, all the ideas of modern coiffeurs of Paris seem to have originated at the sources of the Nile."

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"The chief duty and pride of a Niam-Niam woman is the arrangement of her husband's hair, which is sometimes surmounted by a hat and feathers painfully attached by hair-pins, which have to be removed at night. Her price as a slave is literally above rubies, so rarely is she to be had in the market, and, when she falls into the hands of the enemy, no ransom is thought too heavy, no exertion too great for her redemption."

* * * * *

"They believe in witches and evil spirits, and also in a divinity rendered by the word 'lightning.' Their only form of worship is the rubbing of a kind of wooden plane on another piece of wood—a kind of praying machine. They have an unbounded confidence in omens and before determining on any enterprise, will force a lump of grease down the throat of a hen, or hold a cock under water. If the birds survive this treatment the enterprise is proceeded with; if not, abandoned."

The Monbuttoo, the most southern tribe visited by Schweinfurth, are also independent. They are rather of the Semitic than of the negro type, and have brought the arts of civilization to greater perfection than other tribes.

"Their ornamental wood carvings and steel chains are unsurpassed, and their earthenware is remarkable for its symmetry and decoration. In architecture especially they excel. The reception-hall of the King Munza was 50 feet in height, 150 feet in length, and admirably constructed. Their kings have far greater power than those of the Niam-Niam, and are surrounded with courtiers and ceremonies. Munza received Dr Schweinfurth with royal state and display. As a race they are remarkable for intellect and judgment, and are feared in war. Their country is an earthly Paradise, the soil fertile, the scenery enchanting—clear streams and green pastures, and groves of palm and plantain. Recalling Eden also, the people dress in fig-tree bark, though the king's wardrobe is elaborate, and fills several rooms."

* * * * *

"Both sexes arrange the hair in a large chignon. Bands of hair, often false, are laid across the brow. The population is over a million, and one cultivated farm follows another without a break. They have some faint idea of a divinity living in the sky. In cookery they have an undeniable taste, using spices and mushrooms to flavour their sauces. Nevertheless, they are of all African cannibals the most pronounced. In war they use bows and arrows, as well as the usual iron weapons."

Dr. Schweinfurth saw some specimens of the "Akka," the pigmy race, from 4 feet 7 inches to 4 feet 10 inches in height, and of ape-like appearance; and we get glimpses of other smaller tribes. The most painful part of Dr. Schweinfurth's story is that relating to his experiences of the slave-trade. The resting-places of the dealers were marked with burnt bones of men, and helpless and abandoned children. His work proves how little effect the sovereignty of Egypt has had in putting down these horrors, and we can hardly wonder at the vengeance that is overtaking the Egyptian dominion.

THE HARVEST OF DEMOCRACY. By Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I.—Some two years ago a political satire was published in New York under the title of *Solid for Mulhooly*, on the Boss system in American politics, in which the mysterious methods of the leaders, the Ring and the Boss, were laid bare, revelations in which there is much that fortunately is both new and useful for Englishmen.

For there is one light in which American politics have for Englishmen an engrossing interest, namely, the effect which democratic principles, carried to their extreme logical conclusions, have had upon a race identical in many particulars with the English from which it has sprung.

"Has this effect been such as to encourage us to apply these principles at home? Has the result been a nobler view of the obligations of citizenship; a more generous and unselfish use of wealth; a higher and purer municipal administration; a more patriotic, far-sighted, and courageous foreign policy? And even should a favourable answer be returned to these enquiries, there remains for Englishmen the practical question whether, if undiluted democracy be suited to the conditions of America, with its vast homogeneous territory and a population still scanty proportional to its area, secure from all foreign attack and self-contained and self-sufficient in its resources, we could reasonably expect that it should be equally successful in England. For this country is the centre and *omphalos* of a world-wide empire, confronted in every land and on every sea with enemies or rivals; with an overgrown population crowded into cities and dependent on others for their very bread, and already enjoying a system of government which is not only the envy of less fortunate peoples, but which has had the force to make us, and may still possess the inherent virtue to maintain us, first among the nations of the earth?"

Solid for Mulhooly, the work which has been taken as the text for this article, is of a different quality from the novel called *Democracy*. Its style disdains those half-lights and shadows and reticences which belong to romance. While *Democracy* shows the ultimate result of official corruption in the lobbies and drawing-rooms of Washington, *Solid for Mulhooly* discloses its genesis in the drinking saloon and the gutter. A short sketch of the plot, showing how a penniless adventurer became member of Congress, rich without toil, like the lilies, influential without character, and famous through his very infamy, will not be unprofitable.

Michael Mulhooly was born in a mud cabin among the bogs of county Tyrone, which he shared with his parents, his ten brothers and sisters and a pig. Fortune sent him early to America, where he became a bar-tender, and subsequently the proprietor of a low groggery, and was made an American citizen by fraud after a residence of but two years. Then a corrupt election officer; then a corrupt member of the Municipal Legislature, always to be hired or bought by the highest bidder; and then forced upon his party by the most shameless frauds as its candidate for the American Congress. The campaign is fought between honesty and corruption. The candidate of the reform party is a young man of the highest character, of wealth, genius, and eloquence, and he has at his back all the voters of respectability and position. But

he does not condescend to those arts which alone can insure success. He does not visit bar-rooms; to bribe and cajole; and he declares war to the knife against the Boss system and the whole gang of confederated thieves who have for so long laughed at and plundered the people.

The result is that the Ring and the Boss and their thousands of dependants are "Solid for Mulhooly," who is elected member of Congress; and the corrupt, obscure adventurer represents "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

That this satire is exaggerated is not the opinion of educated Americans.

"From my Colorado note-book I extract the *ipsissima verba* of one of the most prosperous and distinguished citizens of that State. 'Politics,' said he, 'are nothing but a trade by which to live and grow fat, and an evil and a stinking trade. No one who respects himself can join it, and should a respectable man be chosen for office he refuses to accept the nomination. Everything connected with it is corrupt; and success being impossible to an honest man, the dirty work is left to the scallawags and scoundrels who live by it, and who degrade the name of politics throughout America.'

The city of New York has, for many years, been one of the most striking illustrations of Boss rule, and the system is still in full force. There is hardly a European city of any importance which is not infinitely superior to this the second city in the world in municipal administration, convenience, beauty, and architectural pretensions. There is scarcely a building which repays a visit.

"The City Hall, which cost ten or twelve millions of dollars, is certainly worth inspection as an instance of what swindling on a gigantic scale is able to accomplish, as is the Brooklyn Bridge, which cost seventeen millions, or three times the original estimate, and which was further unnecessary, as a subway would have been more convenient and have cost much less. Local taxation is crushingly heavy, and so inequitably assessed that the millionaires pay least and the poor most. The paving of the streets is so rough as to recall Belgrade or Petersburg; the gas is as bad as the pavement, and it is only in Broadway and portions of Fifth Avenue that an unsystematic use of the electric light creates a brilliancy which but heightens the contrast with the gloom elsewhere. The Central Park, so called from being a magnificent expanse of wilderness in the centre of nothing, is ill-kept and ragged, and at night is unsafe for either sex. The fares of hack-carriages are four to five times as high as in London. The police is inefficient, arbitrary, and corrupt."

The aldermen are in many cases persons of the Mulhooly type—politicians of the drinking-saloons, the tools of the Boss. The controller expending between 30 and 40 millions annually, the Commissioners of excise, taxes, charities, fire, health, and public works are all appointed by the alderman, directed by the Boss. Even the eleven police judges are appointed by the same agencies, so that they are

practically the nominees of the classes they have to try and punish. The result is that it is impossible to procure the adequate punishment of any official, however criminal. One or two instances may be cited.

"While I was in New York a policeman, named McNamara, killed a drunken but perfectly quiet and inoffensive citizen, named John Smith, by blows on his head and neck with a loaded club. There was no provocation, and even New York was profoundly moved by the outrage, although the police are there accustomed to use their clubs on even orderly crowds in a manner which would not be tolerated for a day in England. But while a verdict of murder or aggravated manslaughter would alone have met the merits of the case, McNamara was found guilty of assault in the third degree, and sentenced to a nominal punishment. In the case of the numerous catastrophes on railways and steamers in and near New York, due to gross negligence and causing the wanton slaughter of numerous citizens, no official has for years past been punished. An inspector's certificate is the only guarantee of security of the numerous passenger steamboats which ply on the waters of the city. But in August last, when the *Riverdale* steamer blew up and sank, the boiler was found so corroded that a knife-blade was easily thrust through a piece of iron which was originally an inch and a quarter thick; while the inspector who had certified that the boiler was in good order stated, on inquiry, that he did not know that the boiler was corroded because he had never examined the inside. Inspectors of this calibre are appointed to certify to the soundness of the boilers of ocean steamers, and the chief engineer of one of these told me that the inspector who had looked at the outside of the engines and had signed the required certificate, when asked whether he was not going to examine the interior of the boilers, confessed that such an examination would give him no information as he was altogether ignorant of the construction of engines or boilers."

In New York the elevated railways on iron pillars level with the first floor windows have been run through many of the principal streets without a dollar of compensation having been paid to any one. The carcase over which the New York vultures are now gathered together is the new aqueduct. Here is a prize worthy of Tammany—a mine rich in jobbery and corruption for years to come, and which, estimated to cost from 20 to 30 millions, will on the Brooklyn Bridge precedent, probably cost 60 millions.

"The municipal administration of New York and many of the principal cities is injurious not alone for its inefficiency, robbery, and waste. The chief evil, and one which, like a cancer, is ever poisoning and corroding the yet wholesome body politic, is found in its contagious example. Theft and jobbery are exalted as virtues which lead to wealth and political honour, while honesty and wisdom are left to preach at the corners of the streets regarded by none. The name of the people, and manhood suffrage, and the popular vote, are used as veils to screen the shifts and frauds of wirepullers; and the elected of the people is often no more than the corrupt nominee of a dishonest clique who laugh at the people who now, as ever, are willing to be deceived. Corruption accumulates on every side; its slime makes every path slippery which politicians tread, till the State Legislature and Congress itself become an Augean stable which it would require a new Hercules to cleanse."

Americans who loath the political system which degrades their country in the eyes of the world will not consider this picture overdrawn. But they are not, therefore, not to blame. Manhood suffrage, untampered by any educational test, and rendered uncontrollable by the surging mass of emigration, a condition unestimated by the drafters of the constitution, is the chief cause of the present difficulty. Respectable Americans usually reply that they will be able to reform the administration whenever they have time to do so. At present they are engaged in money-making, and cannot be troubled with politics. Moreover the country is young, and people, like the English, who have passed through the political experiences of the Georges, should not be squeamish in criticising America, which is undergoing a not more discreditable process of purification.

"The double fallacy which underlies this defence is obvious to every historical student. In all communities, and certainly in America, the honest and respectable largely outnumber the disreputable and disorderly. Yet the greatest catastrophes in republics have been due to the cowardice and apathy of the former when opposed by the organisation and audacity of the latter. The excesses of 1793, both in Paris and the provinces, were the work of a very small minority who might have been easily overpowered had the nobles and *bourgeoisie* shown, the commonest energy and courage. The horrors of the Commune were due to a handful of men whom the shopkeepers of the Boulevards could have driven into the Seine with their yard-measures. Safety is never to be secured by hesitation and delay, and the longer an abuse remains unremoved the more difficult is its extirpation. The conditions of political life in England during the last century and those in America to-day are essentially different. Here the power was in the hands of an educated class, who, as the standard of morality became more high, were compelled to change their methods or lose power altogether. But, in America, manhood suffrage has placed power in the hands of the lowest and least educated class, a large proportion of whom have little sympathy with the country of their adoption and are too ignorant to understand its requirements. Education may possibly affect these favourably in the future ; but it is also to be considered that the present system directly tends, by making dishonesty more profitable than political virtue, to continually augment, in an ever-increasing ratio, the number of those whose interest it is to perpetuate the reign of corruption."

Thoughtful men in America are convinced that manhood suffrage, now advocated by an intelligent and increasing party in England, is the chief cause of their misfortunes. By all means open wide the doors of the franchise to education and intelligence, but with the example of America before us, close them in the face of ignorance and crime.

The Irish question is as burning a one in American as in English politics. The Irish live almost exclusively in towns and do not care to accept land for cultivation.

"The majority of the Irish of New York differ little from the same class in English cities ; they are mostly illiterate, and the secret of their power is not in their energy or numbers, but that the long and absolute rule of the priests has accustomed them to vote solid as they are bid. The voters of the city are two hundred and fifty thousand, and of these the Irish are probably little more than a fifth ; but the determination of their leaders, and their own ignorance and political ineptitude, enable the disreputable minority to triumph over the wealth, culture, and intelligence of the disunited majority. No more grotesque illustration of the failure of universal suffrage to attain the result which alone would justify it could possibly be found. The Irish Catholics of America are Democrats almost to a man, but this is an accident due to a national characteristic which is illustrated in the well-known story of the Irishman who being asked, on his first landing at New York, what were his politics, replied that he knew nothing of politics, but that he was against the Government. The Republicans having held office ever since the war, the Irish have naturally joined the ranks of the opposition."

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"The Irish are far more unpopular in America than they are in England ; and little sympathy for their grievances is felt or expressed ; for the Americans are far too practical a race not to rate at their true value the utterances of interested demagogues such as O'Donovan Rossa and Parnell. The language used in Dynamite League meetings in New York, and the criminal actions which follow are alike viewed with indignation and disgust by the whole American community ; but the weakness of Democratic Government is such that the respectable majority do not dare to crush or even silence these enemies of the human race, and allow them, without molestation, not only to preach and plot arson and murder, but to carry them into execution."

The difficulties and dangers of manhood suffrage are intensified, in America, by the enormous emigration and by the law of naturalization, under which aliens are admitted as citizens after five years residence. Hence numbers of persons become such before they have become American in sympathy or sentiment, with the tendency to form separate political groups—*imperia in imperio*.

"The Germans, for instance, in America as elsewhere, are a sober, honest, and intelligent body, and have brought the land of their adoption its most valuable contingent. But they are rather in than of the American world. They do not intermarry with Americans ; they have their separate societies and amusements ; and as they now number some ten millions, there will at no distant date be a larger German population in America than in Europe, whose sympathies must more or less affect European politics."

The negro vote is another difficulty, which will only become more intolerable by the lapse of time, since the African race is extremely prolific and may be expected to increase more rapidly than any other element of the heterogeneous mass of American citizens.

"The position of the negro is anomalous and embarrassing. Without referring to the multiplied researches of the Anthropological Society on the capacity of the African races, it may generally be asserted that the negro is as fit for the

franchise as the monkey he closely resembles. He has one or two good qualities and many bad ones. He makes a very good waiter if in firm hands, but is usually spoilt by American familiarity, which in his small mind breeds contempt, so that the head waiter at a restaurant gives himself more airs than an English duke. For any occupation requiring higher intellectual powers than blacking boots or waiting at table the vast majority of negroes are unfit."

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"Since the war they have largely increased, and now number some six millions of uneducated and unimprovable persons, as useless for the purposes of civilisation as if they were still wandering naked through the African jungle. Slavery is an accursed thing, but it is rather as degrading the higher race of slaveholders than as brutalising the slaves that it must be condemned. There is no more natural equality among races than individuals, and imperial peoples have to use up some of the weaker and poorer in their political manufactories. The Nemesis of slavery was not exhausted in the civil war. Its evil fruits are still to be gathered by the American people, who have in their midst this ever-growing mass of savagery which they hate and despise, and to which they were compelled to give the rights of citizenship."

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"This fatal measure was taken in sheer self-defence to swamp the Southern vote, which would otherwise have restored the intolerable situation previous to the war. Since that day the miserable negro has been the tool and sport of every party; now petted, now kicked; his strong limbs and feeble brain at the service of any demagogue who might best know how to tickle his vanity and arouse his passions. If he were other than himself he would be a fit object for compassion; but he is of too low a type to be unhappy, and is probably the only man who laughs to-day in America."

Foreign politics excite so little interest in America, whose attention is solely directed to money-making, that it would be interesting to enquire whether apathy or truculence was the normal effect of republican institutions. Either attitude would be equally fatal in English policy.

"A few points more or less directly affecting England in the foreign policy of America may be briefly noticed. Firstly, the army, which costs some forty millions of dollars annually, consists of but 25,000 men, mostly employed in distant outposts, as in New Mexico; and a stranger may travel through the length and breadth of the country without meeting a single soldier. The navy, on which between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars are spent or wasted, is non-existent so far as first-class ships equal to modern requirements are concerned. Admiral D. Porter, a high authority, declares that there is no navy worth speaking of, and that it consists of officers and water without any ships. It is true that the protective tariff has annihilated the merchant shipping, so that the navy is no longer required to protect American commerce abroad; but its naval weakness is unworthy the dignity of a great country. The treasury is overflowing with money; the public debt cannot be reduced faster than at present without grave financial embarrassment; yet in the appropriations of Congress it is party interests and not the national honour which are considered. It is certainly not for the advantage of England that America should adopt free-trade, and again cover

the sea with merchant ships ; but the day will probably come when the farmers of the West and the working classes of the East will unite in refusing to pay double prices for almost every necessary of life in order to swell the profits of the manufacturers. But under a republic, where the minority rule and the majority suffer, the hour of deliverance may be far distant."

A WORLD IN PAWN. By A. J. Wilson.—The object of this article is to point out how severely the debts that have been and are still being incurred by Governments and municipalities everywhere, weigh upon the labouring populations. Such debts are actually mortgages on the labour, present and future, of the artisan classes, and are likely to become the fruitful seed of social and political convulsions. On the debts of the world the writer says :—

" In dealing with such a subject the difficulty always is to fix a definite impression on the mind. The esteemed statistician who compiled the latest edition of *Fenn on the Funds*, says that in 1862 the aggregate national debts of the world came to two thousand six hundred and five millions, that they increased in the next decade roughly by two thousand millions more ; that at the end of 1882, the aggregate was £5,394,000,000 notwithstanding the reductions which have taken place in our own debt and in that of the United States. These figures, however, convey only the most indefinite impression to the imagination. But we can see that within the space of twenty years the so-called national debts of the world have more than doubled, and as the great mass of these debts bear interest it is obvious also that the conditions of existence have been materially altered in less than a generation by the weight of that interest. If we deduct the odd £394,000,000 for debts which bear no interest through default, or scarcely any, like those of a number of Central American States and of Turkey, the remainder at four per cent. which is a low average, would imply a tax upon the labours of the civilised world amounting in gross to £200,000,000 per annum. But the average earnings of the workers by whom the bulk of these debts are borne do not exceed ten shillings per week. In India the average is far lower, and in Russia, Austria, and Hungary, as well as in Turkey and Italy, it is, I believe, under that figure. Put it however, at £25 per annum and we shall find that the national debts under which so many populations now groan, abstract annually a sum equal to the entire earnings of eight millions of people. Did each individual in these eight millions support a family of three persons only besides himself, the interest upon these debts would imply the absorption of the entire support of a population equal to that of the United Kingdom."

As regards India, he remarks :—

" For India the facts are more amazing still. In one form or another we draw fully £30,000,000 a year from that unhappy country, and there the average wages of the natives is about £5 per annum—less rather than more in many parts. Our Indian tribute, therefore, represents the entire earnings of upwards of six million heads of families—say of 30,000,000 of people. It means the abstraction of more than one-tenth of the entire sustenance of India every year. This is what the steady influx of wealth from abroad implies for all countries that owe us money in a greater or less degree."

Treating of London municipal burdens, he writes :—

“ For a family of six persons I compute the charges involved by debt alone including all the forms I have named in that term—national, corporate, and civic—at from £6 to £6 10s. per annum. In other words, from one-tenth to one-eighth of the entire earnings of the head of such a family in London is absorbed in the fruitful maintenance of these obligations. When to this we add the cost of maintenance for the poor, the charges for ordinary municipal purposes and other minor compulsory outgoings, it cannot appear surprising that from one-seventh to one-sixth of the average earnings of the London worker are abstracted before he is free to buy food and clothes. That I believe to be a moderate estimate, and it leaves out of sight the military and civil charges of the State. Taking it as it stands, however, I confess that the perpetual marvel to me is how the multitudes that swarm the metropolis live at all. In the human sense of the word, the bulk of them do not live. They exist; they fight a perpetual losing battle with want and misery, and multitudes every year perish in the struggle.

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TERRORISM IN RUSSIA AND TERRORISM IN EUROPE. By Stepniak.—Dynamite in its non-industrial uses does not seem likely to remain the exclusive patrimony of Russian revolutionists. In France, in Belgium, in Spain, in Italy, and even in England, there have been explosions of dynamite of which the aim has been by no means industrial. These, no doubt, are isolated attempts, experiments in the use of dynamite rather than political acts. But may not this aspect of the matter change with time ; and all revolutionary spirits unite themselves under the dynamite banner in a single organization of a prudent and far-seeing character, which shall give a terrible concentration to these hitherto disconnected acts ? In order to answer this question, we propose to pass in review the causes of Russian terrorism, considering them not as a political tendency, but as historical facts, the inevitable and fatal result of special circumstances.

That which perplexes all who interest themselves in the Nihilists is the contrast between their sanguinary methods and their enlightened ideas of social progress. Instead of the ferocious monsters their acts would suggest, these men are found to be of the gentlest disposition, evidently inspired by unselfish love for their country, well educated, refined, and belonging to the best society.

This apparent contradiction is no doubt, partly to be explained by the conduct of Government towards the Socialists.

"When a Government considers all things permitted against a particular section of its subjects, and hunts them down like wild beasts without mercy and without truce, the persecuted body are. *ipso facto*, absolved from all civil obligations. The social pact ceases to exist for them, and unable to put themselves under the protection of the civil law they are constrained to appeal to the natural instinct of self-defence and retaliation, which, under the name of Lynch law, prevails in the forests of the New World, where there are neither judges nor tribunals—as, in Russia, there are none for the Socialists."

The ferocity of the system of repression, however, is not the principal cause of terrorism in Russia. The acts we are considering have always contained, besides, an element of aggression; they represent a *system of political strife*, its aim being the liberty of the country.

Some good people may exclaim at the idea of liberty being won by assassination, but the fact is that the anomaly presented by the struggle for liberty in Russia is but a reflection of the anomalies inherent in the social condition of the country.

"In other countries where liberal ideas have been developed concurrently with the material and intellectual development of the classes that stand in need of them, the result has been the overthrow of the autocracy by the revolutionary movement; the *bourgeoisie*, valuing itself upon its influence with the working-class, and especially with the more intelligent and excitable operatives of the town, has stirred up the people to overthrow the *ancien régime*, and establish upon its ruins the parliamentary institutions that belong to the new political order. But in Russia nothing of this sort is possible. The whole nation languishes under its barbarous and incapable Government; and the working-class, reduced to literal starvation, suffers most of all. Profoundly discontented with its position, it is given up to dreams of agrarian communism. We have here the elements of a vast popular revolution that should loosen the joints of the existing order from the base to the summit of the social fabric. In the beginning the Socialists entertained the dream that Russia would accept the situation, and pass by one leap from despotism to socialism. But the actual course of events has cruelly exposed the fallacy of such hopes; and it is now inexorably evident that the overthrow of the autocracy is an indispensable first step towards progress of any kind. The means by which such a political revolution could be worked are, however, presently wanting in Russia, and they are likely to be wanting for a time that cannot be calculated. The operatives of the towns make an insignificant part of the population, and they are distinguished from the rest by no special intelligence. The *bourgeoisie* is only beginning to exist; and that of the country and the provincial towns which alone has influence, is quite uncultivated: it can barely read and write, and is anything but liberal in its ideas."

There remains the mixed class of cultivated and educated people, which includes nobility and *bourgeoisie*, and upon which the actual despotism presses most painfully. But this class is deprived of its natural support by the moral gulf that separates it from the people

which, without means of enlightenment, is given over to mediæval prejudices in politics and religion, and becomes the docile instrument by which the Government maintains the very *régime* under which it suffers; while the cultivated classes, deprived of support, are placed in a truly desperate position.

The part of a generous conqueror would have been to recognize that this new nation had its needs and its rights. It has gone to the opposite extreme and treated the new class with a brutality rather Vandal than European. Every freedom of thought or of speech was requited with exile or the galleys. Rebellion was inevitable, and "intelligent Russia," unable to resort to open revolution, is in a state of permanent passive hostility to the Government, which is thus driven to confide in unscrupulous and incompetent adventurers.

Thus the repressive measures of the Government supply the kindling spark, but they do not create terrorism; without the political and social conditions already indicated, these manifestations would remain isolated acts of self-defence and vengeance, and could never achieve the importance belonging to the systematized policy of a whole party. With the existing constitution of parties in Russia only two courses of events are possible; either political terrorism on all sides, or a social revolution of the starving and desperate masses of the population.

"There is only one way of escape from this dilemma—that the revolutions shall convert an integral part of the Government, that is to say, of the army, of the ministry, of the Imperial family itself, and the officials nearest to the throne. By this means the Government would be divided against itself, and the autocracy would fall to pieces by a process of natural decay. Such an event is anomalous, but the system now obtaining in Russia is an anachronism monstrous enough to make such anomalies possible. Should this state of things be realized, we should have a series of *coups d'état* and military insurrections, with more or less intervention on the part of other sections of the social body. And this is precisely the programme adopted by the party of 'Narodnaya Volya' and which they are seeking to carry out. If they succeed, it will be well for us; if not, we shall have terrorism once again."

We have now to consider the machinery of terrorism. Terrorism is based upon the creation of a political proletariat, consisting of the so-called "illegal men" or outlaws of Russian Society—the name given to all those who continue to live in open defiance of the police by means of false names and passports.

"The fact is that in Russia every one who has the misfortune to fall into the hands of the police as a political offender—no matter how trivial his offence may be—is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a lost man. The preliminary detention is made at the arbitrary pleasure of the prosecution, which in Russia is another name for the police; they can arrest and detain whom they will. No

* blame attaches to a mistaken arrest ; on the contrary, the more arrests the greater the merits of the prosecutor. For instance, at the time of the trial of the 'hundred and ninety-three' in 1878, there were, over and above this number of the accused, about one thousand four hundred persons arrested. Of these, half were set at liberty after a few months, but the remainder were kept in prison during the whole four years that the case lasted ; save only seventy-five who died, some by suicide, some of consumption, some insane."

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"The normal penalties for political crimes are simply Draconian, ten years at the galleys for a single speech, or for reading or preserving a proclamation. And whenever a prosecution follows an outbreak, the tribunal receives special orders to aggravate the penalties so as to make 'a salutary example,' and the verdicts become legal assassinations of the most monstrous character. The lad Rosovksy was condemned to death, and actually hanged at Kiev on the 5th of March 1880, for merely having in his house a proclamation of the Executive Committee. The same judgment was passed on the student Efremoff for having lent a room in his house to two revolutionists who were concerting a plan of escape without even taking their young host into confidence. But his sentence was commuted to a lifelong condemnation to the galleys in consequence of his having the weakness to appeal for mercy. Drobiasgin, Maidansky, Lisogub, Tchubarov, were all hanged—some for having subscribed money to the revolutionary cause, others for conveying a box, of which they did not know the contents but which was proved to contain notes for a circular drawn up by two or three youths—offences, one and all, which the actual law of the country punishes only with exile or a few years of imprisonment."

But if a man who is arrested knows himself to be uncompromised in any revolutionary enterprise, might not such a man hope to get off after a few months or possible years of detention, and be left in peace for the rest of his life? Even so poor a hope as this will prove illusory in Russia.

"The principle of the terrible *law of suspects* is that not only the act, but the thought and the intention, shall be punished, and that these can be divined by the intuition of a *clairvoyant* police who need no proofs to confirm their guesses. It is an altogether exceptional and astounding thing for a man once implicated in a State prosecution to be ever again left in peace. Convicts with definitive sentences just after they have served out their term of punishment as well as those who are acquitted by the tribunals, even the very witnesses (who had also suffered imprisonment to make them more malleable), except of course those on the side of the prosecution, are generally sent afterwards into exile by *order of the administration*."

And what is this administrative exile? We need not speak of it in Eastern Siberia, horrible deserts where the winter lasts ten months, where there is no clothing but skins, where bread is a rare delicacy, where the post comes but once in the year.

"Let us consider administrative exile in its milder forms—in Western Siberia or Northern Russia. Here we are in civilized countries—at least so far as the material side of life is concerned. There are houses to live in, there is

food to eat, the European costume is in vogue. Only in order to enjoy all this we must have money or the means of earning it. But how shall this last be done without intercourse with other citizens? And this is just what the Government is determined to prevent, on the ground that 'loyal subjects' are in danger of being corrupted. Hence the monstrous regulation of March 12, 1882—reprinted in all the Russian newspapers of the day. It is forbidden to administrative exiles to give lessons, or occupy themselves in any educational function, or even to give instruction in manual arts. They are also forbidden to hold conferences, to take part in scientific meetings, or to attend theatrical performances, to serve in libraries, in printing offices, in lithographers' or photographers' shops or even as journeymen labourers; and always for the same reason—to obviate the risk of propaganda. On the same ground those who are doctors, chemists, or accoucheurs, are forbidden to exercise their respective professions. Finally because many of them are men of letters, they are forbidden to contribute to reviews and newspapers. What means of earning their bread is left to them? Manual labour, in some cases. But what does that mean for educated men who have never held a workman's tool in their hands? And even that is not always permitted. The Government does not think itself safe, short of granting discretionary power to the administration to forbid any exile to practise his own handicraft.

"Obviously, having thus deprived the exiles of the means of earning their living, it is incumbent upon the Government to maintain them, like prisoners, at the public cost. And in fact, this obligation is recognized in principle, and a monthly allowance is made to every political exile—five roubles to those who are of noble origin and three to those who are not noble. The larger sum is about equal to ten shillings, the smaller to six shillings a month. Such an allowance as this is a mockery. And were it not for the contributions of friends and relations, which all the exiles share like brothers, they must all die of starvation. But the friends of the exiles are overburdened with other expenses; and the utmost they can do for their unfortunate comrades amounts to little more than a few crumbs cast into an abyss of indigence. The exiles sink into a state of squalid misery, and their health wastes away for want of the commonest necessities of life. At the same time, the absence of books and newspapers, the want of occupation and of intellectual interests, in this death-in-life, dragged out from day to day under the incessant *espionage* of the superintendents, produces a dull despair and apathy that wears out the spirit even more terribly than the physical hardships ruin the body. Those who have suffered it for a few years feel the effects of it all their lives, and maintain that even the misery of solitary confinement is preferable to this slow consumption prolonged through years and years, and sometimes through a lifetime. Proof of this lies in the number of suicides that occur among the administrative exiles: every issue of the '*Narodnaya Volya*' announces several.

"Such is the future that awaits not only every revolutionist in Russia, but every member of the opposition who has once come in contact with the police."

Suppose then that a man learns beforehand that he is regarded with suspicion by the police. Such a man has one expedient—flight. Accordingly, he flies, and one more is added to the class of outlaws.

He will not abandon his country but remains on the soil and works for the cause under cover of false passports. Here we have the new figure (new since 1873) of the "illegal man." All political arrests swell this class, for all the most energetic of those whose addresses, letters, &c., show them to be friends of the accused always resort to outlawry. Those who evade arrest or escape after sentence further add to this class; and then finally there are the *volunteer outlaws* who renounce legality before they have even compromised themselves, knowing well that they stand in daily risk of doing so.

"These outlaws may be described as men deprived of all political and civil rights. If they have had a profession, a trade, or any sort of occupation, they can no longer practise it, for to make themselves known is to be arrested. If they are men of property, they must renounce all rights of property; for having lost their identity, they are no longer in a position to enjoy their estates, or to alienate them by will or by gift. If they have families, they must disown them, for they cannot venture to see them any more. The police, knowing the weakness of human nature, keeps special watch over the near relations of every 'illegal man,' and seizes the opportunity of a stolen interview to effect his arrest."

Still the position of the "illegal man" is not so miserable as might be supposed. His own class is considerable, and the number of those willing to help him is enormous. He has his own organization, a special press and various offices of Government—as the passport office and the finance office, and he is on terms of peace and amity with all the world outside.

"The Russian outlaw is on his guard, but he is not obliged to hide himself. He goes about openly, frequents public haunts and domestic circles, attends theatres and concerts, becomes a member of scientific and literary societies, &c. &c.; and wherever he goes he meets people who are aware of his *illegality*. But he has nothing to fear from them, for any one who should betray his secret would incur universal contempt, and be counted irredeemably dishonoured for the rest of his life. Generally speaking, it may be said that an 'illegal man' stands in no danger whatever so long as he stands alone. The real and only danger is when he puts himself in relation with comrades to concert a revolutionary attempt."

It is from among this class of "illegal men" that the ranks of terrorism are recruited. They know that the fatal hour must come for each one of them sooner or later; and one and all throw themselves into the desperate struggle.

"I do not know who it was that calculated the average duration of an 'illegal man's' life at two years. Possibly the estimate is even too long. But in that short space there is no definite moment or act that is known beforehand to be the fatal one—an important point, as every one knows who understands human nature. The outlaw knows that he stakes his life upon every enterprise in which he embarks, but he knows also that by courage, resolution, and presence of mind he may escape death, and that in that case he loses nothing, while he gains the satisfaction of having done his part well. It matters little to him that the police are on his track; he is not a person—but a shadow, a number, a mark."

"Neither does he lose consideration in general society if he has any relations there which he cares to maintain ; for the devotion and affection of 'loyal subjects' to their Czar is of such a singular character that a man who has attempted the life of his sovereign, or of one of his ministers, does not thereby lose respect and esteem, or cease to be a welcome guest in the houses of the best society."

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"Least of all does the prospect of punishment, deter the 'illegal man' from attempting desperate deeds. That is a consideration that does not weigh with him for a moment ; he knows that as a revolutionist he has no hope of escaping, whatever he does or does not do. He is only concerned to crowd into the brief term of life allotted to him, the greatest possible number of services to the cause of liberty and of injuries to the common enemy."

This system then, kept up by the existence of the outlawed class, must, as time goes on, banish all security from the State. It is more numerous than it has ever been before. The soldiers of the revolution are scattered through the length and breadth of the land, and everywhere their power is felt.

"As things are at present, no one can answer for the tranquillity of the country ; no one, from the Emperor down to his humblest subaltern, can be sure of his life from day to day, any more than one can sleep peacefully in a house under which a barrel of dynamite is concealed."

To return then to our first question. Is the nascent terrorism in Europe the beginning of a new revolutionary movement—has it a future ? I think not. In Europe the revolutionary movement is rather economical than political, and the class concerned in it is strong and large, and yet no insurrection takes place. For where political liberty exists, a favourable vote is enough to satisfy the Socialists. Terrorism has no *raison d'être* on European soil outside Russia. Beside there are no "illegal men ;" the Socialists are not driven to put themselves beyond the law in order to work for their ideals.

What then is the meaning of those acts of terrorism that occur now here, now there ?

"To us it seems that these acts are the fruit of class hatreds and antagonisms developed under the influence of foreign examples, and without due regard to difference of local conditions, into a sanguinary political theory. It is precisely for this reason that we do not believe they will continue long. In politics, no course is adopted without the hope that it will make its party the strongest ; and the anarchists (we should rather say a few knots of anarchists) would not have betaken themselves to terrorism if they had not expected to draw the operative class into their camp, and inaugurate a movement of considerable importance. As, however, it is impossible, for the reasons indicated above, that such a result can ever be realized, they find themselves reduced to a kind of agitation of which the political insignificance (not to speak of its other aspects) is too evident ; and they will probably abandon their ill-advised practices, rather than risk their lives for such false stakes. The sooner they do so, the better it will be for the interests of the social revolution."

THE GOLD TREASURE OF INDIA. By Professor Bonamy Price.—This is a disappointing article, the subject of it being treated in a very superficial and rudimentary fashion.

After pointing out that “the money of India is as bad in principle as any to be found in the whole civilized world”, since its one sole legal tender is silver, Professor Price states the plan proposed by Mr. Clarmont Daniell of the Bengal Civil Service, in his book, “The Gold Treasure of India,” for constructing a new currency for India.

“1. The Government of India shall coin a gold coin, in all respects identical with the £1 sterling of the currency of the realm, out of the stock of gold now to be found in India, to any amount in which the metal may be brought by its owners to the mints for that purpose.

“2. These gold coins shall be declared *legal tender* for the payment of any sum of money due to the Government of India, at the option of the party making the payment; and in other cases they shall be legal tender for the discharge of any obligation amounting to rupees 5,000 and upwards, at the option of the party making the payment.

“3. The Government of India shall from time to time declare (but not more frequently than may be necessary or convenient) the rate at which the gold coin of its currency shall be accepted as legal payment of sums contracted to be paid in silver coin; and this State conversion shall be strictly regulated by the market value of the silver rupees of British Indian currency in these gold sovereigns.

“4. The silver rupees shall continue to be legal tender for all kinds of payments, and in any amount, at the option of the party making the payment.

“5. No person—the Government excepted—shall be obliged to take payment in gold of a debt due in silver which may be less in amount than rupees 5,000, unless he shall previously have agreed with his debtor to do so.”

On this the Professor remarks :—

“The scheme is logically sound, its principle correct. The excellent result arrived at, it would seem, must necessarily flow from such premises. Whichever of the two coins the payee receives, he procures the same fulfilment of his claim, the sum, the value he is entitled to. But will it be so in fact? Logic and right reasoning on the essence of true money say that it will; yet Mr. Daniell himself quite unconsciously raises a suspicion that it may not. Immediately after expounding his plan he proceeds to notice an objection raised against it in No. 63 of the *Nineteenth Century*, which brings forward a perplexity of some importance. The writer declares that by the plan of Mr. Daniell, silver will become less, not more, stable in value.’ If that assertion is proved to be correct, it could not be denied that the scheme would be a failure. It would not diminish, much less sweep away, the injuries which her currency inflicts on India. In reply to the allegation of the *Review*, that his plan will increase the instability of silver, Mr. Daniell takes his stand on the assertion that ‘the bulk of the internal commerce of India will, under the plan proposed, continue in the future, as it has been in the past, unaffected by the gold price of silver, its stability or its variations.’ This assertion contains a fact which has been and is still the puzzle of the Indian currency—a puzzle which has never yet, as far as we are aware, been

explained. Silver falls in intrinsic value whilst gold remains relatively steady. The rupee becomes worth 20*d.* or even 18*d.* only, in comparison with gold, but the prices of goods in India remain unchanged. They are sold still for the same number of rupees as they were before the fall in silver. Then why do not other nations, who can buy a rupee's weight of silver with goods which cost only 20*d.*, send silver in abundance to India to purchase goods worth 24*d.*? The Americans possess large stores of silver in their mines—why does not silver stream over from their shores to India to fetch back large profits from cheaply bought Indian commodities? Herein lies the mystery—the unchanged silver prices of Indian goods, the absence of all rush of foreign possessors of silver to send it over to India with large profit.

“At the same time it must be admitted that this marvellous puzzle does not necessarily contain any positive refutation of Mr. Clarmont Daniell's plan. That plan is economically sound; its general theory cannot be questioned; but the puzzle reveals that there are circumstances at work in India which bring out results that are unintelligible, and may foil the best-conceived plan for a gold standard, or may foil the economical law that prices must be higher when the metal of which the money in use is composed is worth intrinsically less.”

He thus concludes :—

“Such is the reform which Mr. Clarmont Daniell proposes for the thoroughly bad currency of India. Its principle is eminently sound. Every seller and every creditor will receive payment of what is due to them in the worth in the metal market of a certain quantity of gold. The currency, the money, of India will consist of a weight of the metal gold. But silver coins will be used in that currency to any amount; still, it will be a money consisting of the value of gold only: India will have gold only for her true currency. The worth of the silver coins will be strictly determined by the value of silver compared with that of gold, simply as two metals in the metal market. The man who receives silver will get the same identical payment as if he had been paid in gold; whilst the extent to which silver may be used will be unlimited. What greater praise can be given of any money—to have the very best metal for its determiner of value, and yet to give unlimited use of the two metals, gold and silver, without injury to the receiver? If Mr. Clarmont Daniell's reform is successfully established, will there be any better money in the whole world than the Indian?”

ABOUT OLD AND NEW NOVELS. By Dr. Karl Hillebrand.—The whole literature of fiction in Europe, from Homer to Goethe, is severed by a deep abyss from that of our century, whose productions bear always, in spite of all differences, a certain family likeness; in other terms—men, authors as well as readers, for 3,000 years saw the task of literature in another light from that in which we have seen it for the last 100 years.

“The new novel is ‘finer’ than the old one, says Mr. Howells quite candidly while the others plainly imply the same; and they mean not only a superiority in composition, dialogue, &c., but also a more careful study of feelings and passions, a more delicate delineation of characters, a deeper knowledge of society and its influence on the individual; for that the older writers could have no other reason for their reticence than ignorance or want of power to show their know-

ledge of these things, is an undoubted fact to our modern novelists, who have never learned the art of 'wise omission.'"

This ignoring of the past, and forgetting of all proportion show themselves most crudely in the Americans.

"Thus, even people of an entirely European culture like Mr. H. James speak of M. Alphonse Daudet with an admiration so unlimited that one might be tempted to believe that the readers beyond the Atlantic are unaware of the existence of a Fielding. Fortunately, Mr. J. R. Lowell's beautiful speech on the author of 'Tom Jones' proves that there are still Americans who know where the real models of the art of narration are to be sought for."

Besides there are people enough in the old world also who, like Mr. John Bright, do not hesitate to place any middling novelist or historian of our time above Homer and Thucydides—a *naïveté* which is not unfrequently praised as an enviable freshness of impression and judgment. But this rests in a thorough confusion of ideas.

"Such impressions are not received, such judgments are not given, by people who stand nearer to Nature than ourselves, but on the contrary by such as have no bridge behind them which might have brought them over from Nature to our civilization. I can with confidence place the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and 'Numa Roumestan' in the hands of a boy who was brought up in the country and has never seen a newspaper: he will not hesitate a moment between the two. The trial would already be more doubtful with a young man of classical culture; but as to a lad who had learned to read in leading articles and had left the professional school only to enter on the wholly artificial relations and modes of thinking of our society, one could scarcely expect from him that he should prefer the pure wine of Goldsmith to M. Daudet's intoxicating beverage."

The great majority of the younger generation has come into the world as it were grown up, has been born into the modern civilization—a civilization more complicated and artificial than any that went before it, and those who live in it like to imagine that what is more complicated is also more valuable. Hence the accumulation of details that characterizes our literature. A microscopic anatomy of human nature, such as that of M. Zola or George Eliot, would be vainly searched for in the older authors. All sciences, every technic, are now forced into the service, and richly gifted writers trade upon their facility in order to bring all their superfluity on the market. But "when the taste for simplicity is once destroyed," says Walter Scott, "it is long ere a nation recovers it." What is the essence of this new tendency of mind and taste?

The whole intellectual life of our century is permeated by the scientific habits and the new morals which came into prominence shortly before the French Revolution.

"Now, both the scientific and the moral view of the world are not only insusceptible of artistic treatment—they are incompatible with it, nay, are the negation of it. Also, the novel, as far as it is an artistic *genre*, has suffered from

the reign of these modern principles as much as, and more than, all other artistic *genres*, because, thanks to its form, it lends itself more easily to scientific treatment and moral jurisdiction than any other."

No doubt mankind lives on even to-day as if those principles did not exist. It would be impossible otherwise to live; but as soon as it is bent upon judging, knowing, or reproducing life, it no longer uses any but those two methods.

"Science aims at the knowledge of the world and its causal connection. It destroys individual life in order to find its laws—*i.e.*, what is common to individual phenomena. Art, on the contrary, seeks to know and interpret the world by seizing and reproducing the unity of individual life; it eliminates the general in order better to seize the particular, and in the particular it eliminates what is accidental that it may better see and show the essential. Now, as the general is only an abstraction of our intellect, and real life manifests itself only in the particular, it follows that art, in one sense, is truer than science. This, however, does not touch our question; what I want to prove is that the so-called scientific treatment of an object can only be harmful to art, in the same way as the artistic treatment of science on its side can give rise to the monstrosities about which scientists are fond of telling edifying stories."

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"The instrument, if I may so phrase it, which science uses to attain its aim is understanding; that of art, intuition. Science knows only a conscious knowledge of things, art only an unconscious one; and as the artist renders only what he has acquired unconsciously and directly through intuition, the artistic spectator or reader seizes what is given to him only intuitively, not consciously. Both proceed as we proceed in ordinary life and for practical purposes; art, therefore, is much nearer life than science. We know a person as a whole: often we do not even know whether his eyes are blue or brown, whether he has a high or a low forehead; and we are nevertheless surer of this our unconscious knowledge than the most accurate physiognomical analysis could make us. Language has equally formed itself unconsciously, is learned unconsciously, and is for the most part used unconsciously, particularly in emotion; but it renders our feeling more faithfully than any elaborate choice of expressions would be able to do. For the scientist, it is true, language is what numbers are for the mathematician; it gives no image, but only the abstract expression of things. The physician—we Germans call him the 'artist,' *Arzt*—seizes first the total impression of his patient, without rendering to himself an account, often without being able to render to himself an account, of its components; and he relies exclusively on the thermometer and determinate symptoms, precisely because he has not the 'coup d'œil.' Now our whole cultured society, readers as well as authors, have no longer the 'coup d'œil.' The latter *see* only what they have consciously considered, and consequently give only that; the former on their side have got accustomed to be content with that, nay, to be proud of it, because they thus can give themselves an account of everything, which is no small satisfaction to the vanity of the understanding."

What is the consequence? An author undertakes to paint the inner man and the outer world: the former by an accurate psychological analysis; the latter by a careful description. Now in reality

these psychological qualities are merely an abstraction of our intellect, and therefore even the completest enumeration can produce no living image, whereas one characteristic figure would suffice to evoke a total impression of a personality.

"For it is not the parts which make man, but the cohesion ; as soon as this ceases, life ceases. Now, conscious Intellect never seizes the cohesion ; unconscious intuition alone seizes it ; and to render this with conviction is art—*i.e.*, reproduction of life. As much may be said of the description of the outer world ; a whole page of M. Daudet, in which he describes all the articles to be sold in the shop of a southern provision-dealer, not omitting each individual smell, and all the furniture with all the lights falling on it, is not worth the two verses in which Heine calls up to us the cavern of Uraka, as if we saw it with our bodily eyes. The former, in fact, is a faithful inventory, which we never make in life, and which consequently touches our imagination as little as the list of an upholsterer ; these two verses awake in us a sensation, and so dispose our mood as to set at once our imagination to work, because there is action in them and the action therein shown acts in turn on the reader."

Art is more economical than science ; it does not lavish itself upon a minute examination of an action and its motives ; whereas our modern writer is full of description and explanation. The whole development of a man is gone through, until finally we have forgotten the man himself, as he is.

"True art cares little about the genesis of character ; it introduces man as a finished being, and lets him explain himself by his acts and words. Shakspeare leaves it to the German *savant* to explain how Hamlet has become what he is ; he contents himself with showing him as he is. And not drama alone shows man as he is ; the novel, as long as it is a work of art, is contented to do so.

"Pourquoi Manon, dans la première scène,
Est-elle si vivante et si vraiment humaine
Qu'il semble qu'on l'a vue et que c'est un portrait ?"

asks Musset. Is it not precisely because she is not described, analysed and explained, but simply appears and acts ? because the poet gives us in few words the impression which he has himself received, and by the rendering of his sensation our sensation is produced ? We never see persons and actions in fiction ; we feel the impression they exercise ; this is convincing ; an enumeration of qualities and circumstances, even if it were possible to make it complete, produces no disposition whatever ; it produces knowledge."

Let nobody say that the older writers gave only outlines ; what they gave are the dramatic moments of an action, the characteristic features of a person.

"If, on the contrary, the novelist proceeds with that scientifico-historical conscience, we get something like the struggle of the two washerwomen in the 'Assommoir,' which fills I don't know how many pages, and which nevertheless one has not before one's eyes, whereas the Homeric battle of Molly Seagrim remains unforgotten by whosoever reads it once only. Here, indeed, the total impression dominates the detail, whilst there the number of particulars forbids the forming of a total impression. M. Zola takes up his object like

the man of science, destroying it in order to recompose it ; Fielding, as the artist who seeks and reproduces unity."

Equally with the scientific view, the moralizing view of the world has come into prominence ; and it proves to be still more dangerous to art than the former.

"All modern morals aim at making men better—*i.e.*, other than they are. Art takes them as they are ; it is content to comprehend them and to make them comprehensible. And the more mankind have abandoned the fundamental ideas of Christian charity, election by grace and predestination, which are so repulsive to rationalism, the more decisively the tendency of morals to change men has come to the foreground in literature. It is so with society ; all are to become equal in virtue, as all are to become equal in possessions."

"Until the middle of the past century, every class and every individual accepted the world as we accept Nature, as a given order, in which there is little to be changed. People lived and acted, wrote and enjoyed naively, without reflection, or at least without comparing the existing world and its laws with reasoning and its norms. A man of the people thought as little of becoming a burgher, as any of us wishes to become a prince of the blood. If any one ventured to raise himself and knew how to penetrate through his circumstances, it was because he felt himself, his strength of mind and will—*i.e.*, his individuality—and not because he thought himself justified by his quality as 'man.'

"His legal title was founded on his personal gifts, not on a so-called justice, which now-a-days every mediocrity thinks himself entitled to invoke, and the idea of which is suggested to him by all our speeches and institutions, inasmuch as they almost directly entice him to leave his station in order to feel himself unhappy in a higher one, for which he is not fit. This eternal comparing of the actual world with the postulates of reason has 'sicklyd o'er' our life in more than one sense. For the whole of this so called humane morality consists in nothing else than in exhorting us to try to put ourselves in other people's steads, not by a direct intuition, but according to an all-levelling abstraction, which from its very nature must also mean putting other people in our stead. Both are fictions, which take place in our head alone, and have no reality."

In literature, the new view of the world has worked as its consequence a much deeper revolution than in political or social life, where such aspirations are unable to change the essence of either state or society.

"The novels of our time in which the moral point of view does not absolutely predominate may be counted on the fingers. Even where unveiled immorality, or at least indecency, displays itself, there is from beginning to end with nor without the author's consciousness, a certain didactic tendency. In the apparently most objectionable of all modern works of fiction, in 'Madame Bovary,' one feels that the writer has an intention which is not purely artistic, the intention to warn us against certain modes of education and kinds of readings. In M. Zola it is clear that his workmen and workwomen who perish in the mud are to serve as deterrent instances. Neither do so. The German novelists conceal the moral standard which they use in their novels, the English and North-Americans even boast of it. Certainly morals, as well as any other human interest, have their

right of citizenship in art. Only it is important to know what is understood by morals : the natural and sound ones which culminate in the worship of truth, or the artificial, made up, unhealthy ones, whose mother is human vanity, whose godmother is falsehood. It is sound morals when Prince Hal leaves his pet favourite in the lurch as soon as, with the responsibility of the Crown, the earnest of life begins for him ; it is unhealthy morals when Victor Hugo disturbs the ideas of right and wrong by glorifying a galley-slave who has become the victim of an error of justice."

Modern novels have the same family feature—discontent with this world as it is ; and the direct consequence of it is the sombre tone of all this literature.

"How morose at bottom are all the novels of George Eliot, in what one might call their key-note ; how bitter Charlotte Brontë's, how infinitely sad Miss Poynter's 'Among the Hills,'—to instance a little-known masterpiece of this sombre moralo-psychological art. All great narrators of former times, from Homer to Cervantes, and from Chaucer to Walter Scott, unchain our hearts by their good humour. Here, on the contrary, we always feel oppressed things our by the long face and the lugubrious tone which our authors take when they relate ancestors were prone to laugh over."

"Who would dare now a days to treat comically poor stammering Bridgson ? Compassion for his infirmity would get the better of us ; full of human tenderness, we should 'put ourselves in his stead,' and forthwith make a tragical figure of him. The dry *savant* whom the world has laughed at for centuries as an awkward or vain bookworm, becomes in George Eliot's hands an unfortunate, who, sighing for a false ideal, is on the other hand seen by the noblest of women herself as an ideal. For whatever is comical objectively becomes tragical when it is taken subjectively : our tender little self suffers, and no wonder it pities itself.

"How rudely would all the serene figures which live in our imagination be destroyed, if we were to put them under the discipline of our conscientious authors ! Only fancy poor Manon under the birch-rod of Jane Eyre, the school-mistress ! Imagine Squire Western in M. Zola's *clinique* : 'If you continue getting drunk every night, whilst your daughter is playing the harpischord, a terrible end is awaiting you, Mr. Western. Shall I describe it to you ? I have accurately studied several cases of *delirium tremens potatorum*, the punishment which is in store for all alcoholized persons as you are.' And our old friend Falstaff, whom that losel Shakspeare treated so indulgently, what lessons George Eliot would have read to him ; 'for really, Sir John, you have no excuse whatever. If you were a poor devil who had never had any but bad examples before your eyes ; but you have had all the advantages which destiny can give to man on his way through life ! Are you not born of a good family ? Have not you had, at Oxford, the best education England is able to give to her children ? Have you not had the highest connections ? And, nevertheless, how low you are fallen ! Do you know why ? I have warned my Tito over and over against it : because you have always done that only which was agreeable to you, and have shunned everything that was unpleasant."

It seems as if the authors could not refrain from persecuting in an odious type certain persons whom they have learnt to hate in

life—a disposition of mind most contrary to that of the true artist, who neither hates nor loves his objects personally, and to whom Richard III is as interesting as Antonio.

“Remember only George Eliot’s character, Rosamond, and with what really feminine perfidy she tries to discredit her. How differently Abbè Prévost treats his Manon! Even if Richardson, and, in our time, Jer. Gottholf, do take a moralizing tone, and begin with ever so many preachments and good lessons, the artist runs away with them; they forget that they wanted to teach, and paint their objects with artistic indifference: *sine ira nec studio*, not to speak of their morals being of a kind which have nothing in them rebellious to art. With George Eliot and W. D. Howells it is the contrary: they want to be objective, but the moralist soon gets the better of the artist.”

We are steeped in moral convention. It is incredible how great a mass of artificial feelings, interests, and duties we carry about, how our language and our actions are dominated by them. We drive out Nature by culture.

“Shakspeare would not be able now a days to create an Othello who would listen to Iago’s insinuations, because no gentleman now-a-days would allow such calumnies, and the gentleman has driven out the man. Language has suffered so much under this rule of conventionalism, that to the cultivated it has become quite insufficient for the direct translation of sensation. Let a lady to-day speak like the Queen of Cortanza or Margaret of Anjou, and how the public would protest against the coarseness of her language and feeling.”

People are never weary of inveighing against the prosaicism of our time: nobody thinks of the unnaturalness of our sensations. The novel of the future will remain what the novel of the present is; a work of edification, of instruction, of amusement, perhaps also of the contrary; it will be long before it becomes a work of art.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MARCH, 1884.

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Peasants' Homes in Arcady. By REV. DR. JESSOPP	—
Platform Women. By MISS CONSDALE	—
Opening National Institutions on Sunday. By the Right Hon. the EARL OF DUNRAVEN	—
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SHIP INSURANCES AND LOSS OF LIFE AT SEA.—It is not often that a member of Government will so far break the bonds of red tape reserve as to sign his name to a magazine article treating of a subject which is likely to be matter of immediate legislation. It is not, however, to criticise the action of the Board of Trade that Sir T. Brassey writes this article, but to bring together in a connected form the valuable evidence presented to the recent Commission on Unseaworthy Ships, of which he was a prominent member. Commencing with a statement of the figures giving the loss of life among British seamen for several years past, he shows that the latest returns give the large number of 3,500, presumably for the year 1883, as against 3,118 for 1882 and an average of 1,692 for the five years, 1877—1881.

"Much of this loss is preventible. Careless shipmasters and mates are responsible for many collisions and strandings; and hitherto the punishment awarded by the temporary suspension of certificates has erred on the side of leniency. For the reckless overloading of ships, for undermanning, in many cases to a dangerous degree, and for negligence in regard to repairs shipowners and underwriters are mainly responsible."

The law on the subject of Marine Insurance presents problems of extreme intricacy and it affects commercial interests of enormous magnitude.

"In a large trading community Marine Insurance is a necessity, and the very anomalies which a layman is disposed to criticise most severely have grown up with the express sanction of our legal tribunals, and indeed had their origin in the decisions of judges of great eminence and authority. It would be rash and imprudent in the highest degree on the part of a private individual to press for changes in the law as it is at present laid down, without a deliberate and exhaustive examination of the whole subject. The necessity for such a revision will have been sufficiently established if it can be shown that the facility for insuring to the full, and sometimes to an exaggerated value, leads to carelessness and recklessness in the management of shipping, and is therefore a primary cause of the deplorable loss of life at sea."

The witnesses on the subject of Marine Insurance who appeared before the Duke of Somerset's Commission comprised Barristers and Solicitors largely engaged in commercial cases and officials of Lloyd's and the Board of Trade. The following extracts are made from their evidence :—

"Mr. Harper, the Secretary of the Salvage Association of Lloyd's, was one of the ablest and most experienced witnesses who gave evidence before the Commission. 'Do you think,' he was asked, 'that this rule of law which enables the assured to recover more than the value of the property assured has any tendency to make the shipowner or the master negligent?' 'It is,' he replied, 'in the very nature of things and in human nature, that it must be so. If a man is in this position, that if he keeps his ship it is worth 8,000*l.* to him, but if he totally loses it, it is worth 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* to him, what other deduction can you possibly draw, but that he must have a bias in the direction of trying to get the 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.*?' In answer to another question Mr. Harper said, 'If you were to do away with insurance altogether I think the business of this Commission would be at an end directly.' Mr. Harper pointed out what minute and constant supervision is necessary to secure the seaworthiness of ships. 'The care of a ship,' as he truly said, 'divides itself into a hundred particulars; care in the appointment of a master, care in the selection of a crew, care in the officers of the ship, and general watchfulness; and that care is certainly likely to be relaxed in the case of an owner who knows that if his ship goes to the bottom, perhaps from the very circumstance that he has not paid sufficient attention to her, he not only gets the whole of his money invested in the ship, but a large profit in addition.

"Sir Thomas Farrer gave similar testimony. Being asked whether, in his opinion, our system of insurance had any effect upon the safety or danger of property and lives at sea, he replied that 'It was obvious that it must have the greatest possible effect. It was quite clear that even if you put the shipowner in as good a position by insurance in case of loss, as he would occupy if the voyage were successfully completed, you to that extent diminished the motives which otherwise would actuate him in taking care that the vessel was seaworthy. If insurance went beyond that, and gave considerable profit in case of loss, which he would not have had if the voyage had been successfully completed, you gave a motive, he would not say for fraud for he believed cases of fraud to be rare, but you gave a motive for great recklessness.'

"Mr. Butt, who has since been elevated to the Bench; Mr. Hollams, the eminent commercial solicitor; Mr. Walton, another eminent London solicitor; and Mr. Squarey, solicitor to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, gave similar testimony."

"Eminent shipowners have not hesitated to admit that a certain tendency to relax the necessary vigilance and care must result from the complete immunity from loss in the event of shipwreck."

"The late Mr. Green, when asked by the Select Committee of 1860 on merchant Shipping, whether he thought the facility for insurance induced carelessness or negligence on the part of the shipowners, replied, 'That is a very awkward question. I have heard people say they should be very glad, if their lives were saved, if they never saw the ship again.'"

"Mr. Lamport told the Commission on Unseaworthy Ships that he had known no instance in which he had reason to believe that the loss of a ship was caused primarily by her being over-insured; but, he continued, 'I really do believe that when a ship has accidentally gone ashore, the efforts of her officers to get her off have occasionally been relaxed by their knowledge that the owner's purse will be benefited by her becoming a constructive total loss instead of an average loss.'"

Mr. McIver, speaking in the House of Commons in the debate on Marine Insurance in 1875, said that over-insurance in regard to cargo happened to be the rule rather than the exception. It was the custom of the trade to insure a 10 per cent. profit on bulky cargoes of coals, grain or iron. Vessels so laden were those that most frequently went to the bottom. The merchant, broker or charterer were all insured, and their profits were secured, provided only the vessel were lost. It was not a question of only one, but frequently of two profits, because if one cargo were lost, there was another to replace it. Nobody meant the vessel to be lost, but practically it was not the interest of those persons to see that the vessel was not overladen.

A striking example is given of the extent to which the compensation payable to the shipowner under a policy of Marine Insurance may exceed what should be due under a strict contract of indemnity.

The ship *Sir William Eyre*, valued at 8,000*l.*, sailed from Glasgow to Otago in 1863. She was damaged on the outward voyage, and temporary repairs were effected at Otago, at the cost of the underwriters, on the outward freight. The ship proceeded to Calcutta, where she was again surveyed, and found to be not worth repairing. She was lost shortly afterwards in the cyclone of October 1864. The damage which the vessel was found at Calcutta to have sustained having been caused by her being stranded before she reached Otago, the underwriters on the policy to Otago were held liable to pay 6,000*l.* The shipowner had insured in the sum of 4,000*l.* the chartered freight homewards from Calcutta, and as the ship had become a constructive total loss, the House of Lords held that the underwriters were bound to pay the 4,000*l.* Finally the shipowner, before he knew that his vessel had been seriously injured, had insured her in the sum of 8,000*l.* by a time policy for three months after her arrival at Calcutta; and, although the ship when insured was a total

loss, he recovered his insurance. The total sum thus recovered amounted to 18,000*l.* on a ship valued at only 8,000*l.* by the owners themselves. This is no doubt an extreme case; but other cases, in which shipowners have recovered from the underwriters sums far exceeding a fair indemnity for their loss, are not of uncommon occurrence."

There are four different kinds of policies in Marine Insurance, and these are considered separately.

"Let us take first the case of the valued policy. In a valued policy the agreed value of the subject insured is expressed on the face of the policy. It might reasonably have been supposed that where the value expressed in the policy exceeds the real value of the property insured, the courts would have refused to sanction the overvaluation. Such, however, is not the doctrine of our law. The underwriter is not allowed to set aside the value, as stated in the valued policy, except upon plea and proof of fraud."

"It may be presumed that the decisions of the courts had their origin, as explained by Mr. Justice Willes, in his memorandum written in the year 1867, first in the desire to avoid the inconvenience of protracted inquiries as to value, which, in many cases of total loss, would be difficult of proof. Secondly, it was thought expedient to allow the assured to insure to the full extent of his interest, though exceeding what he could get for the ship if put up to sale, because in certain cases expenses may have been incurred with reference to a special use of the ship, as in the case of a ship fitted like the 'Great Eastern' or the 'Faraday' for laying an electric cable."

"When we turn from the commercial aspects of the question to consider the effect of these insurances in relation to the loss of life at sea, we must admit, with Mr. Justice Willes, that the system of valued policies, whatever its conveniences, does encourage fraudulently disposed people to put high values on comparatively worthless vessels, and gives them an interest in the loss of their property."

"The remedy suggested by Mr. Justice Willes for the abuses incidental to valued policies was approved by Mr. Lamport, Mr. Stevenson, some time secretary to Lloyd's, by Mr. Squarey, Mr. Farrer, and others. All these authorities agreed that where the underwriter has reason to believe that the valuation in the valued policy is excessive, he should be allowed to plead such over-valuation as a defence to a claim on the part of the shipowner. It was the opinion of Mr. Lamport that this concession to the underwriter would not lead to vexatious litigation, and that, while the value would not be disputed, unless in gross cases, shipowners would be deterred from paying premiums on their ships for larger amounts than they would be entitled to recover in the event of loss."

The "open policy" is that in which the value is not fixed either for ship, freight or goods. According to the law, as it is now laid down, the value of goods is the invoiced price, together with the charge for loading and insurance. The value of a ship is held to be the sum she is worth to her owner at the port where the voyage commences, including outfit and premium and costs of insurance. The

amount recoverable on an open policy on freight is the gross freight paid by the shipper.

"The effect of the present rules can be most easily understood by an example. Let us take first a case put before the Commission on Unseaworthy Ships by Sir Thomas Farrer. A steamer of 1,200 tons, bound for Calcutta and back through the Suez Canal, with a chartered freight on the outward and homeward voyage of 12,000*l.*, is insured in an open policy at the full value. Suppose the ship to be lost on the outward voyage in the bay of Biscay, the shipowner is thereupon entitled to recover the gross freight of 12,000*l.*, although by the loss of his ship at the commencement of her voyage, he has avoided paying for Suez Canal dues both ways 1,200*l.*, for coals at Calcutta 1,600*l.*, as well as the expense for provisions at Calcutta, wages to the crew, and port charges at Calcutta and London. The total saving by the loss of the vessel at the commencement of the voyage will amount to 4,500*l.*

"A similar case was quoted by Sir John Lubbock in a speech delivered in the House of Commons in 1875. A vessel sailed from Quebec for Liverpool. The freight, as per charter party amounted to 3,500*l.*, but was insured for 6,000*l.* The ship was lost in the river St. Lawrence. If the voyage had been completed successfully the net receipt of the owner would not have exceeded 2,500*l.* By the loss of the ship he realised 6,000*l.*

"It has been suggested, as a remedy for this strange inconsistency of the law, that the underwriter should be entitled to deduct from the amount payable to the shipowner on an open policy on the freight all expenses actually saved by the loss of the ship."

The "voyage policy" is that in which the limits of the voyage are designated in the policy by specifying a given place at which it is to begin, and another at which it is to end. An instance is given, showing the anomalous state of the law in its relation to voyage policies.

"In the case of a voyage policy the law steps in again with its eternal vigilance on the owner's behalf. At the inception of the risk the ship must be seaworthy. There is an implied warranty, as it is called, of seaworthiness. But it has been held that the voyage out and the voyage home are one voyage; and it frequently happens, and it has happened to my knowledge, that a ship has gone out from one port to another, say from London to Shanghai, has been damaged on the way, has delivered her cargo, and taken in a cargo for the voyage home, had not been repaired at Shanghai, and had left in so bad a condition that there was every probability of her foundering. She had foundered and yet, as there was no warranty of seaworthiness for the voyage from Shanghai, the assured had recovered the whole of his money from the underwriter."

The last policy is the "time policy," in which the limits of risks are designated only by certain fixed periods of time. The courts of law hold that there is no contract in time policies that the ships should be seaworthy, even at the commencement of the risk. This rule has been sustained on the ground that a shipowner may not have had intelligence of his ship for a lengthened period, and cannot give a warranty for her seaworthy condition.

"Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, in his evidence before the Commission, suggested that there should be an implied and continuing warranty of seaworthiness in all time policies, as is now the case in voyage policies.

"The distinction between time and voyage-policies, in respect to the warranty of seaworthiness, leads to this strange anomaly. The owner of a ship insured under a time policy is allowed to recover his insurance, even though the vessel were unseaworthy. Shippers of goods must insure under a voyage policy, and they cannot recover if the vessel is not seaworthy. Thus the shipowner, who has the power to regulate the condition of his ship as to repairs and equipments, and neglects to do his duty, recovers his insurance, while the proprietor of the goods, who is an innocent sufferer, loses all claim on the underwriters.

"True it is that shippers of goods, though they cannot recover their insurance from the underwriters, have a claim for compensation against the shipowner. But by the bill of lading usually employed, shipowners have succeeded in contracting themselves entirely out of this obligation. It has therefore been proposed that no words introduced into the bill of lading shall exonerate the shipowner from the obligation to make and keep his vessel in safe condition, and that the underwriter shall not be liable for loss, whether under the time or the voyage policy unless it can be proved that the shipowner and shipmaster had used all reasonable efforts to make and keep the ship seaworthy."

It may be questioned whether any alteration in the English law of insurance would be operative, unless the underwriters were sincerely disposed to aid in giving it effect. The competition for business among Insurance Companies and underwriters of any but the highest class is such that no risk is refused if only a sufficiently tempting premium be offered. Again, the partiality to shipowners generally shown by juries, who refuse to enforce the law with strictness in cases where there is an implied warranty of seaworthiness, forced on the commission the belief that a judge and two assessors would be a far better tribunal.

The revision of the whole system of insurance law, recommended by the Commission, and an international agreement on Marine Insurance—nothing short of these large measures can do any real or permanent good. But the subject is a delicate and difficult one.

"The law of Marine Insurance is an elaborate edifice, composed of materials drawn from the custom of merchants, the statutes of the realm, and the decisions of able and impartial judges. Such a law should not be altered hastily nor without the most careful consideration of the probable effect of the changes proposed in relation to the seaworthiness of our shipping. Because abuses have grown up in the law, Marine Insurance must not on that account be condemned. Its value has indeed been recognized from very early times. It was introduced into England by the Lombards, together with the art of book-keeping, the institution of banking, and other equally valuable aids to commerce. Rich men may, indeed, be independent of the protection it affords. The poorest class of shipowners, who navigate their own ships, do not insure, because they cannot afford to bear any expense not absolutely necessary to enable them to take their vessels

from port to port. These men live from hand to mouth, from voyage to voyage ; and, as they do not entrust their property to the care of others, they are free from the anxiety of those who have to bear unknown risks. But that great middle class who must constitute the majority of every trading community are in a different position. They have too much at stake to be able to bear the risks of maritime adventure without the protection of insurance : and on the other hand their interest in shipping is not distributed so widely as to justify them in becoming their own insurers.

"The work to be done is of the utmost importance. Those who are opposed to load-lines and surveys say truly that the commercial instinct of the shipowner and the experience of the shipmaster are the most reliable guarantee for the seaworthiness of shipping ; and that Government surveyors cannot have the same practical knowledge as persons actually engaged in the trade. But that commercial instinct on which we are invited to rely must be less keen and less acute when by the over-valuation of the ship and freight the shipowner stands to win and not to lose by the loss of his ship. The aim of future legislation must be to confine Marine Insurance to a simple contract of indemnity. Thus limited, it may justly be regarded, to use the language of Jeremy Bentham, as 'one of the most beneficial inventions of civilised society. No one will neglect his actual possessions, a good certain and present, with the hope of recovering, in case of loss, only an equivalent for the thing lost, and even at the most an equivalent. To this let it be added, that the recovery cannot be obtained without care and expense, and that there must be a transient privation.'

That some change is needed, the highest authorities seem agreed. Lord Cockburn has said: "Our Marine Insurance law was founded on principles which were erroneous, and directly opposite to those on which the law of America and of every other country in Europe but England was founded." Sir John Lubbock has pointed out that over-insurance is not permitted against fire, nor would the public endure that a Railway Company should realise a handsome profit by an accident. The seaman is not permitted to insure his wages, lest it should weaken his motives for bringing the voyage to a successful termination. The vigilance of the shipowner should not be relaxed by permitting him to recover under a policy of Marine Insurance sums far in excess of the amount which could be claimed under a strict contract of indemnity. Sir Thomas Brassey, though allowing the great difficulty of the question, thinks that improvement in the law is quite feasible.

"We should not allow ourselves to be deterred from dealing with abuses by ill-founded apprehensions. The marvellous development of our mercantile marine has been brought about by general efficiency of administration on the part of our shipowners, by the skill of our shipbuilders in the use of great natural advantages, and by the personal qualities for which our seamen are renowned. Such a reasonable reform of the law as it has been sought to indicate in these pages will but secure a more ample reward for well-conducted enterprise. The recurrence of preventable disaster entails high rates of premium. If half the

money now lavished on insurance were applied in repairs and maintenance, in strengthening crews, in improving equipments, and in reducing the cargoes of the ships which are overladen, the seamen of our mercantile marine would be spared untold suffering and anxiety. The charges imposed on the community at large for freight would be lightened and the discredit would be removed which reckless shipowners have brought on a branch of enterprise in which it is the pride and boast of this country that she holds a foremost place.

MY SCHOOL DAYS FROM 1830 TO 1840.—The reminiscences of his school days by one who is still best known among Englishmen as a great schoolmaster, hardly needed the somewhat apologetic tone which Dr. Bradley assumes in his introductory sentences. As a pupil of Arnold at Rugby, and subsequently as Headmaster of Marlborough, the present Dean of Westminster has had experiences of school work, both as pupil and as master, that cannot fail to give special interest to his reminiscences of the past and his opinions on the present system of education.

"I will at once, then, ask my readers to take their places with me as a very young boy at a preparatory school in a watering place on the South Coast, which, once famous as the sea side residence of King George the Fourth, is now the almost suburban resort of thousands of Londoners. It was long ago that time ! I remember one Sunday morning, as we little boys came home two and two from church, hearing a gentleman on the pavement at Brighton say to his friend, 'The streets of Paris, they say, are swimming with blood.' The words impressed me greatly ; it was the first time I had heard the phrase, and the image which it called up was, I need hardly say, not that of the 'three glorious days of July,' to which I presume it referred, but one ghastly in the extreme ; and I venture to record, with a certain soreness with which some, I hope, will sympathise, that no effort was made to satisfy or guide, or to do anything but repress, our natural curiosity on the subject. Accustomed as some of us had been at our homes to take, if a childish, yet a very real interest in the great events of the world around us, at my first school all such subjects seemed carefully kept from us, and the rumours of European convulsions and of riots in Western England only reached us through random words caught up here and there on a Brighton esplanade, or through the distorting medium of the tales of communicative housemaids.

"May I be allowed to say that, even in these days of penny newspapers, I have often advised young men who have consulted me as to preparatory schools to give their young pupils full accounts from time to time of any great or marked public events that are taking place ; to teach them to feel that the horizon of their interests is something larger than that of the schoolroom and the playground ? I venture to recall as a good deed of my own, my having at much pains and trouble conveyed to a night's rough quarters in London as many as possible of my young Rugby pupils, in order that they might tell their children's children that they had looked through a dull November morning on the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington."

The school instruction of those days consisted in the imparting of knowledge of various and, no doubt, useful kinds, through the appeal to one single faculty—that of the memory.

"Our Latin Grammar, indeed, and our arithmetic were taught us, not by the ladies to whose care we were entrusted, but by a kindly master, who visited us daily; and these two subjects stand out to me—my younger readers will be surprised to hear—with quite a golden light in comparison to the rest of our work. For each of these involved, not merely the repetition by heart of a daily task, but something that by the help of our slates we could ourselves produce, in a way and in a measure, for ourselves. I can still recall the very nouns and adjectives, and in due time the verbs, which we little fellows wrote out for him as answering to the novel forms which we had learnt in our Latin Grammar; so also, amidst, no doubt, many failures, the pleasure of seeing our Long Division sums answer the test of the 'proof' to which they were put, is one which all of us can easily appreciate. But the rest and the larger portions of our lessons have left on me an impression of extreme dreariness, and I must add, of much uselessness. Everything was learnt by rote—history, general information of various kinds, biography, even astronomy, even geography, were mere matters of memory. Books, useful enough I have no doubt when properly used—*Mangall's Questions* I remember was one—were simply learnt by heart and said *memoriter*, without, so far as I can recall, a word of explanation or illustration. The lists of Kings of England, of the metals, and of the planets were repeated one after the other without interest and without discrimination. I really think that we might almost without reproach have substituted any one for the other. I remember the particular corner of the schoolroom in which the mistress of the school heard us repeat—ah, that I could still retain them!—the dates of the English Kings. We were, I remember, many of us, fond of drawing, and our play hours were largely spent in trying to reproduce the sailing vessels which passed our coast, and in copying—I can recall them one after another—some scenes from a book of Bible pictures belonging to one of us. What would I give now, I said but lately for the hundredth time, as I wandered helplessly through Norman churches—I said still more lately as I talked about their drawings to our Abbey choristers—had some discipline and guidance been given to me as a mere child, and the foundation been laid of a habit that would have enabled me to observe with a trained eye and reproduce what I saw with a trained hand. Be thankful, schoolboy reader, for your school of Art!"

A contrast is drawn between a geography lesson given at a small elementary school attended by children of the very humblest grade which the Dean lately visited, and his own experiences.

"I have listened with delight to a picturesque geographical lesson, every word of which was as instructive as it was eagerly entered into by little boys reared mainly in the sadly squalid houses of that crowded region. There came back to me the day when standing side by side with the sons of men of means, education, and position, I learned by heart the chief countries and capitals of Europe, and, provided that I said them in a sense correctly, was allowed to simplify matters by saying the columns separately or in pairs—*Spain, Portugal, Madrid, Lisbon*, was quite sufficient. I remember an elder brother's amusement on my return home, on my insisting that Portugal was the capital of Spain, Lisbon of Madrid. 'Why not?' I said; 'I always say it so at school.'

Of all the mass of knowledge thus committed to memory the larger part happily is let slide; thus Dr. Bradley retains as conscious relics, "first, what I value greatly, two or three dates of English

Kings ; secondly, a strange and wonderful stanza about the Georgium Sidus, then the last discovered planet of our system ; thirdly, a statement—too true, I doubt not, at that time—that a voyage to India required from three to six months." The next scene described is at a day school on Clapham Common, then an important but still peaceful and suburban village.

"We children had passed into what I may call another zone, as it were, of intellectual experience. Our English lessons are mainly at an end, we have turned them over, perhaps with a touch of contempt, to our sisters ; French and English history, music, and geography will do, we thought, for girls. We are setting ourselves sedulously to the training reserved for boys ; and, so far as I remember, we do the work with much docility. Our lessons in Cæsar, our Latin exercises, even our Greek verbs and Delectus, have left no trace, except here and there, of special distaste or aversion, as felt either by myself or my friends. But the day soon came, the inevitable day, when it became part of our work to learn by heart those parts of the Latin Grammar, the Syntax, the *As in præsentî*, the *Propria quæ maribus*, which from the time of the reformation onwards, had formed the main pabulum of the English schoolboy. I will not dilate on the labour it involved, nor on the value of the work which it displaced, nor on the aversion that it inspired in one at least of those young students. I can hardly understand how a system which called on boys to commit to memory page after page of rules drawn up in somewhat barbarous Latin, and learned in my own case, I feel sure, without a word of comment, illustration, or explanation, to do this moreover long before they had advanced sufficiently far for more than a very few of these rules to correspond with anything that had fallen under their own observation, can have held its ground for over three centuries, and can find staunch defenders even now. I can only be thankful that my own experience of the system was just long enough to prevent me, during twenty-five years' life as a schoolmaster, from ever permitting a boy to say any grammatical rule to me in Latin words, or to quote to me any example that he had learnt by heart, without ascertaining that he knew its meaning and application, 'the reason why' he had it on his lips."

The state of things above described is a form of evil that may meet us in any system or in the teaching of any subject, the tendency to allow dead and mechanical toil to take the place of living fruitful work on the part of both the teacher and the pupil. The former finds it easy to be contented with outside results and difficult to go down and down to the level of the young mind, and rouse and stir and coax and tempt it to think and work. Nor is the fault all the teacher's. To the young pupil real mental effort, any attempt at reflection is apt to prove very trying, very distasteful ; thinking, setting the mind really to work, what a Roman would call *intentio animi*, is a thing which to some gifted spirits may be a delightful pastime, but to which the minds of most growing boys have an instinctive aversion. They will often welcome a good deal of humdrum drudgery in preference to a very limited amount of such mental gymnastics. Have we never

heard of Oxford undergraduates who prefer learning their little modicum of Euclid by heart to really mastering it? Yet to overcome this aversion, to train or win his pupils to take a real and hearty pleasure in such active exercise, is surely the very first aim, as it is the main mark and note of the good teacher. A very different scene is presented in the next school which is described. It was one of a number of schools started in the neighbourhood of London in connection with King's College, then in its first youth. At the head of it was placed a young man then fresh from* high mathematical honours at Cambridge, full of fire, enthusiasm and original ability.

"I shall not undertake to describe fully the reform, not the bit-by-bit, but the radical, the entire reform, which he worked in the system under which we had been thus far taught. He took, I remember, the bold step of flinging, not without some audacious words of iconoclastic ridicule, our Latin Syntax to the winds, and substituting a few, a very few, rules that he gave us on a blackboard, which now for the first time became one of the instruments of our education. He, first of all, at a time when the real study of comparative philology was almost unknown in England, gave us some glimpses into what I may call the science of language; he taught us to try to group together facts for ourselves, and to form laws from what we observed and met. And he did more, he taught us something, at the same time, of the beauty and charm of literature, old and new. We were still very young boys, even those who formed 'his first class,' and quite unfit to read continuously such an author as Tacitus. But yet I still remember—he will have forgotten—how, quite early, almost at the outset of our career, he had the courage to introduce us to the magnificent passage that closes the *Life of Agricola*, made us laboriously translate it into English, and I presume, for I can still repeat it almost verbatim, commit it to memory; he revealed to some of us for the first time that Latin authors are something more than merely puzzling sentences in an unfamiliar language. I recall too, the manner in which, every Saturday, instead of a dull reading lesson, he would summon seven or eight of us to read one after another, in the presence of roomful of our schoolfellows, some stirring or pathetic passage from the Old or New Testament, or from English poetry or prose, and how we coveted above all things the distinction of being reported at home as the best reader of the week. It was a simple expedient, but at all events it cured us for life of either practising ourselves, or patiently enduring in others, a lifeless and mechanical style of reading aloud. Every Saturday also, for a time, we drew without copy, from previous study, a map of Palestine. Physical geography was then in its cradle, the author of *Sinai and Palestine* a school boy at Rugby, and of the real configuration of that historic land I fear we,*perhaps our teacher, knew little: but the interest which the study of its history and geography inspired laid in one at least of his pupils the seeds of a future harvest. Among the first authorities in Europe on such a subject is one known to the world at large for his services to the cause of music, known to no narrow circle for his services to general literature; I think that Sir George Grove would date the first germ of his articles on the Geography and History of Palestine, as well as on general geography—perhaps the origin of the Palestine Exploration enterprise—to those Saturday maps and Saturday studies of Blunt's

Coincidences and other works on Old Testament History, at a suburban Grammar School, under the teaching of the present Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford. But this was not all; no week passed—and this, it will be remembered, is a period separated from the present by full half a century, during which science has been slowly winning its way towards obtaining a partial admission into the regular course of an English schoolboy's education—no single week, in which we did not receive and eagerly look forward to at least one lesson in natural science. Heat, elementary hydrostatics, mechanics and optics, electricity, and above all chemistry—to something of the elements of all these we were introduced in turn. There was not one among us, at all events in our teacher's own class, who could not at that time draw with sufficient accuracy not merely the proverbial common pump, but a low pressure steam engine of the day. What is more, we learned, if not any very large amount of scientific knowledge—limited pocket-money and domestic objections to turning our bedrooms into laboratories restrained and froze the genial current of nascent science in our souls—yet a sense of the greatness and importance of the world of science, whose door was at least set ajar for us, a sense that once given us nothing could efface. It became impossible for any one of us to look henceforth on science as a foe. Our favourite literature in our homes was for a time two manuals then in vogue, long since superseded, *Mrs. Marcel's Conversations* and *Joyce's Scientific Dialogues*, together with *Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*. Our favourite indoor recreation was the manipulation of a really excellent electrifying machine (as it was then called) manufactured for us by an elder brother, and the reproduction of the chemical experiments which we had seen at school. Both occupations were somewhat discountenanced, though for different reasons, by those who had to test the power of the last home-made Leyden jar, the result of a skilful treatment of a discarded decanter, or to inhale the odours of what was then called 'azotic' and other unpleasant gases."

Dr. Bradley has something to say about the perplexities that teachers now-a-days are involved in owing to the multiplication of subjects of study, and the difficulty of harmonizing and adjusting the claims of the new and the old. Can we hope to teach boys really well, really thoroughly, if we attempt to teach them as boys more than one or two subjects?

"Were not the old days of Latin and Greek pure and simple the golden days after all of sound and solid, as opposed to hollow and counterfeit, education? My own experience does not point in this direction. There is no doubt more than a possible, a very real, danger of teaching boys and girls too many subjects superficially, none thoroughly. But superficial teaching is not confined to a varied programme, and a boy may have given years to one or two subjects without having stirred the subsoil of his mind by the monotonous process. How many failures were dug as it were into the soil before one successful scholar, when pure scholarship in the limited sense of the word was the end-all and be-all of education, was at last produced? It is a question the answers to which I have always thought to be exceedingly disheartening.

"Wisdom and watchfulness will be required to harmonise and adjust rival claims, to avoid over-pressure," pretentious work. But I cannot but be led to hope that we are learning from experience that whatever tends to enlighten and stimulate and interest any part of the growing mind will not be lost in its effect

on other work, will quicken and enliven the mental sensibility, break up along the whole line of intellectual range the callousness and indifference which are hardest of all to deal with.

"Time taken from such obvious preparations for future life as bookkeeping, arithmetic, geography, and bestowed on some well-guided labour in mastering the key of an ancient language, may play its part in strengthening the mental muscles of the future merchant or man of business; hours given to the thorough study and appreciation of great poets may enlarge and enrich his intellectual resources. The bread that seemed cast upon the waters may come back in due time—the boy who is destined to lead a literary life may gain rather than lose from the patient attention, the ever-watchful observation required by the hours given to some natural science"

Passing on to his Rugby days under Arnold, Dr. Brádeley remarks on the totally new world in which he found himself on his first entry into a public school. The three years he spent there he calls in some ways the most fruitful, the most formative, intellectually, morally and spiritually, of his whole life.

"Yet I despair of giving what some might gladly welcome, any full or real insight into the secret of the success of that world-famous teacher, or any clear impression of his educational system. System, I should be inclined to say, in the sense of a clearly marked, consciously developed and organised scheme, he had none. I say so with the feeling of relief, for I have always found reasons to distrust over-systematised schemes of education. I confess to a shudder as I read of the French Minister of Education taking out his watch and remarking that at that moment all fifth form French boys were reading the same passage of the *Æneid*. Arnold shocked, no doubt, educational Conservatives, much as he shocked the ecclesiastical and political adherents of the past, by some important changes. He did everything that was possible at that day in a school organised as Rugby was, to introduce the teaching of mathematics and modern languages as a regular and essential part of a boy's curriculum. He paved the way for future success. I doubt whether the immediate result on the mass of the school was very great. As regards the former study, I may say of myself, that having brought with me a sufficient stock to carry me easily through all that was required at examinations, I contrived to elude all attempts to elicit further mathematical work from a brain seething with other interests. As regards the latter, we in the highest form gained much from being introduced by Arnold himself to some acquaintance with the German language and literature. I can still repeat much of the immortal *Cassandra* of Schiller, which I spent hours—they were well spent hours—in trying to reproduce in Greek sapphics. I can still recall our master's voice as he read out his own version of a letter of Neibuhr to a young student for us to translate into German; but I do not think that a spark of enthusiasm for German literature burnt in the heart of the school below us.

"An experiment had been made of which the memory was still fresh when I came as a new boy to introduce the teaching of foreign languages by two foreign gentlemen. The experiment, too often even now somewhat perilous, ended at the Rugby of that day in entire failure. How were boys, reared in insular and midland ignorance of the great world that lay beyond the silver streak, to submit to teachers who, when a sparrow was designedly let loose in school, called it a 'chicken,' or a cock-chaffer a 'chaffer-bird.' The main subjects of instruction

remained much what they were. Latin and Greek lessons were conned as before in all but the highest forms, by the old methods under the masters whom he found with the imperfect dictionaries, the unannotated editions, and the now obsolete Greek and Latin grammars, which were all that the schoolboy of my own day could command. One feature I remember which impressed me greatly as a new boy was said—I incline to believe, rightly—to have been introduced from Winchester. Three times a week the great majority of the school inked their fingers and bewildered their brains in composing what was called a ‘vulgus’: a certain number, from two to eight, of Latin verses on a given subject. Sturdy beggars sometimes, like stalwart tramps, with a minatory importunity, met those who had a facility in such matters, and asked or demanded contributions in kind. Looking carefully back, I should be inclined to say that to those who never reached the very highest forms the great problem of really interesting the English schoolboy in the work of his own education was by no means solved. Whether they liked or disliked their head master, they stood in awe of him. They recognised in him a ruler; they knew somehow that he was a conspicuous figure in the life of England; boys were made to feel that they were under law and discipline; their work was tested by what was then a novelty—regular examinations; their places in the school were made to depend not on the date of their entering the school, but on their industry and ability. By slow degrees a far higher tone of duty and morality on many essential points filtered slowly downwards into the mass of the school. Boys did their duty with a sense of duty more general and more recognised than had been or was common with schoolboys; indeed, the direct change of atmosphere worked by Arnold on Rugby at large was, I venture to think, rather moral than intellectual; certainly a too large proportion of Rugby boys in my own day looked on mental work of all kinds as an odious necessity, and characterised it by one expressive and contemptuous monosyllable.”

Arnold’s influence was something unique of its kind and defied analysis. To the more sensitive and impressionable of his pupils, it was perhaps over-stimulating, and, quite unconsciously on his part, laid an undue amount of mental as well as moral strain and excitement on minds still immature. One of the ablest of these pupils, A. H. Clough, speaks of himself while in his eighteenth year of having passed through three years of perpetual excitement.

“Yet there was nothing feverish, or excitable, or spasmodic in the man himself—all was manly, robust, healthy, vigorous, forcible, and wholesome; and all of us who felt his power at all would, I think, agree that, setting aside the moral and spiritual influence which perhaps set its mark on us for ever, never before and never since have we come under so inspiring and stirring an intellectual stimulus.

“What was the secret? You will readily believe that one who has given the best years of his life to the same work has asked the question of himself often and anxiously. It was something incommunicable and not to be reproduced by any attempt at imitation. Was it perhaps that under Arnold there was an air of something real and living in every subject that we studied, in every book that we read with him? Homer was Homer, not merely so many lines of Greek poetry; and as such we were expected to read and translate him, as the poet who carried us back to the early world of Greece, another world to that of which we had perhaps in a portion of the same lesson been reading in the Septuagint ver-

sion of the Old Testament. I remember how in reading Cicero's letters he made us feel that we were dealing with no museum of examples of Latin construction (though loose and inaccurate scholarship was detected in a moment), but with the actors in the bloody tragedy that led up to the second Triumvirate and Actium. It was partly this; but, after all, this was but an element among many in the ascendancy which he held over us."

But Arnold's system had, no doubt, its *lacunæ*, its great gaps. Dr. Bradley cannot echo the complaint of the writer of *The Epic of Hades* that he had read in youth the masterpieces of antiquity without any aid being given him to recognise in them all that was most noble, most pathetic, or most tragic. Arnold's pupils cared very much indeed, some of them for history, for certain kinds of English literature, very much indeed for poetry, and for some at least of the many Greek and Latin authors whom they read.

"But the limits of our intellectual interests were, though wider than was common among schoolboys, greatly fixed by the influence of the very teacher who gave them their intensity and strength. We cared for the subjects in which Arnold taught or inspired us, we lost sight of or were indifferent to others. The Art School which Rugby now owes mainly to the munificence of a Rugbeian of a less distant generation, Sir Thomas Brassey, represents a side of educational work which was then absolutely unrepresented. In those days I cannot recall—I wish I could—a single instance of a single boy whom I knew availing himself of the assistance of the drawing master. Of the organised musical enthusiasm which now forms so intergal a part of the life of Harrow there were but few traces. The Natural History Society, which has developed so widely and done such good work in my own dear school at Marlborough and elsewhere, would have been laughed, I fear, out of existence in Arnoldian Rugby, or had no member but the historic madman of that immortal work, Tom Brown. The laboratory of Eton, or such an array of scientific apparatus and teaching as is to be found at the modern Rugby or at Clifton, were things unheard of. The real and successful efforts to base a sound education on what are called modern subjects that have proved so fruitful at many of the newer and in one or two of the old schools, were as yet mere day dreams. These enormous gains of the new generation were yet to come; but still, while welcoming them all, while undervaluing none, while looking on them as merely at present half-developed, half-tried sources of light and culture, we feel that they will never supply the place of that well-spring of intellectual and moral aid that is to be found in contact with a master mind, and that no greater privilege could have been given to youth than to sit for a while at the feet of Thomas Arnold".

The efforts and progress made in the department of intermediate education are summed up in three general results. First, it is recognized more clearly than it was 50 years ago that a power of flogging grammar into boys is not the sole qualification of a teacher; not mere drill and discipline but the stirring and quickening the intellect of the pupil is required. Secondly, no teaching will ever be of real value which is merely the giving forth of knowledge acquired in former years and let out mechanically as from a reservoir.

Thirdly, it is felt more widely than it once was that education is hardly education that does not secure some share of what Professor Huxley so well calls "that capitalised experience of the human race which we call knowledge." We all expect an educated man or boy when he leaves school to have acquired more or less of solid knowledge; and, what is more important, we have even come to recognize that a whole range of what are called modern studies—studies in language, literature, science and art, that were never till lately looked upon as part of a school boy's education—may be made invaluable instruments of what is after all of more educational value than the imparting of any knowledge, alike of disciplining his faculties, and of stirring the intellectual and kindling the emotional side of his nature.

We close our extracts with some remarks, specially valuable as coming from one recognized as a most successful teacher of the old subjects under the improved system of modern times, on the modifications introduced by the progress of human knowledge into the treatment of those subjects by the teacher. Take the Latin language, the oldest of our educational instruments as an example:—

"The subject is included in the curriculum of every good 'second grade' school with which I am acquainted. The teacher whose boys leave him at fifteen or sixteen cannot expect to make finished scholars. If he has made them fairly at home in the elements of the tongue which Cæsar and his legions carried with them—if he has enabled them to read, not without pains and labour, yet with some real interest, the history of two or three campaigns in Gaul and Britain—if, above all, he has contrived to interest them in a few specimens of prose or poetry of the highest order, he will have done all that can reasonably be asked. The learner will no longer have been called upon to commit to memory a mass of abstract or empirical and ill-framed rules drawn up in half unintelligible Latin, and accompanied with a formidable array of Latin examples. Memory, which will, let us hope, have had its first training in quite another field (shall I say of simple texts, and hymns, and English poetry, of things worth the learning and worth remembering?) will have been necessarily severely tasked in mastering the essential elements of declensions and conjugations. The English boy of the nineteenth century will stand in this respect, if not side by side with the pupils of the schools of Charlemagne, certainly with those of Melancthon or of our own Mediæval and Reformation schools. Even here modern studies may do something, I do not say to lighten, but to enlighten the necessary steps. Something of the 'reason why?' of the existence of these puzzling inflexions of number, case, tense, gender, and mood, in Latin as in German, of their disappearance in modern, of their richness and abundance in older English, many fall within the teacher's power and will to communicate to his pupils. He will no longer be content to tell them that one word, *inquam*, stands for the two English words *I say*, because the Romans did not trouble themselves to express the personal pronoun unless for special emphasis, but he may explain to them that the Latin, like many other languages in an early stage, placed its *I say* in a different order to our own and fused it into a single word *Say I*, and that the *I* is as much involved in the final letter of the *inquam*

as it is our corresponding phrase of two words. He will not be content to leave them to find out that the order of a Latin sentence in Cæsar is almost invariably quite different from that of the order of an English sentence, but he will here again give some of the very simple reasons why English is so comparatively limited to one order, why Latin is so free and unfettered. He will do all he can to make the learner realise *how* and *why* it is that he is passing as he learn an ancient language into a different world of expression to that of his own, and will try to teach him to gather together some real and striking characteristics of each. He will not by such means make the path to the acquisition of Latin a mere easy saunter through flowery fields, but he will do something to give a distant prospect from that uphill path, not merely goad the climber to force his way between two enclosing dreary walls. And side by side with this, he will try to show in very simple language the essential uniformity of the operation of the human mind that underlies the external differences of such dissimilar languages. That logical and scientific analysis of the sentence which enters so largely into the teaching of some portions of even our elementary schools will show at once, when applied to Latin as to English, how much there is that is common to all human tongues, and though such analysis will never teach to speak or write, it seems to me to be one of the most useful of logical exercises that can be comprehended under the wide name of grammar.

"Need I add a word of the close connexion between the Latin and French languages, which is of equal interest to the historian and the philologist? We knew when I was a boy—we all knew, that is in a certain sense—that French was mainly, as we said, derived from Latin. But that it was, and still is, a Latin language, that it is in fact Latin at this moment in another and later stage—Latin crushed, no doubt and worn and moulded by the attrition of ages, and by the genius of the more or less versatile races that in turn adopted it, but still essentially Latin—was a fact which I cannot but think would have added interest to our own studies of both, and which was then little recognised even by those who taught both languages. So little was the connection studied in England that I well remember the difficulty with which I procured from Germany twenty-five years ago the few books which could give me some guidance on the subject.

"Again, even elementary lessons in Latin 'construing' may be made lessons not only of English and of Latin grammar, but of some literary value. The translating from one language to another is always more or less of a difficult task. The difficulty is not at all confined to what are called the dead languages. How many Englishmen think that a residence in France will equip them for what seems to them so easy, the translation of French prose into English! How disastrous is the result! Some of us may remember Lord Granville's circular reminding—not newspaper correspondents in haste to catch a post or write off a telegram—but even the educated younger members of the diplomatic and consular services, that translation does not consist in substituting for a French word one that sounds like it, and is derived from it, in English, but in thinking out the real meaning of the French word, and trying to find—not always an easy task—the word or phrase that carries the same force in his own language. But the translation of Latin, not into some mean dialect of a vulgar tongue, but into pure and idiomatic English, such as the boy finds in the English authors whom he is reading at home or at school—and he has no right to read Cæsar if he has never yet read one good English author—is a constant call for the very faculties of observation, taste, memory, and judgment, which it is the business of education to call out."

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OUR GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION AND FUTURE TRADE.—A sub-title of this article might be the commercial revolution that is gradually being effected by the opening of the Suez Canal and the steps that England should take to prevent the line of Eastern commerce from ending at some foreign port in the Mediterranean. The piercing of the Isthmus of Suez is certain, it is contended, to cause European traffic with Oriental countries to revert to its old base in the south of Europe, the maritime cities of the Mediterranean, from which it was diverted to Holland first and subsequently to England by the abandonment of the old overland route to the east through Syria and the countries bordering the Black Sea owing to the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope. The long sea route being now in its turn practically abandoned, the principal highway from the east to Europe no longer finds its most convenient termination in an English port. Custom and other causes may for a time direct the mass of traffic in the old groove, but that will not continue, since to bring to London any goods except those intended for consumption in Great Britain has become an excessive and unnecessary lengthening of the voyage. Produce intended for Continental markets can obviously be landed to more profit upon the shores of the Mediterranean.

It is remarkable that a considerable period elapsed after the opening of the canal before any serious disposition was manifested

on the part of foreign merchants to take advantage of the new conditions. Not only did British trade appear to be unhurt but for a year or two it developed with surprising rapidity. Even after the period of extension was at an end, it was followed by a period of prosperous activity, during which the relative positions of our trade and that of other countries remained unaffected.

"It seemed really as if the peril had been merely visionary ; no circumstance, it appeared, could assail the pre-eminence of British commerce ; and the hope was generally expressed that by the cutting of the canal we were to reap all the benefits of quick transit, and yet incur no loss by a diversion of trade. The state of things was in a rough way parallel to that which followed the repeal of the corn laws. Previously to the passing of that Act it had been frequently demonstrated that the English farmer could not compete on equal terms with some of his foreign rivals. Whatever advantage might or might not accrue to the nation in general, the growth of corn in the country must be seriously diminished. And yet for many years after the measure had been carried out, those who had argued thus were silenced by the excessive prosperity of the very class whose ruin they had predicted. How accurate their forecasts were we can now see clearly enough, when every year more land is withdrawn from the cultivation of wheat, and we become increasingly dependent upon the supplies of other countries."

In a similar way the arguments of those who foretold that the Suez Canal would sap the vitality of English commerce have tardily proved themselves true. By far the greatest part of the trade between the East and the continent of Europe is now carried on without the intervention of the English merchant, and the conduct of all matters connected with such business continually tends to become more direct.

"Among the causes usually assigned as those which for a time prevented the alteration of the route from taking its full effect, the foremost place is mostly given to the mixed character of vessels' cargoes. It is not very common, except during the tea season, to load a vessel entirely with one kind of produce ; and while it was thus possible that every different portion of a cargo might be destined for a different port, it was held to be more convenient to bring the whole to England and redistribute it from there to the proper quarters. The vessels, again, were themselves British, and would thus have a decided effect in retaining commerce in its accustomed course. The Exchange banks, which controlled and regulated all financial arrangements with the East, were almost wholly in English hands. And lastly, the enormous capital invested by English merchants in the trade would not merely exercise a predominant influence, but would by its magnitude scare foreigners from the thought of competition. All these forces were doubtless effectual for a short time, but they would hardly have been sufficient to counterbalance for several years the great advantages which had been acquired by the Mediterranean ports. The chief cause may, perhaps, be found in the great commercial depression which became general four or five years after the German war. Amidst the falling off of orders, the decline in prices, and the rapid fluctuations in Exchange, it is not to be wondered at if

cautious merchants were for a time unwilling to adopt a system of trading concerning which they had no experience."

But whatever influences were at work they had no permanent force; they now operate feebly and partially, and in a few years they will not operate at all. The direct trade from the East to the Continent is actually established, and in some cases there has been almost absolute diversion from England of certain kinds of produce, except, of course, so much as can be consumed in the kingdom.

"The instance generally quoted is the notorious one of the silk trade. Limited as may have been its extent, it was full of life and activity. The offices of the large brokers were crowded centres of the briskest dealing, many important houses engaged in the trade, and large fortunes were realized and invested in it. Everything is now changed. It is, indeed, an exaggeration to say that there is no silk-trade in London, since there are English manufacturers who require silk or silk-waste, and who have to be supplied; but beyond what that demand supports the expression would not be unjust. Lyons, Basle, and Winterthur are now the central points of the business, which not many years ago was conducted in Broad Street or Copthall Court. The French, Swiss, or Italian merchant imports direct what silk he needs from China or Japan; it is landed at Marseilles or Trieste, often from a French or Austrian vessel, and the bill drawn against it in the East is accepted and paid by the importer in his own town.

"To look at the other side of the picture, tea and wool continue to come largely to England. Yet these examples lose much of their significance when it is remembered that in Continental countries—with the exception of Russia—tea is but little appreciated, and the wools of South America are much preferred to those of Australia."

Nor will the alteration be confined merely to the sphere of direct importation by Continental buyers. The evil, however serious, affects only the home merchant; other less direct, though scarcely less important, consequences threaten the British trader at the other end.

"The Swiss or French importer in Europe will come to buy his goods from a Swiss or French exporter in the East. Although such a view may seem unnecessarily apprehensive, it is not very easy to avoid holding it when all the circumstances of the case are considered. For years the numbers of foreigners—*i.e.* subjects of Continental Powers—who have established themselves as traders in the East has been attracting attention. And not only have they established themselves, but they have done what it was once supposed they never could do—they have competed successfully with English rivals. Already some of the leading houses in India, as well as China, are in German or Swiss hands; and although it is frequently said that such firms usually enjoy a short-lived prosperity, that they make their way slowly and painfully, flourish a little and then collapse suddenly, there seems to be a very slender foundation for such a belief; and, even if it be true, the significance of the fact is in no way lessened. For so long as there are respectable foreign merchants in the East it will be natural for them to secure the orders of their own countrymen, and the extension of direct

trading must tend to place more business in the hands of foreign exporters. In other words, there will be less for the English merchant in India to do."

Moreover, owing to the introduction of the electric telegraph and the increased facilities of communication, the enormous advantages once possessed by the great Indian houses, establishments of large wealth and enterprise, wide connections and extensive local or political influence, have been withdrawn from them. The rates of exchange, the price of silver and the state of the markets are telegraphed to and from India and published in the press, so that the smallest trader who can command a little credit can conduct his business without the slightest regard to the operations of the most influential houses.

"But when competition is thus rendered so general and so easy, it follows, as a matter of course, that profits are reduced to the smallest possible figure. The old-established houses no longer find it worth while to execute orders when the slender commissions scarcely afford a return upon their capital. They prefer either to withdraw gradually from commerce or to carry on a kind of local banking business, which is still lucrative. The real trade has passed into the hands of men content with far more moderate gains—men who perceive that the smaller the return the greater the prospect of receiving support, and whose want of capital is compensated by the easy terms on which their Bills of Exchange are bought by the banks. Such a condition of things is, of course, precisely the one to attract the thrifty and enterprising merchants of Germany and Switzerland, who are thus crowding into a trade that we once considered exclusively our own."

There is another quarter in which foreign competition may possibly some day confront us. The Exchange banks themselves, which have ever since their establishment exercised a great, if not always very wholesome, influence on the Oriental trade, are with one exception in English hands.

"But the need of a more direct exchange with the Continent is making itself felt, as was to be expected. Transactions between the East and the Continent are burdened with a double exchange. Not only must the principal rate between, let us say, Calcutta and London be calculated, but it is necessary to compute and allow for the additional exchange between London and perhaps Marseilles, as well as to include the heavy French Stamp Duty; and this must occur, in a direct or indirect manner, whether such bills are payable in London or at the town where the actual drawee resides. At present the Eastern banks are so numerous, and their business on the whole produces such small profits, as to render it highly improbable that any foreign institution will be anxious to intrude into their province. At the same time it must not be forgotten that one imposing French Company has for years maintained branches in the East, where it conducts its operations at least as advantageously as the English banks; while one of the latter, which was less hampered by original restrictions than its rivals, has found it advisable to open an office in Lyons. It is possible that a considerable rise in exchange might induce many Continental traders to reflect whether it would not be a desirable investment to establish an exchange bank of their own."

Happily there seems as yet no good grounds for apprehending much interference with our shipping. In spite of French bounties and the prosperity of one or two large lines of foreign Steamers, the British Mercantile Navy maintains an enormous majority over the collective navies of other countries.

The writer does not give very much weight to the two circumstances, that seem not easily reconcilable with his views, *viz.*, that English trade with the East does not appear, as far as statistics go, to have diminished, and, secondly, that the chief sufferers, the East India merchants, observe an unusual silence on the subject of their misfortunes. He accounts for them on the grounds that, owing to the greater purchasing power of gold, the consumption or use of articles of Eastern production has been greatly stimulated of late years; while the younger firms that have in a great measure taken the place of the old-established Indian houses, having in most cases grown up while the change was in progress, have no real ground for complaint.

After all, then, the fact has to be faced that a large section, perhaps even the largest section of our trade, is passing, or has already passed, into other hands.

The remedy proposed is, put briefly, no less than this: Although we can no longer attract this trade to our own shores, we can still do the next best thing—we can put ourselves in the way of the trade. Should England, it is argued, ever acquire possession of a convenient port upon the eastern section of the north Mediterranean shore, the whole of the Oriental trade would speedily revert into English hands.

There is a fine old-fashioned sound about this proposal which has a decided charm in these prosaic times. That such a port in British hands might become what Venice was in old times, with the duty of receiving the produce of the East and distributing it throughout Europe, there seems but little doubt; the question of how such an acquisition of territory should be made is more difficult.

"Of course no one—no one, that is to say, in his senses—preaches a crusade against France or Italy with a view to resuscitating our commerce, or is anxious for us to run our heads against Austria's iron wall for a similar object. At the same time it is undoubtedly only too probable that disputes will ere very long occur involving some of our neighbours, if not ourselves, in war; and in the event of such complications arising should we, it is asked, really aspire presumptuously if we made the acquisition of a Mediterranean port one of the chief aims which regulated our policy? For those who condemn any such view as fond or visionary there is always an answer ready. It is necessary only to point to Gibraltar or Cyprus, or to recall the times when Barcelona and later Sicily were taken from a combination of powers not inferior to any which Europe

is likely to witness in our day. And to meet another objection, namely, that this age is one of peace and forbearance with us, and that schemes of aggrandisement are sedulously decried, one is apt to be bidden remember that politics, like dress, are mainly regulated by fashion. Self-effacement is for the day in vogue, but there is no reason to imagine that it will be longer lived than other fancies. Non-intervention and the abuse of standing armies were once Tory cries; they are now Radical cries, and the chances are that they will have lost their attraction for either party within a reasonable period, at least until they can come in again with some novelty.

"When once it is realised that wide-spread interests of our own are seriously compromised, many so-called philanthropic tenets will speedily be cast aside. In spite of vehement protestations against war, the Egyptian rising, as soon as it was seen to threaten our communications with India, was at once suppressed, though the suppression involved a bombardment, the barbarity of which is probably unequalled: and in a similar way the wishes of a powerful and much-courted neighbour were scouted by Radical shipowners, when it was recognised that to defer to them might prove disadvantageous to our carrying trade. Nothing is more likely to unite the nation and rouse its spirit than the conviction that it is becoming impoverished."

But undoubtedly Turkey is indicated by circumstances as the fittest victim for such spoliation; in fact it is not improbable that the idea of supporting and preserving our trade by the means proposed was suggested mainly by the condition and prospects of the Balkan Peninsula.

"Gifts of different portions of the Ottoman Empire have been so freely promised of late, that it scarcely seems indecorous to propound another plan of distribution. Of course the contention is that, whenever a dismemberment of that country does take place, England may as well claim her share; and if it is allowable to arrange in this way for the disposal of other people's property, the position need not be called unreasonable. Should the removal of the Turkish Power from Europe be the occasion or the consequence of an extensive war, there are many well-recognised arguments why the English nation should exert itself to the utmost to secure a voice, even a ruling voice, in the final settlement. There is, therefore, no denying that an opportunity might then occur for acquiring the coveted possession."

Perhaps, again, such a footing could be gained in Turkey by the peaceful action of diplomacy as would give England all necessary practical advantages without recourse to arms or supplanting the crescent by the British flag.

No port upon the Mediterranean shores appears to offer greater advantages to a commercial people than Constantinople.

"We name that city, for it would be mere affectation to pretend that in speaking of a Turkish port any other point is contemplated. Venice and Trieste are no doubt nearer to France and Central Europe than are the shores of the Bosphorus; and were Europe what it was three hundred and fifty years ago, there is not a question that Venice would be the preferable spot. But the conditions under which the little Italian republic grew great have not been restored in full, although the trade upon which she thrived has returned so nearly to its

ancient course. The superiority of her position was due no less to the circumstances of the age than to any geographical advantage. For when Venice 'held the gorgeous East in fee' it was practically the most eastern trading city in Europe, the nearest, that is, to the Asiatic ports from which the Indian goods were shipped after their passage overland. To the west lay all civilised Europe; but on the other side, with the exception of the Morea, stretched a great extent of country, governed by a warlike people who despised if they did not discourage the avocation of the merchant, a country inhabited by various and mostly rude races, whose slight demands for Eastern products it would have been unprofitable to supply. In Italy, France, London, and the larger Hanseatic towns it was that the goods imported by the Venetian traders were taken up, and for these markets Venice was certainly the most convenient port. Had any city upon the Bosphorus become a *dépôt* for Oriental merchandise in those days, it would have been almost impossible to distribute from thence commodities intended for Western Europe, except by re-shipping them to one of the Italian towns. For, as the river craft of the period were unable to ascend the course of the Danube, or, at any rate, the ascent was deemed impracticable, there existed no other way of conveying goods but by a long and perilous journey overland—a journey traversing at least two ranges of mountains before the point was reached at which the Venetian merchant could commence his inland traffic.

"But now circumstances are so greatly altered that the superiority lies, it would seem, entirely with the shores of the Bosphorus. In the first place, the distance from there to the mouth of the Canal is less, while immense regions to the east of Venice have now become, in a greater or less degree, consumers of Eastern products, or, at least, of articles such as the East can produce. Greece, the Danubian Principalities, North Germany, and the vast Russian Empire have all to be supplied; and thus, when the whole area of Europe is considered, Constantinople appears to be as nearly central as any maritime city can be."

Finally it is pointed out that in Alexandria we already have a bird in the hand.

"Whether, if our tenure of Egypt were rendered permanent and complete, it would be possible to establish in Alexandria an emporium for our Eastern commerce, is a question that has probably occurred to many minds during the last twelve months. As the distance from Europe is not great, and must in any case be traversed, there appears no physical reason why an enterprising commercial people at that point should not achieve much the same sort of position as the London merchants have hitherto held. Vigour and the assurance of hearty support might do much to overcome obvious difficulties, though, as far as one can see, a long time would necessarily elapse before the desired result could be reached, even if it were ever obtained, and in that period the trade might have settled itself on other lines. Constantinople is already, by locality, a central point for our trade with the Black Sea and the Levant. Our position there would have to be developed rather than created; while a *dépôt* at Alexandria would rise only as the merits of the situation came to be recognised; the merits, of course, being weighed against a good many risks. On the other hand, easy as it is to prove that Constantinople is greatly preferable to Alexandria, we have to reflect that the one point is, and may continue to be, unattainable, while the other is already within our grasp."

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1884.

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HOLIDAYS FOR WORKING WOMEN. By Francis Martin.—Three years ago Lady Strangford expressed a wish that the students of the *College for Working Women* could have a real holiday, and offered help if such an idea could be carried out. The suggestion was at once taken up by several ladies working in the College. They talked it over together and with the students, and they saw that the greater part of, if not all, the money required should be contributed by those who spend it.

To thousands of young women in shops, factories, &c., the word holiday brings little of delight. All of them have once a year, in the summer-time, and when business is slack, a holiday of a week or a fortnight. Some spend this holiday mostly in bed; the desire for rest is overpowering. Others go for "a day's excursion:"—

"That is, four or five hours in a crowded train with such companions as chance may afford, closed windows, smoke and drink, an hour or two at the distant place of destination, just long enough to walk through a few narrow streets, reach a pier, see a stretch of dull sea-water, hurry back to the crowd at the railway station, and journey home in noise and smoke and dust, with cross and tired companions, thankful if they are not also tipsy and violent. A few days are required to get over the lassitude and exhaustion consequent upon this 'holiday.'"

Now Lady Strangford's suggestion led these ladies to wonder if they could not arrange a different kind of holiday.

"There is a penny bank open every night at the college, so we have added to it a holiday fund, into which any sum, from a penny upwards, can be received. The money laid by in the penny bank is kept distinct from that which a student can spare for her holiday deposit. Through friends in various parts

of the country we received a list of suitable lodgings : in farmhouses, with a fisherman and his wife, with respectable widows and others not in the habit of letting lodgings but willing to receive the London girls and give them a comfortable home. We found that 15s. a week for board and lodging was the maximum they could pay, or 5s. or 6s. each for lodging only.

"Thirty-seven college girls subscribed to the holiday fund, and in August, 1882, their savings amounted to 461."

* * * *

"A girl who stood in need of rest and fresh air, and who was found on inquiry to have done her best to save, had the sum required for journey and lodging made up from the bonus fund, and was sent away for a holiday. Several who were largely assisted in 1882 had saved all they required for the holiday in 1883 ; not only that, they had saved enough to take with them a mother, a young brother, or little sister, who 'would so enjoy the country.' One of the pleasantest things connected with the fund is the way in which, when a small bonus is offered to all, girls come forward to say, 'I shall have plenty for my journey. Please keep my share for some one who wants it more than I do' "

Five of the College students in 1882 visited Scotland, and received great kindness from Messrs. Cook & Co., whose excursion tickets they used.

"They were enabled to visit Arran, to see the Clyde, to spend a day on Loch Lomond, and to see Loch Long. One of them could not see the mountains for the tears that streamed down her face when she looked up at them, and one stood trembling and holding by the side of the steamboat as they came in sight of Arran, for she 'could not have believed there was anything so beautiful in this world' "

"One of the three would accept no help at all for her journey. She had 'enough, thank you.' The total cost of the journey, excursions and board and lodging for seventeen days, was under 5l. to each person

"These young women do not expect to go so far or spend so much money on a single holiday 'for years and years.' The visit to Scotland had long been a dream of almost unhopd-for happiness."

In 1883, 36 out of 54 members of the holiday fund were able to defray almost entirely the cost of their holiday. The remaining 18 were mostly new members, and received, in deserving instances, such assistance as they required. Their total savings were £54 16s. 7d.

"The places visited were Portsmouth, Ryde, Yarmouth, Sidmouth, Margate, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, Southsea, Swanage, Folkestone. Hastings, the Surrey Hills, &c. ; each one seemed to find her holiday the most delightful she had ever had. Already, in January, 1884, there were sixty members, who had paid more than 20l. into the holiday fund. We may expect many more, and shall have to find homes for them."

* * * *

"There are two sisters in the college, feather curlers, who earn good wages all the year, and work overtime during the season. They save every penny they can spare. 'We never spend money on things that other girls do,' they say ;

'you would not believe how many little things we do without.' Last summer they carried out a long-cherished scheme, and visited the field of Waterloo. 'In the long winter days we talk it over for hours,' they say ; 'it is worth more than all our little sacrifices to see such places, and to have the pleasure of looking forward, and reading and thinking about them.'

"These sisters receive no help from the bonus fund, as we cannot at present arrange for journeys out of Great Britain. They themselves say: 'It would never do to send girls abroad unless you knew people to send them to, or they were very steady, and *sisters like us.*'"

* * * *

"Holidays form a very small part of working life. An occasional day, a week or two in the summer, are their utmost extent ; but the good derived from them, and the help they give, cannot be measured by days and hours. They provide objects of contemplation for that inward eye which is 'the bliss of solitude' ; they call forth the love of nature. 'Have not the sunsets been beautiful?' was asked of a young woman. 'I do not know,' she replied. 'We work from eight to eight ; we never see the sun set.'"

All the greater, therefore, is the need that the short annual holiday shall be put to good use, that she shall learn to know sea and sky, sunrise and sunset, mountain and forest, the lakes and pastures of her own land. All this is more than education ; it is new life.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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HENRY IRVING.—The interest that the great English actor has aroused in America is significantly expressed by the simultaneous appearance in the two principal trans-Atlantic Magazines of articles headed by his name and endeavouring to reconcile the existence of the most pronounced mannerism and the most patent physical disabilities of voice, build, and gait with the position that he has within a few short months won on the American stage. What is the charm which has enabled a man with all these faults to outstrip all competitors? All our readers who have seen Mr. Irving act must recall the shock of unpleasant surprise with which the first jerky sentences of his part struck the ear and the laughable effect of his stilted stalk across the boards. His American critics paint these defects in plain colours. Describing his first appearance before an American audience the *Century* says:—

"There were few persons in that great assemblage, which was largely representative of the taste and culture of the metropolis, who had not heard of those extravagances of speech and gesture which have been the occasion of so much

bitter denunciation, and who were not eager to detect them. Little knowledge or discrimination was needed. The actor had not been upon the stage five minutes before he had justified many of the accusations of his most vehement assailants. When *Mathias*, after divesting himself of hat and cloak, strode across the stage, with lounging gait and heaving shoulders, and hailed the village gossips at the supper-table with a series of dislocated syllables, each shot from the throat like balls from a vocal catapult, the spectators sat in blank amazement, as if uncertain whether some monstrous joke had not been played upon them, and Mr. Irving was not an actor of burlesque, mimicking the heroes of the Old Bowery. Had a census of opinion been taken in the middle of this act, the verdict would have been that the foremost player of the English stage was an insolent pretender, offering as the most precious outgrowths of modern art the mouthings, stridings and grimacings of a century ago."

No less plain is the language of the critic of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

* "He has been on the stage the larger part of his life, and yet he has not learned how to sit, stand, or move with the ease, repose, vigor, and grace which are by turns or all together appropriate to attitude or action; and, worse even than this, he does not know how to speak his own language. He has many lucid intervals of elegant motion and pure speech,—trebly aggravating as a demonstration that his faults are not the consequence of utter physical incapacity,—but he can never be quite trusted with his legs, his shoulders, or his tongue for five consecutive minutes. His ungracefulness is bad, but, as was just implied, it is a venial fault in comparison with his atrocious enunciation. If there were such a crime as *lingua-matricide*, Mr. Irving would have suffered its extreme penalty long ago; for night after night he has done foul murder upon his mother-tongue. Soon after his arrival in New York, Mr. Irving was reported to have said that he hoped the Americans would not be intolerant towards any English mannerisms of his speech which might offend their unaccustomed ears. If he said this, and said it seriously, the remark may be taken as a curious proof of his unconsciousness of the peculiarities of his delivery. For his oddities of utterance are no more English than they are Choctaw; sometimes they suggest Cornwall, sometimes Devonshire, occasionally Northern Vermont. But such hints are given by fits and starts; the dialect is always substantially his own, an Irving *patois* developed out of his own throat and brain through the operation of the familiar law of the survival of the unfittest. An alternate swallowing and double-edging of consonants, a constant lapse into an impure, nasal quality, an exclusion of nearly all chest tones, the misdelivery of the vowels by improper prolongation or equally improper abbreviation, an astonishing habit of confounding and confusing different vowel sounds, are the most marked of his disagreeable peculiarities. The great broad vowels are the ones which fare the worst in Mr. Irving's mouth, and the reform of his delivery must therefore be regarded as hopeless; an actor of middle age whose chief pronunciations of 'face' are fãããce and fẽããce, and of 'no' are nãõ and nawo, is past praying for in this regard. Yet it is a part, and an important part, of the duty of the stage to be a pronouncing dictionary of the language, to bear aloft the standard of correct and elegant speech, and to make a constant appeal to the public ear in behalf of pure and refined enunciation."

The last writer says of Mr. Irving's voice that it "possesses

very little resonance and almost no richness of tone; it is high pitched and has a very narrow range; he seems absolutely incapable of *sustained* power and variety in speech, and the inevitable consequence is that his declamation, especially of long passages, is exceptionally weak and ineffectual."

His face is thus described: "The high forehead, defined at its base by strongly marked yet exceedingly flexible eye-brows; the large positive nose; the narrow, sensitive lips; the long, thin jaws; the large, deepset, darkly-luminous eyes, belong to a most striking and impressive personality. Speaking for myself, I should say that Mr. Irving's face is without exception the most fascinating I have ever seen on the stage."

The earlier impression produced on his first American audience by his impersonation of *Mathias* in "The Bells" was as fleeting as it was false. It was interesting to observe how the personal fascination of the man gradually asserted its power over his hearers compelling their attention and controlling their sympathies in spite of their disposition to be critical.

"But this impression was as fleeting as it was false. It soon became apparent that there was in Mr. Irving's work something far more potent than audacious extravagance and eccentricity. As the action of the play proceeded, evidences of resolute purpose and elaborate design began to reveal themselves. As the eye became accustomed to the excessive gesture and the ear to the curious mode of delivery, it was possible to discern beside the coarser outlines the delicate coloring of the true artist, and to appreciate the laborious skill with which the progress of the struggle between conscience and will was portrayed. Here plainly was a man of subtle thought and keen perception, who had carefully traced the whole process by which a man of strong will and brain might be harried by the hidden torture of remorse and dread to despair and death, and who had carefully studied the physical symptoms by which the gradual advance of the mental malady ought to be portrayed. From the moment when, at the end of the first act, he was confronted with the apparition of the murdered Jew, and fell prostrate, with a half-suppressed shriek of agony, infinitely more expressive than any louder cry, he riveted the attention of his hearers, and his success was thereafter only a question of degree. The results of constant and intelligent study, aided by a keen comprehension of the full scope of the character, were manifested in a hundred different ways in the second act. The growing physical exhaustion, the haggard, weary face, the quick suspicion of the restless eye, the nervous petulance in the scene with the wife and daughter, the whole treatment of the episode of the counting of the dowry, the miserly weighing of the suspected piece, and the horrified recognition of the coin which came from the fatal belt; the rigid watchfulness with which he listened to *Christian's* theory regarding the disposition of the Jew's dead body, and the hysterical burst of laughter with which he declared that he too kept a limekiln in those old days; his feverish anxiety during the ceremony of singing the marriage contract, and the frantic outbursts of hilarity with which he sought to drown the fancied sound of sleigh-

bells in his ears during the betrothal dance,—demonstrated beyond all doubt his possession of a rich imagination, true dramatic instinct, and thorough mastery of stage resource. The most notable feature of the impersonation up to this point was the extreme skill by which the rapid approach of *Mathias* to a condition akin to absolute mania was indicated. There was apparently, whether intended or not, a suggestion of positive insanity in the momentary and desperate assumption of recklessness in the murderer's solitary dance in his barred bedroom as he listened to the music of the revellers without. This assumption of what may be called a species of horrible nervous exaltation, conveying as it did an impression of almost insupportable strain, was a fitting prelude to the vivid terrors of the dream scene which followed, and which brought the impersonation to a most striking, pitiful, and imaginative climax. There has been small divergence of opinion touching the actor's interpretation of this episode. It was a veritable picture of despairing guilt at bay. His breathless protestations and contradictions; his incessant cry for *Christian*; his demand for proofs, and his petrification of fear when confronted with the bloody robe; his terror of the mesmerist, and his desperate resistance to the mysterious fluid which was to rob him of his one defence; his mechanical recital of the preliminaries to the murder; his startling pantomime of the manner of the deed itself; the bold and picturesque attitude depicting the horror of the murderer at the glare of the dead man's eye, and the realism of the actual death, with the suggestion of the strangling noose,—were all triumphs of execution, and dispelled all doubt as to the genuine power of the performer."

The selection of the rôle of *Charles I.* as the second character in the series of Mr. Irving's performances in New York was clever policy, the contrast to *Mathias* being so extreme as to raise the presumption of the rarest versatility. The emotions of Charles are far less varied and far less acute than those of *Mathias*, and are far less exacting in the demands upon the actor's powers of intellectual conception; the chief characteristics of the part are gracious dignity, a courtly mien, aristocratic repose, an air of gentle melancholy and the tenderness of a loving, indolent but frank and noble nature. Neither rôle rises to the altitude of true passion, to say nothing of tragic intensity. Where dramatic power was really needed in the latter play, when Charles returns defeated from the field of battle to the Queen's tent, the critic holds that Mr. Irving failed completely, for the first and only time in the play, his manner being theatrical and artificial to a degree.

Passing on to "*Louis XI.*," we find that it is recognised on all sides as the actor's most successful character. We quote for comparison the remarks on this impersonation made by the two critics.

"In '*Louis XI.*,' which was the play selected to follow '*Charles I.*,' Mr. Irving won the greatest personal success of his engagement, and justly, for a more brilliant example of elaborate and harmonious mechanism has rarely if ever been witnessed upon the stage. The personal appearance of the actor as the decrepit old monarch was a triumph of the dresser's art as well as of artistic

imagination. The deathly pallor of the face, with its sinister lines ; the savage mouth, with its one or two wolfish fangs ; the hollow cheeks, surmounted by the gleaming eyes, whose natural size and brilliancy had been increased by every known trick of shading ; the fragile body on the bent and trembling legs,—presented a picture of horrible fascination. It was as if a corpse, already touched by the corruption of the tomb, had been for one brief hour galvanized into life. The conception was exaggerated to the verge of grotesqueness, but the thrilling effect of it was indisputable ; and, after all, a little exaggeration in the depiction of a character bearing few traces of ordinary humanity is not a grievous fault. As has been already pointed out, Mr. Irving's sense of the picturesque is very keen, and it is plain that he intended this impersonation for the eye and the fancy more than for the judgment. If tested by the rules of probability or consistency, it would be seen to be radically false and incoherent. Innocence herself could never be cozened by so palpable a hypocrite as this, and it is preposterous to suppose that so grovelling a coward could by any chance become a ruler of men. In the veritable *Louis* there were, in spite of his hideous vices and despicable weaknesses, certain elements of greatness, which in this portrayal are never even dimly suggested. The actor has simply out-Heroded Herod by bringing into the strongest relief the theatrical side of the character, so vividly sketched by Sir Walter Scott. For the historical personage he cares nothing, for the theatrical, every thing. It is worthy of remark that this impersonation has been pronounced a masterpiece by most of the actors of note who witnessed it. Now actors, as a rule, are not good critics, inasmuch as their professional habit leads them to study the mechanical rather than the imaginative or creative powers of the performer. They are apt to estimate a work, not by the soul which animates it, but by the executive detail which gives it a good surface finish. When the 'business' is minute and neat, the grouping varied and effective, the exits and entrances picturesque, and the meaning of every line illustrated by a great wealth of intricate gesture, their ideal of dramatic expression is satisfied. Inspiration is a quality with which few of them have any intimate dealings ; and when they happen to encounter it, they are likely to regard it with a feeling akin to contempt, if it does not happen to be in accord with that bane of the modern stage—tradition. Of mechanism, however, pure and simple, they are necessarily excellent judges, and their verdict in this respect on Mr. Irving's *Louis* is of positive value. It is, moreover, in accord with that of critical amateur observers. The cleverness of the whole performance is extraordinary, and the effect of it is all the greater, because the very exaggeration of the outlines in the picture drawn conceals effectually the mannerisms which mar all the rest of Mr. Irving's impersonations. It would be difficult, however, for the most ardent admirer of the actor to mention a point where absolute greatness is displayed. There is no opportunity, of course, for pathos, and there is assuredly no manifestation of passion. The exhibition of craven fear, in the interview with *Nemours*, is perhaps the nearest approach to it, but there is no effect in this which could not be wrought by theatrical device. The great merits of the performance lie in the wonderful manner in which the fanciful and grotesque ideal is sustained, and the skill with which the weaknesses of the actor are converted into excellences. There is not an instant which does not afford its evidence of deliberate calculation and assiduous rehearsal, and there are little bits of masterly treatment here and there which will long live in the memory. Among them

may be noted the picture of the king warming his wizened and wicked old carcass by the fire in his bed-chamber, mumbling excuses to his leaden saints for the one little sin more which he hoped to commit on the morrow; the scene with the peasants, with its ghastly suggestions, and the final death episode, the horrifying effect of which was due not only to the rare skill of the acting, but to the startling contrast between the wasted, bloodless body and the splendor, in texture and color, of its habiliments. The portraiture throughout was a marvel of detail most cunningly devised and most beautifully executed. It failed only, as the preceding impersonations had failed, at the crises where the glow of true passion was essential to vitality. Emotion was indicated with unerring certainty and with infinite variety of resource, but it was never fully expressed. The obvious deductions to be drawn from the performance were that Mr. Irving excels in eccentric acting, that he is deficient in physical strength, and that he can depict the workings of the brain with much more certainty than the emotions of the heart."

* * * * *

"A more thorough and complete embodiment of wickedness than the former impersonation—of cunning, cruelty, sensuality, treachery, cowardice, and envy, each vice being subordinate to a passionate superstition, which it feeds, and by which, again it is fed—can hardly be conceived. Every utterance of the strident, nasal voice, with its snaps and snarls, its incisive tones of hatred, its hard notes of jealousy, its cold accents of suspicion, its brief touches of slimy sweetness when a saint is to be propitiated by devotion, or a foe is to be destroyed by flattery; every movement of the false, sneering lustful lips; every attitude of the feeble frame, which in the midst of its decrepit ugliness has instants of regal dignity; every one of the countless expressions of the eyes and eyebrows, with their wonderful power of questioning, qualifying, searching, doubting, insinuating, and denying,—of all these and many more details in this marvellous picture, each one is absolutely true to life; each one has its own place and significance, and its own precise relation to the general effect; none is exaggerated or unduly intrusive. A finer, truer, and more artistic adaptation of means to ends than this has not been seen upon the stage within our time."

Of Mr. Irving's *Shylock* a poor opinion is expressed by the *Century* writer, while the part is noticed in the *Atlantic* merely as indicating the absence of power to portray the stress of the Jew's great passion. We quote from the *Century* :—

"The most fatal objection to the impersonation is its inconsistency, a fault which Mr. Irving is generally most careful to avoid. In the earlier scenes, in fact all through the play up to the trial scene, *Shylock* is presented in his most forbidding colors. Those elements in his character which involve the pride of race and religion and the love of family are mainly disregarded, and the grosser attributes of sordid greed, supple servility, and malignant hate are brought into the boldest relief. Without entering into any discussion as to whether or not his view is the right one, it is clear that when it is once adopted it ought to be persisted in to the end, whereas Mr. Irving's *Shylock* at the crisis of the play undergoes a complete transformation. It may be willingly conceded that his interpretation of the last half of the trial scene is most picturesque, dignified, and pathetic, but it is wholly irreconcilable with what has gone before and therefore false. The technical execution from the moment of the Jew's overthrow is very fine. Here, as

always, the finest qualities of the actor are displayed in repose. The forlornness of a misery so deep as to be proof against all further trial could scarcely be more touchingly rendered, while the manner of the final exit would have been masterly if it had not been so incongruous. Previous to this there had been little to praise. Apart from the question of conception, Mr. Irving's performance lacked force. There was not one single note of true passion, or one touch of genuine pathos, while the lines were often made almost unintelligible by the vilest of elocutionary tricks. His gesture, too, was excessive and not always significant, and in other ways his performance was distinctly below the standard which his previous achievements had established."

The same writer cannot understand why the impersonation of *Hamlet* excited so fierce a storm of controversy in England, for there is not room, he thinks, for much difference of opinion about it. It exhibits all the virtues and weaknesses which would naturally be expected by all observers of Mr. Irving's acting, and would only create astonishment in persons unacquainted with the eccentricities of his style. It is an elaborate and careful intellectual study, but is devoid of tragic power, while the efforts unceasingly made to increase the pictorial effect gives a sense of artifice rather than art.

"It would puzzle an expert in insanity to determine positively whether Mr. Irving's *Hamlet* is actually mad or not. Generally he is a natural personage enough; at times, his madness is clearly feigned; at others, as at one point in the interview with *Ophelia* and during parts of the play scene, it is, to all appearance, real. The question is not of particular importance, for the entire absence of tragic passion effectually relegates the performance to the second class. In the great scenes of the play—in the meeting with the *Ghost*, in the closet scene with the *Queen*, in the challenge to *Laertes*, and in the death scene—there was not a gleam of tragic fire; and it is scarcely too much to say that the tragic side of *Hamlet's* character received no representation at all. The action was spirited, picturesque, dramatic, and incessant, and would have been most eloquent and impressive to an audience of the deaf and dumb; but in the delivery of the lines there was no thrill of passionate emotion. In other words, the actor was incapable of executing the design which his intellect had elaborated. In the quieter conversational passages of the play he was entirely successful. Here his fertility in all expedients of gesture and expression stood him in good stead. His scenes with *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, with *Rosencrants* and *Guildenstern*, with *Polonius*, and with the *Players*, were almost wholly admirable, and were acted with a naturalness and simplicity which made his extravagances at other times all the more noticeable. His treatment of the scene with the *Grave-diggers* was perfect, the spirit being one of gentle and philosophic melancholy, lightened by a tinge of amusement. The impression gained from the impersonation as a whole was one of elaborate study, rather than subtlety. Most careful thought had been expended, evidently, upon the possible significance of lines and words, and upon the invention of illustrative business. An instance of this minute care was furnished in the case of the *First Player*, who had been instructed apparently to waive his arm in a particular manner, to enable *Hamlet* to make a clever point later on; when instructing him not to 'saw the air too much with your hand, thus.' Again, in the beginning of the play scene, *Hamlet*

possesses himself of *Ophelia's* fan and retains it to the end, for the sake of giving pertinency to the words, 'A very, very peacock.' Other similar examples might be quoted, but these suffice to show the extraordinary care which the English actor bestows upon what less conscientious men would call insignificant details. It is by this patient forethought that he maintains the interest in his performances. Even so hackneyed a play as '*Hamlet*' is, under his management, transformed into something like a novelty."

The other critic agrees in the main with the above verdict.

"At all events, it is certain that Mr. Irving follows the lighter method in his impersonation, and that his success in it is won chiefly through the variety, vivacity, and delicacy with which he represents the picturesque side of the Prince's nature. Upon a review of Mr. Irving's efforts, it will even be seen, not only that he has no capacity for displaying vigorous, sustained passion, but that he never attains a lofty, emotional pitch, even for a moment. In all his performances, I can recall but one instance to the contrary, and that, as all my readers know, occurs just before the close of the 'play scene' in *Hamlet*, where his snaky wriggle towards the King, his scream of triumph and wrath, and his frenzied but regal action in mounting the throne and holding it, as if he had just dispossessed a usuper, always produce a strong thrill in the audience. The instance, however, is isolated, and it is curious to note that Mr. Irving accomplishes all the best of the effect of the scene without the help of any comprehensible speech. If further proof were wanting of the lightness of Mr. Irving's emotional gift, it might be found in the uniform demeanour of his audiences; those of America repeating, according to my experience, the behaviour of those of London, who, if Mr. Archer's keen eyesight is to be trusted, are almost always 'intellectually interested, but not emotionally excited.' That Mr. Irving ever attempted *Macbeth* and *Othello* seems impossible; that he should ever presume to attempt *King Lear* is incredible."

While then it seems agreed that the intellectual nature of Mr. Irving's acting, his patient study, his devoted persistence and his refined scholarship, make any part represented by him an immense delight to the cultivated mind, the opinion is equally unanimous in America that in *weight*, in tragic power, in high emotional force, he is far excelled by many a poor player infinitely below him in refinement, taste and learning. That he can make a tremendous attack on the nerves he shows in *Mathias*, while in *Hamlet* he finely affects the imagination; but the appeal he makes is generally to the intellect or artistic sense, and when he goes higher, he almost always fails. Mr. Irving's stage seems to have been little short of a revelation to the New York public in the beauty and completeness of its appointments.

"Within the last ten or fifteen years there have been a dozen productions or revivals in this city which cost more money than any of Mr. Irving's representations, but when or where have there been such vital and fascinating stage pictures as he has given us? Where, within the last ten years at least, has any Shaksperian play been produced with a cast in which it would be hypercritical to pick a flaw, except in the case of the chief actor? When has a legitimate actor

in New York been surrounded by supernumeraries who behaved like sentient and intelligent human beings? When was it that a legitimate play was presented in which every detail of scenery, external or interior, every bit of property, every costume was absolutely correct? The scenery which Mr. Irving used here was old; after months of service in London, it had been shipped across the Atlantic, and was erected on a stage which it did not fit; and yet, in tone of color, in fidelity to fact, in quality of drawing, &c., it excelled anything of the kind seen here in recent days. The pictures in 'The Merchant of Venice,' with their wealth of color, wonderful movement, and general verisimilitude, were revelations in the arts of stage decoration and management. The scene at Hampton Court, in 'Charles I,' was photographic in its accuracy, as were the interiors at Whitehall. The interiors of 'Louis XI,' were marvels of taste and correctness; and the night scene in the first act, with its massive towers standing out in relief against one broad band of light in a dark and stormy sky, was extraordinarily effective. The solidity of the masonry in the first act of 'Hamlet,' the weird landscape with its expanse of rock and sea, which forms a background for the *Ghost*, and many other instances of exquisite artistic taste, might be cited.*

The final sentences of the writer in the *Atlantic* sum up what is substantially the verdict of the *Century* critic also.

"My conclusions, then, are these: that Mr. Irving's art would be much more effectual than it is if 'to do' were one half 'as easy' with him as his knowledge of 'what were good to do' is clear; that if abundance, brilliancy, clearness and refinement of thought, artistic insight, definiteness of purpose, sincerity of feeling, and intensity of devotion were all that is needed in a player, he would be easily first among the actors of our time; that, since the highest end of acting is not to refresh and stimulate the mind, to refine and gratify the taste, or to charm the fancy, but strongly to move the spirit and profoundly to stir the heart, his claim to a place among the greatest masters of his craft is not as yet made out. After all is said, I find there is a certain charm in his performance which has not been accounted for, which defies analysis, and refuses even to be described, but which is strangely potent upon the imagination of the spectator. That his existence in the dramatic profession, even as he is, with all his imperfections on his head, is an inestimable boon to the stage of England and America seems to me quite clear, inasmuch as it is impossible that his peculiar faults should find many imitators. And, looking at Mr. Irving, the most advanced English students of the drama may find one obvious compensation for the absence of a conservatory like that of Paris, and of a theatre like the *Francais*: for in the destruction of his mannerisms, which must have made a part of Mr. Irving's pupilage, the artist himself would surely have perished, as the heroine of Hawthorne's most fanciful story died under the process of obliterating the birthmark from her cheek. To Mr. Irving's marvellous skill in setting and adorning his stage, and in guiding his supporting performers,—a skill which seems to amount almost to genius,—I can make only this brief allusion. Our public are not likely to forget that they owe to him representations of Shakespeare which have done more to educate the community, and which have given, on the whole, more complete satisfaction and refined pleasure, than any others which the American stage has ever known."

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THE LIFE OF LORD LYTTON.

"The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.
By his Son. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co."

When Bulwer was about 50 he began an autobiography which forms the substance of the first volume of the Life, but it was never completed:—

"When he was between seventeen and eighteen, and while living as a pupil in the house of a clergyman at Ealing, he had a mysterious love-adventure. For a time not specified, but apparently lasting through the summer, he used to meet, under a dwarf tree overhanging a little stream in a meadow near Ealing, a young lady about his own age, whose time was left very much at her own disposal. Whatever attractions she may have derived from the glow of his fancy, it is apparent that he saw in her something like a divinity. He repaired to their meetings with the feelings with which Rhæcus may have sought the oak where dwelt his Dryad. Her face always continued to be his ideal of beauty; her affection, no less strong than his own, his ideal of feminine tenderness. She was for him glorified into a being sacred beyond humanity, to be approached with feelings as devout as they were ardent. But admiration even so deep as this is not unexampled in lovers of eighteen. The empire which Mary Chaworth established over Byron at an earlier age was powerful enough to be the inspiration at a later time of some of his most pathetic and popular poetry. But Byron's may be called a boy's fancy in comparison with the permanency of Bulwer's devotion. Like Rhæcus he soon lost his goddess for ever, and she was mourned for as only goddesses should be mourned—that is to say, as a man may lament throughout his life the loss of what had promised happiness too great for expectation, and which not even fancy

could ever restore. It was, he says, 'a brief tale of true passion and of great sorrow—a tale never to be told.' One day she failed to meet him, and never came again. 'Some months afterwards there came a letter. Not from her. She was married. She, whose heart, whose soul, whose every thought was mine to the last, she who never spared even a dream to another, lost, lost to me for ever!'

"Three years later, when dying, she wrote to him expressing a wish that he should visit her grave. He made a pilgrimage to the north of England in obedience to this desire, passed a night of suffering on the spot, yet left it at dawn 'as if rebaptised or reborn. I recovered the healthful tone of my mind; and the stage of experience and feeling through which my young life had passed contributed largely to render me whatever I have since become.' This, however, was far from implying that here he dismissed his sorrowful remembrance of the past. The anguish of that night was recorded in a poem called 'The Tale of a Dreamer.'"

In the last work he ever wrote, when quite an old man, the love episode was a transcript of these ineffaceable impressions:—

"His son tells us that he was greatly agitated in reading the manuscript aloud,—that when the chapter was finished describing Kenelm Chillingly's sufferings at Lily's grave, he was dejected to a degree that his listeners were unable at that time to account for. Besides all these testimonies of his unforgettens grief, many passages throughout his works assure us of its enduring influence in his heart"

After this he came under the spells of a very different kind of siren, Lady Caroline Lamb, a frisky matron of somewhat mature years, who took a fancy to the clever young collegian. The effect of this intimacy may be traced in the Lady Roseville of "Pelham" and the Lady Hasselton of "Devereux."

Bulwer was entered at Cambridge, and his associates were Praed, "first in readiness and wit"; Cockburn, Charles Buller, Wilson, and Maurice; and Benjamin Hall Kennedy, "a young giant in learning." With these Bulwer took part in the debates of the Union Club:—

"Men came from London to hear us. . . . The greatest display of eloquence I ever witnessed at the club was made by a man some years our senior, and who twice came up during my residence to grace our debates—the now renowned Macaulay. The first of these speeches was on the French Revolution; and it still lingers in my recollection as the most heart-stirring effort of that true oratory which seizes hold of the passions, transports you from yourself, and identifies you with the very life of the orator, that it has ever been my lot to hear—saving, perhaps, one speech by O'Connell, delivered to an immense crowd in the open air. Macaulay—in point of power, passion, and effect—never equalled that speech in his best day in the House of Commons. His second speech, upon the Liberty of the Press, if I remember rightly, was a failure."—*Life*.

In these debates Bulwer was a conspicuous figure. He also won the prize for English poetry, in a poem on sculpture.

The autobiography ends with his 22nd year, soon after he had left college. The only doubt now was as to which of the many paths

open to him—those of essayist, writer of fiction, poet, parliamentary orator, or student—he would select.

"His choice of literature as the chief occupation of his life was determined by the unfortunate circumstances of his early manhood. A mutual interest sprang up between him and Rosina Wheeler, a young Irish lady of great beauty. His mother, for what will seem to most mothers just and excellent reasons, strongly opposed the match. His income, independent of what his mother gave him, was quite insufficient to marry on."

"And Bulwer, the most affectionate of sons, believing that it was not a case where the affections on either side were strongly engaged, promised his mother that he would not marry without her consent."

"Miss Wheeler, far from making a corresponding effort, let him know that she was quite prepared to brave his mother's opposition. It was under these circumstances that Bulwer, weighing his obligations to each, found himself so bound to Miss Wheeler, whose singular family circumstances had left her unusually friendless, that he could not keep his promise to his mother."

"His mother was for years unappeasable, though her son, whenever an opening was afforded, continued to address her in terms the most manly and affectionate."

"She not only broke off all intercourse with him, but accepted his resignation of the large allowance which he had hitherto received from her."

The marriage took place in 1827, but the young pair were not economically disposed, and entered on a large scale of expenditure, which led in more than one way to disastrous consequences. Bulwer believed and proved that he could by his own efforts raise his means to the level of his expenses. But in the determination to do this, he accepted work that was not wholesome literary work, but toil and drudgery. He found time, however, to finish 'Pelham,' the success of which enabled him to devote himself to higher composition. But the continuous strain proved too much for his never robust health.

"Even this result was not more lamentable than the effect on his domestic life. 'So incessantly,' wrote his wife to his mother, 'is he occupied, that I seldom or never see him, till about two or three in the morning, for five minutes.' It is evident that no amount of literary labour would account sufficiently for this neglect of his wife—and that, if the statement is not exaggerated, she had grave cause of complaint. Many circumstances are wanting to explain a situation which is in itself incredible. However this may be, things were evidently tending, even in these early days, towards the estrangement which finally became irremediable."

The novels that he produced within the period of his life comprehended in the present instalment of biography, were five—*viz.*, 'Falkland'; 'Pelham'; 'Devereux'; 'The Disowned'; and 'Paul Clifford.'

"'Falkland' was written before his marriage,—a gloomy story, or, rather, an essay upon a distressing situation created for characters which were mostly too unattractive to excite much interest in the reader, yet displaying earnestness and power."

It was his next book, 'Pelham,' that fixed his vocation. Pelham is represented as a clever coxcomb, but also as a man of honour, there-in differing from Disraeli's Vivian Grey.

"The immaturity of the author is, it is true, frequently visible : the conduct of the hero during his canvass of a constituency, intended to display his dexterity, was more adapted to broad comedy than to a novel, and would in real life have appeared as vulgar impudence ; in the clever episode of the student Clutterbuck, that personage's simplicity and antique phraseology are overdrawn ; while in the entertaining scenes with the *gourmet*, Lord Guloaseton, their creator would not, a few years later, have represented the gluttonous host as entertaining a single guest at a dinner, meant to be especially choice, with, besides a pair of fowls, *entrées* of *filets de poulet* and of veal—a combination quite incredible on the part of a professed epicure, and therefore false to the picture."

But the vivacity of the book was undeniable, and the vein of melodrama in it perhaps pleased more than it offended. This vein came out very strongly in his next work, 'Devereux':—

"The hero's brothers, and tutor, and wife, and father-in-law, are of the stagiest ; and on such grounds it is dismissed in the biography with less respect than, as we think, it deserves."

° * ° * ° * ° * °
 " 'The Disowned' was constructed on a principle which could hardly produce a good novel—that of embodying abstract qualities, and setting them in motion like chessmen, to work out some moral problem. 'Vanity (Talbot) ; Ambition (Warner) ; Pride (Lord Borodaile) ; Selfishness and Sensuality (Crawford) ; Philanthropy (Mordaunt) ;' such is the author's own list of his *dramatis personæ*, as set forth in a preface—the design being, he says, 'to personify certain dispositions influential upon conduct.' Except John Bunyan (who did not write novels), nobody ever succeeded on such a plan."

* * * * *
 "Of the popularity of the work there can be no doubt. Not only did it please novel-readers, but as letters from well-known literary men show, caused the author to be regarded as a growing power in literature ; while the biographer claims for it a share in the reform of the criminal law."

Thus far is Bulwer's literary career followed in the present volumes. His faculty was constructive, not creative. He had little humour, but of wit he had a keen perception, and there is a great deal of it in his novels, though it seldom seems spontaneous. But he wove a good plot, and strengthened it with vivid situations to which the course of the story led up. This constructive faculty is conspicuous in his plays, and 'Richelieu,' 'Money,' and the 'Lady of Lyons,' have lived, and been played very recently to full audiences. His style is in the main excellent, and his work is distinguished by erudition as well as power.

TEMPLE BAR.

MARCH, 1884.

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MINISTERS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.—The men who helped the late Emperor of the French to build up the house of cards so rudely shattered at Sedan are known to the general reader better, perhaps, from Kinglake's bitter and caustic description of the *coup d'état* in his invasion of the Crimea than from any special account of the men themselves. A few traits in the characters of De Morny, Persigny, Billaut and Rouher may be found of some interest.

For Persigny and Walcwski the Emperor entertained a strong personal affection; they were his *amis de cœur*;—

"his purse was open to them; their power was enormous and subject to no fluctuations, and whatever indiscretions they committed these never led even to a passing estrangement between them and their master, because the Emperor, knowing them intimately and being quite alive to their faults, was not afraid to scold them. De Morny's influence was of a different kind, and has been generally misunderstood and exaggerated abroad. The Emperor disliked this witty, polished, astute and ambitious statesman. It is no secret that De Morny was connected very closely to him by illegitimate blood relationship, and in 1852, just after the *coup d'état*, the future Duke, who was then Minister of the Interior, was so incautious as to boast of this kinship in a speech at a public dinner. It was owing to this that he had to resign. The resignation was generally attributed to the Minister's repugnance for the decree which confiscated the property of the Orleans family; but this was a mere pretext. The truth was that Louis Napoleon deeply resented De Morny's presumption, and marked it for ever afterwards by maintaining a strict punctiliousness of manner even in his most confidential relations with the statesman, who was to do the Empire such good and showy

service in many ways. With Persigny and Walewski, on the contrary, the Emperor was on such terms that he addressed them as *Tu*, and Persigny was a man of so passionate and impulsive temper that he sometimes forgot himself to the point of saying *Tu* in return.

"Jean Fialin de Persigny was a remarkable character, and but for his temper, would have remained in office throughout the reign which he contributed more than any other man to found. The son of an officer of the First Empire named Fialin, he was born in 1808, enlisted at the age of seventeen in a cavalry regiment, and left the service after six years, with the rank of corporal-major of Hussars. He then became a commercial traveller in the wine trade, and a journalist in his leisure moments. In 1834 he founded at Nantes a Bonapartist newspaper, *L'Occident Français*, which was hardly a success, for only one number of it appeared; but in that number there was an article which fell under the eye of the ex-King Jérôme, and so pleased the latter, that he wrote to compliment the editor, and subsequently gave him a letter of introduction to Prince Louis Napoleon, who was then living at Arenenberg. The interview that ensued between the bagman and the Pretender was to be very important to both. In the course of his travels over France, with samples of wine in his pockets, Fialin had had many opportunities of remarking what a magic the name of Napoleon still exercised over the peasantry and working classes, and no doubt he gave a great stimulus to the Prince's ambition by assuring him of this; while the Prince on his side was shrewd enough to perceive how useful a clever and voluble commercial traveller might be to him. After this Fialin dropped his patronymic, assumed the title of Viscount de Persigny, and became the indefatigable propagator of Napoleonic legends. In country town hotels, in village wine-shops, in diligences, and railway trains, the topics on which he harped, when not puffing his wines, were the glory of the First Empire, the grand character and misfortunes of Napoleon, and the promising talents of the great Emperor's nephew. He was a gushing, persuasive talker, cheerful, very brave, and he had a number of those small accomplishments which make a man irresistible at a supper-party or in a drawing-room. He could by putting a finger in his mouth and drawing it sharply out imitate the popping of a cork, and then by drumming on his distended cheek with his middle finger produce the *cluck cluck* of wine being poured out of a bottle. He could play tricks with cards, invent riddles, sing Béranger's songs in a gay tenor voice; he could dance, he was very tender with ladies, and, having an enthusiastic love for poetry, he could recite verses with admirable expression, and sometimes would evince his warmth of heart by crying over what he recited. He got the reputation of being a *charmant farceur*, and in truth his qualities were of the sort that make successful charlatans; but from among those persons who are rather to be cajoled than argued with, the peripatetic Viscount made many friends for his employer. Like all those men, however, who are kindly greeted wherever they go, Persigny over-estimated the number and the value of the supporters whom he recruited, and he very nearly brought Prince Napoleon to complete ruin by instigating him to make his foolish raid upon Strasburg in 1836. Persigny shared in the dangers of this adventure, but was lucky enough to avoid capture; he was less fortunate in the Boulogne expedition of 1840, and after a conviction for high treason he remained a state prisoner at Doullens and Versailles till 1848. Having thus been the companion of Louis Napoleon's evil days, Persigny had a claim, which the Prince gratefully acknowledged, to serve him

when better times came. The ex-bagman threw himself with inconceivable energy into electioneering for the Presidential contest of 1848, and when his master had been appointed ruler of the Republic he went to work with redoubled ardour to weave that series of parliamentary social and Cabinet plots which prepared the *coup d'état*. Louis Napoleon was of procrastinating humour, and he needed a man like Persigny to urge him rapidly onwards through difficulties over which he would have lingered brooding if he had been left alone. With all his wits sharpened by the magnitude of the stake for which he was gambling, Persigny showed throughout the dark game played in the year 1851 a marvellous perspicacity and a splendid nerve. Of all the parties to the *coup d'état*, he was the only one who unreservedly risked his head. The others had made preparations for flight in case of failure; but he would not have cared to live if matters had ended badly."

To Persigny the restoration of the Empire was as the fulfilment of a life's dream, and being an imaginative man he enjoyed it more deeply than any one, except the Emperor himself, who was also a dreamer. In this particular there is a marked contrast to be noted between the character of Persigny and those of De Morny, the sceptic, and Rouher, the cool-headed man of business.

"De Morny had been brought up in luxury and with the knowledge that he was a Queen's son. He had been an officer of Lancers; he had sat in the Chamber of Deputies from 1842—49, and he had at different times won large sums of money on the Bourse. The Empire did a great deal for him, but not all that he had expected. He wanted to have his royal birth indicated by the title of Duc de Saint-Leu, and when balked of this hope, aspired to the historic dukedom of Auvergne with the post of Prime Minister, and the portfolio of the Interior. He had to content himself with the meaningless title of Duc de Morny and the Presidentship of the Corps Législatif, in which it must be owned he made a finer figure than any President has done before or since. De Morny, however, might be called a disappointed man; the mere trappings of office, the gold-laced coat, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, the style of Excellency, could not give him the same kind of pleasure as they did to Persigny, who, until 1848, when the President conferred on him a staff appointment in the National Guard, never enjoyed a definite social status. Persigny had at times been poor and shabby, teased by petty duns, and soured by the indigestions which come from dining in low eating-houses. The Comte de Morny, a member of the Jockey Club, an owner of race-horses, the friend of the Orleans Princes, and a petted guest in the drawing-rooms of the Fauhourg St. Germain, as well as in those of the Chaussée d'Antin, had acquired, towards the end of Louis Philippe's reign, a position not far short of that which Count D'Orsay held in England. He was something more than an *arbitre elegant*; he was the devotee of what we may call 'good form,' a thing which cannot be quite translated either by *bon goût* or *savoir vivre*. A courtly deference to all the usages and prejudices of people in good society, was the first article of his creed, and a smiling contempt for twaddle the second. Through the sedulous practice of his social religion, De Morny had made himself a small band of staunch friends, a troop of admirers, and not a few enemies, who were all powerful and worthy of his steel. It was not possible for small people to dislike such

a man ; the sparkle of his character dazzled them too much, and blinded them to his faults. Persigny, on the contrary, who had a number of insignificant friends, had also a host of disreputable enemies, and he came to office with countless petty grudges to pay off."

A few days after Persigny had become Minister of the Interior, he coolly announced to the Superintendent of the Fine Arts that he thought of dispersing the art treasures of the Louvre among divers museums, as he wanted to convert the Palace into Government offices, and in reply to remonstrances declared it was of more importance to ninety-nine hundredths of the country that the Government should be suitably lodged than "that a few pictures, which only gaping tourists went to see, should occupy the finest building in the empire." "Don't mind what Persigny says," replied the Emperor in answer to the complaints on the subject, "*c'est un bon chien de garde qui fait l'ane par moments.*"

"Persigny in the main was far from stupid or vicious. When he gave his calm consideration to any subject on which he or the Emperor was deeply interested, his judgment was always sound, and his advice in emergencies often disclosed a great breadth of views. He was also a kind-hearted man after a fashion, for his anger could always be disarmed by submission, and a great deal could be got from him by coaxing. But once he had got into power opposition of any kind made him furious ; in such moments he would lose all self-control and swear like a trooper. As the Emperor was passionate too, there were occasionally some fearful scenes between the pair. One of these occurred when Napoleon's engagement to Mdlle. de Montijo was annouced. Persigny had made up his mind that the Emperor should marry a Princess of blood royal, so after in vain throwing himself at the Emperor's knees to entreat that the match with Mdlle. de Montijo should be broken off, he stood up suddenly and stormed. A Madame Cornuau, a lady who had known Napoleon III from childhood, told the late Mr. Nassau, Senior, how appalling the Emperor looked when roused from his habitual calm into a real fit of wrath. He used to give vent to his feelings by smashing furniture, and this is what he did when Persigny raved at him. De Morny with more shrewdness than his brother duke, was the first to offer his congratulations to the Emperor on his choice of a wife, and he did it so very prettily. 'Show the people of Paris her portrait,' he said, 'beside that of all the princesses in Europe, and ask for a *plebiscite* on it!'"

Persigny, who was all for coercion in affairs literary as well as ecclesiastical and civil, would have had the Emperor dissolve the French Academy as a centre of Orleanist opposition. De Morny on this, as in other matters, gave the advice of a gentleman. His efforts were always directed to making the Government avoid meanness and do things which would strike not only the popular imagination, but those difficult people, the *habitués* of the clubs, as being handsome. Thus in selecting official candidates for the elections, he invariably went on the principle of ascertaining who was the most popular man in a constituency and offering him Government sup-

port if he would accept it. On the other hand he held that a Prefect should not be connected by residence or family ties with the department which he was sent to rule, but should be a diplomatist, polished in manners, smooth in temper and not likely to excite himself over local affairs. On these points he was always in conflict with Persigny, who could brook none but men who were slavish towards himself.

"But perhaps the best evidence of De Morny's fascinating character may be gathered from the recollection of how he died. For nearly two years before his end, he was afflicted with one of the most painful of diseases (tumours in the stomach). His only food was light pastry and milk, and for half an hour after he had eaten, he would lie on a sofa, trembling with agony, but without uttering a moan. By degrees he grew so emaciated that the skin on his face was as parchment, and his white, wasted hands looked as small as a child's. Yet notwithstanding the terrible sufferings he endured, he never for a moment lost his outward serenity. He sat with unruffled composure through most trying scenes in the Corps Législatif, and with his usual gentle firmness and epigrammatic wit, moderated the excesses of language, both on the right and the left side of the House. His servants never heard an impatient word from him, and when he was at the point of death, his doctor remarking that it might be possible to make him live for a few weeks longer, he said, with a quiet smile: '*Non, non, je deviendrais trop ennuyeux*'

"Napoleon's secret antipathy towards De Morny was due as much to the latter's *grand-seigneur* ways as to the cause we have already noted. The Emperor himself was always something of a *parvenu*. The first seven years of his life were spent amid the splendours of a Court, but during his boyhood he lived secluded with his mother amid Germans who scarcely regarded the Bonapartes as gentry. He never mixed with the higher classes of foreigners among whom he resided, and knew little of the higher classes of his own countrymen; his long confinement at Ham confirmed him subsequently in his native shyness and gave him the temperament of a scholar rather than of a man of the world. During his stay in England he looked up to the aristocracy with a mixture of admiration, envy, and dislike; the more difficulty he found in getting into their society, the more he detested them and the more he courted them. At the Tuileries he listened eagerly to every suggestion which De Morny offered for conciliating individual members of the nobility or those aristocratic interests which centre round sport, and thus it came that the 'Grand Prix' was founded, that laws against poaching were passed—more stringent than any which the sportsman King Charles X would have dared to propose—and that the Hunts of Fontainebleau and Compiègne were revived on a grand scale, though the Emperor himself had no taste for hunting. But while doing all that De Morny recommended as being in good form, His Majesty privately thought etiquette irksome, and though he much valued the Legitimist converts whom De Morny allured to his Court—the Mouchys, Montmorencys, Larochejacqueleins, Gramonts and Rohan-Chabots—he was never quite at ease with these gentlemen, of whose *persiflage* he was afraid. It is not easy to get the etiquette of a new Court into working trim, and notwithstanding De Morny's vigilance some serious blunders were occasionally committed: thus in 1856, Pius IX, having agreed to be godfather to the Prince Imperial, sent Cardinal Patrizi as Legate to represent him

His Eminence, who came with an imposing suite, should have been received at Marseilles by the Grand Chamberlain the Duc de Cambacérés, but this dignitary despatched his Master of the Ceremonies, M. Feuillet de Conches, on the errand. There was some arching of eyebrows among the Corps Diplomatique at this breach of manners, and the Empress, who got very angry about it, held Count Walewski, the Foreign Secretary, responsible. But Walewski made some joke about the matter and the Emperor seems to have joined in the laugh."

Walewski was the personal friend with whom the Emperor always got on most comfortably; he prided himself on being a natural son of the Great Emperor whom he certainly much resembled in feature. In the Imperial system Walewski had his allotted task in winning over distinguished authors and journalists to Bonapartism.

"While De Morny brought to the Tuileries noblemen with fine-sounding names who were at once rewarded for their homage with senatorships, and high posts in the diplomatic service, Walewski enlisted such adherents as Ponsard, Sainte-Beuve, Emile Augier, Jules Sandeau, Octave Feuillet, Théophile Gautier, Ernest Renan, Alexandre Dumas the younger, and Edmond About. The first two became Senators; Sandeau and Feuillet were appointed sinecure librarians to the palaces of Compiègne and Fontainebleau respectively; Théophile Gautier condescended to accept the office of dramatic critic to the official *Moniteur* with a handsome salary; and the other eminent *littérateurs* all did service to the Empire if only by abstaining from opposition. The conquest of Edmond About was thought to be a great achievement on Walewski's part, and so it was, for the author of 'Manon' might have become a formidable antagonist to the Empire, if he had not been enticed over to the Court side by a timely hint (never to be realised) that the Emperor would employ his talents in a prefecture."

It was Walewski who reorganised the *Moniteur*, which instead of being a mere official gazette, became under his direction one of the most readable of French papers. When in 1863, Moïse Millaud founded the *Petit Journal*, which rose at once to such a startling circulation at one sou a copy, Walewski lost no time in borrowing the idea, and prevailed upon the Emperor to launch the *Petit Moniteur* at the same price; the circulation of this paper soon reached 450,000 copies.

"Walewski rendered a more doubtful service to the Emperor when he brought all the State-subsidised theatres under the direct control of the Minister of State, who had charge of the Emperor's Household and of the Fine Arts Department. Walewski himself held this post from 1860-63, and its duties almost worried him into neurosis. As the Emperor said in disgust, the fiddlers in the Opera gave more trouble than the Corps Législatif. Every one of their grievances swelled to the importance of a political question; and it was as bad with the ballet-dancers and chorists, who one day struck up the 'Marseillaise' during a rehearsal by way of protesting against the Minister's refusal to raise their salaries. Walewski was not the kind of man who could hold out firmly against the blandishments of Opera-singers and actresses, and refuse to perpetrate jobs implored of him by pretty lips; but, on the other hand, he had obstinacy enough to decline giving up the management of the theatres when the Emperor grew weary of the scandals of his too good-natured administration. He preferred to

resign, and the first thing that the Emperor did after he had given up his portfolio was to decree the 'liberty of theatres.' Until then each theatre had been licensed for the performance of one kind of entertainment only, the Gymnase for comedies, the Palais Royal for farces, &c. ; but after the decree of 1863 all the playhouses, except those which were subsidised, were left free to bring out what entertainments they pleased. At the same time the houses which drew subventions were emancipated from direct State control."

An amusing story is told of a hoax played by Walewski, with the Emperor's contrivance, on the Empress who had frequently been annoyed by his *sous-gene* in treating foreign Potentates.

"This was in 1858, when the poor Queen of Oude died in Paris. The Empress Eugénie, who felt much sympathy for this victim of Anglo-Indian policy, and who moreover was inclined to make an anti-English demonstration, owing to the attitude which the people of this country had taken up after Orsini's attempt—the Empress persuaded the Emperor to fix a day for receiving the orphan Princes of Oude in State. At the appointed time an extraordinary procession of Hindoos with ginger-bread faces and fantastic garments filed into the Imperial presence and went through the most absurd posturing. The Emperor burst out laughing, upon which the Empress bit her lips with vexation, and said pretty audibly: 'I am surprised at you.' Then Count Bacciochi, the Emperor's private Chamberlain, gave way to mirth, and was ordered to leave the room with an energetic '*Sortez*.' But now the Oude Princes and Princesses set up together a howl so long and comical that the Emperor and the whole Court, with the exception of the scandalised Empress, were seized again with uncontrollable laughter. While they were still in these convulsions, however, the Hindoos raised their veils and revealed themselves as some of the Empress's own courtiers—Viscount Tascher de la Pagerie, M. Lecocq, Deputy Master of the Ceremonies, &c. The Empress did not take this pleasantry very well at first, but was restored to good humour by-and-by on seeing how heartily the Emperor had enjoyed it."

Of Auguste Billault, who but for his death at the age of 58, would probably have become more thoroughly a Vice-Emperor than M. Rouher ever was, the following characteristic story is told:—

"Billault was a disagreeable, cold-hearted, adroit and resolute little man. His character will be best painted by the account of how he once treated an old friend with whom he quarrelled. In 1848 Billault, who had been a Liberal-Royalist under Louis-Philippe, wanted to come forward as a red Republican for the constituency of Charente. A friend of his, M. Sandon, who held the office of Public Prosecutor, was consulted by him as to the kind of address which he should issue to the electors, and M. Sandon took exception to the extreme Radicalism of Billault's opinions. A correspondence ensued in which Billault defended certain socialist theories point for point, but he ended by toning down his address to suit Sandon's views, and he was not elected. Upon his defeat he wrote warmly to Sandon reproaching the latter for his 'pusillanimous' advice, and there the intercourse between the pair ceased for some years. But in 1854, when Billault became Home Minister, his heart misgave him about those letters he had written to Sandon, and sending a friendly note to his former friend he invited him to call at the Home Office. Sandon came and was offered a Prefecture or the Presidency of a Provincial Court of Justice, at his choice, but on condition of his

giving up the letters. 'No,' he said. 'you have become an Imperialist, but I have remained a Republican, and I shall keep your letters as security for your conduct towards our party. I shall not harm you unless you try to injure any of my friends; but if you persecute any of us your letters shall be published.'

"On the night of this conversation Sandon received the visit of two doctors, who came to bring him good news, as they said, about 'his sister, the Queen of Spain' M. Sandon showed these gentlemen to the door, and half an hour afterwards he was arrested and taken to the lunatic asylum of Charenton, where he remained nine years. For some time after his incarceration his friends could not make out what had become of him, but when they heard that he had been shut up as a lunatic, they raised an outcry which reached the Emperor's ears. Napoleon III had a kingly ruthlessness in putting down opposition *en masse*, but his sympathies were easily stirred by cases of individual hardship, and so he sent Prince Napoleon to Charenton to ascertain whether M. Sandon were really mad or not. The director of the asylum exhibited to his Imperial Highness a jibbering idiot who could only grin when spoken to, and said: 'This is M. Sandon,' upon which the Prince forwarded a report to the Emperor which was published in the *Moniteur*, and in which he said: 'I cannot conceive how party malice can go to the length of asserting that M. Sandon is sane.' Upon the death of M. Billault, however, the payment for M. Sandon's board and lodging at Charenton ceased and a new physician having at that time been appointed to the asylum, he at once turned the unproductive patient out of doors. M. Sandon being thus released, published a report of his case; but, broken in health and spirits by his long confinement, he consented to withdraw his narrative from circulation on receiving from the Emperor through Prince Napoleon a pension of 10,000 francs a year, which was paid him until 1870. In the following year he died."

M. Rouher would have let Sandon alone: a perfect stolidity, an entire imperviousness to public criticism, were among Rouher's characteristics, and one of the causes which gave him such a hold on the Emperor's favour was this that he never seemed to care what was said or thought by anybody, except his master. Another point upon which Rouher was strong lay in his steady attention to the business of his office, and in his never troubling the Emperor about details.

"Napoleon hated discussion, and 'the long faces which stewards bring' when they have pecuniary difficulties to report. Few of the Emperor's biographers have told what an excellent Latin scholar he was, and how he liked to shut himself up in his study with his classics. From the time when he commenced his 'Life of Cæsar,' it grew into a habit with him to do this daily, so that he could hardly be got at to give his signature to the most necessary papers. All the Ministers complained except Rouher, who exhibited that eminently domestic talent of never being in the way, or out of the way. In after-time when Emile Ollivier was chief of the short-lived Ministry which was made to support the responsibilities of the war, the Emperor got to moan for his patient, unobtrusive, always smug and radiant Rouher. Ollivier exasperated him into hourly peevishness by his questions, long-winded exhortations and eternal complaints upon trifles; even if the war had not occurred, Ollivier would not long have remained Minister of an Emperor who liked his throne to be an easy chair."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1884.

" 'Here be Finery!' she said." Illustration for WILLIAM BLACK's "Judith Shakespeare," Part III. Frontispiece —			
St. Louis. By WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP	—
The Yorkshire Coast. By WILLIAM H. RIDEING	—
Midwinter—A Poem. By JAMES LANE ALLEN	—
Judith Shakespeare.—A Novel.—Chapters VII.—IX. By WILLIAM BLACK	—
The Early American Presidents. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	—
Love is not Enough.—A Story. By WILLIAM M. BAKER	—
A New-World Legend.—A Poem. By FRANCIS L. MACE	—
Will Carleton. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE	—
Hints on Domestic Decoration. By ALEXANDER F. OAKEY	128
The Poetry of the Deaf. By EDWARD M. GALLAUDET, PH. D., LL.D.	—
The Drainage of the Everglades. By WILL WALLACE HARNEY	—
The Old Town Councillor: A Genre Study by a Landscape Painter. By J. R. TAIT	—
With Husky-Haughty Lips, O Sea!—A Poem. By WALT WHITMAN	—
Nature's Serial Story.—IV. By E. P. ROE	—
The Deliverance of Leyden.—A Poem. By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON	—
The Picture.—A Story.—I. By CHARLES READE	—
Editor's Easy Chair	—
Editor's Literary Record	—
Editor's Historical Record	—
Editor's Drawer	—

HINTS ON DOMESTIC DECORATION. By A. F. Oakey.—From this article we make the following extracts:—

"In some instances the best attainable effect may be achieved by covering the wall with some one color of the proper texture in paint, paper, or fabric, and contrasting this with an elaborate frieze or dado, or both, for it should be remembered that the absence of ornament is as important to decorative effect as its application. Purity, simplicity, repose, and breadth are in one sense synonymous with monotony both in form and color. A style that inclines to ornament for its own sake, and that sacrifices the contrast of plain surfaces to ornamented ones, or the contrast of simple form to complex, defeats its aim. A surface covered with complex ornament achieves monotony without repose if there is no adjacent plain surface to contrast it with, and so a simple broad design requires the opposition of some intricacy in design to give value to its simplicity.

"The realistic portrayal of natural objects in a scheme of decoration is generally unsatisfactory, because it is difficult to divest them of association, and they

consequently do not readily lend themselves to a general effect, besides, any repetition being monotonous. A conventionalized natural object—that is, a typical suggestion of one—is often valuable because it is in form and color under control, while for some purposes a subservient association of ideas is unobjectionable.”

* * * * *

“Color in all decorative work is at once the question most under control and most difficult to determine satisfactorily, especially when the existence of certain curtains, carpets, upholstery, or all of them must be considered in the treatment of the walls, ceiling, and wood-work; and when these existing things are at war among themselves as to color, the problem is still more troublesome; but in such instances our wall, ceiling, and wood-work must be made to establish the necessary relations by analogy or contrast, or both, unity of expression in the whole scheme being the first desideratum.

* * * * *

“The combination or disposition of such furniture, pictures, and ornaments as by inheritance, by gift, or by purchase have been accumulated is for many people the only opportunity for practising decorative art, and these accumulations are generally of so varied a character as to make any attempt to include them all in one scheme result in the effect of curiosity shop at best. The huddling together of objects designed for various purposes by various races and in many ages must always result in the predominance of the strongest forms and colors, almost necessarily to the disadvantage of the more delicate objects. We cannot readily divest things of their associations, and to appreciate the value of an object its surroundings should be harmonious. A Satsuma vase standing on a cabinet of the time of Francis I. would not be nearly as effective as a vase by Cellini would be in the same position. We can at least group what we have so that the objects may assist each other, and in such dispositions the traits must be borne in mind. Symmetry is a desideratum only in some styles; the most beautiful things are not found in pairs. Resemblance is as indispensable to contrast as difference. The most important effect in interior decoration is a pervading harmony, an effect that it is possible to accept as a whole, and this can only be accomplished by the closest attention to detail, with a preconceived plan and clearly defined scheme, in proportion, in drawing, in style, in color, all relatively considered.”

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1884.

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The Giant's Robe. By THE AUTHOR OF ' <i>Vice Versa</i> .' <i>Illustrated</i>	—
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An Attractions. <i>Illustrated</i>	—

SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.—The writer of these recollections reverts, in this paper, to himself and his early predilection for story telling and literary life. We give a few of his more interesting reminiscences.

"Twice a week I had to go hunting; this I abhorred. I had a nice little bay pony (*Flash of Memory*, 'Lightfoot'), and could ride well enough, but the proceedings were too protracted for my taste, and I wanted to be at home to finish the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' by the fire. There was one thing I disliked even more than hare-hunting. This was fox-hunting. All my family, except myself, had sporting proclivities, and many a time through mistaken friendship have I been given 'a mount' with 'The Craven,' or 'The South Berks,' which I would much rather have declined, had I dared to do so. It was not only my own reputation, however, that was at stake, and I had to go through with it. I remember on one occasion getting some very bad language from a huntsman for feeding some young hounds with cake in a wood. Sometimes the cold, and the waiting about, and the having nothing to read, grew absolutely intolerable; there was then nothing for it but to dismount, put clover or something in my hair, smear my shoulder with mould, and ride home 'having met with rather a nasty tumble.' Of course it was very wrong; but why will people compel poor boys to amuse themselves with things that give them no pleasure? It would have been better (and cheaper) to have let me enjoy 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Captain Cook's Voyages,' and the 'Arabian Nights,' all day, without the temptation of practising duplicity."

The writer agrees with the author of *Vice Versa* that the so-called delights of school are a delusion.

"I always learnt my lessons, but without the least interest in them. I pitied and liked the ushers. The head-master I did not like; he was a pompous, lethargic fellow. I remember on one occasion inquiring of him how Castor and Pollux could have had immortality conferred upon them *alternately*. 'You young fool,' he replied, 'how could they ever have had immortality conferred upon them *at all*?'"

"I was only popular at this school for one reason: it was unhappily discovered that I invented stories, and thenceforth—miserable Scheherazade!—I was compelled to narrate romances out of my own head at nights till the falling asleep of my last lord and master permitted my weary little body and cudgelled brains to seek the same repose."

At about 10 years old he went to Eton, when the fagging, though not severe, was offensive to him, and he resented the ridiculous airs and graces of the upper boys.

"I remember a fifth-form young gentleman (looking in his white tie like a miniature parson) inquiring of me in a drawling voice, 'Lower Boy, what *might* your name be?' Though I never properly understood the niceties of the Greek aorist, I did understand the inflections of my native tongue, and replied, 'Well, it *might* be Beelzebub, but it isn't,' upon which the duodecimo divine altered his tone very much, and even proceeded to blows. It was only the proper punishment for 'cheek,' no doubt, but I thought it hard that a repartee should be so ill-deserved. The fagging system of which Thackeray has expressed such bitter scorn was at its height at that time. Its defenders used to say that it prevented bullying; but, as a matter of fact, where a fifth-form fellow was a brute, it authorized it."

No doubt too the fagging system taught the Art of Lying, a vice which, though held in general contempt, was considered justifiable, to evade a "swishing."

"It was, and is, a grossly indecent performance, which one illustration in the 'London News,' or 'Graphic,' would assuredly put an end to for ever. Dr. Hawtrey, who was the head-master in my time, detested it. I can see him now in his cassock and bands, holding the birch (as Lamb says of *his* master) 'like a lily,' in his jewelled fingers, while some young gentleman, in the presence of a troop of friends, was undoing his braces. 'Please, sir, *first fault*,' pleads the trembling boy (everybody was let off the first time, unless for the most heinous offences). 'I think I remember your name before,' says 'the pedagogue in an awful voice'"

"~~My~~ brother, sir,' suggests the culprit (It was a happy thing to have had, as I had, a brother before you at Eton)

"'I'll look at my book,' was the stern rejoinder. And in the meantime—for sometimes he had had no brother—the culprit fastened his braces: he was at least relieved."

After the writer had been at Eton a year or so, he was removed to a preparatory school at Woolwich where he remained many years, "cramming" for the royal Military Academy. What he especially resented at this place was that, in the whirl and hurry of "cram," there was no time for reading and writing.

"As for writing, I was never tired of setting down 'what I was pleased to call my thoughts,' on paper, and generally in verse; and what is much more strange I found a channel (in the eye of the law at least) of 'publication' for them. A schoolfellow of mine, Raymond, had a talent for drawing, and a third scarcely less gifted genius, Jones, could write like print. These various talents might have remained comparatively unknown, but for one Barker, who had a genuine turn for finance, and who hit upon a plan for combining them. We were like poor and struggling inventors, who in this young gentleman found their capitalist, and thanks to him were enabled to enlighten the world; and the parallel, as will be shown, went even further. His idea was that we should start a weekly paper, full of stories and poems. I was to compose the contents, Jones was to write any number of fair copies, and Raymond was to illustrate them."

"Of course," said Barker, "we shall not do it for nothing," which I thought (even then) a very just observation. The price of each copy was accordingly fixed at sixpence. It did not strike me that anyone would refuse to give so small a sum for such admirable literature (not to mention the pictures, which indeed I did not think so highly of), but in practice we found there were difficulties. Many boys were of so gross a nature that they preferred to borrow their literature, and spend their sixpences in the tuck shop; and though the first number (as often happens) was—to Barker—a financial success, the second number fell flat, and there were several surplus copies on our hands. Then came in our proprietor's genius for finance; he was the treasurer of the school, entrusted with the paying out of a certain weekly pocket-money, of two shillings, which, though despised at the beginning of the term, when our slender purses were full, became before the end of it of considerable importance. He resolved on a *coup d'état* and calmly deducted sixpence from everybody's two shillings, and gave them our paper instead. It was the first instance with which I became acquainted of 'a forced circulation.' Experiments of a similar kind have been tried by political financiers in many countries, but rarely without great opposition; 'the masses' never know what is good for them, and our schoolfellows were no exception to the rule; they called our proprietor 'a Jew,' and, so to speak, 'murmured against Moses.' He was tall and strong, and fought at least half-a-dozen pitched battles for the maintenance of his object; I think he persuaded himself, like Charles I., that he was really in the right, and set down their opposition to mere 'impatience of taxation;' but in the end they were 'one too many for him,' and, indeed, much more than one. He fell fighting, no doubt, in the sacred cause of literature, but also for his own sixpences, for we—the workers—never saw one penny of them."

His tutor at this establishment knew all the tricks of his trade.

"He was confident of my passing the ordinary examination, but was very doubtful of my being able to get through the medical branch of it, because I was so very short-sighted. He gave me, however, the best advice. 'They will tell you to look out of the window and describe the colours of the horses on the common. Mind you say 'bay,' very rapidly, for all horses are either 'grey' or 'bay.' If not strictly well principled, Mr. Hurry was very good fun, and I am indebted to him (though I was not aware of it at the time) to much material for my first work, 'The Foster Brothers.'"

Passing into the Military Academy, he describes the government of the place as a despotism tempered, not by epigrams, but by escapades.

"Our age, from fifteen to eighteen, was, no doubt, a difficult one to legislate for; we were neither boys nor men, and though subject to military discipline, like soldiers, we were sometimes treated quite as small boys."

"The authorities feared ridicule quite as much as the cadets themselves did. I remember the governor reading prayers to us in the dining-hall, one wet Sunday. The chapter for the day happened to be the autobiography of St. Paul, in which the words 'I speak as a fool' occur more than once, and those the reader left out, for fear of exclamations of agreement."

Ill health cut short the writer's military career, and at seventeen he was sent to a private tutor's, in preparation for the University. Here he had leisure for his private pursuits, and, after his previous experience of life, seemed to himself to have gone to heaven. Here

is one of the humorous incidents that happened to him there—"a solid lump of delight, which no time can liquefy."

"On one occasion we had some private theatricals, for which a great hall in the centre of the house, approached by a long passage from the front door, afforded great facilities. One of the plays was a dress piece, exhibiting the Court of Queen Elizabeth. It was my frivolous disposition, perhaps, that caused me to be selected as the Court jester. A dear friend of mine (since dead, alas! like most of them) played Sir Walter Raleigh, and I well remember he took advantage of my being in a simple network garment to prick my unprotected limbs with the point of his rapier.

"It was a snowy winter's night, and the hall was crowded with a very large audience, whose servants, including those of the house, were standing on the great staircase and in the galleries; and Sir Walter and I were in the long passage aforesaid waiting to 'come on,' when there came a ring at the front door. There was no one to answer it, as we knew, except ourselves. But who, at that time of night, two hours after the performance had begun, could it possibly be? 'By Jove,' whispered I, already trembling with the sense of the absurdity of what must needs come to pass, 'it's the new pupil!'

"My tutor, I knew, was expecting one (from Wales) about that date, but in the hurry and bustle of the theatricals we had clean forgotten all about him. The bell rang again with increased violence. We opened the door, and there stood a little man, with a Bradshaw and a railway rug, just descended from a snow-covered fly. His gaze wandered from the knight in his doublet and hose to the fool in scarlet, and back again, in speechless astonishment. He had evidently a mind to turn and flee, but Sir Walter, with gentle violence, constrained him to enter. We led him along the passage, opened the door of the great hall, and pushed him on to the stage. The applause was deafening. The appearance of a modern railway traveller, with rug and guide, among the Court of Elizabeth, was thought to be part of an exquisite burlesque. The Queen wept tears of laughter, the courtiers roared, not from complaisance, but necessity; the whole house 'rose' at the unexpected visitor, who faced it with his mouth open. It was more than a minute before my tutor could understand what had happened. He came forward full of the politest apologies, marred by fits of uncontrollable mirth.

"'My dear Mr. B., I cannot express my sorrow' (which was very true). 'What must you have thought of your reception, and of my house?'

"The Welshman was plucky enough, and not unnaturally in a frightful rage. 'I thought it was a lunatic asylum, sir,' he answered bitterly.

"Then we gave him three cheers, and one cheer more. The hero of that evening fell at Balaklava a few years afterwards; my tutor and three-fourths of that joyous company have long been dead; but when I think of that inimitable scene, the humour of it sweeps wavelike over all, and for one fleeting minute drowns regret."

Here too the meadows of manuscript which he had written began to produce their first scanty crop of print.

"The first composition of my own which I had the bliss to see in print was a little poem called 'The Poet's Death'—a queer subject enough to begin a poetical career with—published in 'Leigh Hunt's Journal,' one of the many periodicals which owed their being to his sanguine temperament and the optimism of a publisher. It had a short life, and I am afraid not a merry one. Soon after, I wrote a series of 'Ballads from English History,' in 'Bentley's

Miscellany,' of which I think, at that time, Harrison Ainsworth was the proprietor and editor. When I ventured, after half a dozen of them, or so, had made their appearance, to hint at payment, I received a note from Mr. Ainsworth explaining that 'the circumstances of the magazine were such that it could afford no pecuniary remuneration to its contributors.' "

"My first prose article found acceptance in 'Household Words.' It was the forerunner of scores and scores contributed to the same periodical, but no other gave me a tithe of the pleasure this one did. A mother's pride in seeing her firstborn in long clothes is no doubt considerable, but it is nothing to an author's delight upon the appearance of his first article in print. In this case, the well-known line, 'Half is his, and half is thine,' does not apply: the little creature is his very own, and, small as it is, plays the part of master of the ceremonies in introducing him to the world at large. From that moment he is no longer a private person, but an author. I don't know how many attempts I had made to obtain that *status* before I succeeded; the perseverance of Bruce's spider as compared with mine was mere impatience. If I could have foreseen how long it would be before I was fated to be successful again my happiness would have been not a little dashed; but as it was I was in the seventh heaven. Up to this day, when I look back upon the letter I received, announcing the acceptance of 'Gentleman Cadet' (a short sketch of life at the Academy), it awakens emotions "

THE MILK IN THE COCO-NUT.—For the last 300 years, the philosopher who has not at some time or other of his life meditated upon the abstruse question—how to account for the milk in the coco-nut—is, it may safely be asserted, unworthy of such an exalted name. How did it get there, and what is it for?

"A young coco-nut is seen to consist, first of a green outer skin, then of a fibrous coat, which afterwards becomes the hair, and next of a harder shell which finally gets quite woody; while inside all comes the actual seed or unripe nut itself. The office of the coco-nut water is the deposition of the nutty part around the side of the shell; it is, so to speak, the mother liquid, from which the harder eatable portion is afterwards derived. This state is not uncommon in embryo seeds. In a very young pea, for example, the inside is quite watery, and only the outer skin is at all solid, as we have all observed when green peas first come into season. But the special peculiarity of the coco-nut consists in the fact that this liquid condition of the interior continues even after the nut is ripe, and that is the really curious point about the milk in the coco-nut which does actually need accounting for."

"It must be duly borne in mind, to begin with, that the prime end and object of the nut is not to be eaten raw by the ingenious monkey, or to be converted by lordly man into coco-nut biscuits, or coco-nut pudding, but simply and solely to reproduce the coco-nut palm in sufficient numbers to future generations. For this purpose the nut has slowly acquired by natural selection a number of protective defences against its numerous enemies, which serve to guard it admirably in the native state from almost all possible animal depredators. First of all, the actual nut or seed itself consists of a tiny embryo plant, placed just inside the softest of the three pores or pits at the end of the shell, and surrounded by a vast quantity of nutritious pulp, destined to feed and support it during its earliest unprotected days, if not otherwise diverted by man or

monkey. But as whatever feeds a young plant will also feed an animal, and as many animals betray a felonious desire to appropriate to their own wicked ends the food stuffs laid up by the palm for the use of its own seedling, the coco-nut has been compelled to inclose this particularly large and rich kernel in a very solid and defensive shell. And, once more, since the palm grows at a very great height from the ground—I have seen them up to ninety feet in favourable circumstances—this shell stands a very good chance of getting broken in tumbling to the earth, so that it has been necessary to surround it with a mass of soft and yielding fibrous material, which breaks its fall, and acts as a buffer to it when it comes in contact with the soil beneath. So many protections has the coco-nut gradually devised for itself by the continuous survival of the best adapted among numberless and endless spontaneous variations of all its kind in past time."

Now, when the coco-nut has actually reached the ground and proceeds to sprout, then numerous safeguards and solid envelopes naturally begin to prove decided nuisances to the embryo within.

"It starts under the great disadvantage of being hermetically sealed within a solid wooden shell, so that no water can possibly get at it to aid it as most other seeds are aided in the process of germination. Fancy yourself a seed-pea, anxious to sprout, but coated all round with a hard covering of impermeable sealing-wax, and you will be in a position faintly to appreciate the unfortunate predicament of a grower coco-nut. Natural selection, however,—that *deus ex machina* of modern science, which can perform such endless wonders, if only you give it time enough to work in and variations enough to work upon—natural selection has come to the rescue of the unhappy plant by leaving it a little hole at the top of the shell, out of which it can push its feathery green head without difficulty. Everybody knows that if you look at the sharp end of a coco-nut you will see three little brown pits or depressions on its surface. Most people also know that two of these are firmly stopped up (for a reason to which I shall presently recur), but that the third one is only closed by a slight film or very thin shell, which can be easily bored through with a pocket-knife, so as to let the milk run off before cracking the shell. So much we have all learnt during our ardent pursuit of natural knowledge on half-holidays in early life. But we probably then failed to observe that just opposite this soft hole lies a small roundish knob, embedded in the pulp or eatable portion, which knob is in fact the embryo palm or seedling, for whose ultimate benefit the whole arrangement (in brown and green) has been invented. That is very much the way with man: he notices what concerns his own appetite, and omits all the really important parts of the whole subject. We think the use of the hole is to let out the milk; but the nut knows that its real object is to let out the seedling. The knob grows out at last into the young plantlet, and it is by means of the soft hole that it makes its escape through the shell to the air and the sunshine which it seeks without.

"This brings us really down at last to the true *raison d'être* for the milk in the coco-nut. As the seed or kernel cannot easily get at much water from outside, it has a good supply of water laid up for it ready beforehand within its own encircling shell. The mother liquid from which the pulp or nutty part has been deposited remains in the centre, as the milk, till the tiny embryo begins to sprout. As soon as it does so, the little knob which was at first so very small enlarges rapid-

ly and absorbs the water, till it grows out into a big spongy cellular mass which at last almost fills up the entire shell. At the same time, its other end pushes its way out through the soft hole, and then gives birth to a growing bud at the top—the future stem and leaves—and to a number of long threads beneath—the future roots. Meanwhile, the spongy mass inside begins gradually to absorb all the nutty part, using up its oils and starches for the purpose of feeding the young plant above, until it is of an age to expand its leaves to the open tropical sunlight and shift for itself in the struggle for life. It seems at first sight very hard to understand how any tissue so solid as the pulp of coco-nut can be thus softened and absorbed without any visible cause; but in the subtle chemistry of living vegetation such a transformation is comparatively simple and easy to perform. Nature sometimes works much greater miracles than this in the same way: for example, what is called vegetable ivory, a substance so solid that it can be carved or turned only with great difficulty, is really the kernel of another palm-nut, allied to the coco-palm, and its very stony particles are all similarly absorbed during germination by the dissolving power of the young seedling.”

Why, however, has the coco-nut three pores at the top instead of one, and why are two out of the three so carefully and firmly sealed up.

“The explanation of this strange peculiarity is only to be found in the ancestral history of the coco-nut kind. Most nuts, indeed, start in their earlier stage as if they meant to produce two or more seeds each; but as they ripen, all the seeds except one become abortive. The almond, for example, has in the flower two seeds or kernels to each nut; but in the ripe state there is generally only one, though occasionally we find an almond with two—a philipœna, as we commonly call it—just to keep in memory the original arrangement of its earlier ancestors. The reason for this is that plants whose fruits have no special protection for their seeds are obliged to produce a great many of them at once, in order that one seed in a thousand may finally survive the onslaughts of their Argus-eyed enemies; but when they learn to protect themselves by hard coverings from birds and beasts, they can dispense with some of these supernumerary seeds and put more nutriment into each one of those that they still retain. Compare, for example, the innumerable small round seedlets of the poppy-head with the solitary and large and richly stored seed of the walnut, or the tiny black specks of mustard and cress with the single compact and well-filled seed of the filbert and the acorn. To the very end, however, most nuts begin in the flower as if they meant to produce a whole capsuleful of small unstored and unprotected seeds, like their original ancestors; it is only at the last moment that they recollect themselves, suppress all their ovules except one, and store that one with all the best and oiliest food-stuffs at their disposal. The nuts, in fact, have learned by long experience that it is better to be the only son and heir of a wealthy house, set up in life with a good capital to begin upon, than to be one of a poor family of thirteen needy and unprovided children.”

Now, the coco-nuts are descended from a great tribe—the palms and lilies—which have as their main distinguishing peculiarity the arrangement of parts in their flowers and fruits by threes each.

“For example, in the most typical flowers of this great group, there are three green outer calyx-pieces, three bright coloured petals, three long outer

stamens, three short inner stamens, three valves to the capsule, and three seeds or three rows of seeds in each fruit. Many palms still keep pretty well to this primitive arrangement, but a few of them which have specially protected or highly developed fruits or nuts have lost in their later stages the threefold disposition in the fruit, and possess only one seed, often a very large one. There is no better and more typical nut in the whole world than a coco-nut."

* * * * *

"It has the largest and most richly-stored seed of any known plant ; and this seed is surrounded by one of the hardest and most unmanageable of any known shells. Hence the coco-nut has readily been able to dispense with the three kernels which each nut used in its earlier and less developed days to produce. But though the palm has thus taken to reducing the number of its seeds in each fruit to the lowest possible point consistent with its continued existence at all, it still goes on retaining many signs of its ancient threefold arrangement. The ancestral and most deeply ingrained habits persist in the earlier stages ; it is only in the mature form that the later acquired habits begin fully to predominate. Even so our own boys pass through an essentially savage childhood of ogres and fairies, bows and arrows, sugar-plums and barbaric nursery tales, as well as a romantic boyhood of mediæval chivalry and adventure, before they steady down into that crowning glory of our race, the solid, sober, matter-of-fact, commercial British Philistine. Hence the coco-nut in its unstripped state is roughly triangular in form, its angles answering to the separate three fruits of simpler palms ; and it has three pits or weak places in the shell, through which the embryos of the three original kernels used to force their way out. But as only one of them is now needed, that one alone is left soft ; the other two, which would be merely a source of weakness to the plant if unprotected, are covered in the existing nut by harder shell. Doubtless they serve in part to deceive the two inquisitive monkey or other enemy, who probably concludeth that if one of the pits is hard and impermeable, the other two are so likewise.

The writer concludes by remarking that it is wonderful how much use we modern Englishmen make in our own houses of this far Eastern nut.

"From morning to night we never leave off being indebted to it. We wash with it as old brown Windsor or glycerine soap the moment we leave our beds. We walk across our passages on the mats made from its fibre. We sweep our rooms with its brushes, and wipe our feet on it as we enter our doors. As rope, it ties up our trunks and packages ; in the hands of the housemaid it scrubs our floors ; or else, woven into coarse cloth, it acts as a covering for bales and furniture sent by rail or steamboat. The confectioner undermines our digestion in early life with coco-nut candy ; the cook tempts us later on with coco-nut cake ; and Messrs. Huntley and Palmer cordially invite us to complete the ruin with coco-nut biscuits. We anoint our chapped hands with one of its preparations after washing ; and grease the wheels of our carriages with another to make them run smoothly. Finally we use the oil to burn in our reading lamps, and light ourselves at last to bed with stearine candles. Altogether, an amateur census of a single small English cottage results in the startling discovery that it contains twenty-seven distinct articles which owe their origin in one way or another to the coco-nut palm. And yet we affect in our black ingratitude to despise the question of the milk in the coco-nut."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1884.

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THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP.

SHE gathered at her slender waist
 The beauteous robe she wore ;
 Its folds a golden belt embraced,
 One rose-hued gem it bore.
 The girdle shrank ; its lessening round
 Still kept the shining gem,
 But now her flowing locks it bound,
 A lustrous diadem.
 And narrower still the circlet grew ;
 Behold ! a glittering band,
 Its roseate diamond set anew,
 Her neck's white column spanned.
 Suns rise and set ; the straining clasp
 The shortened links resist,
 Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp
 The diamond, on her wrist.
 At length, the round of changes past,
 The thieving years could bring,
 The jewel, glittering to the last,
 Still sparkles in a ring.
 So, link by link, our friendships part,
 So loosen, break and fall,
 A narrowing zone ; the loving heart
 Lives changeless through them all.

HENRY IRVING.—The gist of this article is given under the
 same heading in the extracts from the *Century Magazine*.

FRANCE.

LITERARY tendencies are towards historical enquiry, science, geography, and the biographies of representative men. The printing presses are not kept idle in France; new books and new editions appear on the average to the extent of thirty volumes a day. At this rate the world will not be able to contain all that is printed.

The election of M. de Lesseps as a member of the Academy was a compliment to his energy and "public works," not any recognition of literary merit. Digests of engineer's reports and abstracts of Blue Books—such are de Lesseps's *bagage littéraire*. However, Marshal Saxe was an Immortal, and was ignorant of orthography and grammar, and the present duc Pasquier never wrote a book. M. François Coppée has been elected on account of his poetic and dramatic talent, which is not of the superlative order. The opposition to his admission was led by Edmund About because Coppée had satirized him in tame stanzas, a few years ago, for accepting many personal favours from the Emperor Napoleon and his Empress, and then becoming one of the latter's bitterest newspaper assailants.

Primary education continues to receive marked attention in Parliament. The Ministry stands a chance of being ousted—it is twelve months old, and that is not a short lease of life for a French Cabinet—because it hesitates to expend more millions on national schools. Gunnery is commencing to form the backbone apparently of French primary instruction. Teach the young idea how to "shoot" is a sage maxim. In the case of orphans, institutions will be established in Algeria, where such children will be trained for colonial life, in Tonkin, as well as in Algeria.

France is fully determined to have a good standing colonial army; she will send officers to command Annamite contingents, and contemplates bringing some members of the latter to Algeria to be more deeply imbued with modern knowledge. France too is very resolute—for it is not a fit that is on her only now—to have a colonial empire. Neither the Congo nor Madagascar attracts French interest and ambition, but Tonkin, for an Indo-Chinese

empire has taken possession of the national mind. On this point a thorough understanding, it is rumoured, exists between France and England, which eases the situation of the latter in Egypt and the former at the Congo and Madagascar. Russia has received Merv, on condition, it is believed here, that she will keep her hands off Armenia.

Attention is directed to a letter addressed to Lady Cécile Hobart, by Jean Jacques Rousseau, in March 1770, from Monquin, in which is to be discovered his last love. It is full of that lyricism which Rousseau was, it may be said, the first to introduce into prose, for *Télémaque* is very pale beside his compositions. Rousseau had retired to Wooton, in Derbyshire, to seek a refuge from the religious persecutions of which his diseased mind imagined he was the object. It was in England Rousseau wrote the first six volumes of his *Confessions*. Voltaire also sought an asylum in England after his liberation from the Bastille; he there commenced his *Henriade*—his favourite work, which he was occupied in polishing even on his death bed. It was at Wooton that Rousseau encountered Lady Hobart; but he had an affection previously for a Mdlle. Dewes; his admiration for the Countess of Portland was limited to the field of Botany. It is not clearly established who this Lady Hobart was, save that she had at one time a youthful lover, and this Romeo and his Juliet seemed to view Rousseau as a kind of Messiah. Rousseau, who did not love his own children, called this young man " *fils* ." However, Rousseau, whose vanity was extreme, although approaching sixty years of age, became smitten with a new passion: he saw in Lady Hobart the most perfect incarnation of the heroines of his romances. The passion represented the expiring sighs of his heart. In the letter there is nothing of that fervour and violence which he expressed to Mdlle. Serre and entertained for Madame d'Hondetats; still less, that uniform, peaceful love, which he professed towards Madame de Warrens, nor of that prosaic affection that he extended to Thérèse Le Vasseur.

Rousseau's passion for Lady Hobart was purely æsthetical, rising even to ecstasy. He appeared to find in her the ideal type, the object of his life-dream, which he endeavoured to depict in *Julie*. And his love was so disinterested, so serene, that he contemplated the loves of Lady Hobart and her Romeo with a tranquillity quite paternal. It is not certain whether Rousseau made a confession to Lady Hobart of his passion before quitting England, or whether he brought that secret back with him to France. In any case, three years after he quitted Wooton, he received a letter from her ladyship, full of melancholy and spleen, saying that she and her lover had

taken a disgust of life, a *tedium vitæ*, and desired to die. Did he dissuade the young lovers from suicide; did he re-act the amicable rôle of Milord Edouard towards Saint-Preux? No such thing. He made the most beautiful and sophistical apology for suicide, as attractive as it was dangerous. His thesis was, that terrestrial love has so little of durability that it flies with the rapidity of a dream; that it lacked, and ever would lack, permanence and immutability, because, like life, love cannot combat the changes of destiny and the wounds of time.

Rousseau, it must not be forgotten, firmly believed in the immortality of the soul and in the clemency of a Divine Being. He held that souls which loved on earth would be united in heaven, and that there was a Paradise reserved for lovers. His advice to the lovers was to yield to their instinct of suicide so as to avoid the loss of their fleeting love here below, and by dying in each other's arms, re-live beyond the tomb in the delights of endless bliss. The step from life to death is not formidable, as it is but the passage from a world where nothing is stable to a world where all is immortal. He attacks the clergy for making the shuffling off of this mortal coil terrible. Rousseau does not tell us if the Supreme Being reserves the same recompenses for the wicked as for the good; and if the latter will be forced to live throughout eternity side by side with such neighbours as the former. The letter may be regarded as the quintessence of the ideas and style of Rousseau. He never wrote in his *Nouvelle Héloïse* anything more ardent than his apology for suicide, nor did he put anything more dangerous into the mouth of Saint-Preux. It is only just to add that a month before the date of the letter, so pessimist in its views to Lady Hobart, he suffered from an access of black melancholy.

La Revue des Deux Mondes, until recently, represented all that France possessed in the way of reviews. This is due to the fact that the literary life of France prefers to throw itself either into the daily press, or into the volume form. The Review in question was strictly founded in December 1831, more than a quarter of a century after the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*, on whose features it is somewhat modelled, though it is a fortnightly publication. It had a terribly up-hill struggle. It is only *le premier pas qui coûte*, observed a witty French lady on hearing the recital of Saint Denis walking from Paris to his Cathedral, a distance of four miles, with his decapitated head under his arm. The "first step" for M. Buloz, the founder of the Review, signified thirty years of no profits; but he was a man of immense energy, had faith in his work, believed in.

its success, and lived to see it realize more than his most brilliant dreams. It has now a circulation of 25,000 copies. Dynasties might fall or rise, earthquakes come and go, plagues appear and disappear, but Buloz would have the Review out on the day fixed, and containing articles that he alone approved of. He was not a writer, but he knew what the public taste required. No name dazzled him if its owner's work did not possess the selling quality. It was thus that Buloz refused on one occasion an article on "God"; he declined it, alleging "it did not possess actuality." The first offices of the Review were very humble—as lowly as the cradle of the house of Hapsburg. But it is now in a palace—the mansion once occupied by Josephine de Beauharnais, where Napoleon passed some of the happiest hours of his life. The ornamentation of the rooms appears as if the historical occupants had only just quitted it. The present Director of the Review is M. Charles Buloz, son of the founder. He is as punctilious as his father respecting the faultless printing of the periodical and its punctual appearance. He is a gentleman of forty years of age. The French Jeffrey, though in appearance calm, is a person of wonderful energy, decision, and penetration; but a gentleman in the full English meaning of the word. His father who created this literary power for France was but a common foreman in a printing office, when he started the Review, he went without his breakfast to pay for the paper to print the first number, and as he knew a little English, made himself some translations, in his fireless garret, only furnished with an iron bed, a deal table, wooden chairs, and a pair of bottles for candlesticks. He persuaded M. Bixio to join him in the speculation, and some capital was thus obtained. Son of Savoy, Buloz was not deterred by misery; he endowed France with what she never had before, her first true Review: he compelled people to talk about it and buy it; better still, he forced the young intellect of France to offer it their services.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* was the name of an insignificant periodical, which had for additional title, *Journal des Voyages*. Buloz purchased the copyright of the dying publication for a few francs; he retained only the first appellation, and the earliest numbers had the figures of two women—to represent the *Deux Mondes*—the *Old* world and the *New*. The frontispiece was suppressed, as detracting from the gravity of the periodical. Buloz had for right-hand man, Gerdès, a fellow printer; when writers came to solicit, "something on account," Buloz referred them to Gerdès: it was to visit Cerberus after softening Minos or Rhadamanthus.

But if Gerdès considered the applicant to be one of the elements of success of the *Revue*, he would, after sundry inward groans, undertake a voyage of discovery in his cash-box and bring forth a 20-fr. piece. Now there is not a celebrity that France has produced during the last half century, whether publicist, academician, or statesman, but may be said to have passed, been accepted, or declined, by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. On one occasion Gustave Planche held back his article, on the eve of the publication of a number of the *Revue*. Buloz ran to his lodgings—the same rooms that had for tenants J. J. Rousseau, Moreau, George Sand, and Jules Sandeau, but Planche only completed it when he received ten francs to purchase a meal! Buloz limited his ambition to a calculation of only 1,500 copies: it has now 25,000! Planche was the terrible critic of the *Revue*; he dined in a little tavern for fifteen sous when he had them, and yet he made Hugo, then the demi-god of romanticism, tremble. And Buloz, the man almost without education, kept Balzac, Alfred de Musset, Planche, Mérimée, Alfred de Vigny, Sandeau, Sainte-Beuve, and one hundred others in their places.

Gerdès was the bull-dog of Buloz, but Bonnaire was the outsider, the Jack of all trades; he obtained subscribers, lent his back to bear all the whacks intended for the dauphin; cajoled creditors, persuaded writers to send in copy, and generally was the diplomatist and minister for foreign officers of the *Revue*; he boasted to be one of its "writers" on its commercial side: he was doubtless, all agreed, its ablest contributor. It was in 1838 that the *Revue* dealt with politics when it at once became such a power as to frighten Thiers, and compel Guizot to solicit quarter. In 1845, the *Revue* was converted into a joint stock company: the shares were 5,000 francs each, for cash, and the moiety to contributors who paid the other half in articles. These shares to-day are not in the market, and represent in point of dividends a little fortune for the holders. Disgusted in 1848 with the Revolution, Buloz had the intention to sell the *Revue* for a modest sum, and retire to Geneva, and there found another, where it would be safe from political instability. However, it was just that Revolution which made the fortune of the periodical. Napoleon arrived at power; sumptuary press laws were voted, and all the talents, all the celebrities who hated the second empire, headed by Prevost Paradol,—who nevertheless committed suicide, when a French Minister at Washington for the second empire—found a fortress, an entrenched camp in the *Revue*. The only man who could never pull with Buloz, and he is perhaps one of the most instructed "Men of the Time," was M. Challemeil-Lacour; he only passed by that periodical, a course which has ever been the regret of his life.

M. Bertrand in his *Cours d'Archéologie Nationale*, lays down that the ancient Gauls can only be known or studied through their monuments. His work is a series of elegant lessons popularly written, and treating of the history of archæology. M. Bertrand does not believe in "tertiary" man, so he commences with the man "quaternary," who has bequeathed to us flint hatchets coarsely fabricated. Then the actual fauna of Gaul existed, but some species have become extinct, as the mammoth and the primitive elephant; other species have emigrated, as the reindeer and the auroch. Next the "cave men"—those who took up their abode in natural caverns; here the fauna are the same, but in addition to flint there are carved bone, nay ivory, instruments, for then Gaul nourished elephants. The cavern population displayed a remarkable knowledge of design; they were hunters, fishermen, and shepherds, but their domestic animal was neither the ox, the horse, nor the sheep; it was the reindeer. The dog was unknown. Inhumation was practised in the caverns, as in parts of West Africa the floor of the house is the cemetery for the departed tenants. The megalithic (large stone) succeeded the cavern civilization; its characteristics are dolmans, cromlechs, covered alleys, and menhirs. Here are found the first evidences of earthen vases and polished flints as arrow heads and hatchets. The megalithic population consisted of two groups, one coming from the east by the north, extending over Great Britain and Ireland, Denmark, &c.; the other arrived from the east of Central Europe, and extended over Italy to Bretagne. The former only knew hammered gold: the latter were acquainted with bronze, a little iron; wheat, rye, the domestic uses of the horse, ox, pig, sheep, which expelled the reindeer. This second race did not bury but burned their dead, and furnished the lacustrine tribes of Switzerland, &c.; they appear to have been acquainted with stuffs; it was from this race the Celts sprang, till the Gauls appeared who buried, not cremated, their dead.

M. Louis Leger, in his *La Save, le Danube, et le Balkan* gives the results of his travels in these countries in the year 1882. Of the Croats, he says, they "offer the type of a nation absolutely religious and where free-thinking is completely unknown." He is very severe on the Servians; all is illusion and delusion in that country, to which "Europe was so sympathetic." Bulgaria, which, like Belgium and Switzerland, is a protecting buffer, is not destined to enjoy for a long time its neutral life. The volume is agreeably written, and full of piquant portraits and practical observations.

La Cochinchine Contemporaine, by Messrs. Boulnois and Paulus, gives a *résumé* of all that any one may desire to know on this colony founded by the French twenty years ago. The number of volumes

published on the ancient Kmer empire is enormous, and might puzzle the classifying powers of the Latin poet. That empire is now dismembered, and the fragments belong to France and Siam. The first financial budget of Cochin-China was four million francs: to-day it amounts to twenty millions. It is the only self-paying colony that France possesses, and in addition to paying its way, it contributes a surplus of more than two millions to the Home Treasury; and yet the colony is ranked as being too expensively administered. The expenses for the administration, for example, of the English Straits Settlements, are 10·7 per cent. of the revenue and for Hong-Kong, 9·8; while it is 24 per cent. for Cochin-China.

In 1880 the population was 1½ millions, of which 1·825 were French, and 1·39 foreigners; the Chinese number 58·500. In the basin of the Donnai, the land exacts much outlay of capital to till, while in the basin of Mékong, the weeds have only to be cut down, the earth scratched with a plough, to secure a prolific crop of rice.

The Annamites belong to the Yellow Race: physically, they are small, nervous, apparently weak, and frequently lean. Morally, they are mild, gentle, reflecting, timid, and gay; they love amusements, games of chance, theatricals, and cock and "fish" fightings; they are more liberal in expending their money than the Chinese; are attached to their native heath, and are "good husbands and affectionate fathers." Generally they are sober, but the upper ten like opium and have a weakness for European fire-waters. They appear naive, while being exceedingly *ruse*; it appears they have wit and much good sense, but have, above all, a wonderful talent for mimicry. The Annamites take easily to education, but up to the present the pupils are allowed to lean largely on Confucius for their three *R's* as well as sagacity. The Chinese pothooks and hangers are taught, which cannot but be a mistake, when at the cost of Western calligraphy.

Père Didon's book on *Les Allemands* is in a sense disappointing; more was expected from the illustrious Dominican. He had been silenced by the Church for what might be called his flights into modernism or liberalism as a popular preacher, but, unlike the Père Hyacinthe Loyson, he preferred to submit rather than found a church of his own. He was relegated to the monastery of Corbara. Patriot to the marrow of his bones, Père Didon resolved to study the Germans; with this view he taught himself the German language and then set out for a German University as a student, just as Loyola left Pameluna to study at a French College.

The author truly remarks that the French, forced to see only themselves, will finish by no longer knowing themselves. But he

gives us only a limited insight into German character. His work is simply the impressions of University life. He was not expected to describe the beer saloons like Tissot, nor depict the ladies of honour who surround the Empress, as did the anonymous Comte Wasili. But he might have told how the formidable Government machine works; what are the elements of its force, the prospects of its durability. Not a single word about Socialism, that *point noir* of Vaterland, which at the late election polled an aggregate of 600,000 votes. The influence of Marx and Lassalle was worthy of being investigated. Then again the position of parties in the Berlin parliament which causes M. Bismarck so much anxiety, was a tempting topic. Finance, which in this age forms so powerful an element in the life of nations, presented a text full of instruction. The consequences of Protection—the new Berlin decrees it might be called—deeply interest France as well as all free-traders. In place of these subjects the state of the university world and its society are well described. No matter what may be the variety of education adopted, the *alumni* of all the schools exhibit the most vivacious, ardent, and enthusiastic patriotism. In France, the programmes of college studies are so many iron-clad decrees: in Germany, programmes are free, so are professors and so are pupils to select what school they please. French university education is cramped, oppressive, and tyrannical; it paralyses all initiation. The author's style is elegant and dignified, full of delicate analysis, and of remarkably penetrating spirit. He shows that the German mind, thanks to its primary education, can pass without difficulty, without effort, from the most abstract speculation to the most energetic action. It is difficult to know what Père Didon means by reproaching German statesmen with being "the utilitarians of genius." Louis XIV had great men; but he never made war for an idea: his idea was to possess Strasbourg, Besançon, Namur, &c. Père Didon, a disciple of Lacordaire's, believes that France has a prudential mission, and is destined to regenerate the world. All nations entertain that idea. The Germans believe they are the people of God; talk two seconds with a Slav and he will announce his conviction that his race is destined to regenerate the universe. The Byzantines believed they too had a divine mission, and while the enemy was battering at their gates, the Greeks were assembled on the public *place*, looking on the tower of Saint Isaac for the descent of the angel which was to deliver the city.

C. de LUTECE.

PARIS, *March* 1884.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

THE Parliamentary Campaign, which commenced on the 5th ultimo, has opened inauspiciously for the Government.

Not only have they narrowly escaped defeat in the House of Commons on a question of confidence, but the course of events during the recess, and especially during the last two months, has impaired their position in the country to an extent which must remove any scruples the Lords might otherwise have felt in forcing a dissolution at the earliest opportunity. There are, moreover, unmistakable signs that the tension of opposing forces within the party itself has reached a stage at which the merest accident would suffice to cause disruption.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 21st ultimo, in the course of an article on the future of political parties in England, has the following passage:—

“The next Cabinet must of necessity contain Radicals, but it will depend on next election whether the preponderance will not lie with the Moderates. * * * Below the gangway quite as much as on the front opposition bench are discordant and conflicting voices heard whenever questions of foreign policy are raised, and unfortunately some of the loudest voices proclaim doctrines which are as repugnant to the popular sentiment as they are inconsistent with the logic of facts. This may be inevitable, but it does not tend to strengthen the party either in the country or the Cabinet. Until Radicals can agree upon a foreign policy which the constituencies will accept, there is not much prospect that they will hold the commanding position in the next administration.”

The writer might have added, “which they till lately held in this.”

This passage, coming from such a quarter, and taken together with others from the same source pointing in a similar direction, is noteworthy from two points of view: first, as indicating the wide-spread prevalence, among all parties in the country, of a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the manner in which the Government has lately conducted its foreign affairs, and, again, as showing

the growth within the Cabinet itself of a conviction of the necessity of propitiating this feeling as the only chance of maintaining its hold on the constituencies. No Liberal, whatever his own particular views, can be so blind to facts around him as to be unconscious that the numerical triumph of his party in the division on the proposed vote of censure represented the real opinion neither of the country nor of the House of Commons itself. The result of the division was, in fact, due to a combination of three causes, wholly unconnected with the merits of the question at issue—the feebleness of the attack, the force of party discipline, sustained at the last moment by the tardy and partial repentance of the Ministers, and want of confidence in the *personnel* of the Opposition.

The very form in which the censure was embodied was wanting alike in accuracy, in definiteness and in force. It asserted that the recent lamentable events in the Soudan were, “due, in a great measure, to the vacillating and inconsistent policy pursued by Her Majesty’s Government.” Now, if there is anything certain about the lamentable events in question, it is that they were due, from first to last, to the persistent failure of the Government to take timely steps to prevent them. Vacillating and inconsistent the Government may have been; but it is to their obstinacy, not their vacillation; the uniformity with which they have waited on disaster, instead of anticipating it, that the ruin which has attended their policy is traceable.

They took no steps to save Hicks Pasha and the thousands of Egyptians with him; and, though they urge that they were not responsible for sending them to destruction, it is unquestionable that they, and they alone, were responsible for refusing to sanction the expenditure that might have prevented it. Baker Pasha was overwhelmed because they refused not only to support him, but to allow him to take the steps which he considered best calculated to ensure success; and, though they attempted to extenuate this neglect by the plea that they believed the force with him to be sufficient for the purpose in view, the fact that the majority of the force were known never to have fired a rifle is damning evidence of the insincerity of the excuse.

Baker Pasha’s rabble was annihilated on the 4th ultimo, and information of the disaster reached the Government on the following day. The garrison of Sinkat was at that time *in extremis*, yet it was not till the 11th ultimo that, aroused by the rising wave of popular indignation to a sense of the necessity of action, the Government showed any sign of moving for its relief. All it then

did was to ask Admiral Hewett what chance he thought there was of securing its safety by negotiations or arms. On that very date, however, the garrison, in a gallant attempt to cut their way through the enemy, were destroyed almost to a man. The news of this fresh disaster reached England on the 12th, and then, and then only, did the Government determine to take practical action, and, if possible, relieve Tokar. The necessary arrangements for this purpose were pushed forward with energy, and by the 22nd ultimo a force of over three thousand British troops had landed at Trinkitat, but only to learn that the garrison they were sent to rescue had surrendered to the enemy.

Had the determination of the Government been taken two days sooner than it was ; had it been taken, that is to say, within five days of the receipt of the news of Baker Pasha's defeat—this last humiliation would, in all human probability, have been averted. In defence of their inaction for an entire week after that event, all they could urge was that they wished to ascertain from General Gordon that the despatch of British troops to Suakim was unlikely to imperil the success of his mission to Khartoum. But an examination of the telegrams sent by the Government to General Gordon during the period in question leaves little room to doubt that this defence was an afterthought.

Surely here was material for an indictment at once far more damaging and much less easy to rebut than that of vacillation and inconsistency.

If the choice of the battle-ground was thus strangely infelicitous, the manner in which the battle itself was conducted was wanting alike in energy and skill.

Rhetorically feeble to a degree indicative of half-heartedness, the speeches of the Opposition leaders suggested rather a dread of victory than a determination to win it. Marked by an ambiguity and evasiveness which provoked an irresistible suspicion that their authors mistrusted themselves, they were but ill calculated to inspire confidence in others. Equally inadequate, whether as an expression of popular feeling, or as an exposition of party policy, they could be interpreted only as evidence of an inability to grasp the situation, or an unwillingness to accept it.

Not until the close of the debate, when to a defeat which was probably a foregone conclusion from the first, the down-turned thumbs of the spectators had added a bitterness it would not otherwise have possessed, was any attempt made by the Conservative leader to take the country into his confidence.

In defence of this reticence, Lord Salisbury, speaking at the St. Stephen's Club, urged, on the one hand, that it was not the business of his party to put out a pilot balloon to help the enemy, and, on the other, that it was unsound to lay down a policy without knowing the acts on which it was founded. The former argument, however conclusive as a reply to the taunts of their opponents, could hardly be expected to satisfy the expectations of the public; the latter was wholly inapplicable to the circumstances of the situation. A party that would inspire confidence in itself must do something more than demonstrate the incapacity of its rivals. The leaders of the Opposition should have remembered that, in arraigning the Government, it was the suffrages of the country, rather than the votes of the House, for which they were bidding, and that, to win those suffrages, they must convince the country that they were prepared to consult its feelings and carry out its wishes. To do this, it was unnecessary to enter into details. The Government has forfeited the confidence of the country, not so much because the country condemns its definitive policy, as because, in carrying out that policy, it has shown an entire disregard for the traditions, the interests, and the honour of England. In order that the country may bestow its confidence on others, it requires the assurance, not so much that they will adopt this or that particular line of action, as that, whatever line of action they may adopt, they will carry it out with a due regard to the traditions, the interests, and the honour of England.

The question of the retention or abandonment of the Soudan furnishes a case in point.

Neither the honour nor the interest of England requires her to retain the Soudan, but both her honour and her interest forbid her to beat a precipitate retreat from it in the face of a victorious enemy. For retreat under such circumstances must not only damage her prestige elsewhere, but destroy every vestige of that influence in the Soudan by which alone she can hope to check the development of the slave-trade there. Had the leaders of the Opposition been able to announce that without reversing the Ministerial policy of recognising the independence of the Soudan, it was on their own terms alone, as supreme arbiters of the future, that they would recognise it, they would at once have defined the respect in which the conduct of the Cabinet is degrading to England, and furnished the country with the most ample proof of their own title to its confidence.

But they were unable or unwilling to face even this measure of

responsibility, and when, at last, Sir Stafford Northcote broke silence, it was to enunciate a programme remarkable only for its avoidance of all reference to the actual facts of the situation, and all points on which any serious difference of opinion exists.

The policy of the Opposition, he said, was to secure to Egypt a good and efficient administration, to keep the country in a position of independence, to secure the road to India, and to do away with the risk of interference by foreign Powers.

In the division, which resulted in a majority of forty-nine for the Government, only four Liberals voted with the minority. But the speeches of Messrs. Foster and Goschen showed clearly that the votes of an important section of the party were determined less by approval of the conduct of the Cabinet than by mistrust of their opponents. In spite of this mistrust, the left centre would probably have abstained from voting, but for the change in the policy of the Government which followed the fall of Sinkat. Mr. Forster's speech was, in fact, a crushing indictment of the Government, and Mr. Goschen based his plea for mercy rather on the promise implied in their repentance than on their past performance, but he accurately represented the feelings of the moderate Liberals when, in further justification of his vote, he urged his objection to give a blank political cheque to the Conservatives.

But I am anticipating the course of events.

Parliament was opened by Commission, the Queen's speech, which was more lengthy than usual, being read by the Lord Chancellor.

The chief interest of the document lay in the announcement contained in it, that, although unforeseen events had compelled the Government to postpone the reduction of the army in Egypt and the evacuation of Cairo, their determination to retire from the country whenever the original aim of the occupation should have been attained, was unchanged, and in the sketch given in it of the Legislative programme for the session. Besides the Bill for the enlargement of the occupation franchise throughout the United Kingdom, introduced by Mr. Gladstone last Thursday week, this programme includes Bills for the extension and reform of local self-government, including local option; the extension of Municipal Government to the whole metropolis; the better security of life and property at sea; the extension of the powers of the Railway Commission; the repression of corrupt practices of Municipal elections; the better administration of Scotch business; the closing of public houses on Sunday in Ireland, and the improvement of intermediate education in Wales;

Like all other similar programmes it must be taken as indicating rather what Ministers consider to be most needed by the country than what they expect to accomplish.

The ground covered is obviously far too extensive to be traversed in one session, to say nothing of the obstacles with which it is sown, and which are unusually numerous and formidable.

In the House of Lords the address was agreed to after a comparatively short debate, in the course of which Lord Salisbury attacked and Lord Granville defended the policy of the Government. In the House of Commons an amendment was moved by Mr. Bourke, drawing the attention of Her Majesty to the failure of the Government policy in Egypt, and expressing the opinion of the House that no measures would be effective for obtaining the object of the Ministerial policy in that country, unless they were founded on a distinct recognition by Her Majesty's Ministers of the obligations they had incurred by their intervention in its affairs.

It had been arranged that Sir C. Dilke should reply on behalf of the Government, and, it was expected, that the debate would occupy three days and furnish an opportunity for a full discussion of the momentous question to which it referred. This expectation, however, was destined to be upset by a default on the Ministerial side which, in whatever way it may be interpreted, reflects but little credit on those responsible for it. When Mr. Bourke finished speaking, the approach of the dinner hour, combined, it may be, with the somewhat halting character of his eloquence, had reduced the House to little more than a bare quorum, and Sir C. Dilke, unwilling, as he himself states, to enter on his defence of the Government to so poor an audience, retained his seat. No other member on the Liberal side rising, Baron de Worms then got up and continued the attack, taunting the Ministers with the silence of conscious guilt. At the conclusion of his speech, which was a short one, Sir C. Dilke was absent from his place, and, no one on either side rising to continue the debate, or move for an adjournment, the speaker put the question, and the division which followed resulted in the defeat of the amendment by 77 to 20.

In justice to themselves, if not in courtesy to their opponents, the Government could hardly leave unexplained a silence susceptible of a construction even more damning than that put upon it by Baron de Worms; and, at a subsequent stage of the evening, both the Prime Minister and Sir C. Dilke tendered explanations, which were amplified the following evening, the gist of which was that the collapse of the debate was due to the accident that, while Sir C. Dilke

had arranged to speak after the dinner hour, Mr. Bourke's speech terminated before that time, and when there were only some twenty members in their places, and that, though he would rather have risen than allowed the debate to fall through, he was not in the House when the question was put.

Sir C. Dilke's reluctance to speak during the dinner hour was not improbably increased by the fact that the news of the annihilation of Baker's army, which had reached him just before the debate, had unsettled both his nerves and his arguments ; but even under these depressing circumstances, he would probably have shown less alacrity to leave the House, without providing for the continuance of the debate, if the majority of the members present had been Conservatives, instead of Liberals.

In tendering the explanation just referred to, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to assure the House of his regret for the collapse of the debate, and his anxiety to afford the fullest opportunity for the discussion of the Government policy, which, he suggested, should be renewed on a fresh amendment, to be brought forward at the stage of report. The leaders of the Opposition, however, rightly felt that, in view of the increased gravity of the situation, on the one hand, and the continued hesitation of the Government on the other, the feeling of the country would be inadequately expressed by a mere amendment on the address ; and accordingly, on the 7th ultimo, Lord Salisbury, in the Peers, and Sir Stafford Northcote in the Commons, gave notice of the vote of censure, to the failure of which and its causes I have already referred at length.

Besides Mr. Bourke's, two other amendments were on the notice-board—one by Mr. Chaplin, expressing the regret of the house that, notwithstanding the resolution of July last, foreign animals suffering from foot and mouth disease had since been permitted to land alive, and that Her Majesty had not been advised to take prompt and adequate steps to prohibit such landing in future, and another by Mr. Parnell, condemning the action of the Government in suppressing public meetings in Ireland, and allowing certain Irish Magistrates to express their sympathy with Lord Rossmore.

Notice having, however, been given that the Government intended introducing a measure dealing with the former question, Mr. Chaplin's amendment, which was moved on the 7th ultimo, ultimately assumed the form of an expression of satisfaction at this fact, coupled with an assurance that precedence would be given to the Bill whenever it might reach the House. This was rejected by 251 to 200.

In the course of the debate on the vote of censure, which was not concluded till the 19th ultimo, Sir W. Lawson moved, and Mr. Labouchere seconded, an amendment to the effect that the House, while declining at present to express an opinion on the Egyptian policy of Her Majesty's Ministers, trusted that in future British forces might not be employed for the purpose of interfering with the Egyptian people in the selection of their own Government. This was ultimately withdrawn, and the vote of censure rejected by 311 to 262, the Home Rulers—to the number of thirty-four—voting with the minority.

The following day the debate on the address, by this time almost forgotten by the public, was resumed on Mr. Parnell's amendment, which, after wasting the time of the House during considerable portions of three further sittings, was rejected on the 22nd ultimo by 81 to 30, whereupon the address was agreed to.

The real business of the session can hardly be said to have commenced till the 28th ultimo, when Mr. Gladstone moved for leave to introduce a measure for the extension and reform of the franchise which, should it be passed into law, will raise the number of voters in the United Kingdom from about three, to at least five, millions.

Ostensibly the main object of the Bill is to assimilate the franchise in the counties to that already existing in the boroughs, by extending to the former the occupation franchise conferred on the latter in 1867; but it goes somewhat beyond this, and proposes to create in both boroughs and counties a new form of franchise, called the service franchise, for persons who, though inhabiting tenements of the necessary annual value, are technically neither tenants nor occupants.

The new franchise will include not merely resident officers of large public institutions, but servants of gentlemen, farmers and other employers of labour who are heads of families, occupying qualifying tenements by which no other inhabitant is qualified, and which are integral houses, or such separate parts of houses as are recognised by law for electoral purposes.

The Bill also makes some minor changes, such as the abolition of the £50 rental franchise and the reduction of the £12 rating franchise to a £10 annual value franchise. The property franchise is left untouched, and no condition of residence is imposed; but the Bill contains provisions for preventing the manufacture of fictitious votes by disqualifying incorporeal hereditaments, with the exception of tithe rent-charges and some others.

So far it contains nothing in principle which has not been

already endorsed by the Legislature, for there is no tangible ground on which a qualification considered sufficient for urban inhabitants can be pronounced definitively and permanently insufficient for residents in the country. If the Bill is open to criticism, it must be on accidental and temporary, not on essential, grounds, or on account of something omitted, not of anything contained in it. One more ground is the inopportuneness of the extension in view of the condition of Ireland, and of the foreign affairs of the nation; another is foreshadowed in Mr. Goschen's view that the agricultural labourer should be educated in the exercise of local civil duties before the political franchise is conferred on him.

Mr. Gladstone stated that he took his stand on the broad principle that the enfranchisement of capable citizens, whether few or many, and the more the better, was an additional strength to the State, and whatever difference of opinion may exist on the question of who is capable and who is not, this is a principle which it is impossible to gainsay.

At the same time, it is evident that the effect of the Bill, as it stands, would be to remedy one injustice only at the cost of introducing another and a more serious one. As I pointed out last month, it would remove a wide disparity in the proportion of votes to population in town and county respectively, but it would simultaneously introduce an equally wide disparity in the proportion of members to votes in either category. This, however, is only one, and not the most important, aspect of the question; for, so far as the interests or views of the existing county constituencies and those of the inferior grade of voters whom the Bill would incorporate with them, are at variance, its tendency would be to enfranchise the latter, at the cost of a wholesale disfranchisement of the former. In other words, it would operate to swamp the existing body of county voters by the numerically stronger body of new county voters created by it, and thus to place proprietors at the mercy of tenants, employers at that of employed.

In any place and under any circumstances the danger of thus conferring a preponderance of power on one class of the population, and especially on the class that has most to gain and least to lose by revolutionary legislation, would be immense. But in Ireland, where the bitterest class antagonism and the fiercest political hatred would combine with the ordinary promptings of human selfishness to render the supremacy thus conferred a supremacy for undiluted evil, this danger would be tremendous.

So obvious and so repugnant alike to natural justice and the

spirit of the British constitution are these consequences that any attempt to carry an extension of the franchise in the manner proposed, without such a redistribution of seats as would tend to counteract them, would challenge the uncompromising opposition of all moderate men. As to the necessity of redistribution as a condition of extension, indeed, no serious dispute exists; but the widest difference of opinion obtains as to both the time and the manner of the redistribution. The Opposition, on the one hand, demand that either legislation for those two purposes shall proceed simultaneously, or the Government, before asking Parliament to sanction the proposed extension, shall place it in full possession of their plan of redistribution. The Government, on the other hand, not only ask the Legislature to sanction the proposed extension before proceeding to consider redistribution, but decline, in the meantime, either to disclose their plan of redistribution, or to give any guarantee that the extended franchise, if passed, shall not take effect by itself.

Seeing, on the one hand, that there is practically no limit to the extent to which redistribution may be made to serve party purposes, and, on the other, that the almost certain effect of leaving it to a Parliament returned under the extended franchise to settle the matter, would be to secure to the present majority a perpetual lease of power, unlimited by anything but their own self-restraint, it must be generally felt that the objection of the Opposition to thus giving the Government a blank cheque, to fill up as they like, is perfectly reasonable.

In the present instance, moreover, special grounds for mistrust exist. Though Mr. Gladstone declined to pledge his colleagues to any particular scheme of redistribution, he volunteered a somewhat general statement of his own views on the subject, and this statement was, in several important respects, calculated to create, rather than remove, apprehension.

In the first place, it included no assurance either that the proportion of representation enjoyed by the counties would be adequately increased, or that an effective representation would be secured to minorities.

In the second place, it laid down the specious proposition that on the ground of comparative remoteness from the seat of Legislature, Scotland should have a proportionally larger share of representation than England, and Ireland the largest of all, an arrangement obviously calculated to aggrandise Liberalism at the expense of Conservatism, and extreme Radicalism, combined with disloyalty, at the expense of both. In the third place, it deliberately

proposed to transfer seats from constituencies known to be Conservative to others known to be Liberal or Radical in their tendencies, by disfranchising the smaller boroughs in the south of England in order to raise the proportional share of representation in the north of England and in Scotland.

Then, again, while London and the other great towns are told that, owing to the density of their populations, they are not to expect a precisely proportionate share of representation, no light is thrown on the extent of the disproportion they are to be content with.

With such a confession of Mr. Gladstone's views before them, the Lords are morally certain to throw out a Bill, which, once passed, would leave no alternative between the acceptance by Parliament of any scheme that might be put before it, and an appeal to constituencies in which the Conservative element would have been swamped by the extension of the franchise.

The confidence with which they will adopt a course that will compel an appeal to the existing constituencies, will be materially increased by the result of the late election at Brighton, where, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the Caucus, Mr. Marriott, one of the late converts to Conservatism, who had resigned his seat on account of his change of sides, has been returned by a majority far exceeding that obtained at the last election by the Conservative who polled the most votes, and by some six hundred more votes than were recorded for the Liberal member who headed the poll on that occasion.

The Bill was read a first time on Monday night after a debate which fore-shadowed the certainty of a large defection from the Liberal ranks, unless Mr. Gladstone gives satisfactory assurances regarding most of the points noticed above, Mr. Goschen especially declaring his intention of opposing the Bill at every stage in any other case.

The debate on the second reading is fixed for the 20th instant, when Lord J. Manners is to move an amendment to the effect that the House decline to proceed further with it until the entire scheme of the Government is made known, and other amendments will be brought forward by Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chaplin.

Though no account of the more prominent Parliamentary business of the month would be complete without some reference to the Bradlaugh incident, yet considerations of space compel me to pass it over, the more willingly as your readers are already, no doubt, familiar with it.

Sir Henry Brand, having resigned the speakership, Mr. Arthur Peel was proposed as his successor, and elected without opposition on the 26th ultimo. His speech on the occasion, which was dignified in tone and admirably delivered, produced an excellent impression.

On the 22nd ultimo the House of Lords agreed to a motion made by Lord Salisbury and accepted by the Government, for an address to Her Majesty for the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the housing of the working classes, and a Commission has since been appointed, on which the Prince of Wales has accepted a seat. The debate was noteworthy for the unanimity which prevailed in the House on the subject at issue, and for the fact that it was the occasion of the first speech which the heir to the Crown had delivered in his capacity of legislator.

Public confidence, which had almost recovered from the blow inflicted on it by the dynamite outrages of last year, has again been roughly shaken by a terrific explosion of the same material at the Victoria Railway Station, followed by the discovery of infernal machines at three other large Railway Stations—Charing Cross, Paddington and Ludgate Hill—under circumstances which show that a plot had been concerted and carried out to the best of the ability of the operators to blow up all four buildings simultaneously.

By a happy coincidence the instance in which the apparatus acted effectively was that in which, owing to the construction of the building to be operated on, the least serious damage was likely to be caused. Had the dynamite at either the Charing Cross or the Paddington Station exploded, the destruction of life and property must have been enormous, while even at Ludgate Hill it would probably have been very serious.

The fact of the dynamite used being of the description called Atlas powder, which is manufactured only in America, together with other circumstantial evidence obtained, points clearly to the Irish American origin of the outrage, and a representation of a friendly but expostulatory character has been made to the American Government on the subject.

Public anxiety regarding the safety of General Gordon, which the Teb and Sinkat disasters had wrought to a pitch of great intensity, was set at rest by the news of his arrival at Khartoum on the 18th ultimo.

The General had sent forward in advance a series of proclamations, which were posted up in Khartoum by Col. de Coetlogon, remitting half the taxes, recognizing the Mahdi as Sultan of Kordofan, and guaranteeing the people of the Soudan against interfer-

ence with the holding or buying and selling of slaves. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that he was received with acclamations by the populace, who crowded round to kiss his feet and illuminated the town in his honour.

One of his first acts after his arrival was to open an office in the palace for the hearing of complaints. The Government accounts containing the records of the outstanding debts of the people were publicly burned by his orders, along with the bastinadoes, whips, and other instruments of punishment. He then visited the prison where he found two hundred miserable creatures in chains, many of them having lain there long periods on mere suspicion. Having released most of these people, he proceeded to demolish the building in which they had been confined.

Public confidence having been thus restored, the Fellaheen troops under Colonel Coetlogon were sent away to Berber, *en route* for Cairo, the Soudanese garrison alone being retained.

Subsequently two armed steamers, under a white flag, commanded by Colonel Stewart, were despatched up the White Nile, to reassure the people and overawe the disaffected. The expedition met with no active opposition, and in some places was well received. At other points, however, the banks were found to be occupied by large bodies of armed men, who maintained a threatening attitude.

General Gordon himself appears to have been far from completely satisfied with the result, and determined to send a second reconnaissance, at the same time issuing a fresh proclamation to the disaffected tribes informing them that, in consequence of their contumacy, he had been constrained to send for British troops, who were on their way to punish them.

This second reconnaissance was completely successful. The *Times* correspondent who accompanied it reports that several of the Sheikhs who had previously been hostile, came in, and not only tendered their submission, but volunteered to circulate the proclamations among the tribes who were still ill-affected and bring in their Sheikhs to see Gordon. These men also stated that the Mahdi had sent orders forbidding further opposition. Almost simultaneously with the return of Colonel Stewart and his party, messengers reached Khartoum from El Obied with assurances of the pacific disposition of the Mahdi, who, they said, had received General Gordon's proclamation naming him Sultan of Kordofan with delight and sent a reply. At the same time they gave on account of the Mahdi's position and relations with the people which suggests serious doubt whether the appointment in question was not altogether premature.

Affairs in the south-east corner of the Soudan have passed through a series of strange vicissitudes.

The commencement of the month found General Baker, with his motley crowd of Egyptian fellahs, mutinous Nubians and Turks, the majority of them not only entirely undisciplined but ignorant of the use of their arms, at Trinkitat, preparing to march to the relief of Tokar.

On the morning of the 5th the force advanced, and had proceeded about nine miles, when, in the midst of a furious storm of rain, it suddenly encountered the enemy. The Egyptian cavalry on the left flank, who were the first attacked, at once turned rein, without attempting to fight, and retreated in the utmost disorder on the main body, which, after a futile attempt to form square, was completely broken up and routed with fearful slaughter, all the guns, stores and ammunition falling into the hands of the Arabs.

General Baker and Colonel Sartorius, with the cavalry, cut their way through the swarms of tribesmen, and reached the main body of the force. The remnants, of which less than half reached Suakim, were hotly pursued by the Arabs till within sight of the ships.

A few days later Tewfik Pasha and the garrison of Sinkat were annihilated in a desperate attempt to cut their way through the enemy.

The British Government, which, as already stated, had remained inactive, and apparently apathetic, since the news of Baker's defeat, now determined to send a British force to protect Suakim and, if possible, relieve Tokar, which still held out.

The preparations for the expedition were pressed forward with remarkable energy and promptitude, and in less than a fortnight Suakim had been garrisoned by a strong force of Marines, and some 4,500 men of all arms under the command of General Graham.

In the meantime information had been received that the garrison of Tokar had surrendered to the enemy under circumstances which left no doubt that they had done so from sympathy with the rebellion.

On the evening of Thursday, the 28th ultimo, the troops, having crossed the lagoon opposite Trinkitat, bivouacked round the fort beyond, erected by General Baker, and a flag of truce was sent out to the enemy, with a letter, informing them that the force was about to advance, and warning them that the responsibility would rest with them if they attacked it.

This elicited no friendly response, and the following morning the force advanced in the form of a hollow square, and found the

enemy entrenched at Teb, to the number of about 10,000, with the captured Krupp guns and one of the Gatlings.

An action ensued, which lasted three hours, and in which the enemy, who fought with the most desperate bravery, were completely routed and dispersed, with a loss in killed alone of between 2,000 and 3,000 men, and of all their guns. The loss on our side was twenty-eight killed, including four officers, a hundred and forty-two wounded, including General Baker, Lieutenant-Colonel Burnaby and sixteen other officers, one of whom has since died, and two missing.

The force pushed on the next day to Tokar, which was found to have been evacuated by the enemy, and released the remnant of the garrison there; and the following morning they advanced to the village of Dubha, where a large body of the enemy were reported to be holding out, and where they found and destroyed a large quantity of arms, piled in token of submission, together with the missing Gatlings, and a great assortment of accoutrements and miscellaneous property taken from General Baker's force.

The latest, but probably far from the last, development of the new phase in Continental politics initiated by the Triple Alliance is to be found in the *rapprochement* between Russia and Germany, which is the dominant fact of the moment. To say nothing of the treaty said by the Berlin correspondent of the *Standard* to have been concluded between Germany, Austria, and Russia, the despatch of the Russian deputation, headed by the Grand Duke Michael, to Berlin, to congratulate the German Emperor on the seventieth anniversary of his investiture with the Russian Order of St. George; the transfer of Count Orloff from Paris to Berlin; the appointment of M. de Sabouroff, a statesman of well known philo-German proclivities, to superintend the education of the Czarwitch, and the visit of M. Giers to Vienna, mentioned in my last retrospect, no less than the utterances of the press in both Germany and Russia--furnish convincing testimony of the fact of this *rapprochement*. Its objects and probable results are very differently interpreted. That it deals the deathblow to French hopes of Russian co-operation in a war for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine, is sufficiently transparent. Its influence on the future of the Eastern question, and particularly of that phase of it which is concerned with the future of Egypt, admits perhaps of more doubt. The German Conservative Press, headed by the *Kreuz Zeitung*, regard it as a pledge that England will not be permitted to consummate her supposed design of converting the Mediterranean into a British lake and monopolising the commerce of the world, by incorporating that country in

her empire. 'Another view regards it as paving the way for an amicable settlement of the Eastern question between Russia, Austria, and England, which would secure Egypt to the latter and leave the two former to deal gradually, but surely, with Turkey in Europe. Probably it contemplates no such remote contingencies. For the present Italy, Austria, and Russia, immediately, and Germany indirectly, are all more or less deeply interested in the restoration of order and the establishment of a firm government in Egypt, while, at the same time, all of them are only too glad to escape the necessity of interfering themselves. Should England either fail in the task, or take advantage of her position by attempting to annex Egypt, they would probably interfere. In the absence of confirmation, I am disposed to be sceptical about the reality of the alleged new treaty referred to above. If it has really been executed, it shows that the three powers concerned entertain no immediate intention of interfering in the Egyptian question. Under it Russia undertakes to withdraw her troops from the German and Austrian frontiers, and not to support France in a war of revenge against Germany.

At the same time the relations of Russia and Austria in the Balkans are defined, the *status quo* being guaranteed, and the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria expressly recognised. All three powers give a mutual guarantee of peace, whatever that may mean, and the duration of the treaty, which is said to have been solicited by Russia, is limited to five years.

Whether, as the Radicals would have us believe, owing to the growth of a belief that the progress of Russia in Central Asia is innocuous to England, or whether because, in the presence of the actual crisis in Egypt, merely contingent dangers appear unworthy of consideration, the submission of Merv to Russia has created much less sensation in England than on the Continent.

After Lord Derby's very explicit declaration of June 1877, that, in order to counteract the effect of such a movement on the inhabitants of the neighbouring regions, it would be necessary for England to make a corresponding advance, it was impossible for the Government to pass over the event in silence. Representations on the subject have accordingly been made to Russia. At the same time it is rumoured that Russia has voluntarily offered to renew the pledge which she has always given at every fresh step, and always broken on the first opportunity, to advance no further.

That Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet will make any serious objection to what is an accomplished fact, or that they will carry out the

threat of Lord Derby, is in the highest degree improbable. Parliament has, indeed, been ostentatiously informed, in connexion with this event, that Quetta has been permanently annexed, but it has been long well-known that not the slightest intention existed of abandoning the post occupied under Lord Lytton's government at that place, and what is a mere change of name can hardly be called an advance.

The Continental Press, with almost one accord, declare the annexation of Merv to be Russia's last step before launching her hordes against Afghanistan and India; and, though this is palpable hyperbole, it is obvious that an operation which gives Russia the control of some 50,000 or 60,000 horsemen, and advances her frontier to within 150 miles of Herat, must largely increase her facilities for attacking those countries.

Perhaps, the most important effect of the annexation will, however, be the extent to which it will facilitate the work of consolidating the Russian conquests in Turkestan.

The arrest of the murderer of the detective Bloch, in Vienna, was followed by the promulgation of two ministerial decrees, suspending the constitutional rights of the inhabitants of the city and two other districts; conferring on the police, among other extraordinary powers, that of making domiciliary visits, and of opening and confiscating private letters, without warrant, and suspending the right of trial by jury for an indefinite period. The issue of these decrees was followed by the expulsion of between two and three hundred Socialists, and the suppression of certain Socialist newspapers. For some days it was considered prudent to hold a large military force in constant readiness in the capital; but, beyond an insignificant demonstration of workmen at Floridsdorf in the early part of last month, nothing occurred to threaten the public peace.

The murderer of Bloch, who was ultimately identified as one Stellmacher, formerly a non-commissioned officer in the Saxon army, and lately resident in Switzerland, appears to have made a pretty full confession, stating, among other things, that he was the person who assassinated Police Commissary Hlubeck in December last, and that the late robbery, attended with murder, at the money-changer's was perpetrated by his gang. It is believed that he has also disclosed the names of a large number of his associates both in Austria and in Switzerland.

The French Legislature has been mainly occupied with the interminable question of the so-called economic crisis; with M.

Waldeck-Rousseau's Bill regarding Trades-Syndicates; with a Bill introduced by the Government for prohibiting seditious manifestations in the public streets, and with the Education Bill.

In connexion with the first three matters, M. Ferry's government has sustained a series of vexatious defeats. Thus M. Clemenceau's proposal for the appointment of a Committee to investigate the economic crisis was carried against it in the Chamber. Then M. Waldeck-Rousseau's proposal to allow the Syndicates of different trades to combine was rejected by the Senate, which, however, has since passed it with the proviso that such combinations shall be incapable of legal incorporation. But the most serious defeat of all was sustained on a clause of the Seditious Manifestations Bill which proposed to make offences under the Bill triable by the police, and which was rejected in favour of an amendment by M. Goblet, substituting trial by jury. This defeat was the more galling that, out of deference to the Opposition, the Bill had been already largely modified in the direction of leniency; and there is no question that M. Goblet's amendment is calculated to frustrate the chief object of the Government in legislating on the matter.

A spirit of determined opposition to the new convention with the British ship-owners entered into by M. Lesseps on behalf of the Suez Canal Company, is being shown by a large section of the shareholders, who have formed a committee of defence and resolved unanimously to move for the rejection of the agreement at the Extraordinary General Meeting to be held on the 12th instant. It is probable, however, that M. Lesseps will succeed in convincing the malcontents that the Convention affords really the only hope of saving the shareholders from more serious troubles.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

March, 1884.

INDIA.

THE Annual Financial Statement of the Government of India was published in the *Gazette* on Friday, March 14th, the day of His Excellency the Viceroy's departure to his "Cloud-cuckoo" capital. Considering the mild, and on the whole pleasing, nature of this document, it has provoked an unusual amount of angry criticism. This is mainly due to the fact that the Budget Estimates for the succeeding year merely say "ditto" to the Revised Estimates for the past year, and no attempt is made to solve any of the standing difficulties of the financial situation. It is certainly a very unheroic Budget, taking its stand on the *status quo ante*, and

religiously postponing the solution of every difficulty to that "more convenient season" which may either be regarded as the golden opportunity of statesmanship, or as the refuge for incompetence. Sir Auckland Colvin defends this characteristic of his first Budget on the ground of his having only recently taken over charge of the finances of the country—a defence which may be dismissed as inadmissible, as the Financial Statement is not an exposition of the private policy of the Finance Minister but of the public policy of the Government of India, of which he took over charge a considerable while ago. There is more force in the other head of his defence, namely, that the heroic Financial Policy of 1882-83 renders exceptional caution advisable for some time to come, in order to watch the effects of the great changes then introduced especially in the Departments of Customs and Salt, and that the necessity of caution is further intensified at the present moment by the failure of last year's opium crop, which will result in a very heavy drop in the revenue from that source during the coming year. But Sir Auckland's statement, which is presented with admirable clearness, shows that, with the single exception of the revenue from opium, the financial prospects for the ensuing year are exceptionally favourable. It certainly seems that the caution, upon the necessity for which so much stress is laid, has been carried to excess, and that in framing the estimates of revenue and expenditure it has been carefully borne in mind that a large prospective surplus would necessitate legislative changes which at present Government is for some reason supremely anxious to avoid. Owing to the complications which arise from the peculiar demands made upon the Indian revenues by the Secretary of State, there is a degree of uncertainty attaching to Indian finance unusual in such a cut-and-dry subject, and the unexpected not unfrequently arrives to swallow up a surplus or convert it into a deficit. This year the unexpected appears in a way scarcely creditable either to the authorities here or at home. The Budget Estimates for the past year, 1883-84, showed a surplus of £457,000. Owing to increased revenue, in excess of the estimates, under all the principal heads, the Revised Estimates would show a surplus of £1,617,400 if it were not for an additional expenditure of £346,000 due to loss by exchange on an extra remittance of £1,500,000 to the Secretary of State in addition to the drawings of the year as originally estimated, and the payment of £1,000,000 to the War Office on account of arrears of non-effective charges connected with the portion of the British Army serving in India. The first of these charges will relieve the expenditure of

the present year, and may be considered justifiable under the circumstances; but the origin of the payment of £1,000,000 to the War Office can scarcely be regarded as satisfactory. It appears that in 1870 the following arrangement was made for paying from the Indian revenues that portion of a British soldier's pension earned by service in India :—

"If a soldier is discharged on pension after serving a portion of his time in India, the latter country is held to be liable for a share of his pension, bearing the same ratio to his whole pension that the period of his service in India bears to his whole service, and the capital value of the share of the pension chargeable to India is paid over to the English Treasury, which then becomes liable for the whole pension."

During the 13 years that have elapsed since this plan was adopted, the numerous and highly-paid officials of the India and War Offices have been engaged in making the necessary calculations of the capitalised value of these pensions, and, as a consequence of the delay in the completion of these calculations, the payments due from India have been allowed to fall sadly into arrears. The calculations being at last complete, a sudden demand for $2\frac{1}{4}$ millions of arrears is unexpectedly made upon the Government of India, "wholly unprepared for the magnitude of the claims suddenly made against it." Thirteen years is a disgracefully long time for such calculations complicated though they may be, and the whole transaction is discreditable to the efficiency of the financial staff both here and at home. Sir Auckland Colvin's statement does not make it clear how the $1\frac{1}{4}$ million which still remains unpaid is to be met, but it looks very much as if an ingenious means of swallowing up the Indian surpluses for some years to come had suddenly been discovered. The Budget Estimates for the ensuing year are as follows :—

Revenue	£70,560,400
Expenditure	£70,241,100
<hr/>			
Surplus	£319,300

In drawing up these estimates, allowance is made for a probable considerable increase under most of the principal heads of revenue, but, unfortunately, this increase is neutralised by a greatly diminished net revenue from opium. This is due to an estimated fall of £889,000 in the gross receipts from opium, and an estimated increase of £489,400 in the expenditure thereon, making the net profits under this head less by £1,378,403 than in the preceding year.

The drop in the receipts is due to the failure of the opium crop of 1883, which greatly diminishes the number of chests available for sale during the ensuing year, whilst the rise in the expenditure is due to the favourable prospects of the crop of 1884, which necessitates an increased outlay, to be more than recouped, let us hope, in the following year. In discussing the estimates for 1884-85, Sir Auckland Colvin refers to several changes, actual or prospective, of great interest, two of which are sufficiently important to merit notice in this brief summary. The first of these is an increase of £184,000 in the military charges for 1884-85. This is due to the tardy decision that "the pay and allowances of English soldiers serving in India shall in future and from the 1st January 1884, when expressed in sterling be converted at the rate of exchange fixed annually by Her Majesty's Government for the payment of the troops in the colonies, the same rate being adopted for home remittances of pay, savings bank balances and other items." The result of this decision will be to increase the pay of the British soldier employed in India by $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Whatever additional charge this may lay upon the Indian revenues, no one can regret this long-delayed measure of justice to "Tommy Atkins," to whose comfort and well-being far too little attention is paid; the only source of regret is that this equitable decision has been so long delayed. The other change foreshadowed in Sir Auckland's minute is of vast importance to the prospects of prosperity and good administration in the country. The Finance Minister announces that the Government of India has in contemplation a measure for conferring upon the whole of India all the advantages of a permanent settlement without any of those compensating disadvantages to the Imperial revenues which are admitted to have resulted from Lord Cornwallis's famous Regulations. The object of this measure, still under contemplation, is to give to the current land assessments a certain, though not final, degree of permanency, thus freeing the occupiers from the vexatious uncertainty and loss attendant upon periodical re-settlements and enhancements of the land revenue, and saving the Government the heavy expenses connected with Settlement operations, whilst at the same time provision is made for occasional and advisable re-settlement and enhancement under clearly defined conditions. These conditions, as at present contemplated, are: *First*, that all improvements made by landlords or tenants shall be exempted from assessment; *secondly*, that no re-classification or revaluation of the soil shall be allowed in any case in which the soil has once been properly classed and valued; *Thirdly*, that the existing assessment shall be taken as the basis of revision, and

shall be liable to alteration only on two or three carefully defined grounds. The reform thus briefly foreshadowed must have a vast influence upon the future of India ; and if the details of the measure are worked out carefully and judiciously, will confer a lasting honour on the government bold enough to attempt the task and wise enough to complete it with foresight and sagacity. We look forward with much interest to further information regarding this contemplated measure.

Sir Auckland Colvin in his Financial Statement goes at some length into the details of the financial results of the connection of Government with Railways. He shows that, taking into account State Railways, Guaranteed Railways, and Railways purchased by the State, the net result during the five years from 1880-81 to 1884-85 is a gain to the State of £3,270,843. The State Railways yielded during the past year a net gain to Government for the first time, amounting to £75,300, which is estimated to be increased to £156,900 during the coming year. Sir Auckland insists that the Government of India is keenly alive to the necessity and advantages of a vigorous and comprehensive policy as regards Railways, and states that a scheme calculated to give an immense impulse to the construction of Railways, by State agency or private enterprise, was submitted with strong recommendations to the Secretary of State in January 1883. This scheme has been temporarily put aside pending the deliberations of the Parliamentary Committee now sitting on Indian Railways, but Government has deputed two carefully selected officers, Mr. Westland and Major Conway-Gordon, to represent its views to this Committee. All this would be very satisfactory and re-assuring if the Government of India possessed any real power in the matter. But the policy of Government here is dictated by the Secretary of State and his Council at home, and a correspondence recently published in the papers has shed a lurid light upon the peculiar kind of encouragement which that august body is disposed to extend to private enterprise in the matter of railway extension. After the numerous expressions of sympathy with railway enterprise, and of a desire to encourage the investment of private capital without Government guarantees by every possible facility, which have emanated from the Secretary of State, one had almost come to believe that either there were insuperable difficulties in the way or else that the fault lay with capitalists themselves. But this correspondence shows that the insuperable difficulties lie in the attitude of the Secretary of State and his Council, whose incapacity and obstructiveness oppose an effectual bar against any extension of railways by private

capital. The correspondence to which we refer is that between the Directors of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway and the Secretary of State with reference to a proposal by the former to build an extension of their line from Cawnpore to Agra. After a perfectly incredible series of impracticable demands and absurd objections on the part of the India Office, during which the promoters of the new line stuck to their proposal with an almost heroic persistency, the project was finally shelved after 2½ years of negotiation, on the plea that a Committee was about to be appointed to consider the whole question of railway extension in India. The theory of the Indian Officials at home is that private enterprise is to be encouraged by every possible means: the practice of the same officials is to do their utmost to frighten private capital away from India. Under these circumstances the studied and solemn rebuke administered to capitalists by Sir Auckland Colvin for their backwardness in embarking on railway enterprise is strange in the extreme. When it is known that any proposal to embark private capital in Indian Railways means a three-years battle with all the forces of obstruction and incapacity that are concentrated in the India Office, and an issue more than doubtful at the end, it is the idlest "beating of the air" to reproach capitalists with want of enterprise because they prefer seeking a less heroic investment for their money.

The month in India has been saved from utter dullness—for even the liveliest discussion of financial details is intrinsically dull—by an interesting incident on the "Benighted Presidency." That very Mr. Wallace, ex-Judge of Cuddapah, whose expulsion from the Madras Civil Service recently excited so much attention, and discussion has been "avenged of his enemies" by obtaining and publishing in the *Madras Athenæum* a copy of an extraordinary letter from the Special Magistrate sent down to Salem after the riots, and copies also of the equally extraordinary minutes of the Madras Council thereon. These documents date as far back as November, 1882, at which time the excitement about the Salem riots was at its height, and show up in an exceedingly unpleasant way the spirit and attitude of Government in the matter. The letter from Mr. McIver, the Special Magistrate referred to is addressed to the then Chief Secretary to the Madras Government, and relates to various decisions of the High Court in cases of Salem rioters appealing against conviction and in cases of Government appealing against acquittals. The letter abounds in very overt and sarcastic abuse of the High Court, in which Mr. McIver has no trust, which he accuses of a weakness for "playing to the gallery," and which he more than hints, is quite capable of reversing the convictions merely

out of a desire to please the populace and thwart the Government. Mr. McIver therefore recommends various means of letting the High Court know that Government will stand none of its legal jugglery, or, in other words, points out methods bringing improper pressure to bear in influencing its decisions. No doubt that is an unpleasant way to put it, but that is the popular interpretation given to Mr. McIver's zealous, but excessively indiscreet, letter, and accounts for the great indignation and disgust which it has excited. Mr. McIver does not confine his peculiar compliments to the High Court alone, but deals them all round with a tolerably impartial hand. He sneers at the local authorities, he contemptuously sits upon the mild and inoffensive Government Pleader, he refers to an "unscrupulous section of the bar." The Minutes of the Madras Council on this letter of Mr. McIver's are trivial in the extreme, and can scarcely enhance the reputation of the "superior person" and his surroundings. Mr. McIver's letter is pronounced to be "a good letter," a verdict with which Mr. Grant Duff expresses his agreement, and the course advocated by Mr. McIver is approved for the reasons which he advances. This letter and the Minutes thereon have stirred up the somewhat lethargic society of Fort St. George. The bar, stigmatised as possessing an "unscrupulous section," have held an indignation meeting, but as Mr. McIver, although a barrister, has not joined the Madras bar, they have not been able to visit him with any signal punishment. There are rumours of the Judges of the High Court taking some kind of action in the matter by way of protest against the flippant insolence of their quondam Registrar, but it is probable that these gentlemen, wrapped up in the imperturbable calm of judicial dignity, will not condescend to take any notice of it. Unfortunately, the unearthing of this correspondence has coincided with a growing feeling that the whole of the proceedings of Government in the matter of the Salem riots was marked by an excess of zeal originating in unnecessary panic, and that not only were the extent and nature of the disturbance grossly exaggerated, but the punishment meted out was unnecessarily severe. The excessive desire to procure severe convictions at all costs which Mr. McIver displays, with the approval of the Governor and his Council, has served to intensify this feeling considerably, and the opinion is now freely held and expressed that many innocent people have been wrongfully imprisoned, and that the punishment of the guilty has been in nearly all cases too severe. In the Madras Administration Report, a long account of the Salem riots is given, which certainly shows an obvious wish on the part of Government to make every molehill into a mountain. We are told

that the "rioters murdered at least one man, and, it is said, threw one or two Mussalman children into the burning mosque." This is an instance of the way in which the official account is worked up. After reading it in connection with Mr. McIver's interesting letter, we are inclined to think that there is a considerable presumption in favour of the growing opinion that the Government of Madras has in this matter allowed its zeal for the preservation of order greatly to outrun its discretion. Another matter arising out of this same business of the Salem riots is exciting considerable interest. This is an action brought by C. Vijiavajava Chariar, against the Madras Government, in connection with his dismissal from his post as a Municipal Commissioner of Salem. The reasons advanced by Government for his dismissal have been printed, and constitute a most amusing and amazing document. The head and front of his offending seems to have been that he had strong sympathies, which he did not hesitate to show, with his Hindu co-religionists, and that he had occasionally acted in a manner calculated to intensify the feud between the Hindus and the Mohammedans. Under the circumstances that may have constituted a sufficient ground for the interference of Government, and his dismissal from his office may have been justified; but the official reasons alleged are simply an incoherent hodge-podge of all kinds of exaggerated trivialities. One of the reasons for his dismissal is stated to be that he acted as a local correspondent to the *Madras Times* and *Hindoo* newspapers! This is apparently considered a crime by the present highly-enlightened Governor of Madras, "who never reads the local Papers." It is as well for Mr. Grant Duff that he has an antipathy to Indian newspapers as he has informed the public; otherwise the comments which recent revelations regarding the Salem riots have drawn upon his head might considerably disturb the calm of his cultured intellect.

This is essentially the age of Exhibitions, and scarcely has the closing ceremony put an end to our great Calcutta Show before we hear of active preparations being made for another, and perhaps even more important Exhibition in Bombay. Although Bombay has determined to reject M. Joubert's fascinating proposal for an Exhibition on the "co-operative" system it has made up its mind to have an Exhibition of its own and to utilise to this end the experience gained in Calcutta. The Government of Bombay has issued a Resolution, expressing its concurrence in the popular sentiment that it is desirable to hold an Exhibition there, probably in the cold weather of 1885-86, and appointing the inevitable Committee to

make preliminary arrangements. A public meeting has taken place at which the proposal has been received with enthusiasm, and a special working sub-committee appointed. The Bombay people intend allowing themselves ample time to develop a satisfactory scheme and to work it out successfully. They mean to arrange that their Exhibition shall yield them something permanent in the shape of a Museum of Arts and Industries, just as the Exhibition of 1851 gave to London the South Kensington Museum, and as will probably also be the case with our Calcutta Exhibition. The great question of means has not yet been decided. The Government of Bombay is naturally unwilling to undertake the risk of the principal cost of the undertaking, although it will grant a site and the services of its officers free of cost and give its heartiest co-operation throughout. The plan which seems to meet with most favour is to raise a guarantee fund, the re-embursement of subscribers forming a first charge on the profits of the undertaking. This was the plan adopted in the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and seems likely to be followed at Bombay, although another proposal has been made, namely that a Joint-Stock Company should be formed for the purpose, with a capital of five lacs of rupees or more in shares of one hundred rupees each. Whichever plan is followed for providing ways and means, the Bombay people seem to be setting about the task of preparing for their Exhibition with commendable zeal and energy, and, as they have everything in their favour, there is good reason to anticipate that the Bombay Exhibition of 1885-86 will altogether eclipse the Calcutta Exhibition of the past season.

GENERAL NOTES.

ART.

M. BENJAMIN ULMANN, Grand Prize of Rome and Knight of the Legion of Honour, is recently deceased. M. Ulmann, who was well known as a painter of classical subjects, was an Alsatian by birth, having been born at Blotzheim in May 1829. One of his chief works is *Sylla* and *Marius*, which was bought for the State, and is now in the Luxembourg Gallery. The mural paintings in many of the public buildings in Paris, and notably those in the great hall of the Conseil d'Etat, are reckoned amongst his finest efforts. One of his drawings, *Cato in the Senate*, was reproduced in *The Architect*.

ETHNOLOGICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL.

FROM his scientific expedition to Anatolia, Syria, Egypt, India, Indo-China, China, and Japan, during the years 1880-83, Dr. Emil Riebeck has lately returned to Europe laden with ethnological and archæological treasures of all sorts. This splendid collection, on which the enterprising explorer has expended no less than 30,000*l.*, has during the past few months formed a chief attraction to naturalists in Berlin, where it has been on exhibition at the Kunstgewerbe Museum. Here the available space was not sufficient to allow of a thoroughly systematic arrangement of the objects, which however have been roughly disposed in three main geographical groups:— (1) Western Asia and Africa; (2) India and Further India; (3) East Asia (China and Japan). Some idea of the immense variety of articles here brought together may be had from the detailed catalogue of Dr. Riebeck's "Asiatic Collection," recently issued by Messrs. Weidmann of Berlin. From Palestine and Syria we have objects of every description; while the articles from Somaliland, which are very numerous, illustrate almost every phase of the social life of the little known inhabitants of that region. Several specimens are shown of the masks used in Ceylon at the "devil dances" performed during illness. The masks represent divinities of the Hindu mythology, rakhasas or demons, nagakanyas or snake masks, lions, tigers, crocodiles, negroes, Mussulmans, Malays, &c. India is largely represented. From Burmah where the Krawadi was ascended as far as Bhamo, were brought many costly articles, such as royal coronets

and dresses, alabaster and gilt wooden statuettes of Buddha, masks of strolling minstrels and players, amber rosaries, richly carved consols, lacquer ware, ornamental drinking vessels, writing materials, &c. A visit to Bangkok yielded models of Siamese floating houses, fishing gear, agricultural and industrial implements, &c. Amongst the most characteristic objects from China are brightly painted clay models of popular types, bronze vases, chased, inlaid in silver, and studded with gems; shallow dishes of "imperial bronze" (yellow picked out in red), silver teapots, artistic articles in jade, rock crystal, and marble, &c. The rich and varied Japanese collection comprises specimens of all the most characteristic productions of the country, specially Satsuma, porcelain and other ceramic ware, illustrating the development of Japanese porcelain from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century. During the first part of his journey Dr. Riebeck was accompanied by Dr. Moock, who, after escaping from many perils amongst the Bedouin tribes in the Moabite country, was drowned in crossing the Jordan, and now lies buried in Jericho. During the visit to Egypt he was attended as far as the Nubian frontier by Dr. Schweinfurth, who again accompanied him in March 1881 to the south coast of Arabia and the Island of Socotra. During the rest of his wanderings throughout the Far East Dr. Riebeck had for his associates M. C. B. Rosset, who joined him in Germany, and Dr. Mantie whom he engaged in Egypt after the untimely death of Dr. Moock.—*Nature*.

ETYMOLOGICAL.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D.—Part I. *A—Ant.* (Clarendon Press.)

STUDENTS of philology, and all who care for or conscientiously employ our noble language, will congratulate themselves upon the appearance of the first instalment of the new dictionary of Dr. Murray. If a proverb to the effect that "well begun is half done," which seems exceptionally applicable in the case of a work in the compilation of materials for which a quarter of a century has been occupied, holds good, a fair chance of seeing the completed dictionary is held out to others beside the youngest workers in the fields of literature. How arduous has been the

labour, and how ambitious is the effort, may be judged from the fact that, prefatory matter apart, three hundred and fifty quarto pages of three closely printed columns carry the work no further than the word "ant." In presence of such a commencement the computation that 12,000 pages will be required for the entire work seems moderate. The story of the Philological Society's dictionary has been told in many periodicals among others in the *Athenæum* of April 26th and September 13th, 1879. It is now well known that, at the instigation of the Philological Society, some hundreds of readers in England and America read anew the great English writers, for the purpose of extracting typical quotations which might serve to illustrate the history of words, and furnish the basis of a dictionary which, by "the completeness of its vocabulary and by the application of the historical method to the life and use of words, might be worthy of the English Language and of English scholarship." Death is apt to interfere with the development of a scheme so ambitious as this. The decease of Mr. Herbert Coleridge, one of the originators and the first general editor, was followed by other losses, until in the end the idea seemed almost abandoned. Two million quotations had been obtained, however, and some of these had been provisionally arranged. These materials were placed in the hands of Dr. Murray and submitted to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, by whom, "on certain conditions," the expense of printing and publishing the dictionary was undertaken. In 1879 Dr. Murray's labours commenced, and their first demonstrable product is now before the public.

In so many different respects does a work of this kind appeal to the scholar, it is impossible in the small space at our disposal even to indicate the chief features. Prominent among the advantages is the manner in which the historical method is employed, so that the first appearance of a word in the language, its growth and development, and in the case of an obsolete word its disappearance also, are shown. Take, for example, a word like *amay*, to dismay. This word, now, of course, long obsolete, had as verb and as past participle a little short of two hundred years' circulation. It is first met with in *King Alsaunder*, 1300; next in the *Troilus* of Chaucer, 1374; again in *Sir Ferumbras*, 1380, Gowers' *Confessio Amantis*, 1393, the *Seven Sages*, 1425; and disappears in Caxton's *Charles the Great*, 1485. How sound and philosophical is a scheme like this, and how valuable it must be when well carried out, is at once obvious. It may be doubted whether any existing dictionary of a living language is better in arrangement, more thorough in treatment or likely to be of higher utility. That the vocabulary is extensive is apparent. Applying to it the test of an individual collection of words, made partly with a view to assisting in the labours of the Philological Society, we find very few words that do not appear in their place in the earliest example of use. *Advent* as a past participle, from *Hay any Work for Cooper*, one of the Martin Marprelate tracts, is not found; nor is the form

agrisde, from *agrise*, which appears in the *Mirror for Magistrates*. *Aisneia*, given by Wright from Skinner = prigmogeniture, is omitted, probably for good reasons, since we cannot trace it in the authority indicated; and *alcumise*, for *alchymise*, only mentioned in H. Crosse's *Virtues, Commonwealth*, might be quoted from Heywood's *Love's Mistress*, I. i. The curious form *aldermother*, used by Lydgate, seems worth mention among the many *alders* given. *Amplify* as a verb, to amplify, occurs in Occleve, and *amynnd* as a substantive, signifying a reminder, in Lydgate. In the writer last named *ancree*, for anchor, instead of the common form of *ancree*, is used. Some of these variations are possibly due to misprints. The looseness of orthography down to times comparatively recent is of course one of the facts too familiar to the student to need mention. The instances of omission that reward a long and close search are advanced as proofs of the care with which the task has been accomplished, and not with the idea of censure. One thing, however is obvious. The poems of Shakespeare have not been so diligently studied as the plays. *Lucree* alone furnishes instances of the use of *address* in the sense of prepare to, of *abridgment*, and of *advusdly*, that might with advantage have been quoted. The references are not in every case quite adequate. *Adoption* is said to be employed by Cleveland in *Gen. Poems*, 1677, p. 118. The passage quoted might with advantage be mentioned as occurring in the *Character of a London Diurnal* of Cleveland, which is a prose work published in 1644. An instance of the use of *adamite*, in a sense different apparently from any which is given, furnished in a poem of Cleveland's entitled *To the State of Love; or, the Senses Festival* :—
 "It was a She so glittering bright,
 You'd think her soul an *Adamite*,
 A person of so rare a frame,
 Her body might be lin'd with "fame" (sic
 From *Poems*, ed. 1661.

A quotation from Mrs Browning appears under the wrong signification of the word illustrated. Under the head "*Alate* = of late, lately," are quoted the lines—

"But the Harpies *alate*,

In the storm came, and swept off the maidens."

The signification of *alate* here is "winged," which is given by Dr. Murray subsequently as a meaning of the word.

Especially judicious and ample is the etymological treatment. Avoiding the tendency of placing words of common derivation in classes, Dr. Murray gives separate information concerning each so-called derivative of what is ordinarily treated as a root word, many of these derivatives being in use earlier so far as can be ascertained, than the simpler and more familiar form. No information indeed, that is necessary to the scientific knowledge of words is spared, and the work, is exemplarily correct and ample. Nor easy is it to say in what respect improvement is to be hoped. The dictionary is indeed, in the highest sense, national, and will go far to raise the general estimate of English scholarship.

GENERAL.

Macaulay's New Zealander.

MR. SEELEY, in his extracts from Horace Walpole's Letters, which is noticed in the columns of the *ACADEMY*, remarks that more than one writer has found the original of Macaulay's New Zealander in a passage in Walpole, which imagines a "curious traveller from Lima" visiting England and giving a description "of the ruins of St. Paul's." Others, he adds, have traced the same idea in the works of such diverse authors as Volney, Kirke White, Mrs Barbauld, and Shelley. Walpole's letter was first published in 1843, and Macaulay's phrase appeared in 1840, but Mr. Seeley settles this chronological difficulty by the suggestion that the essayist had seen the letter of Walpole when the latter's MSS. were in the possession of Lord Holland. Almost at the very day that Mr. Seeley's volume reached us, there arrived by a curious coincidence from New Zealand the reprint of a paper which Mr. W. Coleenso read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute on this "hackneyed quotation" of Macaulay. Mr. Coleenso, too, refers to the passages which Mr. Seeley has cited; but he believes that the source from which the illustrious essayist and historian took his inspiration was the following sentence from "the able Preface to the English quarto edition of La Billardiére's celebrated voyages . . . in search of the unfortunate La Perouse," published in 1800:—

"If so, the period may arrive when New Zealand may produce her Lockes, her Newtons, and her Montesquiens, and when great nations in the immediate region of New Holland may send their navigators, philosophers, and antiquaries to contemplate the ruins of ancient London and Paris, and to trace the languid remains of the arts and sciences in this quarter of the globe."

It appears from a notice published in the last issue of the *Izvestia* that stone-age implements were used by Russians in Siberia at a time very near to our own. Thus, owing to the difficulty of having iron implements, and even iron the Cossacks who occupied the valley of the Irkut at Tunka availed themselves of the numberless stone implements they found scattered on the hills around Tunka, where large manufactures of stone implements have been discovered. There are still people who remember also that their grandfathers were compelled to follow the advice of the Mongols, and to make use of nephrite hatchets; the tradition says also that there were Cossacks who understood themselves the art of making Jade implements. Any one who knows the difficulties of obtaining iron in Siberia some thirty years ago, and even now, will not doubt the trustworthiness of the tradition. We may add also that the late Prof. Schapoff has found the settlers at Turukhansk largely using stone pestles and hammers, some of which were exhibited at the Irkutsk Museum before it was destroyed by fire.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

AFTER having done so much in restoring to our maps the old bed of the Amu-daria, the Russian explorers seem to be inclined now to take a quite opposite view. Thus, Prince Hedroits, geologist of the Amu-daria Expedition of 1880, after having explored the eastern part of the Uzboy, came to the conclusion that the total want of river-beds in the ravine and the presence of Aral-Caspian mollusks in it are a sufficient proof that the water of the Amu never ran on the stretch between the Sara-kamysh lakes and the Caspian. Now M. Konshin—a mining engineer who has recently explored the western part of the Uzboy—arrives independently at the same conclusion with regard to the western part of the supposed old bed of the Amu. He considers that its passage between the Greater and the Small or Balkhan Mountains is a recent strait of the Aral-Caspian Sea, and that the western part of the Uzboy is merely a remnant of the outflow towards the Caspian of the brackish water of the Sara-kamysh lakes. The ravine of the Uzboy would be thus one of the numerous *sors*, or elongated lakes, the likeness of which to beds of rivers had already struck Pallas in the Astrakhan steppes, where the Daban-gol has a length of sixty miles. The view of M. Konshin may be summed up as follows:—The immense Sara-kamysh depression, 4400 miles wide, and at some places 280 feet below the level of the Aral formed at a geologically recent time a single basin with the Aral, the fossils found on its borders show that it was filled up with at least brackish water. This lake had an outflow into the Caspian; but for 130 miles west of Sara-kamysh there is nothing like a river-bed. The likeness begins only west of Balla-Ishem, where the Uzboy begins. This channel, however, was filled up, not with the sweet and muddy water of the Amu, but with a brackish and rather pure water of the Aral-Sara-Kamysh Lake. In fact, in this channel, on its whole stretch from Balla-Ishem to the Caspian, one finds everywhere the typical Aral-Caspian *Cardita*, *Dryasena*, *Neitina*, and *Hydrobia* in the most perfect state, whilst there are no traces at all of a fluviatile flora or fauna, nor any traces of human settlements. However opposite to current opinion, this view of the Uzboy surely has much to be said in its favour.

THE same geologist publishes in the *Izvestia* of the Russian Geographical Society an interesting account of his explorations in the Kara-kum desert, between Kyzyl-arvat and Khiva. He considers the bad reputation of this desert quite exaggerated. In the neighbourhood of the Caspian and Lake Aral the Kara-kum sands offer a great many difficulties to the traveller. Geologically speaking they have quite recently emerged from the sea, and the *barkhans*, or sandy hills, are devoid of vegetation and move freely before the wind: the same is true with regard to the neighbourhood of Sara-kamysh and the Uzboy. But further in the steppe the sands are older, and the bushes which cover them render them quite stable, so that the Akhal-Tekkes like better to stay in the steppe and return to the oasis only for the needs of agri-

culture. The routes are quite comfortable, with exclusion of steeper ascents and descents on the slopes of the *barkhans*; and the cisterns (*kaks*) when kept in order contain plenty of water; while the steppe yields throughout the year abundance of food for the horses and camels. The *barkhans* are often intermingled with *takyrs*, that is, with places covered with firm clay, on whose surface small canals collect rain-water and bring it to a common basin called *kak*. The *sois*, or elongated ravines, the sandy bottom of which is impregnated with brackish water, are most numerous, especially in certain parts of the steppe; in the neighbourhood of the Akhal-Tekke oasis they run in numerous parallel lines for several dozen miles in length. The Uzboy, which M. Konshin visited at Kurtysh, is a ravine, sometimes crossed by hills of sand, at the bottom of which one perceives a narrow serpentine of brackish water. The tertiary beds are covered there with a fine dirty dust filled with remains of the Aral-Caspian *Dreysena*, *Neolina* and *Cardium*. Above Kurtysh the supposed old bed of the Amu can be distinguished only by these marine remains. Notwithstanding the most careful search, M. Konshin failed to discover any traces of fluvial deposits at Shikh, where the Charjuy bed of the Amu is traced on our maps. The hills at Shikh are remarkable as a rich mine of very pure sulphur (62 per cent.). One of them would contain at least 160,000,000 cwt. of pure sulphur, and sulphur appears on the surface of very many of them.—*Nature*.

A CORRESPONDENT in *Nature* draws attention to a curious narrative of an expedition to high northern latitudes, undertaken in 1266, at the instigation of priests belonging to the Monastery of Garde in Greenland. This narrative is derived from an Icelandic transcript of the so-called "Hauksbok," compiled about 1300 by the Norsk law-exponent, Hauk Erlendson. It must be observed, however, that the particulars of the Garde Expedition are not to be found in the still extant parts of the original manuscript of the "Hauksbok," from which various pages have been lost. Notwithstanding the absence of this conclusive proof, northern scholars are inclined to accept the later transcript as a *bona fide* version of the original before the loss of its missing parts, and if this assumption can be maintained, we have evidence that the Northmen advanced four days' journey north of 76°. The object of the expedition, we are informed, was to discover what lands and people were to be found north of the Christian Station at Garde and whether the much dreaded Skrollinger or native Esquimaux occupied those unknown regions in any formidable numbers. The seamen, we are told, saw many islands on which there were traces of the presence of these people, but they were unable to land, owing to the number of bears which, together with numerous seals and whales, frequented the coasts. In reference to the high latitude said to have been reached by these early explorers, and which is inferred from the description of the height of the

sun on St. James's Day (July 25), it may be observed that a runic stone was found in 1824 in 72° 55' N lat., about twenty miles north-west of Upernivik, the northernmost existing Danish station. The inscription, which records that three men, whose names are given, erected the stone as a landmark, concludes with six runic characters, which have been variously interpreted to indicate the years 1135 and 1235.—*Nature*.

METEOROLOGICAL.

The Russian *Lacerta* publishes the results of the researches of M. Brounoff into the variations of temperature in consequence of the cyclones in Europe. He has taken seventy-six cases in which the meteorological bulletins showed the presence of a cyclone in Europe, and prepared a meteorological map for each of these days, showing the deviation of temperature from the normal, and the route of the cyclone. The average deviations of temperature in the regions of the cyclones appear as follows for different months: January, 3.7° Cels.; February, 2.2°; March, 1.2°; April, 0.2°; May, 0.0°; June, 0.7°; July, 0.2°; August, 0.4°; September, 0.1°; October, 0.2°; November, 0.9°; December 1.4°. It results from these figures that, as might have been foreseen, during the winter the cyclones bring warmer air, and colder air during the summer. If the region of the cyclone be divided into four parts by two perpendicular lines traced through its centre, the two right parts widely differ from the two left, the deviations being for the former; winter, 4.6°; spring, 1.9°; summer, 0.7°; and autumn, 1.7°, all positive; while for the two left parts the deviations are all negative is well during the summer as during the winter, namely:—0.9° for the winter, —1.1° for the spring, —1.7° for the summer, and —0.9° for the autumn.

NOTES ON BOOKS, &c.

The Poetical Works and other Writings of John Keats. Now first brought together, including Poems and Numerous Letters not before published. Edited with Notes and Appendices, by Harry Buxton Forman. 4 vols. (Reeves & Turner)

To the same indefatigable editor and student to whom the world owes the authoritative edition of Shelley it is now indebted for the first complete edition of Keats. The views of Mr. Forman concerning editorial responsibility have been keenly contested. That a poet is the best judge of his own work, and should be accorded the right to decide what portion of it shall obtain publicity, is a pretty theory which time is perpetually showing to be of no practical utility. When a writer attains a certain position the world seeks with avidity to know all concerning him that can be told. No form of intimacy seems then to be sacred. The privacy of friendship is no longer private, the very sanctity of love is no protection and the letters which, in a moment of spleen or passion, a man writes to his brother or his mistress are, if preserved, certain to be dragged to light. Very wrong is, possibly, all this, but it is

very human. As things are shown best in extremes, let us ask what would be said of a man who, finding a letter of Shakspeare to Lord Southampton or to Anne Hathaway, suppressed or destroyed it out of respect for the privacy of the matters with which it dealt. Keats has now attained a position at which everything that may cast light upon his character or his method is of value. While, then it may be contended that every lover of poetry will choose for his own delectation some volume of the poetry that can be slipped into the pocket and carried on a summer excursion, the student as well as the bibliophile will turn to these goodly volumes, with their handsome type, well-selected engravings, and picturesque and effective covers, in which every scrap of Keats's work and almost everything that can illustrate his workmanship are included. Singularly fortunate has been Mr. Forman in the assistance he has obtained. The collections relative to Keats in the hands of Lord Houghton and Sir Charles Dilke (the latter inherited through generations as well as accumulated during many years), the Severn Papers in the hands of Mr. Sotherton and many other treasures of less importance, have been placed at his disposal. Equally valuable for critical and for historical purposes have these contributions proved, and while a discovery like that of Woodhouse's annotated copy of *Endymion* has supplied abundance of verbal corrections, the letters now first printed, including those to Keats's sister, throw, as Mr. Forman says, "a flood of new light on the character of the poet."

It is clearly as much outside the province of "N. & Q." to attempt an analysis of the four volumes now published as to supply an elaborate essay on the poetry of Keats. The niche of Keats in the Temple of Fame is now filled, his place is granted him among the immortals, and a reverential genuflection is all the homage, beyond that of study of his works, which is needed. In periodicals the aim of which is purely critical controversy concerning readings may be attempted. Our duty is fulfilled in announcing the appearance of an edition of Keats which, for the present generation at least, is authoritative and definitive.

The poetry occupies two volumes, the first giving the poems published in 1817 and *Endymion*, with, in the shape of a supplement, the famous reviews in the *Quarterly*, *savage and Tartarly*, and other matter, including reviews in the *Edinburgh*, and, by Leigh Hunt, in the *Examiner*; the second, *Lamia, Isabella, &c., Hyperion*, and posthumous and fugitive poems. Vol. iii. contains a few notes of much interest on Shakspeare, from a copy of the 1808 reprint of the 1623 folio; on the acting of Edmund Kean, from the *Champion*; on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and other miscellanea, occupying in all thirty-three pages; and the first instalment of the Miscellaneous Letters, many of which, including the delightful letters to his sister Fanny, are now first published. Vol. iv. comprises the remainder of the Miscellaneous Letters, the correspondence with Fanny Brawne, with two appendices, the one special to the volume

and the other general. The full life product of Keats is thus supplied, and the materials on which to judge the great founder of modern English poetry are before the public. Concerning the zeal, the fidelity, and the intelligence with which the matter at his disposal has been used by Mr. Forman no doubt can be entertained. The book deserves the welcome it is sure to receive. Its typographical excellence is not the least of its recommendations.—N. & Q.

FOR part ii. of the 'New English Dictionary' Dr. Murray has been assisted by Mr. Arthur J. Evans, the well-known author of 'Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina,' in an historical investigation of the alleged derivation of the word *argosy* from *Ragusa*. The result is completely to establish the point, and to show that an *argosy*, also in sixteenth century *argusca*, and *ragusye* was simply *una Ragusa (nave)*. *Ragusa* itself appears in sixteenth century English as *Aragouse*, *Aragosa*, whence the natural substitution of *argusca* for *ragusca*, without any reference to the ship *Argo*. The merchant caracks of *Ragusa (Ragusee)* were famous for their size and rich cargoes, and well known in England.—*Athenæum*.

OBITUARY.

The death is announced on March 1 of Dr. Isaac Todhunter, F.R.S., the well-known mathematician, at his residence, Brookside, Cambridge. Dr. Todhunter was born in 1820, and having passed some years of his life as usher in a school, proceeded to University College, London, and when twenty-four years of age, entered as an under-graduate of St. John's. He graduated in the Mathematical Tripos of 1848, obtaining the distinction of Senior Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in a year which produced some remarkably able men. Dr. Todhunter was in due course elected to a Fellowship at St. John's, and subsequently filled the offices of assistant tutor and principal lecturer in mathematics. Dr. Todhunter is well known as the author of numerous mathematical treatises, which have obtained a wide circulation, and are recognised as standard works of education in the universities and public schools. His treatises on the "Differential Calculus," "Analytical Statics," "Plane Co-ordinate Geometry," "Plane Trigonometry," and "Spherical Trigonometry," greatly enhanced his reputation. He also published various elementary works, all of which enjoyed a large circulation. In 1871 he obtained the Adams Prize for an essay, "Researches on the Calculus of Variations." He published in 1873, "A History of the Mathematical Theories of Attraction and the figure of the Earth from the time of Newton to that of Laplace." In 1876 there also appeared from his pen, "An Account of the Writings of William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, with selections from his literary and scientific correspondents." By the new University statutes the University was authorized to confer the degrees of Doctor in Science and Doctor in Letters. Dr. Tod-

hunter was among the first upon whom the distinction of Doctor in Science was conferred and last year proceeded to that degree. A few years previously he had been elected an Honorary Fellow of his College as a mark of recognition of his great mathematical attainments. It may be mentioned that Dr. Todhunter took an active part in University affairs, was a member of several Syndicates and Boards of Studies, and an elector to the Plumian Professorship of Astronomy. He had been in failing health for some time, and a few weeks ago was attacked with paralysis, which precluded all hope of recovery.

POETRY.

In the February number of the *Century Magazine* there is an editorial note to the effect that Mr. Speed's edition of the 'Letters and Poems of John Keats' contains a hitherto unpublished sonnet by the poet. Here is the composition referred to:—

There was a season when the fabled name
Of high Parnassus and Apollo's lyre
Seemed terms of excellence to my desire ;
Therefore a youthful bard I may not blame.
But when the page of everlasting Truth
Has on the attentive mind its force
imprest,

Then vanish all the affections dear in youth,
And love immortal fills the grateful breast.
The wonders of all-ruling Providence,
The joys that from celestial Mercy flow,
Essential beauty, perfect excellence,
Ennoble and refine the native glow
The poet feels ; and thence his best resource
To paint his feeling with sublimest force.

A translation from the French of
Louis Boulhet.

My lamp hath burned out, drop by drop,
alone ;

My fire's last ember falls with dying sound.
Without a friend, a dog, to hear me moan,
I weep abandoned in the night profound.
Behind me—if I would but turn my head,
Sure I should see it—stands a phantom
here ;

Dread guest who came when my life's feast
was spread,

Spectre arrayed in rags of vanished cheer.
My dream lies dead—how bring it back in
truth ?

For time escapes me, and the impostor
pride

Conducts to nothingness my days of youth.
Even as a flock whereof he was the guide.
Like to the flood of some unfruitful deep,
Over my corpse aslumber in the tomb
I feel e'en now the world's oblivion creep.
Which, yet alive, hath lapped me half in
gloom.

Oh ! the cold night ! Oh ! the night dolorous !
My hand upon my breast atremble
bounds :—

Who knocks inside my hollow bosom thus ?
What are those ominous beats, those
muffled sounds ?

Who art thou, art thou ? Speak, thou
tameless thing,
That struggled pent within me unre-
proved ?—

A voice cries, a voice faint with passioning,
" I am thy heart, and I have never loved !"
—JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Original Verse.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

A PROPHET is amongst us : not alone
A master-singer, but a mighty seer !
(He that hath ears to hear now let him
hear !)

In that high world where harmony is known
From all earth's discords which would ape
her tone.

His crown awaits him tho' the light would
sneer

" No music, this ; discordant to our ear ;
Away with it, and give us of our own !"
So spake the prophet of the Hebrew land,
As sings the noble poet of to-day.

To people slow to hearken and believe ;
Hearing they hear, but cannot understand—
So gross of heart and dull of ear are
they—

And seeing, see they, yet will not per-
ceive.

II.

His voice fell first upon me as the sound
Of many waters. All my soul was
stirr'd

To listen, and (if might be), as I heard,
Fathom some measure of its depths pro-
found—

That perfect strength in which doth oft
abound

Most perfect sweetness ; every weighty
word

Pregnant with thought, yet tuneful as
the bird

Who sings, unthinking, to his mates around.
This yoke was laid upon me in my youth.

To long for faith, yet be enslaved by
doubt.

I called ; but there was none to an-
swer me,

Till—bearer of the two-edged sword of
truth—

He came, and drove the lurking demon
out

That late possess'd my soul ; and set
me free.

—MARY GRACE WALKER.

The Indian Review.

No. 8.—*MAY*, 1884.

FOOD AND FEEDING IN INDIA FROM A PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda

Sobrius aula.

Horace

IN studying how the Indian dinner table is to be made dainty and appetising and at the same time grateful to the stomach, wholesome, and suited to the climate and conditions of life—*i.e.*, how we may dine wisely and well—it will be instructive to take a passing glance at the peculiarities which characterise the English, the French, and what we may, perhaps, define as the Indian Schools of Cookery.

In the case of each of these, the external conditions which have had to be dealt with and triumphed over have been widely different, and, consequently, the methods of dealing with them which have been evolved, have inclined into gradually divergent lines; these methods have “slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent” and eventually crystallised into laws of practice, differing radically for each school.

The theory of the *English* school (which may be defined as high quality of material and simplicity of dressing) has been, to a large extent, evolved out of the fact that English meats have long held the first place as to quality. The practice has grown up of cooking them simply and trusting to the natural flavours of the high class

joints of which Englishmen have so excellent a right to be proud ; joints as near perfection as breeding, feeding, and age can make them. Thus the "Roast beef of old England" has attained apotheosis in the category of our national popular melodies.

Nor could any treatment possibly be better for the ruby-juiced, tender, high-flavoured meats for which England is justly renowned. This tradition of simplicity, once begun, has extended into every domain of English cookery. A well-known writer has observed that in dealing with vegetables, when they are really good, well-grown, and fresh, no good judge desires that their natural qualities of flavour, odour, and consistence, or even colour, should be destroyed by the addition of other materials and of foreign flavours.

But it must be observed that these (so termed) English methods of procedure presuppose, absolutely demand, and are only suited to, that high degree of excellence of materials which originally gave them birth ; when, on the other hand, we have to deal with inferior materials, these methods are the worst possible ones to adopt.

French cuisine is dominated by principles entirely opposite to those which rule *English* cookery, and is adapted to quite different ends. Its principles have been developed in association with the production and use of meats and poultry which are somewhat insipid. Mature beef and mutton are not much reared for the table in France, nor are they compatible with French systems of agriculture.

The chief meats in use in that country are veal (an immature product and hence wanting in sapidity and character), and poultry—flavourless even when delicate and at its best.

Veal has been defined as the "chameleon of cookery" on account of its capacities for metamorphosis ; and Brillat-Savarin has wittily remarked that "poultry is for cookery what canvas is to the painter."

French cuisine, consequently, is essentially distinguished for its sauces, "by which it adorns and transforms material in itself somewhat uninteresting or uninviting"—it is an art with infinite possibilities of creation and of imagination. The *Almanach des Gourmands* says, in speaking of one of Carême's sauces—"Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle ferait manger son grandpère ou un éléphant." Pope, in his *Dunciad*, thus girds at an ambitious cook of his day :—

"Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn.
The board with specious miracles he loads.
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads."

It will be seen that, from the inherent differences of the systems,

the simplicity and conservatism of English cookery have been generated by high class food-stuffs ; while French cuisine is far more elastic and progressive, and less dependent on quality of material. All inferior, tough, insipid foods, whether meat, fish, or vegetables, are treated to the best possible advantage on the French principles of cookery.

A great authority has remarked that women make the best practitioners of English cookery, and most of the books on English cookery have been produced by women, *e.g.*, Mrs. Rundell, Mrs. Acton ; Mrs. Glasse's was, however, written by Dr. Hunter. French cuisine, on the other hand, boasts a long bead-roll of professors, who were men of education, culture, and imagination ; witness such names as Ude, Béchamel, Vatel, Carême, Francatelli, and the renowned Jules Gouffé—whose classical work is still the best exponent of the principles of the French school—not to speak of such distinguished amateurs as Louis XVIII, the Regent D'Orleans, Brillat-Savarin (author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, indisputably the most favourable specimen of gastronomic literature), and last, but not least, Alexandre Dumas, who amidst his literary labours found time to write a *Dictionnaire de Cuisine*.

Indian cookery has, so far, never been reduced to a scientific basis. It seems to have acquired its most marked peculiarities from the methods of the early Portuguese settlers having become strongly tinged by the culinary ideas of the natives of this country ; and this hybrid having, more recently, become grafted on to the cuisine in ordinary use among Englishmen.

Its distinctive characters (so far as it has any) seem to be an inordinate use of fatty matters and of stimulating condiments—chilli, peppers, spices, &c.

A brief reference to certain current books on Indian cookery will best illustrate what is meant by an Oriental cuisine.

First, let us take up a book recently published by "*A Thirty-five Years' Resident*."* Here we find that, out of the 116 pages which the book contains, not less than 23 are devoted to receipts for curries, pelaus, and kindred dishes of the condimental, fiery type ; soups are curtly dismissed in three pages, one of which is devoted to such as are little more than curries.

Perhaps the most startling receipt in the book, and one which most dramatically illustrates the spirit of the old school of Indian cookery, is one tendered for the preparation of a Portuguese curry

* THE INDIAN COOKERY BOOK. By a Thirty-five Years' Resident. *Thacker, Spink & Co.*, 1880.

(pp. 25, 26). Duck or fat pork is ordered as the basis; and then follow nine lines of essential ingredients forming an encyclopedic list of every fiery condiment as yet known to man—bruised garlic, ground garlic, ginger, chillies, coriander seed, cumin seed, bay leaves, pepper-corns, cloves, cardamoms, cinnamon, vinegar, and mustard oil! It is but just to add that our author has apparently some remorse at the probable effects of this volcanic preparation; his conscience has prompted him to append (p. 102 *et seq.*) three receipts for emetic draughts, two for inflammation of the throat, some for digestive pills, and numerous others for the cure of bowel disorders. Thus the book resembles the spear of a classical celebrity, in that if one end kills, the other end cures. As physicians, we would earnestly commend these latter receipts of atonement to any venturesome consumer of the Portuguese curry. Our author is, perhaps, scarcely serious further on, when (p. 26) after having directed us to "select the fattest parts of pork," and subject them to a kind of pyrotechnic dissolving view of garlic, condiments, and oil, he humourously defines the resulting dish as "adapted as a present to friends *at a distance*." Meaning, perhaps, at a *safe* distance from the sender; for the unsuspecting friend selected for the present might, not improbably, be roused by the dish to a dangerous mood.

We beg to disclaim any intention of undervaluing our author's treatise, which, indeed, in other parts, contains much valuable information and many wholesome receipts. But we would earnestly advise any readers to eviscerate the book of the 23 pages which have provoked the above comments. Looked at from a philosophical point of view, these pages are of permanent interest as a record of the cuisine of an era which perhaps was in reality existent and in vogue in India many years ago when our author began his residence; which era is, happily, not only extinct, like the Dodo, but is, now-a-days, popularly credited as having had no existence except in imagination or fiction.

To speak seriously, a more wholesome public taste is forming on such matters. Rapidly dissolving from view and fast fading into a historic past, is that Anglo-India which wayward fancy pictures as peopled with a race dietetically more Indian than the Indians (if I may be permitted to invert Dr. Hunter's famous definition); choleric, jaundiced, volcanic-livered; a race curry-nurtured, slaking its chilli-engendered thirst with strong beers and brandy-pawnee. An Anglo-India is arising which has mercy on its lives and livers; which eschews these salamandric dishes; which regulates

its dietetics by a more European standard, seeking physiological simplicity of combination and more scientific modes of cooking; and which has learned to substitute light, well-flavoured wines, and weak beers, for those cruder and more destructive stimulants which are so unsuited to the climate of a country blessed with too lavish a measure of solar influences.

A second work on Indian cookery,* now before us, is excellent in its way. Here the chief bulk of the book is devoted to receipts for dishes suitable to the digestive calibre which is inherent to a stomach of English extraction in what country soever its lines may be cast; while the inflammatory compounds are relegated to a subordinate place, and are quarantined in a chapter which the author aptly commends to the Musulmans and Hindoos of Asia.

But, as in apology for introducing them at all, he too appends some pages of receipts for cure of cholera and gastric affections. We note that the author appears to misunderstand the true meaning of the process of *braising*; what he describes is either a roast or a stew.

Our third author's work† marks a distinct scientific advance in culture and taste. Here, what Dr. Riddell pithily stigmatises as "Oriental dishes" scarcely make any appearance; ten brief pages alone are devoted to this doomed subject, and a merciful moderation in hot-stuffs characterises his judiciously limited category.

Highly commendable is the small—too small—collection of *menus* at the end of the book.

We would invite the attention of our readers to a remark made in the preface:—"People, as a rule, scarcely realise how agreeably a diet in which meat now plays too important a part may be varied by the introduction of vegetable and farinaceous food, especially during the hot weather."

Lastly, we turn to another modernised treatise on cookery for India.‡ Our author wins us at once by defining his book as "on *Reformed* cookery * * * based upon modern English and Continental principles."

Herein lies the whole gist and essence of the matter. This is the first clear assertion of the true principles which should guide the civilised Englishman whether in India or elsewhere. The thirty *menus* contained in the book are admirable, and are worked out

* INDIAN DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND COOKERY. By Dr. R. Riddell. *Thacker, Spink & Co.*, 1877.

† DAINTY DISHES FOR INDIAN TABLES. *W. Newman & Co.*, 1881.

‡ CULINARY JOTTINGS FOR MADRAS. By Wyvern. *Higginbotham & Co., Madras*, 1883.

into thoroughly practical detail. Excellent and most *à propos* is the chapter appended on "Our Kitchens in India." It would, however, much increase the value of his collection of *menus*, if they were arranged, one or more for each season, with regard to the materials procurable during each month, and to the mode of cooking these which is best fitted to the season.

Among the four books briefly passed in review, this is the only one in which is correctly described the process of braising—a form of cookery more useful than any other in the treatment of the small joints and poor meats of India, and one which should be thoroughly described and dwelt on in every book dealing with Indian cuisine.

The history of Indian cookery has, so far, been chiefly a process of unlearning the mischievous theories adopted too readily from the native races and the Indianised Portuguese. In India, as in Europe, the present age figures as the *renaissance* of the culinary art.

No theory could be more specious, no fallacy greater, than that which assumes that the European will best adapt himself to the conditions of an alien tropical country, such as India, by abruptly adopting forms of food and cooking in use among the natives.

No class of men can, without suffering in health, suddenly and radically alter the nature of the food to which long-established usage, acting through a series of generations, has adapted the physique and functions of the race. Even among the natives of India it is found that individuals of tribes which for generations have been corn eaters cannot be made to feed on rice, without the most disastrous results.

This fact is decisively recognised in the diet scales enjoined by Government in Indian jails and among emigrants, but its logical outcome has not been with sufficient clearness imported into the lives of the Europeans in this country.

Professor Parkes notes (*Hygiene*)—

"It has often been said that Europeans in India should imitate the natives in their food, but this opinion is based (it seems to me) on a misconception. The use of ages has accustomed the Hindoo to the custom of taking large quantities of rice, with pulses or corn; put an European on this diet, and he could not at first digest it; the very bulk would be too much for him. The Hindoo, with this diet, is obliged to take large quantities of condiments (peppers, &c.) The European who did the same would produce acute gastric catarrh and hepatic congestion in a very short time; in fact, as already stated, *one great fault of the diet of Europeans*

arriving in India is too great use of this part of the native diet."
The italics are ours.

Another grave evil produced by condimental, Oriental dishes is that they create a spurious and intemperate craving for food, and lead to the consumption of an amount far in excess of the demands of an honest appetite or the needs of the system. There is little doubt that more lives and livers have been destroyed, in India, by the over-eating due to inflammatory condiments than by intemperance in drinking (which is and probably always was far rarer), or by any climatic influences.

From the preceding discussions, we may crystallise out the following essential axioms to be adopted by the European who desires to retain health in India:—

1. To keep, in the main, to the food materials and modes of cooking to which long usage has adapted the constitution of his race.
2. To avoid all abrupt changes in diet, while still varying it as much as possible.
3. To abjure condimental dishes, relegating them to the atmosphere of the hooka, chillum, and betel-nut.
4. To discreetly and intelligently modify his modes of cooking to the quality and nature of his materials, and to the season.
5. To consume vegetables more largely than in England; to use fresh native vegetables (rather than preserved English ones) during such months as July, August, and September, when materials fit for the European's table are so scanty and inferior.
6. To substitute some farinaceous dishes, such as Indian corn, or macaroni, for a portion of the meat in use in an ordinary English diet.

The form of cooking alone suited to the European in India is a judicious combination of the English and the French systems—the quality and nature of the materials determining which is to be preferred, in each case.

For example, from November to February, mutton and beef are procurable of a size and quality sufficiently good to justify our adopting the English method of serving them as joints, simply roasted or boiled; the meat being sufficiently nourishing, tender, juicy, and well-flavoured to warrant our trusting to its own intrinsic virtues, without any added zest.

On the other hand, the meat procurable during the period from July to October is in every way inferior—small, tough, tasteless, and innutritious, devoid alike of ruby juices and of elastic fresh-

ness. Before this can be digested or even eaten, it absolutely needs the assistance of external adventitious flavours, and of some form of cookery capable of subduing its rude fibres into a penetrable tenderness. It follows that, during these months, meat should never be served as joints, but should be dressed by some more elaborate French method, such as braising—which is the process, best in the world, for the treatment of small joints or pieces and of all tough and inferior meats.

As another illustration of the application of this principle, take the following example, from Sir H. Thompson's treatise on "*Food and Feeding*," as to how garden peas are to be suitably dressed while still in their tender youth, and how when in their more hardened maturity :—

"Garden peas when young, quickly grown, and fresh, have a delicious characteristic flavour of their own, are rather sweet, and almost crisp when eaten ; and maintain these attributes unimpaired, if simply boiled in salt and water. Such should be eaten *à l'Anglaise*, * * * * with a pat of fresh butter, and some salt, accompanied by the capital little pepper mill which is natural to a French table, and almost unknown here. A morsel of butter is stirred into the hot peas, a little black pepper, full of fragrance, freshly ground over them, and a pinch of salt, according to taste, and the whole stirred. The same process is equally applicable to French beans * * *."

This is the method suited to them when succulent and young. Compare the following mode of making the best of them when aged, hard, or inferior :—

"When green peas are a little hard, old, and tough, or a little coarse in flavour, and without sweetness, then it is that the French cook treats them with advantage. For such peas as these, when others are not to be had * * * * by all means let them be served *à la Française*. This means stewing them gently, with a good proportion of butter, some sliced onion, a little salt, stirring in a little flour, and a small quantity of sugar. Some, exceptionally, add a little cream and yolk of egg. Another excellent method, *à la Paysanne*, is to add first butter, as before, salt and onion ; and then stew slowly in a fair quantity of stock, with lettuces, finely sliced, some sugar, and a shred or two of parsley, if desired. Almost any peas may be rendered tender and appetising if thus treated."

The above examples sufficiently illustrate the principles which should guide us in selecting suitable methods of cuisine in India ; care being taken to interfere as little as possible with the strong

points and excellencies, but to supplement and make the best of weak points and deficiencies.

We wish, moreover, to especially emphasise the truth that, by such judicious treatment, food materials are rendered more wholesome, easily digested, and nourishing—as well as more palatable and appetising. Indeed, many food-stuffs of poor quality, which would be practically useless as nutriment and sure to provoke dyspepsia if cooked on English methods, are yet capable of yielding nourishing, pleasant, and digestible dishes if relegated to French cuisine. The importance of the influence which digestion plays in the lives of men is dramatically shown by the well-authenticated fact that the energies of Napoleon I. were practically paralysed by attacks of indigestion on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic. So well recognised, in the present day, is the physical and moral value of good cookery, that not only has England seen a National School of cookery established recently under distinguished auspices, but the aspirations of the venerable Ude seem likely to be soon realised, *viz.* :—

“That cookery shall rank in the class of the sciences, and its professors deserve the name of artists.”

Some of the methods of dealing with foods deserve special comment.

It has been already mentioned that *braising* is, *par excellence*, the process suited to small portions, or inferior qualities, of meats. The details of braising are not sufficiently generally understood in this country. As we previously observed, out of four books on Indian cookery only one notices it correctly.

• Braising partakes somewhat of the nature of roasting and of stewing, but is, in effect, neither. In “*Culinary Jottings for Madras*” (previously alluded to) a good, practical description of the process is given, and some sensible advice offered on its uses.

Gouffé,* in the best book extant on culinary matters, thus defines the term :—“Braisier, c’est faire cuire à la casserole, à petit feu, un pièce de viande que l’on couvre hermétiquement avec feu *dessus*” ; and, on page 497 of his work, he gives some invaluable instructions as to details.

Sir Henry Thompson, too, minutely describes the steps of the operation, and highly recommends its employment.

In *braising*, the meat is first covered with a strong liquor of vegetable and animal juices in a closely covered vessel from which as little evaporation as possible is permitted, and is exposed for a

* LE LIVRE DE CUISINE. Par Jules Gouffé. Hachette et Cie., 1881.

considerable time to a surrounding heat just short of boiling. There are three principles essential to a true braise :—

1. That the meat, only just covered with fluid, be cooked very slowly, and in a closely covered vessel.

2. The liquor in which the meat is cooked must be richly flavoured with vegetables, herbs, and, perhaps, with wine also.

3. For the proper performance of the process, there must be a vessel having a hollow lid which, at the time of cooking, is filled with live coals. In this way, the heat is applied on every side at once, and the meat (joint, fowl, &c.,) is scorched on those upper parts which are uncovered by the liquor.

The manifest advantages of the plan are pithily set forth by Sir Henry. He observes that, by this treatment, tough, fibrous flesh, whether of poultry or of cattle, or meat unduly fresh, such as alone can be procured during the summer (especially in India), is made tender, and is further impregnated with the odours and flavour of fresh vegetables and sweet herbs ; and the liquor itself, slowly reduced in the process, furnishes the most appropriate, fragrant, and delicious sauce, with which to surround the portion when served at table. Thus also meats that are dry (as most Indian meats and poultry) become saturated with juices, and combined with sapid substances which render the food succulent and delicious to the palate. Small portions also, sufficient for a single meal, can be so dealt with.

Could any words more emphatically demonstrate the complete suitability of this mode of cooking to our needs in this country ?

Baking is, too often, in India, allowed to supersede roasting ; it is a very inferior process, and one which destroys the characteristic flavour of a roast.

Grilling is far more wholesome than frying, as a mode of cooking. The best plan of all for Indian beef-steaks is to serve them as a pudding, with oysters and mushrooms ; they are less good as a pie ; and, usually, poor and characterless when treated by grilling.

Game and poultry should never be baked as a subterfuge for roasting, as commonly occurs among native cooks. Tame fowls, duck, and geese are better braised than even roasted. Wild fowl should usually be roasted or broiled.

The ordinary tame fowl of India always stands in need of the best assistance of art to make it palatable. It is vastly improved by being stuffed with truffles or mushrooms, with an ounce or two of butter, a little salt and a *soupçon* of cayenne, and being honestly roasted (not baked), care being taken to baste it assiduously with a little fresh butter.

Any one who wishes to learn what capacities for goodness the Indian fowl has when in skilful hands, should on some visit to Calcutta try, at M. Bonsard's, a *chapon truffé* prepared by that artist.

In roasting game, never pierce with a spit—suspend by the legs instead.

Alexander Dumas (in *L'Ingénue*) remarks that if you hang a creature by the legs and baste it either with butter or cream, the interior and exterior both feel the benefit of it ; while, if you pierce its body with a spit, the juices of the animal escape through the two openings, while the basting matter glides over the body and does not penetrate.

A perfect sauce for wild duck may be thus prepared—

1	Salt Spoon	Salt
$\frac{1}{2}$	to $\frac{3}{4}$ ditto	Cayenne
1	Dessert Spoon	Lemon-juice
1	Ditto ditto	Pounded Sugar
1	Ditto ditto	Ketchup
2	Ditto ditto	Harvey Sauce
3	Ditto ditto	Port Wine

To be well-mixed, heated, and poured over the bird, it having been previously sliced, so that the sauce may mix with its own gravy. The duck should be underdone, and must be put in the dish without *anything* (Hayward).

Perfect in its way, too, as a mode of serving wild fowl, is the following :—Under-roast the bird, slice the breast, and serve it very hot, with a sauce consisting of the juices rapidly crushed out of all the other parts of the fowl.

Game is abundantly procurable in most parts of India throughout a considerable portion of the year, and health is much improved by using it as often as possible to supplement the inferior butcher's meats of this country.

Fish, of one sort or another, can be obtained during every part of the year in India, and is, perhaps, the most wholesome and digestible food to be had at certain seasons. It should be looked on as an essential of every-day diet.

The richer and more highly-flavoured ones are best cooked by boiling, and need no sauce ; or, if very fat (as Hilsa), by broiling (not frying)—by which means much of the excess of fat is removed, and digestibility is increased.

When boiled fish is once placed on the table, it should never be covered up, as it suffers in grain, and becomes flabby, from condensation of the vapours.

The Indian mullet, though poor in flesh, is exactly adapted to the sauce which nature has provided for it—its own liver. It is

excellent baked and served with the gravy which exudes from that organ, or the liver should be served separately in a butter bowl ; it requires no other sauce.

Flavourless fish, such as the Rauí, Mahaseer, &c., are to be regarded as vehicles for sauces of marked flavour.

The most appropriate sauce for hot, boiled fish is one of the fat or butter varieties, such as Dutch sauce (*Hollandaise*) ; and, for cold fish, *Mayonnaise*. Fried or broiled fish is best eaten with a slice of lemon and a few grains of cayenne, or with a few drops of ketchup, or with a prawn sauce.

The following receipt is among the best and most wholesome for Dutch sauce :—

Yolks of two eggs.

One quarter pint cream.

Two-and-a-half table spoonfuls of elder-flower vinegar.

One blade mace.

One ounce fresh butter.

Flour enough to render the sauce the consistency of a custard, which it should much resemble.

Of vegetables, and of the necessity of using them largely, much has already been said. It is important to remember that, during the hot season and rains, owing to the deficiency in salts and in nutritive power of the meat at that time procurable in India, and owing also to the monotony of diet, too often unavoidable in up-country stations, even well-fed people are liable to suffer from a tendency to scurvy.

This is most marked during the months from July to October, when meat and poultry are at their worst ; when fresh English vegetables have been for some time absent, and native varieties fail to tempt the palate. These are the months which, for dietetic even more than for climatic reasons, severely test the constitution of the European in India.

Health absolutely demands a liberal supply of fresh vegetables and fruits at this season, and prudence urges the use of every kind of native variety procurable, some of which are capable of furnishing acceptable dishes. Thus all the *ságs* are fairly good when dressed as spinach, and, like that green food, are much improved by repeated cookings and by being finally dished up with some strong game or meat gravy.

A few words regarding soups.

The never-empty stock-pot of the French household has no place in India, where stock and soup must be made fresh daily. It should be observed that the most nutritious parts are best dissolved out of the meat by water, cold, or far short of boiling ; flesh destined

for soup should be cut up, covered with cold water for some hours, then subjected to a prolonged, gentle simmering, and may, finally, be boiled for a short period.

Soups may be roughly grouped as :—

1. Clear, or *consommé*—(broth, if weak.)
2. Thick—*i.e.*, artificially thickened.
3. *Purée*, or concentrated juice of the materials used.

Each of these may be prepared from meat, game, poultry, or fish, with or without vegetables, or from vegetables only (*soup maigre*). Clear soup (*consommé*) is far preferable as the initial dish at dinner in hot weather, or for those whose appetite and digestion are not robust or who hope to do justice to the more substantial viands of the dinner—in a word, it is the best form of dinner soup for India.

Thick soup, or *purée*, is more adapted to cold weather and to hearty appetites ; or as a substantial course at the beginning of a dinner consisting of but few items—it forms one of the serious dishes of a meal, rather than a mere prelude and preparative.

A little grated Parmesan cheese is an improvement to many clear soups, and Madeira is the best wine, if any be used, to flavour them.

A common mistake made by Indian servants is that of serving too large a quantity of soup to each person ; its *rationale* as a mere introduction to dinner is best maintained when not more than six to ten spoonfuls are taken. This amount has time to be absorbed from the stomach, and to rouse the system, by the time the fish appears.

Fish and prawns yield dainty and nutritious soups ; and useful receipts are to be found in "*Culinary Jottings for Madras*" for a clear fish soup, and for prawn *consommé* and *purée*.

These offer valuable means to diversify our Indian dinner tables, where variety is healthful, monotony harmful.

With regard to the arrangement of meals in India, other considerations than those of physiology must, probably, in many cases, determine the exact hours. But we would suggest the following plan as one offering most advantages as regards health :—

Early, light breakfast on rising—tea or coffee, toast and butter, with or without eggs, and some fruit ; substantial breakfast, from eleven to twelve, consisting of a dish of some farinaceous food, such as porridge, macaroni (with tomatos), &c., a dish of fish, and a single service of meat (not curry) accompanied by a liberal allowance of vegetables, always followed by some fruit. With this should be taken tea, or coffee, or a little claret and water in the hot season, while,

perhaps, beer (preferably some light German variety) may be substituted during the cold season, by those who put in a fair tale of exercise. Afternoon tea, at four or five, when some slight edible may be trifled with—sweets taken at this hour are apt to dull the edge of dinner appetite—while the suggestion may be thrown out, for any who care to profit by it, that the tea is best taken without cream or sugar, in view of the proximity of the dinner hour. The final and chief meal of the day may follow at from seven to eight. If breakfast be taken earlier, say at from nine to ten, some luncheon is admissible between one and two; but only one or other of these two meals should be at all substantial and contain meat. Three heavy meals a day are in excess of possible digestion, and are incompatible with prolonged maintenance of health and activity—in India. The late breakfast (by preference), or the lunch, should be a repast sufficiently considerable to support without impairing activity, more especially as the engagements of the day and some of its hottest hours have still to be gone through.

The principal and most complete meal, dinner, aptly occupies that period when the chief work of the day is done and the trying heat is over.

Dinner should be approached with a sentiment of relaxation, ease, and enjoyment. Business and worry are fatal to digestion and should be banished from the hours of dining; agreeable society and pleasant conversation are notable aids to the powers of digestion—for these reasons solitary dinners should be avoided as much as possible.

Dinner, especially if it must be a solitary one, should be preceded by an interval of relaxation from whatever has seriously occupied the attention; the mind should be directed to some agreeable object and be disposed to cheerfulness.

An occupied man who values his health and wishes to keep his physical and mental energies unimpaired should sedulously eschew agitating or anxious topics of all kinds, whilst the digestive organs are at work.

The venerable Ude insists—

“Rien ne doit déranger l'honnête homme qui dine.”

Similarly, after dinner, there should succeed a period of restful repose. All that follows late dinner should, for the most part, be amusement.

So subtle and pervading is the influence which this meal exerts, for good or ill, on our health—both in its physical and mental aspects—that the consideration of how to dine so as to ensure the

greatest quantity of health and enjoyment is scarcely to be looked on as a frivolous study, or one unworthy to occupy the time of serious men.

A dinner, properly so called, should consist of a series of dishes so arranged in point of sequence that the calls made on the digestive powers be gradually developed until these are nursed into full functional activity; the palate, in like manner, being stimulated in a progressive scale. Wines should be similarly used—the lightest and least sweet at the earlier periods—liqueurs and heavy, or saccharine, wines toward the end of, or after, dinner.

It is only by thus using our digestive organs wisely, and with proper regard to their physiological capabilities, that we can reasonably hope to retain them, more especially in this country, in that degree of efficiency which is the groundwork of all mental and physical well-being.

Sir Henry Thompson gives some excellent abstracts of what a dinner should contain, in order to be complete within moderate limits. It may be stated, in ideal terms, to consist of:—

1. An introductory or preliminary dish or two.
2. A substantial dish, or *pièce de résistance*, to satisfy a keen appetite. } Exchangeable for the following if desired :
3. A choice dish or two of delicate flavour for those who have not much appetite for the preceding (No. 2), and also for those who have, but desire to reserve a place for the gratification of taste. } Not absolutely essential ; or may take the place of the substantial dish.
4. A dish of marked flavour and character easily digestible, inviting to the palate.
5. A dish of choice vegetables by itself. }
6. A sweet. } Not absolutely essential.
7. A savoury dish. }

Or, put into a concrete form, it stands thus :—

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| 1. INTRODUCTORY OR
PRELIMINARY
DISHES. | Soup
or
Fish. | Soup
and
One or more dishes of Fish. |
| 2. SUBSTANTIAL DISH
— <i>relevé or remove</i> . | Joint or other portion of meat ; tender and juicy ; rarely roast : to be well garnished, and attended with vegetables. | |
| 3. CHOICE DISHES—
<i>entrées</i> . | One or more <i>entrées</i> : one of fish may come here if soup only were taken before meat. | |

4. A DISH of MARKED
FLAVOUR—the Roast
—*Rôt*.

The Entremets.

5. VEGETABLE (which
may sometimes pre-
cede, but will mostly
follow, the roast).

6. SWEET ...

7. SAVOURY ...

Almost always a bird : game when in season ; attend-
ed or followed by a salad.

The best in season carefully cooked, and served by
itself.

One, or several, according to the guests.

Ranges from a morsel of cheese to the most delicate
of fillets, &c., *in aspic*.

DESSERT ...

Reduced to its simplest terms, then, a dinner should consist of soup,
fish, *entrée*, (and, or) joint, roast, and cheese, with or without other
entremets.

This is the sequence which most woos good digestion, and best
subverses the purpose of nourishment.

Hors d'œuvres, to precede the soup, are unnecessary to
the completeness of a dinner, and cannot be recommended as
wholesome.

Soup is essential, as an initial dish; it rapidly introduces into
the system a certain amount of stimulant and ready-formed
nutriment; it is at once absorbed, and reappears as gastric juices
ripe for attack on the next course.

The service of fish should rarely be dispensed with, in this country.
No month of the year fails to yield a suitable supply; it is
always a typically good form of food for this climate, and is, at
certain seasons, one of the few wholesome things available.

In India, the substantial dish, *relevé*, is most healthfully discarded
except during the cold season.

In the hot season, it is not only unnecessary, but few materials
suitable for such a dish are procurable. If it be omitted, a liberal
service of vegetables should accompany the *entrées*.

Whether the *entrée* should come before or after the *relevé* (joint),
when both appear, is an open question. Among *entrées* are included
an extensive variety of dishes both wholesome and most welcome to,
an Indian dinner table; such are the *fricandeau*, sweet-breads, cutlets,
filets, braises, beef *à la mode*, &c.

A cold *entrée* is a pleasing delicacy during such months as
July and August; among them, may be recommended various
mayonnaises, mutton cutlets *à la Reine*, *salade Russe montée*, &c.

The fourth course—a well roasted bird, game or poultry—should
be accompanied by a salad, and also some choice vegetables unless

certain of these are to follow as a separate dish among the *entremets*.

Among the sweet *entremets*, ices and jellies are most suitable during the hot months.

The final, savoury dish is best limited, on ordinary occasions, to cheese and a biscuit or two—whole-meal, or oatmeal, or plain, with a final charcoal one for digestive purposes.

Continuing this subject in the next issue, we propose putting the above abstract sketch of a dinner into the more concrete and useful form of a series of *menus*, selected (as combining wholesomeness and nourishing powers with due regard to the gratification of the palate) from among a number which have been in practical use in India; they will be adapted to each month of the year, both as regards the materials actually available, and the mode of dressing them most suitable to turn them to the best possible advantage at each season.

E. G. RUSSELL

SOME INDIAN TRIBES.

1. *The Tribes on my Frontier.* By EHA. Thacker, Spink & Co, Calcutta, 1883.

2. *Indian Lyrics.* By W. TREGO WEBB, Bengal Education Service. Calcutta : Thacker, Spink & Co., 1884.

ONE of the characteristics of much of the literature of the present day as distinguished from that of twenty or thirty years ago seems to be a certain delicate humour, a humour which plays fondly round its subject with a soft glow-worm light, far different from that rather broad glare of wit, plain and undisguised, with which our fathers solaced themselves. The Squire Westerns and the Widow Blackacres have, of course, long passed away ; nobody now-a-days thinks of placing Fielding's or Wycherley's works on his drawing-room table ; but in this respect we are only following the ways of men of the last generation, in whose ears this coarse jesting sounded pretty much as unpleasant as in our own. But we have gone a step further than they did ; to our taste the tranquil humour of an Addison is somewhat insipid, and the epigrammatic smartness of an Albert Smith or a Douglas Jerrold is apt to pall upon our ears. A sort of half ironical trifling with a subject is now—perhaps too much so—the popular style of treatment ; a treatment which, if superficial, is at least entertaining ; which conveys information with a smile, and which makes even disagreeable items food for gentle laughter.

Such is, in a great measure, the character of the former of the two works that we have placed at the head of this paper, and to some extent also of the latter. The author of "*Tribes on my Frontier*" claims to be no scientific naturalist, furnished with all the stores of a Cuvier or an Agassiz for our edification in zoological lore. He does not even pretend to the more modest rôle of a Wood or a Figuiér, that of a sort of "popular instructor." He is only, as he tells us, "an exile endeavouring to work a successful existence in Dustypore, without letting his environment shape him, as a pudding takes the shape of its mould ;" he will rather make it tributary to his own happiness, and draw a certain solace to his spirits from the "sprightly

forms, the merry voices, and even sometimes from the plaguy impertinencies" of the numerous creeping and flying creatures among which he spends a not uncheerful existence. In this respect he is resembled by the author of "Indian Lyrics," who is also one of the fraternity of laughing philosophers, and can look at the various petty ills of an Indian sojourn on their comical side. It is true that we have in the latter work grave and pathetic feeling mingled with the vein of humour and badinage, and in some of the pieces the two opposing styles of thought are apt, perhaps, to jostle one another. Thus in the middle of a serious poem on Indian Cemeteries, ending with a pathetic sentiment, we find a stanza like the following :—

Such masses piled above their dust
Should give, methinks, these souls forlorn
Sore pains to break their prisoning crust
On Resurrection morn.

—where the flash of pleasantry, coming in where it does, gives us a sort of shock, and strikes us as having a lurid rather than an illuminating effect. In general, however, the two phases of feeling are kept sufficiently distinct; and both writers, when they come to treat of the small discomforts of life in India, have in reserve a fund of humorous irony, which would have filled with astonishment, and possibly with some disgust, the Anglo-Indians of other days. Fancy an old *Qui Hye* sitting, like EHA, on a sunny morning and watching an ant-hole, to the perplexity of the primitive ryot who begins to suspect that the sahib is "on the scent of hid treasure." Or imagine, again, that bilious individual chasing, with our author, the airy butterfly at full speed over grassy hill-slopes, and labelling the pastime as "sport second to none."

One of the main reasons of the growth of this tenderly humorous attitude towards the brute creation, and especially the entomological section of it, is a knowledge of their habits and a study of their little idiosyncrasies, as it were, which are revealed only to the patient watcher, and are truly the "harvest of a quiet eye." Among ignorant and barbarous nations a stranger and an enemy mean the same thing; and no less is this the case in our relations with the lower animal world around us, where many an inoffensive creature is ignominiously hunted to death simply through ignorance of its "habits and customs." Spiders are a capital instance in point, and EHA may well confess that the way in which many people treat spiders makes him melancholy.

Ladies especially crush them with slippers, or else, if a pretty timidity is one of their accomplishments, they invoke the 'boy' to 'take away that jan-war.' He picks it up with the points of his five fingers, as he would a bolus

of rice and curry, and throws it out of the window, a miserable agglomeration of mangled limbs.

The reasons given for this treatment are that spiders are ugly and that they bite. But plain looks are hardly sufficient grounds for putting anybody to death, and as for their propensity to bite, our author tells us that he has only succeeded in collecting one doubtful instance after years of search—and is not their ugliness in accordance with the eternal fitness of things? If a spider "could look gentle and engaging as it strangled a fly, would not our souls revolt against the hypocrisy of the thing?" We have known people, again, who lay violent hands upon the harmless necessary lizard whenever they can catch him asleep on the walls of their rooms, merely because they are offended at his resemblance to a miniature alligator; ignorant apparently of the good service that he renders in helping to rid their houses of bugs and beetles and such small deer. If we do not love we might at least pity these degraded descendants of the Saurian family that was once so mighty, in the days when—

A monstrous eft was lord of land and sea.

EHA compares these wrecks of a great past to his Goanese cook, whose sonorous name recalls the ancient glories of his race—the Conquest of Mexico, or the doubling of the Cape.

Not that our author has much to say in praise of these "red-throated hob-goblins," though he has a good word for the little *Geckos* or house lizards. He describes the tribe generally as sensual, passionate, and cruel. Their first object in life is to fill their speckled stomachs; their second is "to let their angry passions rise."

For an example of devouring rage go to the big garden lizard, which the children in India call a blood-sucker. See it standing in the middle of the road, its whole face and throat crimson with wrath and swollen to the bursting point with pent-up choler, its eye-brows raised and its odious head bobbing up and down in menace of vengeance. And the explanation of the whole matter is that another smaller lizard snapped up an ant on which it had set its heart. Nothing will appease it now but to bite off the offender's tail. This will do the latter no harm, for a lizard's tail is a contrivance for the saving of its life, planned on exactly the same principle as the faithful Russian slave who threw himself to the wolves that were pursuing his master's sledge. I once saw a fierce scorpion catch a lizard by the tail and plunge its sting into the wriggling member; but before the venom could circulate to the lizard's body, it detached its tail and ran away grinning. The scorpion went on stinging the old tail, and the lizard began growing a new one.

The author gives us the whole scene at a glance in one of the happy illustrations with which his book abounds.

Spiders also, it is said, possess this faculty, and if by any accident they lose a leg, they proceed at once to develop a fresh one. It is likewise, of course, a common attribute of the lower invertebrates, the Ascidians and the Polyps, which easily and extensively replace lost tissues; but in the process of evolution and staminal development this reproductive faculty gradually declines, without, however, becoming entirely extinct. It would never do for men and women to be able to snip off their own or one another's arms and legs with impunity.

Another instance of this unreasoning antipathy is to be found in the almost universal fear and hatred with which snakes are regarded. We all remember the sensation caused by the case of '*Cockburn versus Mann*'; and the horror and dismay of the general public at hearing that Mr. Mann, of Chelsea, was in the habit of "keeping for his amusement all manner of venomous serpents." It is needless to say that not one of Mr. Mann's snakes was venomous, and that they were as tame as kittens and as interesting. The fact is that snakes are far from being the "odious slimy" creatures of the popular imagination, and that the majority of them are not poisonous, as vulgar opinion, especially among natives, believes them to be. The whole large group of the burrowing snakes are perfectly harmless, and so are the fresh-water snakes; while the ground snakes and the tree snakes include both venomous and innocent genera. The poisonous kinds of tree snakes, however, abound in India, and the whole of the fifth group, that of sea snakes, is highly venomous; but with these last we have little to do. That this hatred for snakes, which mankind seems to have inherited from Adam, has been fostered by ignorance we can well believe. How many people there are who believe that the animal's tongue is its "sting," and that if it touches you with it, you are a dead man. An old idea, found among Sir Thomas Browne's "*Vulgar Errours*," was that the weapon of mischief was the tail, a myth which is perhaps not even now entirely exploded. Few persons, perhaps, are aware of the distinction between a serpent's teeth and its fangs, the former being fixed grasping instruments, the latter mobile and hollow, through which the venom is conveyed to the point and so into the wound made by it, somewhat on the principle of an insect's sting.

EHA is far from admiring the efforts of a paternal Government towards the extermination of venomous serpents by a system of rewards for their slaughter, and shows by an arithmetical calculation that Government, by its expenditure on this head of something less than a lakh of rupees, may be considered to have saved every year

the life of one man out of the one hundred and eighty millions of India.

* Precious man! I wonder who he is? And while money is thus thrown away, the trees all over the country remain to this day unprovided with lightning conductors in open disregard of the known fact that men (and bullocks too) are sometimes struck while standing under trees during a thunderstorm.

In truth the system of rewards for the destruction of snakes is a failure in more ways than one, and if the plan is to be continued, at least a revision of its rules and working is necessary. We have known of an instance (and doubtless they are numerous) of snakes having been actually bred with a view to obtaining the Government reward for their dead carcases. A cobra in the family way is quite a treasure trove to the Hindu peasant; he has only to bottle it up in a *chatti* and await the birth of its multitudinous offspring, when he will reap quite a small harvest of rupees from the benignant simplicity of the "Sircar," who neglects size where Ophidians are concerned, and reckons only *per capita*.

Poets, Shelley tells us, "learn in suffering what they teach in song," a remark which Mr. Webb seems to have proved true, if we may regard his poetry as setting forth his own experiences. A sonnet on "Night Noises," which we quote, gives quite a striking description of the various disturbing sounds to which we are subject during an Indian night:—

Not a voice was idle.—*Wordsworth.*

Slumbering I lay, but in my room a rat
Rustled and scratched, till I could sleep no more.
Then up I rose, and through the curtained door
Passed; all around did dusky forms lie flat,
My household train that snored upon the mat,
'Mid whose bare limbs I wound across the floor
And gained the dim verandah. Screeching sore,
Forth flapped an owl, and restless hummed the gnat.
A fitful night breeze round the palm-tree's plume
Whispered, and mixed with rival bark of dogs
Came the long howl of jackals through the gloom;
Shrill piped the tireless crickets, and the frogs
Obstreperous croaked; while from their quiet skies
The stars kept watch with patient lidless eyes.

What a contrast is this picture to the almost deathlike stillness that hangs at night over an English city and hushes to sleep its busy workers, when—

The very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

On nights when the moon is full, and especially when she rises

in the small hours, the crow, as this author notices, is responsible for much of the noise that prevails. Untaught by centuries of experience, the corvine race persists in mistaking the "white beams" of the full or the waning moon for the "grey light of the morning," till—

'Tis really past joking
To hear you all croaking
On the trees that sleep in the silver light.

Mr. Webb has not a single good word for this "grey-necked impostor," and his "Ode to a Crow" forms quite a poetical *corpus delicti* against that feathered criminal. Nor, indeed, does EHA bring forward any plea why sentence of condemnation should not be passed upon him. He confesses that the crow is utterly abandoned, and that he has never been able to discover any shred of grace about him. A free and happy resident of Dustypore, he is in the habit of "shooting a crow once a month or so and hanging it up *in terrorem*." Alas that here in our too-civilized Calcutta, Municipal bye-laws deny us even this poor satisfaction, though Mr. Webb, as we find from his sonnet on "The Dead Crow," has provided himself with a not wholly inefficient substitute for EHA's gun, in the shape of—

Bow and mud pellets, engines of these climes.

One virtue, however, crows do possess (if indeed in their case it is not rather a vice than a virtue), and that is perseverance. A pair of them were once so lost to all sense of propriety as to build their nest on a tree close under our window. We dislodged that nest with the help of a long bamboo amid much indignant remonstrance on the part of the owners, whereupon they at once proceeded to construct a new one on the same spot. This too we demolished, and again it was rebuilt, and so we went on—pull baker, pull devil—we demolishing and they rebuilding, till six nests had, one after another, been made and marred, when at length those buoyant crows gave up the contest. All the crows of the neighbourhood sat around and watched the proceedings with evident interest, giving occasional croaks of encouragement to their ill-used brethren.

The unpleasant variety of insect and other animal life in the rainy season is graphically depicted in Mr. Webb's verses entitled "Rain." What swamps and morasses are there then, he says or sings, on the Maidan, what croaking and grunting of frogs!—

What assortments of flies in your soup,
In your brandy-and-sodas!
What stings from some of the group,
From others' what odours!

—and later on in the same poem, he continues :—

Some skip, and some fly, and some crawl
 O'er your table at dinner ;
 Some are short, and some bloatedly sprawl,
 Some are longer and thinner ;
 Some are black, some are blue, some are green,
 Some have horns, some antennæ ;
 Some have legs quite a few to be seen,
 Some immoderately many.
 One insect uncommonly like
 The twig of a plant is ;
 'Tis sure your attention to strike,
 The singular Mantis.
 It holds up its fore-legs on high,
 Looks prayerful and touching ;
 But all its religion's a fly,
 Which it wants to be clutching !

The latter stanza is a good example of the light humorous way in which the author can furnish us with an item of information in Natural History. A unique instance of this genial treatment is to be found in his poem on the White Ant, which, had space permitted, we should like to have quoted in full ; for it must be read as a whole to appreciate the delicate play of fancy that enlivens this biographical sketch of that "little crawling creature," whose ways, like those of the Heathen Chinees, are dark and whose tricks are vain :—

It dwells aloof from light and air,
 And works its deeds of darkness there
 In hiding meanly ;
 And if it wants abroad to go,
 It bores a gallery, and below
 It walks serenely.
 The beams of houses it bereaves
 Of all their inner parts, and leaves
 A shell fallacious ;
 And harmless books upon their shelves
 Right through and through it mines and delves -
 With maw voracious.

EHA gives us, in prose, the story of the life of this "arch-scourge of humanity, the foe of civilization and blight of learning," as he calls it not unreasonably. One thing about *Termes lucifuga's* proceedings puzzles him. Where do the industrious creatures find water? They will travel up from the ground through the foundations and walls of a house into the upper storey, and then—

Finding their road barred, perhaps by a broad stone, they will emerge and build a covered way to protect their march, until they reach a soft place where

they can enter the wall again. Now clay cannot be kneaded or mortar mixed without moisture, and they manage to carry on these operations in the second storey of a house with the hygrometer at zero, and all our postage stamps curling into telescopes. Their heads are certainly large and red, like water-chatties, but surely they do not carry water in their heads !

The fact appears to be that the *Termites*, like the cell-building Hymenoptera, possess glands that secrete a viscous saliva, with the help of which they construct the covered avenues that hide their nefarious doings from the light of day.

Both our authors, as might be expected, speak disparagingly of the Mosquito. "Though she be little, she is fierce" is Mr. Webb's apt Shaksperian motto for his witty poem on that "plaguy creature," and EHA is lost in perplexity as to why mosquitos of a'l insects, which require no food or only the lightest of refreshments in their winged state, should gorge themselves with our life-blood until their wings almost refuse to carry them. Or, as Mr. Webb puts it—

Creature so ethereal,
Delicate, aerial,
Ah ! how canst thou feast on such a gross material ?
Can the tiger's thirst,
Vampire's greed accurst,
Within a faery form such as thine be nurst ?
Thy repast should be
Nectar of the bee,
Or ambrosial dews were fitter food for thee.

With still better reason, perhaps, EHA asks why, if mosquitos do require nourishing food, they cannot bleed us painlessly.

Why make us pay fees in anguish for the operation ? It can be no advantage to them that we wince and jump when they sit down to dine. Who would thank anybody for inventing a pump which should tickle the earth so horribly as to bring on earth-quakes whenever one went for water ? The traveller who invented the original vampire bat understood matters better, and made the horrid monster fan its victim gently with its ample wings, that he might the more sweetly sleep on into the sleep of death. So, from the Darwinian standpoint, mosquitos ought to have developed some sweet narcotic fluid, some natural *ros alpinus*, which would produce the most exquisitely pleasurable titillations, and make the fat man hasten to resign his back, sore vexed with prickly heat, to their soothing ministrations and his soul to sweetest dreams. I hold that Darwin, weighed in the balance against the mosquito, is found wanting.

EHA humourously maintains, contrary to vulgar anatomists, that the two long hind legs of the mosquito are connected with the suction apparatus and are of the nature of pump-handles. Of this, he continues, anyone may satisfy himself by watching a mosquito at work, and noting the true pump-handle action of the hind legs.

Our author's antidote for mosquito-bites is—*inoculation*, a remedy which, perhaps, bids fair to be eventually adopted for all the diseases that flesh is heir to. Was not the method common in the case of small-pox, and are not snake-charmers, as EHA pertinently remarks, enabled to handle venomous serpents unharmed by means of a gradual inoculation with cobra poison? Inoculation for cholera is, we believe, already practised by some enlightened natives of India. Hence, if any one is much tormented with mosquitos, let him listen to EHA's specific, and, dispensing with curtains, allow them to bite him freely for a year, or two, or three years, until his constitution becomes mosquito-proof, and he may then defy every one of their "lancets seven" for the rest of his days. .

Of temporary methods of relief until this grand consummation is attained our author says nothing, and does not even tell us what is the correct solution of Phenyle to use for the purpose. For any one who is much victimized by mosquitos inside his curtains at night an ingenious friend of ours recommends the following piece of strategy. When he gets into bed, instead of diligently tucking in the curtain after him, let him leave a pretty wide aperture. Through this all the mosquitos in the room will swarm to the banquet, until in a short time there will not be one left outside. Then let him nimbly and circumspectly alight from the bed, tuck in his mosquito net carefully all round, and go to sleep on the floor. It will be a great and unalloyed satisfaction to him, as he dozes off, to hear the indignant buzzings of those mosquitos as they wildly dash themselves against the sides of the curtain in their futile attempts to get at him. Like Catiline, *abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*.

Mr. Webb winds up his "Ode to a Mosquito" with a little hearty abuse, which it may relieve our readers' minds to meditate upon, as it doubtless did his to compose them:—

Profligate marauder !

General defrauder !

When wilt thou begin to set thy house in order ?

Shall the Hindu peasant,

Ever, as at present,

For thy riddance make his hut with smoke unpleasant ?

Must, on river stations,

Sailors of all nations,

By thee tortured, utter painful imprecations ?

Still must maiden tender,

Fresh from England, render

Up to thy defacing touch her beauty's splendour ?

—with more in a similar strain. The poem closes, however, in a vein of philosophy which we wish we could imitate:—

Vain is all repining ;
 For, to my divining,
 E'en mosquitos small must, like men, be dining.
 Mixed with gold there dross is ;
 Life must have its crosses,
 And our frames endure the prick of thy proboscis !

EHA devotes a considerable portion of his chapter on "Bees, Wasps, *et hoc genus omne*" to meditating upon the ways of the metallic-blue fly. So numerous and various are the receptacles provided by our imported English civilization for the eggs of these enterprising little creatures, that our author is filled with wonder as to how they managed before we came into the country. What did all the community of wasps, bees, and ichneumon flies do before the era of keys and quill-pens and hat-boxes and padlocks and book-shelves ? To EHA the conclusion seems inevitable that, if accurate census returns could be obtained, it would appear that the hymenopterous population of India has centupled since the British occupation. The method pursued by the metallic-blue fly, as soon as she has found an eligible hole, is first to stock it with hairy-legged spiders, which she hunts down among the grass and stings into a comatose state, as food for her grub as soon as it is hatched. This done, she deposits a single egg in the midst of them, and then plasters up the mouth of the hole with clay. EHA tells of an ancient chair in his office, once cane-bottomed, though the cane had long since been replaced by wooden boards. The holes, however, through which it was drawn remained, and every one of them he found closed with the metallic-blue fly's stopper of white-washed clay. Whereat he takes up his parable thus :—

In the chair there are nineteen of these holes to a side, or seventy-six in all. Now, supposing each hole to contain on an average twenty spiders, large and small, then this one rickety sitting instrument is the sepulchre of 1,520 creatures, which just a week or two ago were galloping about among the weeds and grass of the garden, scattering terror and death. Again, multiplying this number by the appetite *per diem* of an average hairy-legged grass-spider, we have the number of voracious caterpillars and other insects whose lives are being spared for the maintenance of this one seminary of metallic-blue flies, and in all that great resurrection pie of cold platitudes which constitutes the tangible result, the residue found on evaporation, so to speak, of the Famine Commission, there is no allusion to this momentous subject !

Of the play of pleasant humour that characterizes "The Tribes on my Frontier," we have already, perhaps, given our readers sufficient example. There is a passage on page 90 which so well

illustrates the writer's picturesque power that we cannot forbear quoting it here. He is describing the class of spiders which "spring upon the victim," and which he calls the cats of the tribe, with table flies for their prey.

On the open table-cloth, while the gourmand is engrossed in a luscious drop of gravy, the spider is creeping on it step by step, whetting her jaws against each other. As she gets nearer the suspense begins to be painful. She moves like the hour-hand of a watch, each step is a matter of thought, while all her eight eyes are focussed, like burning glasses, on the victim, and not an eye-lash moves. At length you see her tail go down, and a fine thread is made fast to the table-cloth, for a spider always casts anchor at critical moments. Then comes the fatal spring, followed by a brief buzzing scuffle and the foul career of that fly is ended.

Treating of frogs, the writer waxes eloquent on the unmitigated horror of the fate of the unhappy frog that is gradually being sucked down by a snake, which takes an hour or two to swallow its victim. Its unspeakably woeful wail during the process has at times led him to sally forth, stick in hand, to slay the snake and release the frog. Once, he tells us, he saw the tables turned.

I was watching a wily snake about two feet long gliding down into a tank, when a gigantic frog hopped up and swallowed its head. The snake protested with frantic wriggles, but the frog continued swallowing it down—an inch or two at each gulp—until half the snake was gone. By this time the other half became so violent that the frog could scarcely keep its feet, so for greater security it turned and plunged into its own element, and I saw it no more. Even this was beaten in audacity by a frog from whose stomach I, David-like, redeemed the leg of a live chicken. The rest of the chicken was still outside, remonstrating clamorously.

This quotation reminds us of an interesting story told us by an observant friend, who once saw a snake set to work to gorge the hinder parts of a frog, just after the same frog had commenced proceedings upon that snake's tail. It seemed a question of speed of deglutition, *bulk* in the one case being opposed to *quantity* in the other. The whole matter is, however, one of much intricacy, and to the present day we have never been able to learn what was the final result of the encounter.

One of the pleasantest chapters in EHA's pleasant book is that entitled "The Birds of the Garden," in which he maintains the superiority of the bird over the beast creation. The doctrine of Evolution, no doubt, points in a different direction, the birds being, as Huxley has conclusively shown, only a grade higher than the reptiles, with which they are closely allied. The Biblical record also places the creation of "every winged fowl after his kind" before that of the mammalia, though St. Paul seems to make priority of

production a ground of superiority rather than the reverse, and forbids the woman to usurp authority over the man, since "Adam was first formed, then Eve."*

There are, besides, as EHA points out, *a priori* reasons for expecting the bird mind to be of a purer cast than that of the brute. The brute grovels on the earth's surface, and sees nothing beyond the grass and bushes among which it pokes its way. The bird, perched on some lofty bough or soaring in mid air, surveys all the glories of the world mapped out beneath its vision, and like the "Sidi" of these "Lyrics," has its nature interfused, as it were, and inspired with

The freedom of the boundless sky.

Mr. Webb introduces this thought in his "Kite's Song," though he goes further than EHA, and makes that audacious bird claim precedence of even man himself:—

I spy the creatures far below
Upon the earth that crawl,
Full slowly moving to and fro
So puny and so small.
I sail above their heads with glee,
My pinions wide unfurled ;—
Can these poor wingless weaklings be
The masters of the world ?
Thus through the long and changeless years,
Self-centred in my mirth,
Soaring I mark with alien ears
The distant sounds of earth :
The world stretched out beneath my view
I watch with careless eys,
A speck upon the summer blue,
A spirit of the skies !

On the whole, this seems to be rather a lofty rôle for our friend *Milvus iclinus*, with whose very mundane appetites we in India are so familiar.

In the same strain EHA is not afraid to claim that birds have more intellect than beasts.

"The most scientific way," he writes, "to settle the matter, of course, would be by brain measurement, and I am pretty sure that birds have proportionally larger heads than any animals in existence—except, perhaps, Scotchmen ; but my opinion is founded only on ordinary observation and experience."

* Not so, however, Burns, who says of Nature :—

Her prentis han'
She tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O !

Comparing the monkey, as the most intelligent mammal, with the parrot, "who," asks the writer, "would hesitate to give the palm for solid brain power to the parrot?" The monkey does absurd things which some people think clever, on the spur of the moment, often acting in a highly capricious and motiveless fashion, whereas the parrot "commands your respect, because it makes you feel that it has a satisfactory reason for everything it does."

Whether it is overturning its drinking-water, and peering over the side of its cage to see if the cold *douche* has taken effect on the head of the dog, or simply walking about examining the multifarious scraps strewed on the floor of its house, and pronouncing on their indigestibility, or rasping away any accessible wood-work, its proceedings are unmistakeably the fruit of deliberate thought.

Besides, a parrot never forgets its dignity, therein being a marked contrast to the monkey, which has no dignity to forget.

EHA has a word or two for the wily *Satbhai*, or "Seven Brothers" (called "Sisters" in Bengal), birds which everywhere go about in sevens. When oölogy was the author's mania, they "positively set up a fictitious nest for his benefit, and broke into a guffaw as they saw him climbing the tree." That most comical of birds, the Adjutant, however, does not find a place in his list, a blank which is well supplied by Mr. Webb with his "Ode to an Adjutant Stork," where he points out the absurd resemblance, so often remarked, of the *Argala* to some old gentleman, white-vested and black-coated, who—

Silently with both his hands
Thrust beneath his coat tails stands.

The writer specially commends the "grave deliberation," and "dignified repose" which mark the ways and habits of this useful and hence unmolested scavenger among birds, and closes his ode in the following strain of eulogy :—

Fare thee well, old fowl! and take
My blessing with thee for the sake
Of the pattern thou dost show
To restless kite and chattering crow,
To mynas and to parroquets
With their screams and noisy threats,
Of a carriage calm and mute,
Such as well a bird may suit,
From all boisterous passion free,
And full of sober dignity.

EHA, with the author of "Indian Lyrics," calls attention to the discordant notes of most of the birds of his 'frontier. The *koel* has, indeed, been called the Indian nightingale, much in the sense,

we imagine, in which Klopstock has been designated the German Milton. Besides, "does not the Maratha novelist, dwelling on the delights of a spring morning in an Indian village, tell how the air was filled with the dulcet melody of the *koel*, the green parrot, and the peacock?" Mr. Webb's ears, however, are not attuned to such harmonies. "Where," he asks in his graceful *villanelle* entitled "Indian Birds,"—

Where is the thrush in quickset rows,
The lark above the grassy hill?
I hear the cawing of the crows.
The screech-owl breaks the eve's repose,
And roving night-jars whistle shrill :—
Where are the notes fond Memory knows?

* * * *

Alas that in this land of prose
The music of the woods is still!
I hear the cawing of the crows ;—
Where are the notes fond Memory knows?

But we must draw to a close and resist the temptation to linger any further over these bright and pleasant pages. We have written enough to show that our Indian exile need not be the dull and monotonous round which some people are fain to make it, but that to the quiet watcher the common objects around him—beast and bird and insect—can be turned into food for gentle humour and interesting study. In the words of the "Envoy" with which "Indian Lyrics" closes, though the subjects of which both our authors treat may seem to some but "idle themes—"

Yet to men's minds great Nature's powers
A silent inspiration give ;
The fields and sunlight, trees and flowers,
All help to mould the life we live.

ELLIS UNDERWOOD.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

BIRDS OF BRITISH BURMAH.*—Probably no department of science has made greater progress of late years than that of Natural History, more particularly in India where we are every day having proofs of the extended and extending interest taken in it, both in the establishment of new museums and in the collections of private persons, as also in the many notes and papers published in various ways by these collectors. Ornithology, amongst other branches, has had a large share of attention, due, no doubt, in a great degree, to the labors of Blyth and Jerdon, and stimulated much by Hume, particularly in the publication of "Stray Feathers," &c.

The latest outcome of this gradually increasing vigour is before us in the shape of two goodly volumes on the "Birds of British Burmah," by Mr. Eugene W. Oates, of the Public Works Department of India, who seems to have spared neither time, trouble, nor money, so that the task he had set himself should be done thoroughly.

Leave, after a long residence in India, is not only a much prized boon, but too often an absolute necessity for the restoration of health, and it is not every one who would have had the power, even had they had the inclination, to devote it to the compilation of such a work as this Handbook. It is evident from the exhaustive way in which the author has carried out his work that he has made the most of his opportunities both in the field and in the cabinet.

The book is well got up, well printed in good clear type, and it is, as is necessary for people who are much in the field, of convenient size.

There are, however, one or two points in it to which we can hardly give an unqualified approval.

* A Handbook to the Birds of British Burmah, including those found in the adjoining State of Karennee. By Eugene W. Oates, Executive Engineer, Public Works Department of India (British Burmah), 2 Vols. 8vo., London : R. H. Porter, 1883.

Unfortunately, to our thinking, with the increased attention given to ornithology has arisen a redundancy of division in nomenclature, which it seems to us deters many people from entering on what without this difficulty would be to them an amusing and profitable study. We should have been glad to find that Mr. Oates had avoided this in the work under review, written as it ostensibly is, for field naturalists, sportsmen, and amateurs, who cannot be expected to be familiar with all the little details on which such minute divisions are made (often only comparative size or a very slight shade of colour, an extra feather in the tail, or what not) which, although quite in place in a scientific monograph as aids to the working out of the affinity of the various groups, and so to a more complete knowledge of the chain of life, are, as a rule, only local variations which it is extremely difficult for an outsider to recognise from a mere printed description.

Classification is, or at least should be, merely a means to an end, a means by which any particular specimen may be easily identified; consequently the simpler and more natural the arrangement is, the easier will it be to attain the end aimed at, especially to a beginner. The object of a book like Mr. Oates's is to enable any one and every one to give a name and location to whatever bird may fall in his way, and not merely to tell a few cabinet naturalists how many birds there are in Burmah; therefore, we think, that the classification adopted by our author, however scientific it may be considered, is hardly either a happy or a useful one. There are certain characteristics which are obvious to the merest tyro, and such a one we think is the webbing of the feet in Illiger's group *Natutores*. Why then cut up this naturally formed group, which every one could understand, into three parts? It seems extremely misleading to find Herons and Storks in between Cormorants and Ducks, and again Pigeons and Partridges between these and Gulls, as well as between Storks and Cranes.

We are aware that this is the latest system of classification (originating we believe with Professor Gadow, and since adopted with modifications by home naturalists), still it seems to us that the old order *Natutores* would be more easily comprehended by those for whom the book was primarily written.

The references, too, would have been much improved by the addition of the dates of publication, as on these depend, in most cases of complicated synonymy, priority of nomenclature.

Again, we should also have liked to have seen something of a diagnosis of the various orders, families, &c., in English, or at all

events the derivations of the various scientific terms used, which, whilst it would not have detracted from the scientific value of the book, would have taught its non-scientific readers to understand why such and such birds were classed together, and consequently enabled them, in the event of their obtaining an isolated specimen, to turn without difficulty to that part of the book in which such specimen might be found. However, we are glad to testify that, in spite of such drawbacks as these, we feel sure that Mr. Oates's book will become to ornithologists studying oriental fauna, an authority such as Blyth and Jerdon already are, more particularly so to those whose lot it is to study the science in Burmah itself.

MONA SINGH : A SKETCH. BY D. M. S. *Calcutta : Thacker, Spink and Co., 1884.*

Its Preface tells us that this little book is intended "to familiarise those who care to look into it, with some aspects of a movement which has, from time to time, been maligned by an irreverent press." The movement indicated is presumed to be Theosophy, or a kind of rejuvenescence of Buddhism, and the "Sketch" appears to be concocted somewhat on the lines of Mr. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs," a work which, partly on account of the novelty of its treatment, and partly on account of its mysticism, gained a higher reputation than in our opinion it deserved. There is such an air of jaunty unreality about the general style and tone of the wonderful pamphlet before us, that the reader is often almost tempted to imagine that it was written to travesty (after a somewhat elephantine fashion) rather than to illuminate the subject which it treats.

We are introduced, in Chapter I, to the hero, Mona Singh, a young Indian student, who is discovered sitting with a priest on the Normandy coast, and who finds the little "seascape" decidedly *slow* after the "lavish expenditure of colour" to which he has been accustomed in the sunsets of his own land, where sterks standing on one leg and "inwardly touched by the ruby tears of a dying sun" add so much to the repose of the prospect. After throwing this passing light upon the moods of pelicans, the writer recalls Mona's experiences of a week spent with "a typical Vicar in the south of England," whom he characterizes with much irreverent sarcasm. This genial pastor, it seems, was wont to urge his flock not to be too regular in their attendance at church, for fear their worship "should degenerate into mere formalism;" and when he observed this tendency to unspirituality developing in his Parish, this uncompromising person used to add force to his advice by "shutting up his church for a week or two, and taking a trip to the Continent." The author does not

inform us what the simple-minded man's bishop said to such a really novel method of spiritual enlightenment.

But to return to Mr. Singh, who, we are interested to find on page 11, was "a melancholy output of intellectualism in this septenary chain of worlds," and therefore scarcely of a character to be in harmony with that of his priestly friend. But then what better can be expected of an "output?" However that may be, the pair walk off presently to the beach and happily get into their "aquarian dresses" with such agility as to be just in time to hand two very handsome young ladies out of their '*cabanes*,' and escort them into the sea. Amid these delicate attentions, however, they do not forget to submerge their heads thrice, "one in recognition of the triune nature of man, the other acknowledging the Trinity of Persons."

The two young ladies are Josephine and Frances, whose father is M. Crévieux, a French savant. Madame Crévieux, their mother, is rather given to "chaffing" Mona, though, it must be confessed, in a somewhat feeble way. For instance:—

"I am so good, I am sure I shall be annihilated some day," she added, hazily alluding to *nirvana*.

o o o * * * *

Then as she exhibited her season ticket to the gate-keeper, she said: "You must have thought me *exigeante* about punctuality, but I am always more or less in a hurry to join the people in the next world, and consequently any delay on earth is tiresome."

We are, later on, relieved to find that, notwithstanding these apparently suicidal tendencies on the part of the old lady, she in reality possessed "a very keen appreciation of terrene frivolities," and that she was only "putting it on" with Mr. Singh. That astute young gentleman, however, was even with her. He had, it appears, so skilfully and successfully impressed this very proper but somewhat simple matron with a sense of his being surrounded with a halo of Oriental mystery, that "she was prepared at any moment to see him disappear up a chimney and leave his clothes sitting in a chair." Hence she thought no harm could possibly come of commending her daughter to the young Indian's care, any more than if she had been entrusting her to "the winged embrace of an angel." Accordingly the young people, leaving Mamma in the little theatre of the Casino, go off together, and take a solitary evening stroll in the neighbouring grounds. But their talk is for the present confined to Mona's "mission" and "the liberation of the enchained soul," subjects in which Mr. Singh apparently makes little progress, for the practical young lady throws cold water over his impassioned arguments with a disrespectful allegory about the stupid camel that

sniffs and finds real water, and the thinking man who chases a mirage and perishes. So far then Madame Crévieux and Mademoiselle Josephine have much the best of it.

We see, however, that this is not to be so long; for while Mademoiselle Frances is represented as "hieratic" in her tastes, her sister (poor thing!) is "an idealist thinker and a transcendentalist." Hence an intimacy soon sprung up between the Indian and Josephine—and no wonder; for in addition to intellectual sympathy, she possessed other attractions—"burnished coils" of hair which "gave undeniable strength to her classic head"; "full and ruddy lips, disparted by the voluptuous curves of the mouth;" and, as if these were not enough, eyes which "had all the alternating expressions conceivable between the hunger of a tigress and the despair of a wounded antelope." We have heard of the "ox-eyed" Juno; but here we have something in the *ocular* line quite beyond poor dear old Homer's neatest ideas.

With this eighteen-year-old collection of somewhat novel charms, drest in a "morning gown," which we are told, "rather covers than clothes, and is less oblitative of the outline of the human figure than many other contrivances (!)," the unsuspected Mona has another *tête-à-tête* stroll, this time through a forest during a picnic; when he tells her the story of his life which shows him to be an eligible widower, quoting for her benefit sundry passages from "Isis Unveiled" and the "Creed of Christendom" by W. R. Greg, and winds up by "leaning towards Josephine, and hinting in low sweet tones that it was her friendship and sympathy which now upheld him in his enterprise, and she of all others could render him capable of bringing it to a reality." This is decidedly pointed, if he is not trifling with her young affections, and the question now is—(it might have done excellently for one of the *World's* 'Hard Cases')—what should the young lady say or do? She, however, shows herself quite equal to the crisis: "With ill-suppressed traces of emotion and her lustrous eyes aflame with passionate pleading, she laid her hand on his, saying 'can then a woman also take her part?'" This strikes us as admirable. Meanwhile the cautious Mona, "taking her hand in his raised her from the ground and drawing her towards him, whispered"—here comes the proposal idly thinks the irreverent reader, but no—"you too, dear sister, can enter the Path." Oh Mr. Singh, Mr. Singh!

Space will not permit us to pursue the somewhat tangled thread of this ingenious narrative. Suffice it to say that Mona does not come up to what might naturally be expected of him after his very

marked allusions; the perjured man runs away back to India the very next day, becomes a Buddhist *arhat* or saint, and realizes "the all-pervading glory of the Absolute." Josephine meanwhile is "plunged into a dual desolation;" she has lost her lover, and having become more "transcendental" than ever, is estranged from her "hieratic" sister. "Finding the rôle of a Donna Quixote impracticable," however, she marries, and fifteen years later is discovered in Kashmir with her daughter Clementine and a party of Anglo-Indians. Here she, of course, comes across Mr. Singh in an old Buddhist temple, and "the poor deluded lady" (as the writer justly terms her) and her daughter, who is suitably represented as subject to "a temporary exhaustion of ideas," after listening with exemplary patience to profuse quotations from favourite authors indulged in by the "adept," immure themselves in a female "Lamasery" on the confines of Chinese Tartary, and devote themselves to "charitable actions." Mona continues his journey to India, "where, in due course, his 'Reciprocity Scheme'" (a sort of judicious amalgam of Christianity and Buddhism) "met with deserved success, and, at a critical period, tended to allay a popular insurrection" (probably some pro-Ilbert-bill agitation) "which some administrative experiments had stimulated."

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA. INDEX TO THE TWELVE VOLUMES OF THE JOURNAL, 1871—1883. *Calcutta: Printed by the Calcutta Central Press Company, Ltd., 1884.*

This index consists of two parts: the first being a Nominal List of Patrons, Vice-Patrons, Members of Council, &c., together with contributors, and those who have aided the Institution since its formation in 1870; the second containing the matter included in the twelve volumes, classified under various heads. The whole Index appears to be well arranged and exhaustive, and should be in the possession of all those who wish to have a means of reference to a large variety of subjects of military interest. The original papers are of a wide range, and embrace most, if not all, of the military topics of the day, such as Army Signalling, Modern Attack, Dismounted Service of Cavalry, Methods of Range-finding, and so on.

A GUIDE FOR VISITORS TO KASHMIR. By John Collett. *Calcutta: W. Newman & Co.*—The opening of the Punjab Northern State Railway, from more than one point of which the frontiers of Kashmir can be so easily reached, will, no doubt, tend to increase the number of visitors to the famous valley. The principal starting point will still probably be Rawal Pindi until the branch line to Murree is completed, the Murree route to Srinagar being generally

preferred as easier travelling. But those who make light of difficulties of marching when weighed against the enjoyment of finer scenery should leave the railway at Gujrat, 71 miles from Lahore, and going over the Pir Punjal Pass, will reach Srinagar in 12 marches, as against 13 by the Murree route. The Jammu route is along the private road of the Maharajah and is seldom used, unless by His Highness's special permission, by any but officials of the Government of India on duty.

Of these and of other practicable, though less frequented routes, a very sufficient account will be found in Mr. Collett's handsome and handy little volume. Each day's march has a paragraph to itself, giving a detailed description of the nature of the road and the accommodation available at each halting place. A preliminary chapter supplies the intending traveller with a series of practical hints regarding baggage, coolies, servants, and supplies, and affords precise directions as to where to pitch his tents on arrival at Srinagar. Brief general descriptions are given of the geography, products, and people of Kashmir, and of the local manufactures which seem to be confined to shawls, cotton goods of a primitive sort, and *papier maché* work.

The chapters devoted to Srinagar and its surroundings and to the excursions that may be made to the places of interest are full of interesting details for the ordinary traveller who visits Kashmir to view its scenery or architecture rather than for sporting purposes. For the sportsman there are two chapters, the first containing a general account of the game of Kashmir and their various habitats, the other a list of routes to the different sporting grounds. An appendix gives the latest regulations published by the Government of India for the guidance of travellers visiting Jammu and Kashmir.

We have noted one or two literary slips which should not be allowed to reappear in a second edition: talking of the proverbial beauty of Kashmiri women, the author writes, "their peculiarly made dress, a long loose garment, however, *prevents only very imperfect notions* being formed as to the correctness of their figures, but the brilliancy and beauty of their eyes, &c.," where he has evidently written the opposite of what he intended; again, "the Nagas or *human bodies* and snake-tailed gods." But errors of this kind are few, and the style on the whole is pleasant enough to make the work interesting, even to those who have no chance of a trip to Srinagar. The book is neatly bound, of convenient size and very readable type.

MONOPOLY IN PREFERENCE TO PRIVATE ENTERPRISE. *Calcutta: W. Newman & Co., 1884.*—This little pamphlet is written in a clear and forcible style by one who seems to know his subject well. He was prompted to write by a statement in the *Pioneer* of the 5th March 1884 to the effect that “the question of State agency as against companies has never yet been systematically considered.” The point that the writer first sets himself to prove is that private enterprise is a more costly agency than State monopoly in both the construction and the working of the lines; and he then goes on to consider the far wider and more important question as to whether the circumstances of India do not impose upon the State as an imperative duty the administration of the railways and the regulation of their tariffs. Two examples are given, the first of the benefit to trade from the Government action in reducing freight-rates on a line of which it held control, the Rajputana-Malwa Railway, and the other, which we quote, of the disadvantages arising from a line, the property of Government, being worked by a private company for its own advantage.

“It is understood that the Government in the interest of the fine wheat-producing country of the Punjab, is anxious to bring down the actual cost of carriage of produce as much as possible. The principal item in the cost of that carriage is coal. This coal, though sold at the mines in Bengal at some Rs. 3½ per ton delivered into trucks on the Railway, costs in the Punjab more than Rs. 30 per ton, the difference being the charge for carriage by rail over a railway which, for the greater part of the distance, is the property of Government. But though this coal is carried at a large profit, which might and should be largely reduced in order to cheapen the cost of carriage in the Punjab, yet, as the East Indian Railway, though the property of Government, is worked by a Company, the Government is powerless to lower the charge for carriage of coal, another instance of the worthlessness of all powers of regulating tariffs of private companies; and it is believed that coal will have to be imported from England *via* Kurrachi to the Punjab in order, by depriving the East Indian Railway of its profits, to force down its rates for the carriage of Indian coal. This, if carried out, will be a heavy blow to the local coal industry and a violation of the sound principle laid down by the Government of using the resources of the country to the greatest extent possible, in preference to resorting to England. This, too, in consequence of the action taken by the management of a line which is actually the property of the State. Those responsible for the management of this important line may certainly be credited with knowing their own interests, but surely nothing can more clearly show that these can never be reconciled with the true interests of the Government and of the people.”

It is then argued that Mr. Maclean's accusation, made in his paper on Indian Railway extension, recently read before the Society of Arts, to the effect that high profits are made by Government

out of the paying lines in order to support the burden of the rest, is unjust, on the ground that this burden is first caused by the prohibitive rates charged by the paying lines ; these are without exception the original lines of the country occupying the main highways of the country and ending at the ports, while the others are their feeders. Owing to the high rates of the paying lines, the trade up-country stagnates, country produce not being able to pay the freight-rates for, say, 1,000 miles to a port, and the lines up-country become a burden. The remedy for this is to distribute the profits fairly by lowering the charges on the paying lines ; trade up-country will then begin to move, and the shorter lines will cease to be a burden. This, of course, could only be effected by the State owning and working all the lines for the public good. The rest of the pamphlet is occupied by an examination of the arguments put forward in Sir E. Baring's Financial Statement for 1881-82 in favour of private enterprise. The writer hopes that the Committee of the House of Commons now sitting will remove the "lamentable restriction" of the borrowing powers of the Government of India for railway extension, and will thus arm the authorities with large powers for rapid progress—powers that might be employed in a manner far more conducive to the public good than anything that could be expected from the enterprise of companies of private adventurers.

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

TEMPLE BAR.

APRIL, 1884.

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PREACHERS OF THE DAY.—It is one of the greatest boons of residence in London, and will continue to be so as long as the prevailing Puritan notions regarding "Sabbath-breaking" continue to render the English Sunday the dearest and sleepest portion of the week, that a man who scans the list of preachers in the Saturday papers can always provide for himself some of the richest intellectual pleasure, if not instruction, for the following day. No city in the world offers such a large choice of good preachers. Americans, who perhaps think more of pulpit eloquence than Englishmen, acknowledge this freely and, as one of them said, "wonder how there can be any wicked people in this city with so many fine preachers about." Little disposed as we are to take this high estimate of the possible effect of sermons on this perverse generation, the following sketches of the manner and style of the foremost pulpit orators of the day will not, we think, be uninteresting to readers whose ex-

perience of sermons in this country would make them enjoy the opportunities of which the writer has availed himself of going the round of London churches and chapels. At the head of the list, as unquestionably the two first preachers of the Established Church, are placed Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Peterborough.

"On the afternoons of the Sundays when Dr. Liddon is in residence, the Cathedral presents an extraordinary sight with its huge nave and aisles densely thronged. So far as the preacher's voice will reach, people stand, straining eyes and ears, and fortunately Dr. Liddon's voice resounds well under the dome; though now and then it becomes indistinct through the preacher's speaking too fast in his excitement. Two other things occasionally mar Dr. Liddon's delivery. Shortness of sight makes him often stoop to consult Bible or notes, and again he bows the head in a marked manner when he utters the Holy Name; but when he thus bends he goes on speaking, so that his words fall on the pulpit-cushion and are deadened, which produces upon people who are at some little distance off, the effect of continual stoppages and gaps in the sermon. No other defects besides these, however, can be noted in orations which for beauty of language, elevation of thought and lucidity in reasoning, could not be surpassed. We have heard Dr. Liddon many times at Oxford and in London, and have observed that the impression produced by his eloquence was always the same, no matter who might be listening to him. We remember, in particular, a sermon of his on the text: 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.' It was absolutely magnificent to hear him prophecy the gradual progress of the world towards a higher state. Every man, from the greatest to the least, was made to feel his share of responsibility in advancing or retarding the evolution of mankind, and while the consequences of evil were pointed out as extending to incalculable lengths, there was a sublime hopefulness in the promise that the smallest good offering brought to the Creator would be multiplied by Him as the 'five loaves were multiplied.'"

Dr. Magee's personal appearance, style and opinions are quite different from those of Liddon. The latter sometimes preaches above the understandings of dull men, but the Bishop's eloquence never soars much above earth.

"It is a rousing eloquence, spirited, combative, often sarcastic and always directed against some evil which is preoccupying public attention at the time being. Dr. Magee is not merely a hater, but an aggressive enemy of 'humbug,' clothe itself in what garb it may. With his animated Celtic features, long upper lip, large mouth, energetic nose and shaggy eyebrows, with his gruffness and broad smile which breaks up the whole of his face into comical lines, he has all the look of a humourist. The glance all round which he takes at his congregation when he has got into the pulpit, is that of a master. His first words arrest attention, and if some unlucky man drops a book during his exordium, that man will stare hard at the pulpit and pretend to have no connection whatever with the book, lest his lordship's eyes should suddenly be turned upon him like two fiery points of interrogation. Presently, when the Bishop warms to his work, his arms hit out from the shoulder like piston-rods wrapped in lawn; down come his large hands with great slaps on his book or cushion, and if he is preaching in a church where the beadle has not heard of his little ways and has not been careful to give

the cushions a beating, enough dust will be raised to make a fine powdering for the heads of the people in the pew beneath.

"The Bishop of Peterborough once said that he 'would rather see England 'free than sober,' which amounted to declaring that he would rather men conquered temptation for themselves, than have it removed from their way by legislation which might be oppressive to sober people. His words of course drew a howl from temperance associations, but the inculcation of manliness is the head and front of Dr. Magee's preaching, and he has never swerved from the position that if men cannot be made sober by their own efforts and the encouragements of their friends, the policeman will not make them so. 'Don't let us create artificial sins,' he once said. 'There are plenty of things against which my cook and housemaid must pray to be guarded; don't try and make the poor souls feel wicked because they enjoy a glass of beer.' A young curate, not very long ago, called on the Bishop with a very broad piece of blue ribbon in his button-hole. His lordship took no notice of the ornament, and this evidently disappointed the curate, who kept turning his lappet to the light, till the Bishop opened a New Testament at the passage where the Pharisees are condemned for wearing broad phylacteries. 'Let men speak of you as sober,' he said, when the curate had digested this little morsel; 'you will not need then to advertise yourself as such.'"

Of Archdeacon Farrar, to whom a popular vote would probably give the position of third among the best preachers of the day, our critic has but little to say.

"When the author of 'Eric' published his 'Life of Christ,' a writer in the *Spectator* described it as 'by a special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*,' and it is impossible to get this very neat criticism out of one's mind when hearing Dr. Farrar preach in Westminster Abbey. In his own church of St. Margaret, the Archdeacon shines with a subdued light. Those who have chatted with him by his own fireside, and know him to be the most amiable, unaffected of *causeurs*, those who remember him at Harrow as a most genial boy-loving master, will miss nothing of the good-natured simplicity which they liked in him, if they hear him in his own church discoursing about matters that concern his parish. But in the Abbey he is different. There, his massive face settles into a hard, expressionless look; his voice, which is loud and roughish, is pitched in a monotonous key; and his manner altogether lacks animation, even when his subject imperatively demands it. However, his ornate periods, metaphors, tropes and far-fetched comparisons diffuse ecstasy among those worshippers who derive their wisdom from penny newspapers. To illustrate any common reflection on the vicissitudes of life, the Archdeacon drags in the destruction of Pompeii with the latest mining accident; the overthrow of Darius with that of Osman Digna, the rainbow that appeared to Noah with Mr. Norman Lockyer's explanations of recent glorious sunsets; and all these juxtapositions come down so pat as to suggest the irreverent idea that the book which the venerable preacher was studying during the prayers must have been an annotated copy of Maunders' 'Treasury of Knowledge.'"

Dr. Barry, now Bishop of Sydney, is classed with Dr. Farrar as a preacher of the florid school. Formerly Head Masters of Marl-

borough and Cheltenham respectively, they have neither of them been able quite to shake off the unconsciously pedantic style, characteristic of the *didaskalos* "who has to show sharp Sixth Form boys that he is well up to his authors and make the little ones in the Fourth feel ashamed of their crass ignorance." Dr. Barry is allowed to have a great command of neat, graceful English, and, to possess the great art of moving his hearers "without," as the present Archbishop of Canterbury said of him, "harrowing the field he has ploughed."

Two other Head Masters come next on the list, in both of whom is found the best scholarly preaching without mannerism, the Dean of Llandaff and Mr. E. C. Wickham. "Vaughan of the silver tongue" is thus described.

"Dean Stanley when dying requested that his funeral sermon might be preached by Dr. Vaughan. The Master of the Temple alluding soon afterwards to his dead friend, spoke with emotion of the Dean's having emphatically expressed his belief in the Trinity. Dean Stanley owed it to his excessive latitudinarianism that his beliefs were often called in question, and it may be said of Dr. Vaughan that his creed contains articles more definite than that of his friend. Without applying to him that term 'Broad' which has come to mean so many obnoxious things, we may call him 'tolerant,' in the best sense which can be attached to that term as implying the highest kind of enlightenment. His sermons are free from controversial bitterness; they seldom indeed touch on controvertible points. But they are not meat for babes. Dr. Vaughan preaches for men. He bears himself in the pulpit with the dignity of a man who reorganised a great public school and has twice refused bishoprics. While vicar of Doncaster, he tried hard to get the races removed from the town—an enterprise in which he failed of course, but it was a sign of an amazing amount of moral courage in him to have undertaken it. Courage is the mainspring of his character. When he became head-master of Harrow, the school had less than seventy boys, and the conduct of these was so bad that he had serious thoughts of expelling them in a body. He resisted this first impulse, set to work, disciplined his scholars, remodelled the school, and left it, after fifteen years, the rival of Eton and Rugby. A man who has done this does not recoil from tasks that would daunt ordinary men, and when Dr. Vaughan lifted up his voice at Doncaster against the races, which every year brought into the town for one week dissipation and vice enough to undo most of the good which he, as vicar, strove to effect during the other fifty-one weeks, he knew that he would incur great unpopularity. But for this he cared not a birch-twig. The lessons of such a man must needs be fortifying. In the round church of the temple, Dr. Vaughan addresses congregations which no second-rate preacher could attract. Lawyers of all degrees, from the judge to the late-called junior, go to hear him, and the lesson he most often impresses upon them all is to *dare*—to do what seems most difficult, most detrimental to oneself when conscience says it ought to be done, and to await the consequences with a quiet, manly faith that the best will come of it."

Like the Dean of Llandaff, Mr. Wickham preaches for men, but more particularly for scholars.

"He has the ascetical features of a young monk—thin cheeks, sunken eyes, denuded forehead, and not the ghost of a smile ever hovers on his lips in the pulpit. He looks as if he had just left a cell full of books and were going to return to it immediately after the service. He carries himself well, with head erect, steadfast gaze, and no sign of nervousness in his manner. His calm delivery is admirable. Never stumbling at a word, clear in his articulation, self-possessed in all his gestures, he appears to be reciting his sermon by heart; but in what he says there is always an appositeness which would be wanting in sermons learnt by rote. A sporting peer gave his opinion of Mr Wickham, saying: 'He's very good form; one never hears 'My Christian brethren,' or anything of that kind from him.' Impersonality is Mr. Wickham's 'form'; he never says 'I, and seldom 'you.' He seems to be revealing truths to the word, not lecturing an audience beneath his pulpit; he is a mouthpiece speaking from inspiration and sinking his individuality altogether."

Passing over Canon Hole of Lincoln, who is said to realize one's conception of what a Court Chaplain should be, with a voice unequalled for modulations and with gestures that have all been studiously suited to the word, whose sermons are "like beautiful philanthropical essays of which the author has labouriously corrected the printed proofs," we reach Canon Duckworth, for whom the critic has nothing but praise.

"A noble face, a charming voice, a persuasive tone, and a fluency which comes from a full heart as well as a full mind, combine to make of Dr. Duckworth a preacher very pleasing to hear. Pleasing is perhaps an inadequate word. The sensations which Dr. Duckworth kindles, though not violent, are strong and lasting. An accomplished scholar, a deep thinker, a masterly logician, he can give reasons for his faith which will not only satisfy the reverent inquirer who wants to have his belief strengthened, but will trouble the agnostic; and when he makes appeals to the heart he says things that will move even hardened society-men of the Major Pendennis type, and women like Becky Sharpe. He is one of those clergymen to whom belongs the great credit of having propagated religious earnestness, which is a very different thing from religious zeal, among the aristocracy. The zeal which finds vent in ostentatious giving of money, in the noisy championship of orthodoxy, and in the multiplication of religious observances, is always within the compass of the rich like any other mode of recreation. But the quiet, steadfast earnestness which shows itself in the gracious life, in charity of word, in the constant respect of holy things, and in the godly bringing up of children, this is a virtue that has not always been seen, as it is now, among a very considerable section of the rich. And men, who, like Canon Duckworth, have striven to promote this virtue and have succeeded, must be held to have had no small part in ennobling the national life."

Exactly the same praise is bestowed on Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Truro, for many years Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

"The mission which he set himself to discharge in his aristocratical parish was no easy one. A forcible preacher, he attracted from the first large congregations to his church; but this did not satisfy him, for he aimed at exciting something more than curiosity,—he wanted to awaken an active religiousness

among his hearers, and to do this he had to exert all the tact and urbanity at his command. Largely endowed with both, he succeeded where a man less versed in the ways of the world might have failed. Lay organisations of all sorts sprang up around his church to assist him in his work, and he was speedily in a position to feel that he was truly the guide of his parish. But to speak of him only as a preacher, we may say that his able, scholarly discourses, while so couched as to soothe rather than to alarm, were always interspersed with little sparks of humour which threw a ridiculous light upon the smaller and meaner vices, selfishness, conceit, indolence and stinginess. Dr. Wilkinson knows how to make the great ashamed of the faults that are unworthy of their position. His texts generally tend to the moral, *Noblesse oblige*; and his exhortations, both as to conduct in private life and in public policy, might be summed up in Tennyson's stirring lines :

‘ Pray God our greatness may not fail
Through craven fears of being great.’ ”

Dr. Henry Lansdell's sermons are of powerful interest, because his adventures in Khiva and through Siberia have supplied him with an inexhaustible fund of reminiscences, facts, and anecdotes upon which he can draw to enforce his precepts, and his discourses are prepared with unusual care, as he is said to devote thirty hours per week to the composition of them.

“ If he is to preach on a Sunday he will on the previous Monday choose his text generally from the portions of Scripture to be read on the Sunday, and will then read up all that has been written on that text by Bible commentators. On the Tuesday he will write out a rough draft of his sermon; on the Wednesday make a fair copy of it, adding what improvements he can. On the Thursday he will learn the sermon by heart; and on the Friday rehearse it to himself and think upon it, after which the manuscript is locked up; for Dr. Lansdell preaches without notes. We mention all this by way of showing what respect a high-principled man will feel for any work he undertakes, and we can only wish those presumptuous preachers whose favourite text appears to be ‘Take no thought what ye shall speak,’ would follow Dr. Lansdell's example, and remember that inspiration is only vouchsafed to those who seek it diligently.”

Canon Boyd-Carpenter is said to have wielded just the same sort of influence in his parish of St. James's, Holloway, in a poor and squalid neighbourhood, that Mr. Wilkinson did in Eaton Square, though the two men are so little alike.

“ In Canon Boyd-Carpenter the Low Churchman can be discerned at a glance. No High Churchman deals in the style of oratory to which the Canon inclines. He is rhetorical, emotional, now lowering his voice to the tone of familiar conversation, now taking grand flights upwards into clouds of mysticism. It is a spasmodic style, but effective; it blows in gusts like a high wind, and there is no sitting inattentive in the face of it. There is too much of the personal pronoun in it to please the fastidious, for the reiteration of ‘I,’ and ‘My,’ ‘My brethren,’ ‘My dear brethren,’ ‘My Christian brethren,’ &c., ends by tiring those who hold that a preacher should practise self-effacement.”

The present Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, Mr. E. A. Stuart, if he can discard some of the mannerisms of the Evangelical school, will before long attain to the highest reputation among preachers.

"About ten years ago he was captain of the Harrow School eleven, and afterwards he pulled stroke of the college boat, St John's, but his devotion to athletics did not interfere with his theological studies, and before leaving the University he was already noted for his abundant knowledge of the Scriptures. A most handsome young man, tall, broad-shouldered, of dark complexion, with a beaming face, resolute and yet gentle, his appearance is prepossessing in no common degree; but when he opens his mouth to read or speak, the great beauty of his voice exercises a most potent charm. A careful elocutionist, he has learnt how to manage his voice, and he has certainly no superior in London as a reader. Even the Litany seems short when read by him, so heartfelt is the expression which he throws into each prayer. As a preacher, too, Mr. Stuart when at his best is excellent, but he is rather unequal in the pulpit, some of his sermons bearing traces of haste in composition. Moreover, he is too much given to saying 'Methinks,' 'Now it is *my* opinion,' &c. But he will grow out of these faults, and when he has done so his voice will reach far."

Passing over Mr. W. A. Aitken, another great Evangelical preacher, whose "flaming energy of style" can be imagined better than described, we next have a sketch of Mr. Haweis, Vicar of St. James's, Marylebone.

"About a year ago, Mr. Haweis announced that he was going to introduce some changes into the ritual. The Lord's Prayer would only be said once at Morning and Evening Service, there would be but one creed, one prayer for the Queen, &c. The time gained by this Prayer Book revision, undertaken with the high sanction of Mr. Haweis's churchwardens, has of course gone to the enlargement of the sermon; but nobody complains, for there is never a dull sentence in what the preacher says. His voice, though small, and in tone like a clarionet, is penetrating, one might say perforating, for it works its way in gimlet fashion to the farthest corner of the dark little church, and going through the ears of each one, bores into his mind unfailingly. Of delivery there is nothing that can be so called in Mr. Haweis's style; his intonation is throughout as if he were giving out notices. He kindles sometimes, but he never warms. He is not anxious to keep his hearers in the old paths where they may find rest for their souls; he beckons them towards unexplored declivities, and is so sure that they will follow from curiosity, that he has no need to excite himself. He is a Radical; he has campaigned with Garibaldi; he has written on cremation, on democracy—what else has he not done? It would require a trumpeter to flourish it all, but Mr. Haweis is too good a musician himself to keep a hired performer."

Two *quondam* Church of England priests, now occupying a kind of debateable ground between the Establishment and the great Dissenting bodies, deserve notice before passing on to Mr. Spurgeon. Mr. Stopford Brooke, now officiating in the Bedford

Chapel in Bloomsbury Street, does not draw such large congregations as his predecessor the late Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, though he is said to be a better preacher, and his manner in the pulpit seems to show that he feels the abandonment.

"Mr. Brooke has not succeeded in founding a sect of any importance, and he seems to be, if he is not in reality, a disappointed schismatic. His sorrowful air moves the heart of ladies, but men are sometimes so unintelligent as to ask what is the matter with him that he should so often turn up his eyes towards the ceiling and speak '*avec des larmes dans la voix*,' as our neighbours say. Once get accustomed to his lackadaisical manner, make allowance for his propensity to talk about religious persecution as if he were himself among the martyrs; strip, in short, the husks from Mr. Brooke's sermons, and you will sometimes find the kernel solid and shapely. His poetical imagery, if a little over-coloured, is always fine. His descriptions of things, scenery, thunderstorms, battle-fields, convulsions of Nature, and his sketches of character, are most vivid. He is an incomparable word-painter. He is also a good, warm-hearted man, who, when pleading for the poor in this great city, is always stirred with genuine emotion. We can only regret again that his voice should sound so often in a desert of empty pews."

Mr. Voysey holds a service in a concert room, and the performance is much patronised by the neighbouring sojourners in the Langham Hotel, Americans principally.

"Admission gratis; but there is a book-stall at the door, from which the printed wisdom of Mr. Voysey can be purchased in quantities costing from a penny to two shillings. Inside the room there are comfortable chairs and a stage with a reading desk, and presently the *genius loci*, a man with lank hair and a moist smile, walks on to the stage, attired in an ordinary surplice, stole, and an Oxford hood. He has a good voice and reads impressively the beginning of a service, which a visitor who has not had time to study the reformed Prayer Book, thinks at first to be that of the Church of England; but soon the omission of everything which forms the ground of a Christian's faith is observable, and the outlines of Mr. Voysey's theism are then seen. The service is cut up into small parts; the singing by a male and female choir is very fair: the lessons consist of passages from Scripture or from some American author as the occasion may serve, the equal inspiration of all good writers being apparently implied by this eclecticism; then we have a Litany, in which editors of newspapers and other periodical publications are prayed for. It is certain that these gentlemen require 'grace, wisdom, and understanding' as much as the 'Lords of the Council and all the nobility,' and no one will quarrel with Mr. Voysey for laying a significant stress on his prayer in their behalf." Nor is there reason to quarrel with him for anything else he says or does. He is at home in his music-room, and those who go in had better regard him only as a lecturer. If he talks on religion they can say, as Lamb said of Coleridge: "It's only his fun." As a lecturer on the moralities he is always entertaining; he speaks in a polished, gentlemanly tone, is brief, often funny, and he is devoid of rancour towards his enemies. After the service he makes haste to throw off his surplice, and comes to the door to shake hands with his principal visitors as they are filing out. It is pleasant to see him so affable; he has probably more friends than disciples."

The writer seems to have listened to but few Nonconformist preachers, and has little to say of any of them but Mr. Spurgeon, and the acknowledgment of that great orator's powers is hardly made without an effort.

"On the days when he preaches his Tabernacle holds a multitude. It is a huge hall, and to see gallery upon gallery crowded with eager faces—some six thousand—all turned towards the pastor whose voice has the power of troubling men to the depths of their hearts, is a stirring sight. Mr. Spurgeon's is not a high-class congregation, and the preacher knows that its understanding can best be opened by metaphors and parables borrowed from the customs of the retail trade, and with similes taken from the colloquialisms of the streets. Laughter is not forbidden at the Tabernacle, and the congregation often break into titters, but the merriment is always directed against some piece of hypocrisy which the preacher has exposed, and it does one good to hear. He says :

" 'You are always for giving God short measure ; just as if He had not made the pint pot.

" 'You don't expect the Queen to carry your letters for nothing, but when you are posting a letter heavenwards you won't trouble to stick a little bit of Christian faith on to the right-hand corner of the envelope, and you won't put a correct address on either, and then you wonder the letter isn't delivered, so that you don't get your remittance by next post.

" 'You trust Mr. Jones to pay you your wages regularly, and you say he's a good master, but you do not think God can be trusted like Mr. Jones ; you won't serve Him because you don't believe in the pay.

" 'You have heard of the man who diminished his dose of food every day to see on how little he could live, till he came to half a biscuit and then died ; but, I tell you most of you have tried on how little religion you could live, and many of you have got to the half-biscuit dose.'

"These whimsicalities, always effective, constitute but the foam of Mr. Spurgeon's oratory ; the torrent which casts them up is broad, deep and of overwhelming power. Mr. Spurgeon is among preachers as Mr. Bright among parliamentary orators. All desire to criticise vanishes, every faculty is subdued into admiration, when he has concluded a sermon with a burst of his truly inspired eloquence, leaving the whole of his congregation amazed and the vast majority of its members anxious or hopeful, but in any case roused as if they had seen the heavens open. We are compelled to add that Mr. Spurgeon has in the Baptist communion no co-minister wielding a tenth of his power, and that those who, having gone to the Tabernacle to hear him, have to listen to some other man, will be disappointed in more ways than one."

The list closes with the names of Mr. Newman Hall and Dr. Parker of the City Temple. The service at Mr. Hall's Church is much like that of the Establishment, and Mr. Hall wears an Anglican surplice ; but the enormous size of the pulpit warns you on entering that preaching is the matter of chief moment here.

"Extempore praying is but a variety of preaching. An enthusiastic reporter once wrote of Mr. Newman Hall that 'he had delivered the finest prayer ever

addressed *to a congregation.*' Mr. Hall's extempore prayers, however, are not frequent, nor do they go to the severe length of Scotch prayers. A stern-looking man with a Wellington nose and an expression like a college don's, Mr. Newman Hall missed his vocation in being a Nonconformist and a Liberal. By nature he is autocratic; the love of authority and of discipline pierces in sharp peremptory words like bayonet points through the commonplace sentiments of his professed Liberalism. He should have been the head of a college, or a dean if not a bishop, though he would have doubtless found his most congenial sphere of action—little as he may suspect it—in a colonelship of Dragoons. Mr. Hall is only a great preacher when he has great objects to preach for; in times when there is not much doing, no big grievances to denounce, no 'sinful, illiberal national policy' to inveigh against, his faculties take a rest. He is then like a lion making war upon flies, with rather lazy movements and a sort of yawning shame at being engaged in such poor sport."

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"Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, holds a place apart among Dissenters. If you can forgive a bad delivery with occasional dropping of aspirates, and the incessant introduction of Gladstonian politics in connection with holy things, you will find in Dr. Parker's sermons much that is impressive and certainly a great deal that is novel. The preacher wants to illustrate the case of a human being who has been taken in hand by Divine Providence, he pitches his voice in a solemn key and says: 'Many years ago, a poor ragged boy seated himself at an early hour of the morning on the cold doorstep of a New York newspaper office, asked for and obtained work to sweep out the office, and in time the lad became——' Here the chance intruder into Dr. Parker's Temple is all ears, and wonders what the lad became. Then the preacher goes on triumphantly, 'and the lad became Horace Greeley, the most famous and trenchant writer on the press of his country, and the prince of American journalists.' The absurdity of this anti-climax does not strike Dr. Parker or anybody else present; and this is enough by itself to show how far we are from St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and to make us feel how difficult it is to judge preachers outside the Establishment by the same canons of taste as we apply to those within it."

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.

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EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.*—The American publishers of Lord Lytton's life, which has recently issued from the London and New York presses simultaneously, have shown considerable confidence in the impartiality of Mr. C. Kegan Paul, of the firm of Kegan Paul & Co., the English publishers of the book, in asking him to contribute a review of the work to the pages of their Magazine; such a request shows that it is believed that Mr. Kegan Paul can place himself for a while apart from trade and consider the subject from the literary standpoint alone.

Under ordinary circumstances a very near relative is obviously unfitted to write a man's biography. But in Lord Lytton's case it seems as if there has been an absence of the usual disqualifying reasons.

"The son of parents who had disagreed and long lived asunder could scarcely write of the father, the mother yet being alive, while the cares of a great Viceroyalty and absence from England removed any possibility that he

* *The Life, Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his Son. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. New York: Harper and Brothers.

should brood over his future work till it became tedious. He came to the task when he had laid aside his state and returned for a while to the literary labour in which he delights, when he could look at his filial duty with the mature judgment of a successful author, a statesman, and the owner of the fair home for which his father had done so much. It would seem to the reader of these memories that time, while it has not lessened due affection, has ripened the friendship between the two men; the younger can approach the elder on an equality more than could have been the case ten years or more ago.

"Even had time served and materials been at hand in India, Knebworth is clearly the place in which the first Lord Lytton's life should be written, where the impress of its late owner's individuality rests on house and garden, ornate or quaint decoration, clipped hedge and Horatian arbor. I am not prepared to say that the book might not have been, on a pinch, written in India, for the one thing clear to all who know the author and editor is his amazing power of work, his sustained vitality and energy. Those who have known him intimately, and been most closely associated with the work of his high office in India, speak of sheet after sheet of minute or despatch falling from his hand, covered with writing fair as copper-plate, almost rapid as short-hand, yet so finished in style that each might be printed as written without erasure or correction; of his flow of conversation, even, brilliant, and entrancing; of his pacing at night the marble hall of his Calcutta house till those who paced with him were ready to drop, but willing to continue longer if he would only talk on. And yet with all this ease of language he is so fastidious a writer that the volumes of the present book have been almost rewritten while passing through the press, and the press corrections have been as minute and careful as though made with the assistance of a microscope.

"The facility is inherited, for it is on record that Bulwer wrote his romance *Harold* in less than a month, resting not at all by day, and scarcely by night. In a private letter Lord Lytton says: 'The novel of *Harold* was written in rather less than four weeks. I can personally attest this fact, as I was with my father when he wrote it—on a visit to his friend the late Mr. Tennyson D'Eyncourt. D'Eyncourt was a great collector of Norman and Anglo-Saxon chronicles, with which his library was well stored. The notes of research for *Harold* fill several thick commonplace books. While my father was writing *Harold* I do not think he put down his pen except for meals and half an hour's run before dinner round the terrace. He was at work the greater part of every night, and again early in the morning.'

The Lady of Lyons was written in ten days. It was by no means uncommon for Bulwer to have two books on hand at once, and live alternate periods with the beings of his creation, as though he were passing in society from one company to another. Thus *Lucretia* and *The Caxtons*, *Kenelm Chillingly* and *The Parisians*, were written simultaneously. This fact is an amusing commentary on the contemporary criticism of those works, which pointed out the conversion to better ways in *The Caxtons* of the writer whose morality as supposed to be shown in *Lucretia* had been severely commented on.

Father and son differ a good deal in the surroundings of their work.

"Lord Lytton, the son, likes ample space and several tables, so that his various work, whether of authorship or correspondence, may be undisturbed and always accessible; room in which to walk and meditate, with wide stretch of terrace and garden visible from the windows. But his father always chose for a study one of the smallest rooms in the house. At Knebworth, as he sat at work, scarce more than the clumps of evergreen at the end of the terrace met his view, darkness soon closed in, and the scant admission of sunlight makes a fire a necessity as well as a luxury to one who now works there, even on summer days. The room, like the whole of the house, is somewhat ornate, in contrast with the taste of severer and soberer days; but the decoration is not out of keeping with the historic house to which it is applied, and the liking of the present owner runs in the same direction. From the gallery of the great hall now hangs the heavy banner which drooped over the Viceroy's seat at the Durbar held to proclaim the Queen of England Empress of India; it does not seem out of place, nor incongruous with the tapestried chamber opening out of the corridor above, in which, coming from or to Cecil's house at Hatfield, the Virgin Queen rested for a night or nights."

Mr. Kegan Paul thus estimates the influence exerted by Bulwer on the young men of his generation, "when the breezy freshness of Sir Walter Scott first failed to be all the boy needed in the way of fiction" and stimulant had to be sought elsewhere:—

"That happened in mental life which occurred in the life of the body, and necessarily occurred with growing manhood. Fresh out-door life became insufficient for those who were to pass much of their days in towns and among the throngs of men. The problem of existence rose in the mind of the boy; friendship became a passion when love as yet was not, but only dimly conceived as a future possibility; philosophy and literature were wide countries we longed to explore; and under the guise of fiction our new teacher seemed to have somewhat to say on all. I do not say that the philosophy was always true—whose system is so?—that the atmosphere was always healthy in the scenes through which the wondering reader was led; but the thought stimulated our own thought, our guide through new experiences of life was always a gentleman, and taught us that even if man stumble and fall he need not mix his soul with clay; he held up before us ever the torch of romance, which, if it be not the pure ray of heaven, is yet often an excellent help for eyes which will not or cannot always bear a stronger ray."

The fruit of the tree of knowledge tasted in after life may not have proved precisely like that described in the pages to which the youth gave such wrapt attention, and Bulwer's philosophy in older eyes began to seem shallow and his views of life cynical; the earlier novels were neglected for a time, but the old charm reasserts itself as readers in middle life begin to realize the admirable literary work which once they found delightful while hardly understanding it.

The literary side of Edward Bulwer's character came from his mother's family, the Lyttons. His grandfather, Richard Warburton Lytton, a friend of many men noted in literature,—Porter, Bishop of Cloyne, Sir William Jones, Richard Jodrell,—had married a sister of the last named when she was only sixteen and quite without culture. We are told she read no book but the Bible, the one exception being a pamphlet given her by her grandson when a very little boy, "*The History of Jane Shore*, popular with housemaids, for which I paid sixpence. It made a great impression on her mind and she talked and moralized on it to the end of her life." The ill-assorted pair agreed to separate after some troubled years. The one child born of the marriage was Elizabeth, the heiress of the Lyttons, who married General Bulwer. She was still very young and he more than forty. He had a bad temper, exasperated by gout; she was nervous and delicate, and the love, such as it was, that she bore her husband soon gave way to mere terror. In 1804 he died, leaving the youngest son, Edward, a baby in arms. The lad thus early, perhaps not unfortunately, orphaned, lived a retired life, chiefly in the company of his mother and grand-mother, till his school days. These seem to have been neither very happy nor very profitable.

"From his masters Bulwer learned little, but he had gained wider literary tastes early from his scholar grandfather's books; he turned from the ruck of his school-fellows to cleave with greater affection to the few congenial spirits; and he learned the grand experience of life by drifting early into love, while still a boy, at a tutor's, when the average lad would have thought only of routine lessons and rough routine games. He had his reward. The correspondence with Mrs. Porter, the widow of the Bishop of Cloyne, his grandfather's friend, and with Dr. Parr, the great scholar, shows plainly enough that in him at seventeen was no common mind and intelligence. Dr. Parr, aged sixty-four, writes to him as to an equal, and encourages him, in words he little needed, to 'be ambitious.' The following round of criticism, extracted from the letter written in 1821, is full of interest, now that Time has pronounced his verdict also on the poets discussed between the young man and the old:

"I differ from you and from many of my contemporaries upon the poetical merits of Walter Scott. Lord Byron stands on the highest pinnacle in my estimation; and Moore, whom you admire, deserves *in secundis consistere*. Crabbe only can be the rival for the second place. I see great excellence *sometimes* in Southey; and there are *parts* in the writings of Campbell which lead me to consider him as a poet."

In *Kenelm Chillingly*, his last work, as also in other works in verse as well as prose, Bulwer tells the tale of his earliest love passion, which was never forgotten. The girl's name is not known; she was married against her will and died three years after. Many of Bulwer's novels are to a large extent thus autobiographical. His son gives us the draft of a story called *Lionel Hastings*, unpub-

lished, of which much was afterwards worked up in *What will he do with it?* Almost all the characters are drawn from life and are easily to be recognised. Austin Caxton is his grandfather, Lytton, not of course without an added Shandean dash, and the need of confession, has led him to bring in his loves and some most strange adventures into one and another of the romances.

"Much that has been written about the happiness of boyhood is mere cant; it may be sometimes true of an entirely healthy young animal; but the real joy of living for the ordinary educated man begins with college days. Boys choose their friends from similarity of pursuits; men from similarity of taste and temper; and if our close friend of school continue our close friend in early manhood, it is because new ties have been formed rather than that the old have been strengthened between the same persons.

"Lord Lytton's first term at Cambridge was wasted and melancholy, for he took time to find his set; neither did he like his college, where he considered his tutor 'a rude and coarse man.' He changed his college, and found his friends, and then all was well—Præd, Cockburn, C. Villiers, Maurice, Kennedy, Macaulay, C. Buller, Carlyle's pupil—it would speak well for the improvement of the race if, as time runs on, there be found in our universities knots of simultaneous names more brilliant than these. Bulwer read hard and wrote hard, but not in the then lines of academic distinction. He chose his own path, as, before the recent wider extensions of study, did many another young man of promise, and gained only one university distinction, the gold medal for English verse, the subject, 'Sculpture.' It is the fashion to sneer at these effusions, and they are no doubt often crude, often feeble; but there is scarcely another distinction of which the holders have more generally performed the promise of their youth; the names of Heber, Milman, Tennyson, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, rise at once to memory, and prove this was a good beginning for a wide and excellent literary career. The lads who gain this distinction are usually applauded to the echo by their admiring comrades; those who do not admire are for the most part content to keep silence. But Bulwer was not a man about whom even then it was possible to be silent; he was a figure in society which could not be overlooked, he was a coming light in literature, and those who disliked him did it heartily. Hence, a very unfair article in *Fraser's Magazine*, the prelude to many other attacks, of which their object spoke years after as that which could not 'fairly be called criticism, but a kind of ribald impertinence, offered, so far as I can remember, to no other writer of my time.'"

The remarkable scheme of work drawn out by Bulwer when a youth of twenty-one shows that he had either never needed or had thoroughly laid to heart Dr. Parr's advice, "Be ambitious." For he then planned in great detail a *History of the British Public*, and the notes for this undertaking show wide reading and arc in themselves, as they stand, a political treatise of some interest and value. The following is his view of remedies for Ireland:—

"Turn now to Ireland. *Résumé* of its real evils: Don't ask too much from landlords. It is impossible from their means. Provide employment that brings

profitable return to wealth of country. Purchase lands for government, or encourage companies for that purpose on a large scale, and in every district. Introduce all improvements that can increase demand for labour. Lay the foundations of orchards in the rich valleys—each small owner, some fruit trees. Spread the cultivation of flax. Introduce hops. Try the mulberry and silk-worm. Trust in all these the irresistible effect of example. Industrial schools everywhere. Put political questions at rest for a while. Let the Church sleep. Say boldly, 'Whatever our opinions on these matters, we must first give bread to the people. We must lay the foundations of those industries and habits on which national happiness depends.' In proportion as Ireland thus advances in industrial prosperity the difficulty of adjusting religious differences will be diminished. In proportion as you increase the wealth of Ireland you will be able to do that which is the only means of meeting the difficulty without straining the conscience of England. You can tax the Irish people for the maintenance of their own ecclesiastical establishments. Be firm in putting down crime. Go back to analogous states of society. Divide into districts. Make each district responsible for the crimes committed in it."

Amid the autobiographical recollections of the time that succeeded the Cambridge life is found the beginning of the interest which coloured so much of Bulwer's later life, the belief in chiro-mancy and astrology. Readers of the novels will call to mind the many allusions to occult science—not only in longer novels avowedly based on them, but hints at knowledge confined to the adept, secrets bringing man into communion with larger powers.

"But gypsy lore, and the romance which mingled with it, were interrupted by the renewal of an early acquaintance with Lady Caroline Lamb, the wife of William Lamb, the future Lord Melbourne. She was some fifteen years older than Bulwer, one of those few women who fascinate without much real beauty, and whose wild and romantic love for Lord Byron had by no means lessened her attractiveness. While William Lamb had not considered this infatuation a reason for a quarrel with his wife, society could do no less than be lenient. There are few more singular characters among the women of that time, so rich in remarkable women, than Lady Caroline, whose manners varied from those of a mere child to those of an accomplished woman of the world, her intellect from folly to wisdom.

" 'There was, indeed, a wild originality in her talk, combining great and sudden contrasts from deep pathos to infantine drollery: now sentimental, now shrewd, it sparkled with anecdotes of the great world.....and ten minutes after it became gravely eloquent with religious enthusiasm, or shot off into metaphysical speculations—sometimes absurd, sometimes profound—generally suggestive and interesting.'

"No wonder that she fascinated young Bulwer; no wonder also that she threw him off, and nearly broke his heart. 'I left Brompton the next morning very early, was here the same night, and in a fever the next; lost twenty ounces of blood; but have taken your advice, and am endeavouring to forget what I have no wish to remember.' But the heart soon mended; and his son writes, with an amusement half sympathetic, half cynical, that

" 'The time soon came when the adventure could be recalled without a pang or a sigh, or any other sentiment than the amused interest of a student of the heart. Already he had

begun the vocation in which his business was to depict and analyze sentiment ; and his recent experience supplied the material for one of his earliest attempts in fiction.'

"These, and some minor preludings on the chords of the heart, were but the preparations for an earnest and serious love, which became the fleeting joy and then the deepest tragedy of Bulwer's life. The autobiography comes to an end on the threshold of this period : it is easy to understand why it was not continued. He was twenty-two when, at Miss Berry's house, he met Rosina Wheeler. Nor was it surprising he should have been captivated, since Mrs. Bulwer-Lytton, jealous of influence over her son, and by no means desirous of throwing him hastily in the way of any attractive young woman, was so startled by the singular beauty of Miss Wheeler that she suddenly drew his attention to her, when, 'with a strangely troubled sensation, he beheld his fate before him.' One who knew her well a few years afterward has lately assured me that as a type of magnificent physical beauty she never saw Mrs. Bulwer's equal. The marriage began with the sad estrangement of mother and son, and this estrangement only ended entirely when the elder lady's anticipations were fulfilled, and the romance had ended in disappointment and permanent separation. But that *dénouement* is not told in these volumes. The weight of a coming tragedy is on the account of the first happy years, but the facts themselves are for the next instalment of the life. Here we only find that, full of hope, with confidence that he could earn his living by intellectual labor, his sky clouded only by the disagreement with his mother, which he believed would vanish as she knew his wife better, the young author settled down to work at a pleasant home in Oxfordshire."

A few incidents of Bulwer's work may not be without interest.

At the age of forty-three Bulwer wrote :—

"Thought is continually flowing through my mind. I scarcely know a moment in which I am awake and not thinking. Nor by thought do I mean mere reverie or castle-building, but a sustained process of thinking. I have always in my mind some distinct train of ideas which I seek to develope, or some positive truth which I am trying to arrive at. If I lived for a million years I could not exhaust a millionth part of my thoughts. I know that I must be immortal, if only because I think."

"Lord Lytton tells an amusing story of an answer of Fuseli to a materialist, who said to him in discussion, 'You assert, then, that I have an immortal soul?' 'Sir,' replied Fuseli, 'I have asserted nothing of the kind. What I assert is that I have an immortal soul.' In the same way Bulwer's conviction was, as his son tells us, 'inseparable from the sense of his own vigorous personality.' And as these teeming thoughts passed through his mind they became so vivid to him that when projected on paper they impress the reader in the same vivid way. However fantastic and strange are the men or the scenes, they live, and when taken from life have an existence beyond and in excess of their originals. For instance, there is no book more popular with Rhine tourists than the *Pilgrims of the Rhine*; it is accurate while fanciful; the local color transfigures every page. The simple fact about it is that when Bulwer wrote the book he had never seen the Rhine, but his imagination vivified the whole even more truly than if he had written a mere description. The same thing occurred, and was carried out to its conclusion, in the case of Charles Kingsley. Those who know the tropics say that the descriptions of scenery in *Westward Ho!* are more true than those of *At Last!* when the wonder of the West Indies lay before his gaze."

Readers from the first accepted Bulwer. Of *Falkland*, certainly not one of his greatest efforts, Lady Blessington said: "At Paris, in 1830, during the very heat of the Revolution, when balls were striking against the walls of my dwelling, I forgot all danger while reading *Falkland*." Godwin, Disraeli, Macaulay all wrote of Bulwer in terms that border on the extravagant.

"But the critics were not so kind, and probably, though Lord Lytton to some extent argues against it, the *London and Westminster Review* was right in its view of the causes. As a country gentleman he stood aloof from the rank and file of the press: as a literary man he stood aloof from the squires. 'He was in collision, therefore, with the spirit of both classes, and each attacked him for not being one of them.'

"His political career again raised up enemies in his literary capacity. He held strong opinions, and avowed them; he went into Parliament, and a literary career is even now with difficulty forgiven to a politician. Moreover, he was assuredly not orthodox in an age which had not forgiven Byron or Shelley, and an outward conformity at least was required to all the current religious acts and phrases in a degree which those can scarcely understand whose fate has fixed them in these latter days. Lord Lytton has a very interesting chapter on his father's religious opinions; but if closely examined, it all comes to the statement of him who maintained that his religion was that of all sensible men, and on being further pressed to say what that might be, rejoined that sensible men never tell. This was not enough for the days of the Reform Bill and of Catholic Emancipation. But with all these things against him, Bulwer won his way, and gained his place in the first rank of English novelists."

One curious fact is recorded in regard to Disraeli. Bulwer, still interested in occult science, cast and interpreted the geomantic figure of the character and career of his friend. "Seldom has there been," says Mr. Kegan Paul, "a more happy guess, if guess it were, in regard to one of whom few then foresaw the brilliant later years." The following are some of the predictions:—

"He will be to the last largely before the public. Much feared by his opponents, but greatly beloved, not only by those immediately about him, but by large numbers of persons to whom he is personally unknown. He will die, whether in or out of office, in an exceptionally high position, greatly lamented, and surrounded to the end by all the magnificent planetary influences of a propitious Jupiter.

"He will bequeath a repute out of all proportion to the opinion now entertained of his intellect, even by those who think most highly of it.

"Greater honors far than he has yet acquired are in store for him. His enemies, though active, are not persevering. His official friends, though not ardent, will yet minister to his success."

Bulwer's political friendships and career are reserved for future volumes, as also is the tragedy of his separation from his wife and the incidents of middle life.

The preliminary volumes contain but slight indication of the influence which Knebworth had on Bulwer and he on his ancestral home.

"Up to 1830 he had been but little there, and only as a visitor. His mother, after she became its owner, kept all the strings of rule in her own hands. Now the place is full of his memory, and it is difficult to recollect that he came there for good only in the fulness of his manhood, and when in a worse than widowed condition. This arises in part from the fact that his was always a student life, and vast as was the amount of work done before, it was not less after Knebworth became his home. There, too, he was known as a statesman. Thence he carried out those curious and thoughtful, if abortive, schemes for the good of the theatrical profession, in the members of which he took so great an interest. And that home was associated with so much of which the outer world heard but dimly, no doubt in great measure incorrectly, but with wonder and curiosity—his researches into magic lore, and the phenomena of mesmerism and spiritualism.

"But Knebworth is yet more associated with his memory because of the filial enthusiasm of his son. Singularly resembling his father in face, a likeness growing more apparent as the years pass on, like him also in many personal habits, the use—or is it even the abuse?—of tobacco, the mixture of great simplicity of life as a rule with a love for splendor of surroundings when occasion allows, the son has a yet marked individuality, which he might stamp, and desire to stamp, on a home like Knebworth, a place so large and so irregular that it would easily take the characteristics of each owner. But to keep the place on the whole essentially as it was made by the first lord, to subordinate his own additions in building, to retain the memory of the dead as a living and pervading yet always cheerful presence in the home that once was his, is the successful aim of the present owner.

"He has carried out the same idea in the volumes he is building up as a fitting shrine for that memory. His own work is admirable, and the moment we examine it carefully we become conscious of the first-rate workmanship. But the author and editor is not, as is sometimes the case, the principal figure. His father, first in his thoughts, is always in the first place; all that is written is to explain him, his character and his views. The self of the writer is most gracefully kept in the background, though ready always, as it were, at call. The life of a father is well told by a son; the life of a literary man is set forth by another master of the craft with rare and delicate skill."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.

Portrait of Sidney Lanier at the Age of Fifteen.	FRONTISPIECE	—
The White House.	By E. V. SMALLEY	—
Sidney Lanier, Poet.	By WILLIAM HAYES WARD	—
How Wilkes Booth crossed the Potomac.	By GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND	—
Evening.	By JOHN VANCE CHENEY...	—
Notes on the Exile of Dante. II. (Conclusion).	By SARAH FREEMAN CLARKE	—
An Average Man. V. (Begun in December).	By ROBERT GRANT	—
Uncle Tom without a Cabin.	By WALTER B. HILL	—
The New York City Hall.	By EDWARD S. WILDE	—
Dr. Sevier. VI.	By GEORGE W. CABLE	—
"Thy Kingdom Come."	By ALFRED B. STREET	—
Among the Magdalen Islands.	By S. G. W. BENJAMIN	—
The Master. An Imitation.	By WILLIAM PRESTON JOHNSON	—
Progress in Fish Culture.	By FRED MATHER	—
Written in Emerson's Poems. For a child.	By ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON	—
The Destiny of the Universe.	By SAMUEL WILLARD	—
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New Zealand in Blooming December.	By CONSTANCE F. GORDON-CUMMING	238
Arnold on Emerson and Carlyle.	By JOHN BURROUGHS	—
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Bric-a-Brac	—

NEW ZEALAND IN BLOOMING DECEMBER. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming.—It was midsummer, in other words, the last week of December, when the writer reached the quiet city of Auckland, with its crowds of Maoris, laughing girls and stalwart men, who in Christmas week throng the streets, drawn thither by the annual gifts then dispensed by the English Government.

"Many of the girls wore bright tartan shawls, for all the race are extremely sensitive to cold, and even on these hot summer days both men and women apparently delight in warm clothing, and like to exclude every breath of air from their wretched, stuffy little cottages. The inferiority, dirt, and discomfort of these, and their total lack of drainage, struck us all the more from contrast with the cleanliness, comfort, and well-raised foundation of the Fijian houses with which we had become familiar. As a general rule, a traveller would find the prospect of claiming a night's shelter in a Maori *wharre* quite as uninviting as being driven to accept the hospitality of a very poor Highland bothie. A certain number of the chiefs, however, now own good houses (in most instances built for them by Government as rewards, or bribes for good behaviour), and pride themselves on their excellent carriages and furniture, even adopting such effeminacies as white muslin covers for dressing-tables, with dandy pink trimmings."

Even more striking was the physical and intellectual superiority of the half-caste population, elsewhere supposed to unite the worst characteristics of both races. It is not so with the Anglo-Maori; but it is said that their physique is not in reality so good as at first sight appears, and that the tendency to consumption is even greater among them than in the pure Maori, whose ranks have been so terribly thinned by this insidious foe.

The city of Auckland is situated in the midst of a cluster of extinct volcanoes, the principal crater near being Mount Eden, whose grassy slopes are dotted with pleasant homes. Only its summit retains traces of the old Maori fortifications, in levelled terraces surrounding the deep crater, wherein, in case of dire attack, a whole tribe might have taken refuge.

"I cannot say we were much struck by the beauty of Auckland, though there are some fine views, such as that from the cemetery, looking across the blue waters of the harbour to the great triple cone of Rangi-Toto, which rises from a base of black, broken volcanic refuse,—a suggestive contrast to the foreground of beautiful tree ferns, which have been suffered still to survive in the valley just before us. But the noble primeval forest which formerly clothed this district has almost entirely been swept ruthlessly away, and wholesale burning has destroyed what the woodman's axe had spared, so that there now remains literally no shelter from the summer sun, save such English oak and other trees as have been planted by the settlers."

In the beautiful island of Hawan the traveller had an opportunity of seeing something of a carefully preserved New Zealand bush.

"Here every headland is crowned with magnificent pohutukawa trees (*Metrosideros tomentosus*), literally rendered, 'the brine-sprinkled,'—so called by the Maoris, because they are said only to flourish close to the sea; but known to the settlers as the Christmas tree, since it invariably blossoms in Christmas week, when boughs of its glossy green and scarlet are used in church decoration as a substitute for the holly berries of Old England. Like many of the flowering trees of the Pacific, its blossom when gathered possesses small attraction, its brilliant color being derived solely from the clusters of bright scarlet stamens, which, however, when seen in masses, produce such an effect of intense color that the whole tree appears aflame, and the overhanging boughs seem to be dripping fire into the clear blue water, while the ground on every side appears as if tinged with blood, the grass being fairly hidden by the showers of constantly falling stamens."

After wandering in tropical isles, the grassy downs covered with cattle were delightful to the writer, as were also the larks, the bees and the thistles, all like imported and all equally thriving. Even the grass itself is not indigenous, all these hills having till recently been clothed with a dense thicket of "tea tree," a sort of gigantic heather bush, called *ti* by the Australian blacks, whence, no doubt, arises the English name.

"New Zealand seems to be the very paradise of acclimatization, so readily does she accept the office of foster-mother to the products of other lands. Though the combinations did not appear to me so startling as some in Queensland and New South Wales,—where I first saw holly-trees (with wealth of crimson berries) overshadowed by tall palms, and luxuriant camellias loaded with blossoms growing side by side with broad-leaved plantains and tree ferns, beneath the shelter of great pines from Norfolk Island, with a carpet of mignonette and violets,—I believe the kindly soil and climate of New Zealand can nurture almost any plant that finds its way thither."

* * * * *

"For here we find pines and cypresses from every corner of the globe, oaks and willows, Australian gums, and all manner of fruit-trees, more especially apples and pears, peaches, apricots, and figs, which grow in luxuriant thickets wherever they are once planted, and bear fruit abundantly. And after feasting on these, we may pass through some romantic glen, where the sunlight flickers through the delicate tracery of tall tree ferns, and thence emerge where some quiet brook, fringed with watercresses, flows sparkling through the meadow."

As with the vegetable world, so with the animal. Though New Zealand had originally no four-footed creature save a small rat, now she has large herds of fallow deer and Indian elk; pheasants are abundant, and a good day's sport may be had in pursuit of wild cattle; while kangaroos are so numerous and such easy prey as to be almost beneath the dignity of a true sportsman, so very deliberate is their strange leaping retreat, and so frequently do they pause to gaze wistfully at the intruder. As to oysters—

"What would a Londoner think of gathering them from the lower branches of the same 'brine-sprinkled' trees? Here, however, he will find them abundantly and of excellent flavor; for these branches literally dip into the water, and overshadow rocks, all of which are oyster-beds extending entirely round the island, a coast-line of perhaps thirty miles. Indeed the oysters seem equally abundant in all the neighbourhood of Auckland, and here, as at Sydney, we found a simple and enticing form of afternoon picnic greatly in favor, where bread and butter and a hammer were the only accessories carried to the feast. True gourmets brought lemons and spoons. I confess to having frequently dispensed with all these superfluities, and to have greatly enjoyed the simple process of knocking my oysters on the hinge with a stone, thereby removing the upper shell, and leaving the dainty morsel unprotected. This did at first sight appear a very savage feast, and for awhile I stood aloof in some disgust; but *ce n'est que la premier pas qui coûte*, and, having once overcome this natural repugnance so far as to try (as the colonials say) just one, I plead guilty to having thenceforth been foremost at every oyster festival."

Once a year only the Maoris go to the coast to fish for sharks, a hideous creature resembling a dog-fish, and from four to six feet in length, which they split and dry for winter fare.

"A gentleman who accompanied us told me that in one season they had caught fifteen thousand off this island, and that he had himself seen a pile of dried fish three hundred feet long by six deep, ready for winter use. One of the fishers was introduced to me as the Queen's godson, a fine, stalwart fellow. His

father, having visited England, and having been honored by presentation to Her Majesty, was granted this further privilege on behalf of his son, together with the accustomed christening cup."

The writer gives an account of a wonderful phosphorescent effect that she saw :—

"The 11th of February had been marked by violent thunder storms, vivid lightning, and downpours of rain, leaden skies, and a bright green sea. I chanced to look out about 11 P.M., and saw the whole bay glowing with pale white light, and fiery waves rolling right up beneath the trees and around the rocks, which stood out sharp and black. The effect was as of a sea of living light. For about ten minutes I watched it, entranced; then it slowly faded away, and the scene was changed to dense obscurity."

Her next expedition was a five-hours' trip by steamer to Grahamstown, in other words, the Thames Gold Fields.

"Here a large, straggling town has sprung up, and mighty batteries, whose tall chimneys darken the air with black smoke, work with deafening noise, crushing the auriferous quartz; for you must not confuse the gold fields with 'diggings' where the precious nuggets lie embedded in alluvial deposit, and entail only digging and washing. Here the gold is traced to its original home, where it forms part of the quartz veins which traverse the hard rock, and has to be sought by tunneling and by the pickaxe with patient toil. Truth to say, a few days' acquaintance with Grahamstown greatly disturbed my preconceived ideas of life at the diggings. Here I found a large, scattered town peopled wholly by miners, but nowhere have I seen a more orderly and respectable community. Every miner has his tidy house and garden; most have a wife and children. On Sunday all work save that of the great pump ceases, and the large churches of every denomination are crowded by congregations who certainly retain no trace of having been working in mines all the week. Various volunteer corps including a fine force of Naval Reserve, a large regiment of Scotch volunteers, and one of cadets, turn out in excellent order, and march to one or other of the places of worship. The law of order prevails here as thoroughly as in any quiet English village. All matters relating to the mines are regulated by a printed code of rules, and inspectors are appointed, whose duty it is continually to visit every corner of the mines, and who, in their turn, are responsible to the Warden of the Gold Fields. The great pump is one of the marvels of the place. Its shaft is six hundred and ninety feet deep, and it drains the whole neighbourhood. The water pumped up deposits silica in such quantities that the great tubes through which it passes are coated every few days with an incrustation about an inch thick, which has to be removed with a chisel. Small objects, such as wicker baskets, are occasionally left to soak for a short period, and re-appear apparently carved in white stone."

After visiting the great tunnel, which extends three-quarters of a mile and is lighted by gas,—the huge batteries, where the quartz is pounded into white mud, through which quick-silver is run to amalgamate the gold,—and the bank, to see the process of making golden bricks, the traveller proceeded up the river Thames to Paeroa.

"As we neared our destination, we had the opportunity of seeing a Maori pah in full fighting condition, two of the neighbouring tribes being at variance. It did not appear very imposing, its fortifications consisting of the usual reed fences. Nevertheless, its defenders were all on the alert to prevent the passage of any foe, for which purpose the river was barred, only leaving space enough for the steamer to pass."

The route thence lay through the New Zealand bush, lovely with clusters of tree ferns from 20 to 30 feet high, and magnificent forests of the giant *kauri* pine, beyond which could be seen the tiny tents of the gold-miners gleaming like white specks high on the mountain side. Then on horseback along the hard, yellow sands, and so to Tauranga in a small boat down the lake, a distance of about 25 miles.

"The interest of Tauranga centres around the Gate Pah, in the capture of which so many brave English soldiers and officers were slain during the Maori war in 1864. They were buried (together with many others, including sailors and marines, who perished in the useless strife) on a green headland beside the sea,—a lovely spot, and lovingly cared for, where bright blossoms bloom beneath the shelter of weeping-willows, and scented geraniums grow in wild profusion among the rocks. On the many head-stones and crosses are inscribed names still precious to many a home in Britain. The Gate Pah itself, despite its historic interest, has been levelled with the ground and nothing now remains to mark its site.

"Of the unsatisfactory results obtained at the cost of so much bloodshed there can, I suppose, be no doubt. It seems as if it had but taught the Maoris their own strength, and left them in a position which, to the settlers, must be galling indeed, they being often compelled to submit patiently to overbearing insolence on the part of the natives, who know full well that their white neighbours are practically without redress in a land where the Queen's writ does not run. Imagine that, within twenty miles of Auckland itself, a murderer is safe from British law, no officer of justice daring to pursue him into 'the King Country,' where no white man may travel, save by special permission of the chiefs—a permission often withheld, even when the traveller carries letters of introduction from their oldest and long-tried friends, as one of our party proved, much to his annoyance."

Even the white man's religion has fallen into contempt with a vast multitude, who previous to the war were apparently most devout Christians. Many of the once flourishing mission stations are now deserted, and the churches stand silent and forsaken.

"As regards the future, there are many who consider that the attitude of the Maoris is decidedly hostile, and that a fresh war may even now be imminent. Should this prove to be the case, the whites would now fight at a greater disadvantage than ever, both owing to the loss of prestige due to over-familiarity and to the fact that the natives have accumulated such stores of fire-arms as they formerly could never have hoped for. But after all, it is only within their own reserved lands that they show so firm a front, and perhaps we have small right to blame their determination to resist further aggression."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1884.

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THE RED SUNSETS. By N. S. Shaler.--The autumn of 1883 will always have a large place in scientific history on account of the strange aspect of its heavens. The fiery glow of sunrise and sunset, the brownish haze that girdled the sun all day, were phenomena so out of the range of common experience that at first all the experts in meteorology were at sea in their explanations, and it is only gradually that these sunsets have been proved to be in some way connected with the volcanic eruptions in the Straits of Sunda.

"At several points in Europe the new-fallen snow contains particles of volcanic dust essentially like those that fell upon the decks of ships near the point of eruption, and which presumably are the heavier bits that have descended from the dust-cloud in the upper air.

"Still further, it has been shown that these curious appearances of the sky occurred more quickly in the district near the volcano than in regions remote from it."

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"It is clear that at Rodriguez, Mauritius, and Seychelles, points from three thousand five hundred miles west of Krakatoa, the red sunsets were seen on

the 28th of August, within thirty-six hours after the eruption occurred. In Brazil, which is over ten thousand miles away, they appeared on the 30th of September. In Florida, thirteen thousand miles distant, on September 8th. It was noticed in England on the 9th of September, but in Sweden not until the 30th of November; each of these countries being about seven thousand five hundred miles from the point of eruption."

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"Any doubt that might remain is removed by the fact that we have at least one instance of a similar convulsion, in the last century, which we can in the same way connect with a great eruption in Iceland. In 1783, Skapta Jokul, one of the greatest of our volcanoes, passed through a period of eruption which, for its energy, was the most violent ever known in any but a Javanese volcano. Shortly after this eruption occurred, the English skies put on the fiery aspect that our own have at present. In those days men still looked to the heavens for portents, and deep alarm took possession of the people. Mr. James Macaulay has noted the fact that the poet Cowper refers to these sunsets in his letters, as well as in the *Task*, Book II, line 58 :—

‘Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; . . .
And nature with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all;’

and Mrs. Somerville, in her *Physical Geography*, called attention to the probable relation between the vapor and ashes thrown out by the Iceland volcano and the brilliant sunsets of Western Europe."

Regarding then the connection between volcanic eruptions and these skies as proved, we have next to consider the nature of the material that conveys the light down to us, the singular method in which it becomes diffused over the earth, and the reason for its long continuance. If the reader has examined these luminous skies with care, he will have observed that at midday, the sun seems to be in a vast tract of thin whitish brown vapour, which is constantly changing its shape. These appearances are only explicable on the supposition that there is a constant drifting of a very thin veil of this misty matter across the heavens near the sun.

"This matter, being intensely illuminated, is made visible in the region near the sun; elsewhere it is not dense enough to alter the blue of the sky. If we follow the descending sun, we find that when it begins to get into the mists of the horizon it no longer shows this ash-colored fringe, which melts into the dim, vaporous color that seems to encircle the horizon, but which is in fact due to the greater thickness and humidity of the air through which we then look. Nor do we see much of anything of these strange vapors in the first stages of the sunset, for there the glowing lower vapors still mask the upper light. It is after the normal sunset has fairly gone that this higher level of very faint cloud becomes illuminated. The long time that elapses after the sun goes below the horizon before these upper vapors find themselves at the right angle to reflect the light to us, and the long duration of this glow, show

us that the volcanic vapor is much further above the earth than any common clouds. Computations based on the duration of this sunset light on the mists in question indicate that they must be somewhere near fifty thousand feet above the surface, or between nine and ten miles high. As the lightest ordinary clouds probably do not rise more than about thirty thousand feet above the earth, in northern regions, in the winter season, it is evident that the great height of these volcanic clouds is a part of the problem with which we have to deal."

As to the colour of these vapours:—

"As their phenomena of color show that they are not water vapor alone, it is a fair conclusion that they are made up of a mixture of dust and water vapor, such as occurs in our chimney smoke. Our ordinary coal smoke is always composed in large part of steam, in which the little bits of carbon are mingled, as the soot is in the London fog. When dust of any kind becomes entangled in water vapor, the union is of a singularly permanent nature, the two being unwilling to separate until they fall as rain."

Further, how is it that these particles of mingled water and dust can remain so long at such a height above the earth? Why do they not fall at once, instead of floating for months above its surface?

"To this there is a simple and apparently a sufficient answer, though it may not seem at first as evident as could be desired: the rate at which particles fall through the air is determined by the ratio that their superficies bear to their weight. Now the smaller any bits of matter are, the larger in proportion is their surface to their weight. A certain descending force is required to push the resisting atoms of air apart, and so permit the descent of the gravitating particle. It is this resistance that keeps the upper clouds floating so long and so high above the earth. The particles of water are constantly falling through the air, but owing to their fineness they may fall only a few inches each day. The same principle is shown in the settling of mud in water. A tumbler of Mississippi water will require days to deposit its mud. We have only to suppose that the particles of mingled dust and water that constitute these volcanic clouds are extremely small, to account for months, or even years, of suspension in the air."

Next let us inquire how the dust and vapour was driven to such a height and so rapidly distributed over the earth. In all great eruptions the principal thing that occurs is a furious uprush of steam from the crater, bearing with it vast quantities of pulverized rock, called dust or ashes.

"The speed of this uprush from the crater of a great volcano is extremely great. Even from a volcano like Vesuvius, the vast, straight column of steam, blackened with ashes, rises to the height of twenty or thirty thousand feet above the base. When the force of the ascending column is overcome by the friction of the air, the steam spreads out like the top of a great Italian pine, and sails away before the wind."

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"We have no very good data by which to determine the height to which the materials ejected from volcanoes are thrown. The strongest piece of

modern artillery will, however, drive a ball straight upwards to the height of about four miles. It may easily be seen, even in small volcanoes, such as Vesuvius, that more than this distance is attained by the substances which the eruption throws out. In great volcanoes, such as Krakatoa and many of those of Java and elsewhere, it may be that eruptions eject their matter to several times this height. Masses of considerable size, thrown out of volcanoes, have been known to fall four or five miles away from the crater. Allowing all that we can for wind carriage, it seems necessary to believe that these fragments must have had at least five or six times the speed of motion that we can impress on a cannon-ball, and must have gone upward with nearly enough velocity to carry them beyond the sphere of the earth's attraction."

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"In the nearly perfect vacuum which would exist around the upper part of the ejection column, these gases would hurry away in all directions with exceeding speed. This swiftly diffusing sheet of vaporous matter would, we may presume, quickly settle down upon the denser atmosphere below. The thicker the atmosphere the more slowly the matter would fall; the mist would be frozen, as is the water in all the higher-lying clouds, even on a summer day, and, entangling the volcanic dust in the meshes, would fall into the region of the air currents, and so journey over all the lands and seas."

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"It is not easy to conceive how vast is the volume of the gas thrown out by a great volcanic eruption. If we assume the area of the crater to be a mile square, the column to move upward with the speed of a mile a second, and the gas to have only the density of gunpowder gases within the chamber of a cannon at the moment of firing, as given by Rodman, then we have an amount about equal to all the atmosphere that lies on ten thousand square miles of the earth's surface thrown out in a second of time. If we reduce the rate of the movement to that of a shot when it leaves a gun, we will still have about one-third of this quantity. If all the gas discharged from a volcano stayed in the form of highly heated gas, then the pressure of the earth's atmosphere would be doubled in about a fortnight, and even a day of eruption should add something like a pound to the pressure of the atmosphere on a square foot of surface."

The greater part of the gas is steam, which is quickly condensed and falls back upon the earth in the form of torrential rain, which carries down with it most of the dust thrown up by these eruptions. It is only the remnant of water and of powdered rock that remains high in the air, like the wrack of a thunderstorm, to float far away from the point where it was hurled into the air.

Two interesting fields of enquiry are opened to us by the consideration of the Krakatoa convulsion.

"The fact that these particles of vapor and dust send us back the sunlight is proof that they cut off a share of the sun's rays from their proper access to the earth's surface. For months the earth has been wrapped in a veil that denies admission to a small part of the sun's light, and presumably to a portion of his heat as well. Upon this heat all the machinery of the earth's physical and

organic life most intimately depends. Take but the hundredth part of it away, and all the life of the earth would feel the loss of power."

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"When we consider that the geological record makes it probable that there have been times in the earth's history when disturbances of this class have been more frequent and on a far larger scale than at present, we are disposed to take a suggestion from this veiled sun, and ask ourselves whether some of those strange changes of climate in the past may not perhaps have had something to do with periods of intense volcanic activity."

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"If the dust wrap remained for any considerable time in the air,—and as far as we can see it might remain for several years, for this dust that our air now bears has been afloat for nearly half a year, with no sign of diminution,—then the chapter of accidents might lay the foundations of a glacial period which might endure long after the cause that led to its beginning had ceased to exist."

Again, there can be no doubt that the celestial spaces are crowded with angular bits of stony matter, ranging in weight from thousands of pounds to particles as light as the finest dust.

"Every night millions of the smaller bits fall swiftly upon our earth's atmosphere, sparkle for a moment as shooting stars, and are burnt into vapor by the heat engendered from their friction in the atmosphere. It is a matter of difficulty to account for the origin of these angular fragments in space."

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"The most likely conjecture as to the origin of these meteors that can be made is that in certain periods of particularly intense eruptions the ejection of volcanoes—those it may be of other planets, as well as of the earth—attain such an extreme velocity that they fly clear beyond the control of the orb from which they are projected, and are left to swing through space in orbits determined by the control of the sun. At times these bodies would perhaps come sufficiently into the sphere of the gravitation of a planet to be precipitated upon its surface; but the chance is that they would move on for ages before they neared any sphere with attraction strong enough to draw them to its surface.

"To project stones beyond the earth's power to recall them requires a velocity that need not exceed seven miles a second. We have no proof of such extreme speed of uprising in any volcanic eruptions, but there are many reasons for believing that it is not altogether beyond the power of the greater eruptions to accomplish this work."

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.

Margery of Quether. In two parts. I. By the author of 'John Herring.'						
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SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. V.—Mr. James Payn continues in this paper sundry reminiscences of his college life at Cambridge. Here, thanks to his little volume of poems ("Stories from Boccaccio"), he made the acquaintance of persons of high University standing in his college (Trinity), who would otherwise have been out of the reach of an undergraduate who cultivated neither the classics nor the mathematics. Among them he especially mentions W. G. Clark, Tutor of Trinity, and afterwards Public Orator; and as the author of "Gazpacko" and editor of the "Cambridge Shakspeare" known to the world without. He was a conversationalist of the highest order and of the rarest. He was a good talker, not a mere wit or *raconteur*, and among the many bright and pungent sayings that fell from his lips, the author does not remember a single one that had a sting in its tail.

"A characteristic retort of his just occurs to me, which, though of a personal nature, can assuredly wound nobody by repetition. One of the Trinity dons, though known to the world of learning as the greatest of living Latin scholars, was from his gentleness and good nature, disrespectfully dubbed by his intimates and associates 'the Ox.' One night, after dining at the Master's 'Lodge,' he happened to drop into Clark's room, and began to speak of the occurrences of the evening. There had been some discussion, he said, about Plato, and it was clear, from the Master's observations, that he had been indebted to certain ideas upon the subject to Mr. Llewellyn Davies' recent translation of that author. 'Ah,' said Clark, with that quiet smile which always fell short of the merits of the sally it heralded, 'the Ox knoweth his Master's Crib.'

"Fortune has thrown me among a good many bright talkers during my

life, but I don't think I ever heard a wittier thing even from W. G. Clark himself.

Mr. Payn was also personally introduced to the Master (Whewell) through the medium of his turn for verse-making.

"At college, of course, are retained

'All usages thoroughly worn out,

The souls of them fumed forth, the heart of them torn out,

and, among others, that of commemorating the Restoration of his Most Christian Majesty, Charles II. Finding on the hall 'screens' on 29th of May an account of the celebration for the day in Latin, I ventured to write with my pencil some extemporaneous lines on the subject immediately after the word *gratid*:

"For the sake of him who sold

Dunkirk to the French,

And gave away the gold

To a naughty little wench.

"While I was still contemplating (and doubtless with some youthful vanity) this inspiration of my muse, the screen became darkened by an enormous shadow, and to my extreme horror I perceived the Master reading over my shoulder this revolutionary effusion. His grim face never relaxed, though I had afterwards reason to believe he was tickled, 'That screen, young gentleman,' he observed in awful tones, 'is not intended for the publication of your political sentiments.' He at once gave order for the obnoxious epigram to be removed, and for my part I was thankful that they were not for my immediate execution."

The great Doctor's manners were rough and his temper of the shortest, of which the author gives an instance. He had a northern burr of expressing contempt, but it was often misapplied.

"His criticism upon Tennyson's 'Northern Farmer' was an example of it.

'It seems to me that the poet has wasted a great deal of dialectic ingenuity in describing a very *wuthless fussonage*.'

"Most people in his eyes were *wuthless* who were not acquainted with the Inductive Sciences. His presence was majestic, he made an admirable figure-head for the collegiateship; but, though I speak of course as a cabin-boy, I never heard of his troubling himself about the crew."

His sayings, however, were "extremely quoted." One the author remembers, which struck him as admirable.

"He was at that time in controversy with Sir David Brewster about the plurality of worlds, and took, as is well known, the view that there was but one, as was very natural, considering the prominent place he occupied in it."

"Some one slyly pointed out to him the passage in the Vulgate, *Nonne erant decem mundi?* To which he instantly replied, 'Very true, but look at the next question, *Ubi sunt novem?*'"

Mr. Payn mingled a good deal in the debates at the "Union Club," which were almost always on political subjects.

"I remember having had the hardihood on one occasion to place upon the notice board a proposition for the sweeping away of the hereditary aristo-

crazy of our native land, which created no little sensation ; there was an immense audience, but those who came to laugh remained, I fear, to carry out their intention, since the motion had but eight supporters. Last year, I note that the same proposition gained one hundred votes, which shows that, though opinion at college moves like the tortoise, it does move ; at school, its motion, if it moves at all, is that of a glacier—imperceptible."

In his third year at Cambridge, after the publication of another volume of poems, he visited Edinburgh and called upon De Quincey, at Lasswade, a few miles from the town, who then lived a secluded life. The writer was considerably alarmed as he drew near to the house, but his apprehensions proved to be utterly groundless, for a more gracious and genial personage he never met.

"Picture to yourself a very diminutive man, carelessly—very carelessly dressed ; a face lined, careworn, and so expressionless that it reminded one of 'that chill changeless brow, where cold Obstruction's apathy appals the gazing mourner's heart'—a face like death in life. The instant he began to speak, however, it lit up as though by electric light ; this came from his marvellous eyes, brighter and more intelligent (though by fits) than I have ever seen in any other mortal. They seemed to me to glow with eloquence. He spoke of my introducer, of Cambridge, of the Lake Country, and of English poets. Each theme was interesting to me, but made infinitely more so by some apt personal reminiscence. As for the last-named subject, it was like talking of the Olympian gods to one not only cradled in their creed, but who had mingled with them, himself half an immortal.

"The announcement of luncheon was perhaps for the first time in my young life unwelcome to me. Miss De Quincey did the honours with gracious hospitality, pleased, I think, to find that her father had so rapt a listener. I was asked what wine I would take, and not caring which it was, I was about to pour myself out a glass from the decanter that stood next to me. 'You must not take that,' whispered my hostess, 'it is not port wine, as you think.' It was in fact laudanum, to which De Quincey presently helped himself with the greatest sangfroid. I regarded him aghast, with much the same feelings as those with which he himself had watched the Malay at Grasmere eat the cake of opium, and with the same harmless result. The liquor seemed to stimulate rather than dull his eloquence. As I took my leave, after a most enjoyable interview, to meet the coach, I asked him whether he ever came by it into Edinburgh.

"What ! he answered, in a tone of extreme surprise ; 'by coach ? Certainly not.'

"I was not aware of his peculiarities : the association of commonplace people and their pointless observations were intolerable to him. They did not bore him in the ordinary sense, but seemed as it were to outrage his mind. To me, to whom the study of human nature in any form had become even then attractive, this was unintelligible, and I suppose I showed it in my face, for he proceeded to explain matters. 'Some years ago,' he said, 'I was standing on the pier at Tarbet, on Loch Lomond, waiting for the steamer. A stout old lady joined me ; I felt that she would presently address me, and she did. Pointing to the smoke of the steamer which was making itself seen

above the next headland, 'There she comes,' she said; 'La, sir! if you and I had seen that fifty years ago, how wonderful we should have thought it!' 'Now the same sort of thing,' added my host with a shiver, 'might happen to me any day, and that is why I always avoid a public conveyance.'

De Quincey afterwards, in the "Autobiographical Sketches," made a most gracious allusion to the author's poems.

"The Story of the Student of St. Bees," he says, 'has been made the subject of a separate poem by my friend Mr. James Payn of Trinity College. The volume contains thoughts of great beauty, too likely to escape the vapid and irreflective reader.' This good-natured eulogy rang in my ears for many a day, nor did my college friends forget, at all events one portion of it: with a monstrous misapplication of terms, they henceforward dubbed me the 'vapid and irreflective reader.' I remember my mother showing, with pardonable pride, this criticism of De Quincey to a Dean of the English Church, who was then at the head of the High Church party at Oxford. 'Very flattering to your son, madam, no doubt,' he said; 'but who is this Mr. De Quincey?'

In addition to his two volumes of poems, Mr. Payn wrote, while at Cambridge, for various periodicals; more often *for* them than *in* them. It may be some comfort, he says, to youthful aspirants to hear that in one year he had six-and-twenty articles rejected by various "organs"; which, however, improved and enlarged, have since seen the light.

"The first notice I ever had in a newspaper was a review of my 'Stories from Boccaccio,' by George Brimley (at that time the Librarian of Trinity) which appeared in the 'Spectator'; it was thirty years ago, but I have not forgotten it, nor the writer. It was like ten thousand tonics in a single dose; when I became a reviewer myself, and had to deal with a young author who had genuine merit in him, I never failed to recall the encouragement I had myself received when I most needed it. It is very easy to be scathing; but if even a morose-natured man could be aware of the torture he inflicts—how with that easy wheel of his 'he sets sharp racks at work to pinch and peel'—he would mingle a little of the milk of human kindness with his gall; even if he be not conscious of having ever possessed literary merit himself, he has at least been young and can remember the sensitiveness of youth. Let him spoil the rod on the author of well-seasoned skin (on *me*, if he likes and welcome), but spare the child."

There was a Mormon community in his time at Cambridge, whose chapel he sometimes attended, and became acquainted with one of their elders.

"He had not the faintest spark of humour in his composition, but one of his statements greatly tickled me. He professed to have a great reverence for the Holy Scriptures, to which Mr. Joe Smith's book was, in his view, the supplement. I asked him how he got over the text, 'If any man shall add unto these things, &c.' He reflected for a moment, and then replied, 'That refers to the Commentators.'"

The author took a first class "Poll" degree, much to the satisfaction of his good folks at home. He learnt very quickly what was required for this purpose and as quickly unlearnt it again. Greek grammar he specially detested.

"I remember dining with one of the examiners after my work in the Senate House was over, who was telling stories about the examinations of the previous day. 'There is one young gentleman,' he said, 'who, if he does not know more about mathematics than classics, will most assuredly be plucked. He has declined μέγας as if it were a participle, μέγας, μέγασα, μέγαν. The table was in a roar, and it was agreed on all hands that, however he did the other papers, that dunce ought to be plucked. It was a humiliating circumstance, but I was compelled in honour to confess to that examiner, in private, how the thing had occurred. My next neighbour in the Senate House had been in difficulties about that very word, and had applied to me for assistance. 'My dear fellow,' I had frankly replied, 'I know nothing about it; I am not going to touch μέγας, but if you ask me my opinion about its declination, I should say it was μέγας, μέγασα, μέγαν.' I am glad to say this explanation saved the second-hand offender."

Notwithstanding this stupendous ignorance, the writer gained for his years a very sound knowledge of human nature, and made acquaintance with an immense mass of English literature of the lighter kind. Languages he could never acquire, any more than music. Soon after he took his degree he married, and to those who propose to themselves a literary life he recommends an early marriage, for "of a truth they will need a comforter." There is no calling which, while often bright and pleasant, is so full of risks, so subject to despondency and disappointments.

"Oh! my young friend with a 'turn for literature,' think twice or thrice before committing yourself to it; or you may bitterly regret to find yourself where that 'turn' may take you. Let every man be fully satisfied in his own mind, and have a reason for the faith that is in him. The calling (though by no means a phenomenal one, as it is the custom to assert) is an exceptional one, and even at the best you will have trials and troubles of which you dream not, and to which no other calling is exposed. I say again, verily you will need a comforter, and the best of comforters is she who sits by the hearth at home. Nevertheless, I need scarcely add, however confident you may be of winning your way to fame and fortune, be not so selfish as to link your fate with hers upon the prospects of an untried pen. For, if you do so, even though you have genius, it will be the genius that is allied to madness."

The author gives an amusing account of his first introduction to the Bohemians.

"An eminent member of the guild asked me to dine with him at one of the old Legal 'Inns.' I was very young, and greatly flattered; I thought I was about to meet the most famous persons in the three kingdoms; and though they were all of them of the male sex, I felt it was incumbent on me to put

on evening attire. My host received me very cordially, but with a certain cock of his eye which I did not like. He was in his dressing-gown and slippers. My fellow-guests, nine in number, were all in shooting-jackets. This made me a little uncomfortable; but they were very agreeable, clever fellows, and we all sat down to dinner in the highest spirits; no, not all, they had been ten, there were now nine of us.

"What the deuce has become of A?" inquired our host.

"Oh, he has taken himself off," explained one of the party, looking hard at my shirt-studs; "he said he would be hanged if he sat down to dinner with a man who dressed in evening clothes."

"My position was exactly the reverse of that of the guest who came to the marriage feast without an appropriate garment: I was too magnificent for the occasion; but it was the very last time anyone has had to complain of me in that respect.

"All these things are changed; the Bohemians of to-day now wear purple and fine linen on all occasions without the slightest provocation, and when even the Rabelais Club dine together, it is, I understand, *de rigueur* to wear evening clothes, though I doubt whether 'the Master' would have quite approved of it."

Mr. Payn's literary gains for the first year of his married life were exactly thirty-two pounds fifteen shillings; but the next year his income was quadrupled, and from that time has increased in a very satisfactory proportion. It was at first mainly drawn from "Household Words," and "Chambers's Journal," for which he wrote almost every week, and whose editor, Leitch Ritchie, not long after, invited him to share his literary duties as co-editor.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.

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STEEPLE-CHASING.—The nature of this still purely English sport has altered since our forefathers, mounted on their favourite hunters, had spins against each other in the course of a run, and were prone to magnify the excellence of their steeds, or, perhaps, the capacity of their steeds' riders after dinner. Matches grew up in the course of the discussion about the events of the day's sport after the hounds. Sometimes, indeed, the men could not wait till the morning to decide the question, for more than one case is on record where a party of sportsmen have risen from the table and started off on a steeple-chase forthwith, putting white garments over their coats, so that competitors might be visible, and a man who was down might not be jumped on unnecessarily in the shadow.

"In these days steeples had something to do with steeple-chases. Courses were not marked out; that came later, and the regulation 'steeple-chase course' of the present day later still. Some distant point was fixed on—four, five, eight, it might have been ten miles off (unnecessarily and cruelly severe chases of twice ten miles are recorded), and to this the riders made the best of their way. The hunters that ran these races were, as regards the question of speed, very far inferior to the chasers of to-day, which latter are almost invariably thoroughbred; most believers in the past flatter themselves that there was wonderful superiority of endurance about the old-fashioned hunter, that is to say, that he could 'stay' at racing pace better than our horses, casts-off from the flat, as they often are. The latter are not trained to stay exceptional distances; if they were, a fair proportion of them would probably do so. Nevertheless, one cannot but regret the contests of a bygone age, and admit that there was more of the real spirit of sport in them than in the fashionable Sandown races of to-day—ininitely more."

Pluck has in no way decreased. Not long since Mr. Arthur Yates broke his collar-bone on the way to the post for a four-mile steeple-chase, but took so little notice of the matter that he rode his race and was beaten only by a short head. On another occasion the same rider after a bad fall caught his horse by the tail, and getting somehow into the saddle won in a canter. The sound horsemanship of Mr. J. M. Richardson, the delicate handling of Mr. Arthur Coventry were probably never approached by the good men of half a century ago, yet there was something about those old chases which calls for special admiration.

"So much more tax was laid on a man's resource. He had not to jump so many regulation fences, but to find his way over the country. Discretion aided him, or want of discretion stopped him, as the case might be. He had ground of all sorts to cross, and here his judgment was tested—how best to get over the plough; whether it was a good thing to ride a little out of the line, where the going was heavy, plash down that watery furrow; how to manage the ridges, whether to chance that boggy piece, and dash boldly through it or to cast about for firmer ground. To weigh all this, and to pick good places at the jumps—the country was a stiff one, but a man did not select ugly places for the sake of crossing them—showed that knowledge of the real sport which one cannot but admire. A man mounted on his own horse, set to perform a task like this, and performing it successfully, awakens a sentiment of esteem which is not extended to Saddlington, when one of his horses, a failure on the flat, which looked like jumping, and has been half schooled over fences, gets home in front of three animals a shade worse than himself over two miles of a modern steeple-chase course."

Chasing used to be nearly allied to hunting; now it is a sort of offshoot of racing. Chases got up in the hunting-field generally meant a struggle over so many miles of fair hunting country with "owners up." But when it was observed that people began to take an extended interest in these contests, and would flock to a place where a chase was announced to take place, and would pay for places on a stand to see as much as possible of the race, the present style of short courses and made fences soon came in. The fences were made easy, and the cast-off from the flat was taught to jump them. Artificial courses were made all over the country, and the clerks of these courses, living on their success, laid themselves out to secure as many horses for entry as possible; courses were made more and more easy and half-schooled chasers became much more plentiful than the finished article; for it takes a long time to teach a steeple-chaser his business.

"Jumping fences in the hunting-field is one thing, jumping them at racing pace is quite another. Most men who have had any experience of country life know how the hunter jumps. As he sees the fence before him, he usually

shortens his stride, goes at it in a more collected form, pauses more or less as he takes off, and, having made his effort, slightly pauses again on landing. These pauses would just lose a man the race over a country, and the great thing is to teach chasers to collect themselves when at full speed, to get away from their fences, to go at them with the slightest possible diminution of pace, and to be off on the other side without dwelling. To do this so as to win races is a matter which requires much time and much practice. What are called natural jumpers are all well enough, but nature does not take steeple-chasing into consideration when she helps her equine children on the way they should go.

"It is an interesting sight to see the young horse being taught the business in which it is hoped that he will shine. He has good shoulders and good quarters, the two essentials for a chaser, and, in fact, to employ the technical phrase, 'looks like jumping.' Kindness, patience, and good 'hands' are the requisites in the teacher—a good seat is understood, for most boys in training stables have this. Few young horses hit upon just what is wanted at first. To begin with, they generally make too much fuss about it, clearing each little fence (their nursery ground as though it were the water jump) in a real steeple-chase, just as after a career over the dangerously easy fences of the average modern course, they get careless; for this paradox may be taken as a fact: the more easy a course is, the more dangerous it is likely to prove. If steeple-chase courses were what they should be, only steeple-chase horses would run over them—that is to say, horses that had been duly schooled and taught their business; and these fences would require so much jumping, that the rider would be forced to pull his horse together to steady him, and make him go at the obstacle in collected form, instead of galloping at and 'chancing it.'"

Let us now take our place at a fence and watch a young one have his first gallop at a racing pace over his training ground, after he has been through his course of schooling and acquitted himself well.

"The big brown is a well-known chaser who wants a gallop; the grey mare is a hunter—a genuine hunter by profession—who is to be run at a local meeting and is let into the spin to see what pace she has; and the bright chestnut, on which the trainer himself has mounted—after seeing him carefully fitted with 'boots' lest he should cut or overreach—is the novice. The spacious downs are dotted with made-up fences, forming a circle some mile and a half round. Away to the right are the grand stand, the disused telegraph board, the weighing room, and other buildings belonging to the course where the annual meeting is held; their present deserted aspect makes a striking contrast to the busy scene with which they are usually associated. A string of some thirty sheeted horses are walking round and round; and up the slope surmounted by the plantation, grown to protect horses from the weather, whichever way the wind may be, half a dozen others are moving at a brisk canter. It is that familiar scene, the race-horse at home.

"But the three have started off, and near the first fence. They come to it in a line, but the brown is over first, and, moreover, is away first; more is not perceptible, except that he evidently has the lead when they have landed, a lead soon wrested from him by the impetuous young one, whose rider does

not violently haul at his head, but lets him go on for a little way almost as he pleases, and quietly draws him back again to the others. They near the fence where we stand, and now we shall see what they can do. The brown has taken hold of his bit, not to run away, but to lean on his rider's hand; the grey on the left is evidently galloping her hardest, though her companion is going easily within himself; the young one speeds along, his hind legs well under him, and as they near the fence, he pricks up his ears to take in, as it were, what he has to do. The thud of their hoofs on the soft turf is unchecked. Here they are! The brown, with no perceptible effort in rising, glides over the fence. It is firmly made up, as he knows, and he jumps it with nothing to spare, but safely enough. How he picks up his legs it is not easy to say, for the twigs seem to brush his girths as he crosses over. The pace is altogether too fast for the hunter. She is flurried and gets right under the guard rail in front of the fence, and this she knocks with all four feet, so that at this jump, when by an effort she is safely over, she pauses more than at the former. The youngster is across before her. He gives his head one shake, rushes at it, is well over, and off again on the other side so quickly that five or six strides beyond he is level with the brown, which rose a length in front of him. The old one is, perhaps, a trifle slow with age, though he still wins chases, and what he lacks in speed is to a great extent compensated for by the cleverness with which he fences. As for the hunter, it is already evident that only in the most moderate company can she hope to hold her own.

"The amateur trainer is very apt to make blunders about his horse's ability, because he does not know what will happen to him when it comes to racing, as in the case of the grey mare just introduced. At home she has been reckoned something out of the common. As it seems to her owner, who has nothing by the side of which to test her merits, she gallops very fast indeed. She never dreams of refusing or turning the head when sent at a jump, and his early ambition to win a race with her at a local hunt meeting has grown till he has come to regard her as well able to hold her own in a chase at some popular course. For this reason he has induced the trainer of our young one to let him have a turn against something with a reputation; but as he watches, with all his partiality for the old mare he cannot but perceive that the home efforts were sadly delusive, and that when it comes to the real thing she is altogether out of her element.

"Let us canter across and take up a station at the spot where they are to finish. They near the last fence, and the young one is a couple of lengths ahead. Except that he is a little too eager, he comes over in grand style, taking off, indeed six or eight feet too soon, and jumping big, but none the less easily and cleverly. The brown slips over in his almost mechanical style, and then, for this is a race, his rider tries to overhaul the chestnut; but though the old horse answers to the call as best as he can when the rider's whip is raised, the leader, hardly out of a canter, holds his own, his trainer turning his head to see what the followers are doing. As for the hunter, she has lumbered up to the last fence, stopped almost dead from sheer distress, gamely thrown himself over landing anyhow, and is coming on at the best pace she can raise, which is a very bad one, far in the rear. The young one promises well. The grey is a hunter and not a race-horse, which to all intents and purposes the chaser of to-day must be."

One of the chief causes of the decadence of steeple-chasing proper arises from the patronage given to hurdle racing.

"It is a simpler thing to jump hurdles than to jump a country ; there is less wear and tear for horses, and a great deal more money to be won. Several of the prizes are very handsome ones. At the present time there are more good horses running in hurdle races than was ever the case before, and fields for chases are as a rule very small, for the hurdle racer is an immature chaser, and if in his immaturity he pays best, why go on with him ? Chasing is the nobler game, but much schooling over a country destroys a horse's speed, and speed is wanted for hurdle races, in which the perfect competitor gallops, taking his hurdles in his stride and as it were disregarding the flights altogether.

"It has been seen how steeple-chase courses were cut down to suit horses that were not steeple-chasers. In the new Grand National Hunt Committee, the governing body of the sport, a disposition exists to restore courses till they more nearly approach what they should be, fair hunting country. Meantime, owners who really care for the sport and who do not recognise its genuine characteristics over existing courses, where everything is sacrificed to speed, and an attempt is made to make speed dangerous by insisting on a 'trappy' jump, an open ditch cut away abruptly before a fence, which would be much safer if it were made much bigger with a guard rail in front of it, must console themselves with attempts to win the Liverpool Grand National, run over a course that is big enough to suit anybody, or that essentially sporting affair, the Grand National Hunt Steeple-Chase, the *venue* of which changes every year, but in which the condition is that horses must never have run in a chase before ; so that—for considerable honour and glory attach to success—men are tempted to keep and school their horses entirely for the hope of winning this race."

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THE COMING SLAVERY. By Herbert Spencer.—“Pity,” it is said, “is akin to love,” and how true this is in the sense that when the miseries of the poor are depicted, they are thought of as the miseries of the deserving poor, grievously wronged; and none of them are thought of as bearing the penalties of their own misdeeds.

“On hailing a cab in a London street, it is surprising how generally the door is officiously opened by one who expects to get something for his trouble. The surprise lessens after counting the many loungers about tavern-doors, or after observing the quickness with which a street-performance, or procession, draws from neighbouring slums and stable-yards a group of idlers. Seeing how numerous they are in every small area, it becomes manifest that tens of thousands of such swarm through London. ‘They have no work,’ you say. Say rather that they either refuse work or quickly turn themselves out of it. They are simply good-for-nothings, who in one way or other live on the good-for-somethings—vagrants and sots, criminals and those on the way to crime, youths who are burdens on hard-worked parents, men who appropriate the wages of their wives, fellows who share the gains of prostitutes; and then, less visible and less numerous, there is a corresponding class of women.”

Is it natural that happiness should be the lot of such? The fact is the notion that all social suffering is removable, and that it

is the duty of somebody or other to remove it, are both false. To separate pain from ill-doing is to fight against the constitution of things, and will be followed by far more pain. Saving men from the natural penalties of dissolute living, eventually necessitates the infliction of artificial penalties in solitary cells, on tread-wheels, and by the lash. The command "if any would not work neither should he eat" seems to be the one which Christians seem least inclined to accept; though it was so manifestly justified by science.

Let us now consider the treatment of the evil itself.

Under another form and in a different sphere, we are now yearly extending a system which is identical in nature with the system of "make-wages" under the old Poor Law. "Make-wages" were supplementary wages paid out of the rates to each farm-servant; and the various appliances for working-class comfort, which are supplied at the cost of rate-payers, are intrinsically of the same nature.

"In either case the worker receives in return for what he does, money wherewith to buy certain of the things he wants; while, to procure the rest of them for him, money is furnished out of a common fund raised by taxes. What matters it whether things supplied by ratepayers for nothing, instead of by the employer in payment, are of this kind or that kind? the principle is the same."

"At the cost of ratepayers he has in some cases, and will presently have in more, a house at less than its commercial value; for of course when, as in Liverpool, a municipality spends nearly £200,000 in pulling down and reconstructing low-class dwellings, and is about to spend as much again, the implication is that in some way the ratepayers supply the poor with more accommodation than the rents they pay would otherwise have brought. The artisan further receives from them, in schooling for his children, much more than he pays for; and there is every probability that he will presently receive it from them gratis. The ratepayers also satisfy what desire he may have for books and newspapers, and comfortable places to read them in. In some cases too, as in Manchester, gymnasias for his children of both sexes, as well as recreation grounds, are provided. That is to say, he obtains from a fund raised by local taxes, certain benefits beyond those which the sum received for his labour enables him to purchase. The sole difference, then, between this system and the old system of "make-wages," is between the kinds of satisfactions obtained; and this difference does not in the least affect the nature of the arrangement."

Moreover, the two are pervaded by substantially the same illusion. The old "make-wages" was not really, as it appeared, a bonus; for it was accompanied by an equivalent decrease of the farm-labourer's wages, as was quickly proved when the system was abolished and the wages rose. Just so it is with these seeming boons received by working people in towns.

"Among the costs of production have to be reckoned taxes, general and local. If, as in our large towns, the local rates now amount to one-third of the

rental or more—if the employer has to pay this, not on his private dwelling only, but on his business-premises, factories, warehouses, or the like ; it results that the interest on his capital must be diminished by that amount, or the amount must be taken from the wages-fund, or partly one and partly the other. And if competition among capitalists in the same business and in other businesses, has the effect of so keeping down interest that while some gain, others lose, and not a few are ruined—if capital, not getting adequate interest, flows elsewhere and leaves labour unemployed ; then it is manifest that the choice for the artisan under such conditions lies between diminished amount of work or diminished rate of payment for it. Moreover, for kindred reasons these local burdens raise the costs of the things he consumes. The charges made by distributors, too, are, on the average, determined by the current rates of interest on capital used in distributing business ; and the extra costs of carrying on such businesses have to be paid for by extra prices. So that as in the past the rural worker lost in one way what he gained in another, so in the present does the urban worker : there being, too, in both cases, the loss entailed on him by the cost of administration and the waste accompanying it.”

To pass on to yet another preliminary section of our subject.

Our so-called “ practical ” politicians forget that there is such a thing as a political *momentum*. The theory on which he daily proceeds is that the change caused by his measure will stop where he intends it to stop.

“ Legislators who in 1883 voted £20,000 a year to aid in building school-houses, never supposed that the step they then took would lead to forced contributions, local and general, now amounting to £6,000,000 ; they did not intend to establish the principle that A should be made responsible for educating B's offspring ; they did not dream of a compulsion which should deprive poor widows of the help of their elder children ; and still less did they dream that their successors, by requiring impoverished parents to apply to Boards of Guardians to pay the fees which School-Boards would not remit, would initiate a habit of applying to Boards of Guardians and so cause pauperization. Neither did those who in 1834 passed an Act regulating the labour of women and children in certain factories, imagine that the system they were beginning would end in the restriction and inspection of labour in all kinds of producing establishments where more than fifty people are employed ; nor did they conceive that the inspection provided would grow to the extent of requiring that before a ‘ young person ’ is employed in a factory, authority must be given by a certifying surgeon, who, by personal examination (to which no limit is placed), has satisfied himself that there is no incapacitating disease or bodily infirmity ; his verdict determining whether the ‘ young person ’ shall earn wages or not.”

Or again—

“ Legislators who, some forty years ago, by Act of Parliament compelled railway-companies to supply cheap locomotion, would have ridiculed the belief, had it been expressed, that eventually their Act would punish the companies which improved the supply ; and yet this was the result to companies which began to carry third-class passengers by fast trains, since a penalty to the amount of the passenger-duty was inflicted on them for every third-class passenger so carried. To which instance concerning railways, add a far more

striking one disclosed by comparing the railway policies of England and France. The law-makers who provided for the ultimate lapsing of French railways to the State, never conceived the possibility that inferior travelling facilities would result—did not foresee that reluctance to depreciate the value of property eventually coming to the State, would negative the authorization of competing lines, and that in the absence of competing lines locomotion would be relatively costly, slow, and infrequent."

But further, our "practical" politician naturally never thinks of results still more remote and important. He is wholly unconscious that he is helping to form a certain type of social organization, and that kindred measures tend with ever increasing force to make that type general, until the proclivity towards it becomes irresistible.

"Just as each society aims when possible to produce in other societies a structure akin to its own—just as among the Greeks, the Spartans and the Athenians struggled to spread their respective political institutions, or as, at the time of the French Revolution, the European absolute monarchies aimed to re-establish absolute monarchy in France while the Republic encouraged the formation of other republics; so within every society each species of structure tends to propagate itself. Just as the system of voluntary co-operation by companies, associations, unions, to achieve business ends and other ends, spreads throughout a community, so does the antagonistic system of compulsory co-operation under State-agencies spread; and the larger becomes its extension the more power of spreading it gets. The 'question of questions for the politician should ever be—'What type of social structure am I tending to produce?' But this is a question he never entertains."

We will entertain it for him. The regard for precedent is ever pushing on regulative legislation:—"We have already done this; why should we not do that?"

"From inspecting lodging-houses to limit the numbers of occupants and enforce sanitary conditions, we have passed to inspecting all houses below a certain rent in which there are members of more than one family, and are now passing to a kindred inspection of all small houses. The buying and working of telegraphs by the State is made a reason for urging that the State should buy and work the railways. Supplying children with food for their minds by public agency is being followed in some cases by supplying food for their bodies; and after the practice has been made gradually more general, we may anticipate that the supply, now proposed to be made gratis in the one case, will eventually be proposed to be made gratis in the other: the argument that good bodies as well as good minds are needful to make good citizens, being logically urged as a reason for the extension."

Not precedent only prompts this spread, but also the necessity for supplementing ineffective measures; for failure does not destroy faith in the agencies employed, but merely suggests more stringent agencies. Laws to check intemperance not having done what was expected, then come demands for more thorough-going laws, locally preventing the sale of intoxicating liquors altogether.

Similarly with the additional appliances demanded for "stamping out" epidemic diseases, and for compulsory insurance.

This policy fosters everywhere the tacit assumption that Government should step in wherever anything is not going right. People take it for granted, first, that all suffering ought to be prevented, which is not true, since much suffering is curative; secondly, that every evil can be removed: the truth being that, with the existing defects of human nature, many evils can only be thrust out of one place or form into another place or form—often being increased by the transfer. And the more numerous governmental interventions become, the more loud are the demands for intervention.

"Every extension of the regulative policy involves an addition to the regulative agents—a further growth of officialism and an increasing power of the organization formed of officials. Take a pair of scales with many shot in the one and a few in the other. Lift shot after shot out of the loaded scale and put it into the unloaded scale. Presently you will produce a balance; and if you go on, the position of the scales will be reversed. Suppose the beam to be unequally divided, and let the lightly loaded scale be at the end of a very long arm; then the transfer of each shot, producing a much greater effect, will far sooner bring about a change of position. I use the figure to illustrate what results from transferring one individual after another from the regulated mass of the community to the regulating structures. The transfer weakens the one and strengthens the other in a far greater degree than is implied by the relative change of numbers. A comparatively small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible; as we see in the bureaucracies of the Continent."

Add to this that the private interests of many in the regulated part itself make the change of ratio still more rapid. Youths are everywhere being educated in such ways that they may get employment under Government, and so men are led to tolerate, or even favour, the growth of officialism, as offering careers for those related to them. A Government appointment, too, is thought a gentlemanly occupation, and as the administrative organisation becomes larger, this tendency is increased.

"The prevalent ambition with a young Frenchman is to get some small official post in his locality, to rise thence to a place in the local centre of government, and finally to reach some head office in Paris. And in Russia, where that universality of State regulation which characterizes the militant type of society has been carried furthest, we see this ambition pushed to its extreme. Says Mr. Wallace, quoting a passage from a play:—'All men, even shopkeepers and cobblers, aim at becoming officers, and the man

who has passed his whole life without official rank seems to be not a human being.”

These various influences are reinforced by the expectations of the hard-worked and still more of the incapables, who readily support schemes which promise them this or the other benefit by State agency.

The diffusion of education works in the same direction. That popular education results in an extensive reading of publications which foster pleasant illusions rather than of those which insist on hard realities, is beyond question.

Hence, to gratify these large masses of people who are thus led to nurture sanguine anticipations of benefits to be obtained by social reorganization, every candidate for Parliament is prompted to propose and support some few piece of *ad captandum* legislation. Even the chiefs of parties outbid one another, each seeking popularity by promising more than his opponent has promised.

Meanwhile an active propaganda goes on out of doors.

“There is the movement for land-nationalization which, aiming at a system of land-tenure equitable in the abstract, is, as all the world knows, pressed by Mr. George and his friends with avowed disregard for the just claims of existing owners, and as the basis of a scheme going more than halfway to State-communism. And then there is the thorough-going Democratic Federation of Mr. Hyndman and his adherents. We are told by them that ‘the handful of marauders who now hold possession [of the land] have and can have no right save brute force against the tens of millions whom they wrong.’ They exclaim against ‘the shareholders who have been allowed to lay hands upon (!) our great railway communications.’ They condemn ‘above all, the active capitalist class, the loanmongers, the farmers, the mine-exploiters, the contractors, the middlemen, the factory-lords—these, the modern slave-drivers,’ who exact ‘more and yet more surplus value out of the wage-slaves whom they employ,’ and they think it ‘high time’ that trade should be ‘removed from the control of individual greed.’”

It remains to point out that these tendencies are being strengthened by press-advocacy, daily more pronounced. Journalists begin to speak of *laissez-faire* as an exploded doctrine. “People,” they tell us, “are no longer frightened at the thought of socialism.” This economic evolution is asserted to be coming and must be accepted.

Thus do influences of various kinds conspire to increase corporate action and decrease individual action.

“But why is this change described as ‘the coming slavery’? is a question which many will still ask. The reply is simple. All socialism involves slavery.

“What is essential to the idea of a slave? We primarily think of him as

one who is owned by another. To be more than nominal, however, the ownership must be shown by control of the slave's actions—a control which is habitually for the benefit of the controller. That which fundamentally distinguishes the slave is that he labours under coercion to satisfy another's desires. The relation admits of sundry gradations."

* * * * *

"The essential question is—How much is he compelled to labour for other benefit than his own, and how much he can labour for his own benefit? The degree of his slavery varies according to the ratio between that which he is forced to yield up and that which he is allowed to retain; and it matters not whether his master is single person or a society. If, without option, he has to labour for the society and receives from the general stock such portion as the society awards him, he becomes a slave to the society. Socialistic arrangement necessitate an enslavement of this kind; and towards such an enslavement many recent measures, and still more the measures advocated, are carrying us. Let us observe, first, their proximate effects, and then their ultimate effects."

In the case of the Industrial Dwellings Acts—where municipal bodies turn house-builders—they inevitably lower the values of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more.

"Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profit is not thus diminished."

* * * * *

"The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more, the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsaleable to private persons in the way shown; houses which, greatly lowered in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones."

* * * * *

"Manifestly, the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the socialistic ideal in which the community is sole house-proprietor."

Such, too, must be the effect of the daily growing policy on the tenure and utilization of the land. More numerous public benefits, at the cost of augmented public burdens, must increasingly deduct from the returns on land.

"This process, carried far, must have the result of throwing inferior land out of cultivation; after which there will be raised more generally the demand made by Mr Arch, who, addressing the Radical Association of Brighton lately, and contending that existing landlords do not make their land adequately productive for the public benefit, said 'he should like the present Government to pass a Compulsory Cultivation Bill:' an applauded proposal which he justified by instancing compulsory vaccination (thus illustrating the influence of precedent). And this demand will be pressed, not only by the need for making the land productive, but also by the need for employing the rural population. After the

Government has extended the practice of hiring the unemployed to work on deserted lands, or lands acquired at nominal prices, there will be reached a stage whence there is but a small further step to that arrangement which, in the programme of the Democratic Federation, is to follow nationalization of the lands—the ‘organization of agricultural and industrial armies under State control on co-operative principles.’”

Then, again, comes State ownership of railways taken up afresh by the Democratic Federation, which proposes State appropriation of railways, with or without compensation. Evidently, then, all these changes are carrying us towards State usurpation of all industries, and so will be brought about the desired ideal of the socialists.

Now, a little deliberate thought will show that, under the proposed arrangements of all these political enthusiasts, their liberties must be surrendered in proportion as their material welfares are cared for.

“For no form of co-operation, small or great, can be carried on without regulation, and an implied submission to the regulating agencies. Even one of their own organizations for effecting social changes yields the proof.”

* * * * *

“Trades Unions, which carry on a kind of industrial war in defence of workers’ interests *versus* employers’ interests, find that subordination almost military in its strictness is needful to secure efficient action ; for divided councils prove fatal to success.”

* * * * *

“Judge then what must happen when, instead of combinations small, local and voluntary, to which men may belong or not as they please, we have a national combination in which each citizen finds himself incorporated, and from which he cannot separate himself without leaving the country. Judge what must under such conditions become the power of a graduated and centralized officialism, holding in its hands the resources of the community, and having behind it whatever amount of force it finds requisite to carry out its decrees and maintain what it calls order. Well may a Prince Bismarck display leanings towards State-socialism.”

* * * * *

“And this, indeed, is the arrangement distinctly, but as it would seem inadvertently, pointed to by the members of the Democratic Federation. For they propose that production should be carried on by ‘agricultural and industrial armies under State control,’ apparently not remembering that armies pre-suppose grades of officers, by whom obedience would have to be insisted upon, since otherwise neither order nor efficient work could be ensured. So that each would stand toward the governing agency in the relation of slave to master.”

But it may be objected that the governing agency would be a master constantly kept in check, and one which would not exercise more control than was necessary for the benefit of each and all.

"To which reply the first rejoinder is that, even if so, each member of the community as an individual would be a slave to the community as a whole."

* * * * *

"The services of each will belong to the aggregate of all; and for these services, such returns will be given as the authorities think proper. So that even if the administration is of the beneficent kind intended to be secured, slavery, however mild, must be the outcome of the arrangement."

A second rejoinder is that the administration will presently become not of the intended kind, and that the slavery will not be mild.

"The machinery of Communism, like existing social machinery, has to be framed out of existing human nature; and the defects of existing human nature will generate in the one the same evils as in the other. The love of power, the selfishness, the injustice, the untruthfulness, which often in comparatively short times bring private organizations to disaster, will inevitably, where their effects accumulate from generation to generation, work evils far greater and less remediable; since vast and complex and possessed of all the resources, the administrative organization once developed and consolidated must become irresistible."

The final result would be a revival of despotism. A disciplined army of civil officials gives supreme power to its head. That those who rose to power in a socialistic organization would not scruple to carry out their aims at all costs, we have good reason for concluding.

"It would need but a war with an adjacent society, or some internal discontent demanding forcible suppression, to at once transform a socialistic administration into a grinding tyranny like that of ancient Peru; under which the mass of the people, controlled by grades of officials, and leading lives that were inspected out-of-doors and in-doors, laboured for the support of the organization which regulated them, and were left with but a bare subsistence for themselves. And then would be completely revived, under a different form, that *régime* of status—that system of compulsory co-operation, the decaying tradition of which is represented by the old Toryism and towards which the new Toryism is carrying us back."

The truth is that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are at bottom dependent upon the characters of its members, and the belief that by due skill an ill-working humanity may be framed into well-working institutions is a delusion. There is no political alchemy by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts.

COUNTERSENSE. By Carl Abel.—The progress of investigation into the history of language brings out more and more clearly the fact that there was once a time when, not only in thought but in name, contradictory ideas were identical; when, in fact, black was white.

The oldest preserved specimens of human speech are handed down to us in Egyptian literature. The characters and words used in the hieroglyphic writing were settled in prehistoric times and remained substantially the same for several thousands of years. The vernacular altered indeed, but the scribes were content to adhere to the old code—a code which it must have taken ages to form. Hence, in point of antiquity, there is nothing in the linguistic records of the world that can at all compare with the Egyptian literature.

"In this unique relic of the old-world language, we are startled to discover a large number of words with two meanings, one the exact opposite of the other. Imagine for a moment, if indeed you can imagine such apparent nonsense, that the word 'good' in the English language meant 'bad' as well as 'good'; that the noun 'light' was habitually used in London to denote light as well darkness; that one American miner applied the term 'gold' to gold, while another referred it to dross: and you will be able to realize the practice of the ancient Egyptians. At this point the reader no doubt shakes his head incredulously. However, as there are notoriously many more things in heaven and earth than can be divined by philosophy, the following list will, it is hoped, not be denied a hearing. It contains a few examples taken at random from a far greater number occurring in carved and painted inscriptions on Egyptian temple walls. When wishing to convey the sense of 'strong,' 'stout,' the people of the Nile were wont to utter the syllable *ken*; but they pronounced the same sound when they meant to say 'weak.' Similarly they said *ari*, meaning either 'above' or 'below'; *tem*, meaning either 'include' or 'exclude'; *an*, meaning either to 'move away from a thing' or 'in the direction of a thing.' They likewise employed the one vocable *her* to signify both 'with' and 'without' as well as both 'for' and 'against.' Looking at these and many similar examples of antithetical meaning, there can be no doubt that, at one period at least, and in one language at any rate, words abounded which denoted a thing and its opposite as well. However astonishing, there is the fact; however irrational, the existence of the process is indubitable. The thing has clearly to be acknowledged and dealt with."

Now this was not the practice of a barbarous or unenlightened tribe, since the Egyptian ranked among the foremost of ancient mankind, and achieved civilization many centuries before the barbarous rest of the world, and yet these are the people who, to all appearance, did not possess the capacity of distinguishing between the most contradictory notions. How are we to account for this?

"Fortunately for the elucidation of primeval speech, the Egyptians, who propose the riddle, themselves supply the means for solving it—means at least as unexpected as the riddle itself. Of all the eccentricities of the Egyptian dictionary the most startling, perhaps, is this, that in addition to the words with antithetical meanings, there are compound terms, combining words of opposite significations, and yet conveying the sense of only one of them. For instance, these people were in the habit of forming the two words 'old' and 'young' into a compound vocable 'old-young,' which signified nothing but 'young.' They also had a word 'far-near,' meaning to express 'near.' They said 'connect-separate,' for 'connect,' and

'without-within,' for 'within,' and used many other compounds of the same kind,—words which force us to ask : Is not all this sheer nonsense ? ”

That we shall see presently. Meanwhile we note that these words with antithetical meanings were united to express the signification of one only of the two constituent members of the compound. From this fact springs the enlightening spark which reveals the mystery.

“ After all, the matter is simpler than it seems. All our primary notions, it is easily perceived on reflection, arise from comparison. Were it always light, we should be unable to distinguish between light and darkness, and, consequently, should have conceived neither the notions nor the names of these natural phenomena.”

“ Were everything and everybody absolutely perfect, neither good nor evil would have any existence or any names for us. There would be no virtue, because there could be no vice ; there would be no morality, because there could be no sin. It is plain that everything in this planet is relative, and has independent existence only by its diversity from other related, yet different, things.”

In this interdependent arrangement of the universe, what was more reasonable than that things should have been originally distinguished by reference to those other things, without whose opposite qualities they could not have been noticed at all ?

Since, then, man could not have realized the notion of *strong* except through guaging it by the notion of *weak*, the word which conveyed the one idea necessarily had to suggest the other as well. The word, in truth, anciently meant neither strong nor weak. It indicated only the relation between the two.

“ If in later times, when opposite notions had long been separated and located in special words, two such special words of opposite meaning were still united to convey the meaning of one of them, the inference that opposite meanings contained in non-composite terms illustrate the necessary creation of thought by antithesis becomes equally inevitable and conclusive.”

But, it may be objected, how did ancient mankind manage to intimate which of the two notions in each particular instance was meant ?

“ The difficulty is easily removed. As we may gather from the theory and practice of hieroglyphic writing, gesture obtained to a large extent in ancient colloquy. When it signified ‘ strong ’ the alphabetical writing of the Egyptian word *ken* was accompanied by the picture of a man, standing erect and sometimes carrying arms ; when it was to express ‘ weak,’ the same term was followed by the image of a languid person, squatting on the ground in an exhausted way. Similar distinctions were made in the case of other ambiguous words.”

“ Now it will be readily understood that the illustrative pictures used in writing must have been replaced by gesture in actual talk. Most of the primitive

words affected by antithetical meaning referring to sensuous objects, and dating from a time when conversation preferably turned upon palpable things, there could be no difficulty in assigning to each some characteristic movement of hand, foot, or body, which fully answered the purpose. If a man said *kef*, meaning 'to take' or to 'reject,' nothing could be more simple than to distinguish the opposite significations by accompanying movements of the hand. Or if he utter *tua*, purporting 'to honour,' as well as 'to despise,' there was little invention required to make him perform a salaam in the first instance, and spit out in the second."

Of equal importance with their rise is the original extent and subsequent gradual disappearance of antithetical terms. In Egyptian (as in other languages) most of the ideas retaining traces of Countersense belong to the most ordinary natural phenomena. The practised intellect, directly a supply of primary notions had been attained, framed others independently and without any conscious antithesis.

"The disappearance of Countersense likewise admits of being lexico-graphically traced. For this end revert to our old examples. *Ken*, in ancient Egyptian 'strong-weak,' in the later period of the language gets separated into *tshne*, 'strong,' and *tshnau*, 'weak.' *Tem*, in hieroglyphic times known as 'include-exclude,' in the Coptic age is differentiated into *shlam*, 'include,' and the compound *shlamto*, 'exclude.' *Sneh*, *senh*, meaning 'sever-join' in the olden days, in the more modern era is replaced respectively by *senh*, 'to join,' and *neh* (the causative *s* being dropped) 'to sever.' *Tua*, originally 'curse-adore,' eventually becomes *taio*, in the sense of 'adore,' being softened into *djena* in the meaning of 'curse.' In the light of these instructive modifications other variants are legitimately referred to common antithetical roots, though these may not actually be preserved. Meeting, for instance, *keh*, 'violent,' by the side of *kah*, 'slow'; *mu*, 'water,' by the side of *mue*, 'fire'; *toh*, 'to run,' by the side of *taho*, 'to rest,' *hir*, 'uppermost,' by the side of *xer*, 'undermost,' we are, after what has been shown, entitled to consider them as pairs pointing to a common antithetical centre, originally one in sound and sense, but differentiated in later times."

Thus the human intellect by degrees attained a stage when this comparison of ideas was no longer needed. After "weakness," *i.e.*, "little strength" had been sufficiently grasped by confrontation with and separation from "strength," *i.e.*, "greater strength," the notion eventually grew to be distinct enough to be able to dispense with the contrast. The antithetical term was dropped, and replaced by two derivative terms, each embodying only one aspect of the concept.

Analogous vestiges of the antithetical process occur also in the other idioms of the Caucasian race. They are frequent, for instance, in Arabic, and our own Indo-European tongues afford not a few examples, which may be given in conclusion. Thus we have in Latin: *sacer*, sacred and accursed; *clamare*, to bawl, *clam*, secretly. In Russian: *blagi*, good and bad; *slovo*, word and secret. In Anglo-

Saxon: *blac*, black and white. In English: *bid*, offer and demand; *cleave*, to sever and to stick; *let*, to let and to hinder; *boot*, benefit and injury; *with*, conjointly and away from, &c.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND. By Goldwin Smith.—In this article the writer discusses the two views respecting British possessions between which, he says, statesmen will soon have to choose :—Imperialism, which regards the Colonies, India, and the rest as inalienable portions of the Empire, possibly to be united by the construction of an Imperial Federation; Anti-imperialism, which declines to be bound to the perpetual retention of anything which it is not found expedient to retain. The latter alternative is the one adopted by Mr. Smith and advocated at length in his article. We quote in full his remarks relative to India.

"The Indian Empire stands by itself, as Expansionists see, though they cannot help bringing it in to make up bulk and prevent their Greater Britain from being the Less. It is enough of itself to task the governing powers of an Imperial country, even if it were not, as it certainly is, bringing Egypt in its train. The moral title of England to the possession it is needless to discuss. India was conquered in the age of conquest; France, Spain, Portugal, or Holland would have conquered it if she could. Nor does the conqueror in this case trample on nationality, for there is no nation, there is nothing but strata of race deposited by previous conquests, and caste. Aggressions, or suspected aggressions, on caste have been the cause of all the mutinies, not excepting the last, and there has been nothing like a political rebellion. The English are the caste of government, the Moguls who came not from the mountains but from the sea. Of withdrawal at all events, nobody now thinks. Not only would immense investments and a vast field of action be lost, but the country would be delivered over to a plundering anarchy. In the British provinces there would be left no germ of government or rallying point of order. The cultivated Bengalee with his aspirations and his Ilbert Bill is a child of the conquest, and would become extinct on the morrow of withdrawal. It would not be to the purpose therefore here to attempt the difficult task of striking the balance between the good and the evil of the connection, either as regards the Imperial or the subject people. England has to lay in one scale grandeur, true or false, a field of action for her youth, salaries and pensions, profitable investments, secure free trade with the two hundred millions, payment of a portion of her army, and the addition of the Sepoys, whatever it may be worth, to her military power. In the other scale she has to lay the perils and responsibilities of distant Empire, diplomatic embarrassments, wars with Russia, increased naval expenditure, and, in addition to these, the sinister influence of empire on freedom, of dealings with barbarism on civilization, such works as the massacre of the mutineers on the moral character of the British nation. In former days the nabobs in Parliament fearfully avenged the oppressed Hindoo. It was from the first evident that the change of route from the Cape to Suez would entail the occupation of Egypt with a new set of responsibilities and dangers. On the side of the Hindoo the question is not less complex. The subject race may be said, without fear of contradiction, to be governed more for its own good than ever before was the conquered by the conqueror. It is saved from war and Pin-

darrees. It multiplies apace, and the pressure on the means of subsistence, caused by its increasing numbers, is at least in part the source of sufferings which some Indian reformers have ascribed wholly to taxation. It has railways, encouragement of agriculture, British markets for Indian wheat, a regular police, just judges, security of property, postal communications, aid in local famines, schools for the few who can use them, suppression of Thuggism and Suttee, Christian missions, association in the lower part at least of the work of government. On the other hand, the ruler is an undomicilable alien, divided by a gulf of sentiment, as well as of race and language, from the subject millions; he alights, but he does not settle; he settles less than ever now that communication with his home has become rapid; whatever he accumulates he carries away; nor can he divest himself of the insolence of the conqueror, always greatest in the lowest grades. Taxation is heavy. Wellington said: 'India is a fine country; it would be a shame to govern it ill; it will be ruinous to govern it well.' The Ryot has to bear the cost of an army of occupation on double pay, a civil service with salaries at exile rate, the drain of pensions, and the expense of European administration. The civilization produced among the millions is not that of a nation but that of a flock of sheep, all tended and sheared alike. Native character, energy, thought, art, whatever they may be worth, perish; there will be no other Taj Mahal. It seems that on the whole the people prefer a native dynasty, with its barbarisms and its fits of tyranny, to the British rule, with its civilization and beneficence. Native dynasties under British control are restrained from excesses of misrule, but they are guaranteed against revolutions, the rough remedy of the East for insufferable incapacity or oppression. Never was an attempt made on so grand a scale or so much in earnest to wed conquest with beneficence. The result our grandchildren will know, if the empire last so long. Two dangers threaten—financial deficit, which entails the fell and foul necessity of the opium trade; and the democratic spirit of the European community, which fancies that it can enjoy British liberties in a military Empire, and among them, the liberty of lording it over the Hindoo. Wisely did the Company discourage European settlement. If you have an Empire, you must have an Emperor; and only a Viceroy with absolute power, though responsible to British opinion, can possibly do justice to the subject race. Of all tyrannies in Hindostan the tyranny of a small British community would be the worst. We see how the white oligarchy have behaved in Jamaica. The more democratic England herself becomes, the more difficult it will be for her to rule the Indian, or any other, Empire. An Indian Empire would soon be the political ruin of the United States. Of abandonment, however, as was said before, nobody thinks, not even those who, caring perhaps more for the character of England and for her liberties than for the increase of her wealth, wish that the Indian Empire had never been. To talk of conferring independence on the self-governed colonies *and* giving up India, is like talking of setting up your adult son in the world *and* putting away your wife."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

APRIL, 1884.

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THE SPOILIATION OF INDIA. II.—Mr. J. Seymour Keay's name has lately been before the Indian public in quite a variety of surroundings. To say nothing of his somewhat abortive harangues in promotion of a kind of Indian Land League, we have lately seen him figuring as prosecutor in a great libel case, which has just been decided in his favour, with damages at one-tenth of the amount claimed. It was a contention of the defence that Mr. Seymour Keay had, by his political writings, made himself a fair mark for publicist criticism ; the writings referred to were, probably, the series of articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, of the second of which we here give our readers the gist.

The first article appeared in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century* last year. It was answered by "John Indigo" in the *National Review* of September last, and by Sir Lepel Griffin in the October number of the *Fortnightly* ; for these replies we may refer our readers to the October and November issues of the *Indian Review*. Mr. Seymour Keay occupies the first few pages of this second article with a criticism of his critics, giving them credit for little but feebleness of defence and expressive silence on all the leading points. "John Indigo," he asserts, is but an official apologist, who has purposely adopted this misnomer to cheat his readers into believing him to be an independent planter.

The main contentions of the former article are recapitulated under the following three heads :—

"1st.—That our Indian Empire ought to be a source of real concern to England, the latter having largely increased her own debt and yearly burdens in order to maintain the same.

"2nd.—That the great bulk of that empire was acquired, not by conquest, but by breach of trust with the native powers.

"3rd.—That the present character of our Indian administration is very much what might have been expected from its past history ; that it is still an alien bureaucracy, living chiefly for itself with little or no sympathy with the people ; that while sadly unsuitable to the wants of the people, it is ruinously expensive ; that its ruinous expense is now only defrayed by a resort to the most merciless expedients, and that the result is poverty, ruin, and starvation to the people, which must eventuate in catastrophe to the Government itself."

Mr. Seymour Keay had asserted that £85,000,000 have been added to the debt of England in consequence of its connection with India. In answer to the refutation of this statement by "John Indigo," he now says that the cost of the Crimean, Chinese, Afghan and Egyptian wars go to make up this sum, for few persons will hold that England would have engaged in those wars but for the existence of her Indian Empire.

We think it hardly necessary to follow Mr. Keay in his attempts to prove the charge brought under his second head that it was not by conquest but breach of trust that our Indian Empire was acquired ; we pass on to the third and most important heading which constitutes the real *gravamen* of the impeachment of the present system of our Indian Government, to wit, that it is making the people poorer and poorer every year. The apologists for our rule adduce three considerations to disprove this charge : *first*, the fact of the great increase of the exports and imports ; *secondly*, the circumstance that the imports comprise, among other items, a certain amount of bullion ; and, *thirdly*, the assertion that under the British revenue system only a small proportion of the gross produce of the soil is taken from the Indian cultivator. These three supposed proofs are examined in detail.

Mr. Seymour Keay begins by pointing out that increase of foreign trade is a proof of prosperity only when the country receives imports of more value to itself than the produce exported, in other words when it gets full value in return for its exports and a profit besides. In the ten years, from 1870 to 1880, Great Britain got full value for her exports, and a profit of 33 per cent. besides, France got 22 per cent. profit, and even Turkey reaped 13 per cent.

India, however, owing to the "enormous drain to foreigners," not only gets back no profit on imports, *but no imports at all*. The following is Mr. Seymour Keay's explanation of this startling statement:—

"In the year 1882, India imported 50,000,000*l.* of foreign merchandise. Therefore, say the apologists, the people cannot be poorer but must be richer than in 1835, in which year India only imported 7,750,000*l.* But the real fact is that the increase in the imports of foreign merchandise shows nothing whatever one way or the other, concerning the wealth of the people. All it does show is that the artisans of Europe have been able, with steam machinery and other appliances, to produce cheaper manufactures than the natives of India, and thus to supply them from without with articles similar to those they formerly made for themselves. As a believer generally in free trade doctrines, I do not say that this is a fact in itself to be regretted; but I must at the same time protest against its being used as an argument in proof of prosperity. It shows no enhanced purchasing power by the people whatever, and is quite compatible with increasing poverty, instead of increasing wealth. Thus, last year India imported cotton, wool, and silk clothing to the extent of 27,500,000*l.* But no one who knows India supposes for a moment that these imports represent that amount, or any amount of new wants, or that the people afford or wear more clothing now than they used to do. On the contrary, everyone knows that the people were at least as well clothed as now, though with their own manufactures, before the British set foot upon the soil, and that the only change which has taken place in this respect is that 27,500,000*l.* are now paid yearly to the foreigner which were formerly distributed among the native manufacturers. This payment to the foreigner is of course made by exports of at least 27,500,000*l.* worth of produce; and thus, on a consideration of one single item of its foreign trade, *viz.* clothing, India can point to the creation of a combined import and export trade of 55,000,000*l.* yearly, without its being shown that the people have one shilling more of purchasing power than formerly. On the contrary, there is a well-grounded fear that the annihilation of the native manufacturers has impoverished the country, and has forced a vast number of native artisans to seek a precarious subsistence by tilling poor lands, formerly considered worthless, and which, even with the most arduous toil, hardly repay the cost of cultivation. Yet these two signs of positive adversity—the paying away to the foreigner 27,500,000*l.*, formerly spent among India's own people, and the increase of cultivation consequent on the distress of ruined native craftsmen—are complacently distorted into proofs of prosperity."

The remaining £22,500,000 of imports divide themselves into two classes, say, £12,500,000 of miscellaneous articles, such as metals, the indigenous production of which has been, just like clothing, reduced or killed by cheaper European substitutes, and £10,000,000 of the larger class of commodities required for the subsistence in India of Europeans themselves, or articles such as railway *matériel* which India imports, not in consequence of any trade demand from her people at all, but on compulsion, as the proceeds of loans or otherwise, at the command of her Imperial Gover-

nors. Thus we have £50,000,000 of imports and an equivalent amount of exports to pay for them, or £100,000,000 of foreign trade, arising without the faintest indication of their being caused by an increase of prosperity, but the reverse. Sir J. Strachey himself, it is urged, admitted this in his financial statement for 1878-79 in the words:—

The people of India are too poor to consume many luxuries. *The import trade merely consists of either the materials of industry, or the necessities of life.*

Adding to the above £100,000,000 the sum of £26,000,000 representing the worth of the bullion imported last year into India, together with a corresponding amount of exports to pay for it, we have £126,000,000 out of the £147,000,000 which in 1882-83 formed the gross foreign trade of India, "called into existence and subsisting at this moment by reason of circumstances quite apart from the economic improvement of the people."

The whole principle adopted by the official apologists in dealing with the figures of India's foreign trade is charged with being altogether wrong.

"Says 'John Indigo,' the imports of India have increased in fifty years from 7,000,000*l.* to 60,000,000*l.*, and the exports from 13,000,000*l.* to 83,000,000*l.* He then adds the two classes of figures together, and, finding the one seven times as large as the other, he exclaims, Here is '*a seven-fold expansion of prosperity* due to British rule.' Happy Indians, who used to pay 13,000,000*l.* for English goods worth 7,000,000*l.* and now are privileged to pay 83,000,000*l.* for goods worth 60,000,000*l.*! It never strikes him that the annual *deficit* having since 1835 risen from 6,000,000*l.* to 23,000,000*l.*, his own figures really prove nothing but a *four fold expansion of adversity*. To deduce increase of prosperity from such figures is to imagine that riches can be acquired by simply moving about goods from place to place. If 'John Indigo' were a planter, who had conducted his business so ruinously that last year he had paid away 13,000*l.* to keep going an estate which brought him in only 7,000*l.*, would he consider that he enjoyed '*a seven-fold expansion of prosperity*' if this year he had paid away 83,000*l.* and only received 60,000*l.*? The veriest schoolboy would see through such transparent fiction."

The writer finds the process of calculating how the yearly deficit of imports would look, if spread as a percentage over the combined total of imports and exports, to be meaningless and indeed preposterous. To assert that because the *deficit* of 1835 (though by itself only one-fourth as large as that of 1882) formed a greater *percentage* on the figures of the gross trade, therefore India was worse off in the former year by losing £7,000,000 than in the latter by losing £23,000,000 is called ridiculous, and is only a proof that any kind of arithmetic is good enough in order to justify the appropriation of the revenues of "a conquered people."

"The simple fact is that the unfortunate political position of India in the hands of her European masters compels her to pay away to them, without equivalent, not only the whole of the profits of her foreign trade, but an ever-increasing amount of her own produce besides. This yearly drain is at once the cause and the exemplar of the extent to which India is being ruined by British rule. The growth of her foreign trade is only the growth of her loss. The greater the facilities, therefore, for the movement of produce, whether by roads, railways, or otherwise, and the larger the volume of trade, the loss is only the greater. Copying from the brothers Strachey, 'John Indigo' places this yearly loss or tribute at about 15,000,000*l.* a year. Its nature is correctly stated by the brothers Strachey. They admit that it consists of the payments to be made in England on account of the Government, for the public services, interest on debt, railway capital, and so forth, and of the savings and profits of foreigners employed or trading in India.' It must now be shown, that this tribute really amounts not to 15,000,000*l.* only, but to *nearly four times that sum*—to a figure, in fact, in presence of which the occasional plunderings of former invaders sink into insignificance, and which must obviously eventuate in swift ruin and destruction.

"The erroneous supposition that the drain amounts to only 15,000,000*l.* is arrived at by simply taking the figures of the average annual deficit in imports as compared with exports, as given in the customs returns for the last five years. But such a computation is totally unsound. In the first place, it is universally recognised that to this deficit should be added the *increase of the foreign debt* during the same period, say 5,000,000*l.* annually, *which must be deducted from the imports*. Yet, in order to make out a case in favour of the British system, this increase of debt, which at once brings up the yearly deficit to 20,000,000*l.*, has been deliberately ignored.

"Even this larger figure, however, is far below the truth, for reasons which must now be stated. What shadow of a reason is there to suppose that, except for the calamitous European drain, India, with her fertile soil, her teeming industrious population, her settled government, and her splendid seaboard, would not, like other countries, receive back—not only the full value of her exports—but *a handsome profit besides*? It has already been shown that England makes a clear profit of no less than 33 per cent. on all the exports which leave its shores, France 22 per cent., the whole of Europe an average of 19 per cent., and even Turkey 13 per cent. Why should the same rule not apply to India? *Do not her merchants actually now earn a similar profit*? Without any question they do, but *it is paid to them in another form than imports*. In other words, it is all, and more than all, carried off to England by India's alien masters."

Last year India exported produce to the value of £83,000,000. Allowing the English rate of profit, 33 per cent., she was entitled to receive imports in exchange to the value of £111,000,000, whereas her actual imports last year (after deducting £5,000,000 for increase of debt as shown above) amounted to only £58,000,000, showing a tribute paid to England—not of £15,000,000 as asserted—but of no less than £53,000,000, *i.e.*, more than one-half of the whole exports of British India are lost to it every year in consequence of the British domination.

The "dictum of the brothers Strachey" on the analogy between the excess of exports over imports in the United States, an admittedly prosperous country, and that in India, is thus controverted:—

"The whole position and circumstances of the United States are the very antithesis of those of India. America is a new country, with a sparse population, and an unlimited supply of virgin soil. India is an old country, crowded with people, with no surplus either of soil or agricultural produce. America twenty years ago, when engaged in an internecine war, suddenly contracted a debt to foreign creditors of 555,000,000*l.* On the conclusion of the war she determined to pay off this huge foreign debt with her tremendous surplus of annual produce, if not as suddenly as it was contracted, at least in a single generation. Her public treasury has consequently been busily engaged paying off foreign debt to the extent of from 14,000,000*l.* to 20,000,000*l.* per annum, while her wealthy sons have, in addition, anticipated her action by buying up, on their own account, in the markets of Europe, during the last ten years, the enormous sum of 200,000,000*l.* of the remainder of the debt. For these operations of redemption and private purchase of foreign debt, vast amounts of produce have necessarily been exported, with the result that, during the years in question, *and only during these*, the exports of ordinary merchandise from the United States have exceeded the imports, similarly to those of India. In the case of America, however, *the remainder of the imports was duly received, in the shape of about 400,000,000*l.* of national bonds redeemed from foreign creditors*, which fully account both for the whole apparent deficit in, and the profits on, the export. What are we to say, then, of the fairness of those who endeavour to calm all apprehensions regarding the exhausting drain from India, by quoting America as an analogy, while carefully concealing the well-recognised and crucial differences? America, teeming with the surplus produce of her own soil, essays to pay off 555,000,000*l.* of foreign debt in a few years, and straightway exports commodities for the purpose. On the other hand, in her very plethora of wealth, she artificially restricts her imports by protective tariffs, in order that her subjects may enjoy the somewhat barren luxury of manufacturing for themselves what other nations supply to them at a cheaper rate. India neither pays off a shilling of her foreign debt, nor artificially restricts her imports by protective tariffs, yet the position of America is mercilessly quoted against her as an analogy for the information of the English people. *Væ victis!* Any kind of analogy is good enough to justify the appropriation of the possessions of 'a conquered race.'"

Mr. Seymour Keay defies the whole bureaucracy to produce a scrap of real evidence that the *production* of India is increasing at all, and goes on to quote various authorities to show the fallacy of the notion that enlarged exports necessarily imply increased production. In famine time starving peasants had, in Orissa, in 1863, to sell off and export their very food in order to meet their taxes; and Sir James Caird saw the truth when, in his official report on the condition of India in 1880, he wrote:—

"It is very remarkable that the doubling of the external trade during part of the same time (1870-80), put forth as a proof of the prosperity of agriculture appears to have had no beneficial influence on the Land Revenue, which only

increased from 21,088, 000*l.* to 21,679,000*l.* in the ten years. May this not rather show that the railways are carrying off more than it is safe for the agricultural class to part with?"

* * * * *
 "The admitted fact that an entire fifth of the population of India now 'go through life on insufficient food' ought surely of itself to prove that the increased exports are wrung from the people by penury rather than spontaneously offered from surplus or increasing wealth. This is practically admitted by India's greatest authority on statistics, Dr. W. W. Hunter, who, in his treatise entitled *England's Work in India*, confesses that 'if all the poorer classes in India ate two full meals every day, the surplus for export would be much less than at present.'

"But in point of fact, so far as evidence is allowed to be collected, it all points to a *reduction* in the aggregate produce of the soil, instead of to an increase. Dr. Hunter, after admitting the gradual deterioration of the soil generally, adds:—

"Wheat-land in the North-West Provinces, which now gives only 840*lbs.* an acre, yielded 1,140*lbs.* in the time of Akbar; and the reason assigned for this falling off in the yield is chiefly want of manure."

In 1880 a careful attempt was made by a native reformer to show that India can really afford no exports.

"In May of that year, Mr. Dádábhái Naoroji, the veteran Indian economist, approached the India Office with this object, and taking the Punjab as a favourable sample of the country generally, proved to a demonstration, from the Government of India's own figures, that the whole yearly income of that province, from all sources, is now only 1*l.* 15*s.* per head of the population, whereas 2*l.* 18*s.* per head is required for the bare necessities of life; and that the difference is being made up by exhausting the capital and labour of the country. His memorandum was referred to Mr. F. C. Danvers, a highly paid officer of the India Office, who actually attempted to demolish Mr. Dádábhái's arguments, by pointing out that he had omitted to include 'incomes from Government stock, house rent, salaries, pensions, professional incomes, &c.' The veriest tyro in economic science is aware that such incomes are all *included in*, and are merely *methods of distribution of, the production of the country*, or of the profits, *if any*, of its foreign trade. Mr. Danvers concluded his memorandum by gravely asserting, with childlike simplicity, that the Indian agriculturist could not possibly be ill off for food, because he grows it, and that 'he and his family will first provide themselves with food, and the remainder he will sell!' As truly might he say that a jeweller however embarrassed or bankrupt he may be, can never want for valuable diamonds for his wife, as he will only sell what he does not require! The idea that, under pressure of taxation, the ryot might be too poor to afford to eat his own produce never seemed to occur to him. Such preposterous doctrines would be denounced at once, if put forward with reference to the concerns of the smallest English county; yet they were deemed good enough finally to dispose of a question directly involving the fate of a sixth part of the human race. *Vae victis!* Any sort of political economy is good enough to justify the retention of British appointments at the expense of 'a conquered race.'"

Mr. Seymour Keay concludes his article with a promise to deal in separate papers with the two remaining alleged indications of prosperity relied on by the apologists of the British rule in India.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1884.

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THE KINGDOM OF THE NIZAM.—Mr. Gorst has at last given to the world the impression made on him by his recent visit to Hyderabad, and the picture he draws of the state of the Nizam's dominions outside the capital city cannot be accused of feebleness of colouring. The article opens with a sufficiently sensational paragraph.

"A few months ago, at a village in the Deccan, three men were standing in the scorching sun with heavy stones upon their heads. They were subjects of the Nizam, who had not paid the full Government rent for their lands; they were being pressed in this fashion by one of the superior revenue officials, to raise the deficiency by selling their working bullocks upon which their future means of subsistence depended. After enduring the torture for twenty-four hours, they yielded, sold their bullocks, paid their rent, and what has since become of them and their families God only knows or cares. They were poor units of a population of more than 9,000,000 tillers of the soil, who produce the wealth which is squandered by 350,000 dwellers in the city of Hyderabad in riotous living. They are patient, ignorant people who have not a hope in life beyond earning by hard toil a bare subsistence for themselves and their children, not a pleasure beyond getting drunk now and then on toddy. They hardly know that they are subjects of a boy of seventeen, who has just been installed by the Viceroy of India, with a lad of twenty as his prime minister, as the supreme controller of their destinies."

Of the 9,000,000 people who form the rural population of the kingdom of the Nizam and produce all its wealth, more than 90 per cent. are Hindus; of the 350,000 who govern and spend, the Musalmans are to the Hindus in the proportion of about 15 to 19, and they hold all the chief offices of the State.

Mr. Gorst dissents entirely from the general opinion that Sir Salar Jung was a great administrator, an opinion so recently endorsed by Lord Ripon at Hyderabad, and asserts the Minister's attempts to establish a sound system of administration in domestic affairs were a complete failure, as Sir Salar Jung himself knew; in external affairs he was, no doubt, a skilful diplomatist and a clever politician. During the latter years of his life the one object he pursued with passionate earnestness was the restoration of the Berars. Knowing how excellently these provinces were administered by the Indian Government, he saw that some sort of reformation in his own administration, so as to make it appear to be nearly as good as that of the Berars, must precede the consent of the British Power to a restoration. Possibly a politician so acute as Sir Salar Jung recognised that in dealing with the British Government appearances were of far more importance than reality.

"In our system of governing India we shut our eyes to disagreeable truths, and we repress the stubborn people who witness to them as long as possible. Sir Salar Jung therefore addressed himself to the establishment of a scheme of government which on paper was admirable; the form of administration was copied from that of the British provinces; native officials trained by the British Government in the North-West Provinces and other parts of India with their staff were imported to carry it into execution. He had no apprehension of difficulty in concealing its actual results if unfavourable from his British patrons. The Government of India was concerned only with the petty quarrels and intrigues of the city; the millions outside were as dumb and politically as little dangerous as the beasts of their fields; no British officers were passing about the country, and nothing was known of the condition of the people except what Sir Salar Jung chose. Scandals were hushed up. On one occasion a high revenue official was charged with having seized while on tour the wife and daughter of a village officer, for whom he had conceived a criminal passion, and kept them for some time in his zenana. A commission of enquiry was appointed by Sir Salar Jung, but on arrival at the village they found that the officer with his wife and daughter had been spirited away and could not be found. The official thus accused still holds his position in the Nizam's administration. For the purpose of hood-winking the British Government, however, Sir Salar Jung's reformed administration was completely successful. Had he lived we should probably have now restored the Berar provinces to the Nizam's kingdom, in complete ignorance of the condition of his subjects, and without an idea of the misery to which we were condemning those who have so long enjoyed our rule. The death of Sir Salar Jung saved two millions and a half of people from the unhappy lot that was in store for them."

The failure of Sir Salar Jung's revenue-collecting system, by which Government dealt directly with the ryot through a regular gradation of revenue officers, with regular records and fixity of rent, an arrangement looking very fair on paper, is said to be due to the hopeless corruptness of every officer, from the village headman to the highest officials at Hyderabad.

"The result as described to me by one of the chief revenue officers was, that they stripped the ryots of everything except the cloth round their loins. The land under cultivation was recorded at less than its real extent, and the revenue of the surplus was divided amongst the collectors. A ryot who could not pay the due amount at the appointed time was allowed to pay by instalments, but on each occasion received a receipt for a fraction only of what he paid, and the residue went into the collector's pocket. Officials refused to sign the ryot's rent book, his only protection against having to pay his rent twice over, till the book was brought with a rupee inserted between the leaves. Collectors who attempted to be honest had their complaints ignored, and ran a great risk of being upon some pretext dismissed. Inspectors from head-quarters only aggravated the mischief. A chief official was sent from Hyderabad to inspect a number of districts. He received large bribes from all the talukdars but one for winking at their defalcations. The one honest man, who having taken no bribes had neither the means nor inclination to pay, was promptly deprived of his office. Nearly all the present revenue officers are Musulmans brought in by Sir Salar Jung from other parts of India, chiefly from the North-Western Provinces. They have no permanent interest in the country, no sympathy with its people. Their object is to make as much money as they can and go away to spend it elsewhere. If the country is afterwards ruined by their exactions, it will not hurt them."

In rural districts there is no administration of justice. The revenue officers are themselves the magistrates and have control over the police. In January last an Englishman visited one of the district gaols. A prisoner complained that he had been in prison upwards of three years untried. Arrested on a charge of dacoity, he had been detained four months in his village, ten months at a police station, a month and a half in the judicial assistant's camp, and then lodged without conviction in the gaol where he was found for one year and nine months. On inquiry all these facts were confirmed by the talukdar himself, and the further fact elicited that four months previously the judicial assistant had formally acquitted the man of the offence charged, and signed an order for his release.

The gross receipts of the State in 1882 amounted to 29,398,346 Hali Sicca Rupees, or to nearly £2,100,000.

"Of the sum thus at the disposal of Government, a very small part is spent for the benefit of the governed. The bulk is divided, on various pretexts and under various forms, amongst the unproductive classes of the city of Hyderabad. Nearly half a million is shared amongst the rulers under the head of military

expenditure. As complete tranquillity, external and internal, is guaranteed by the British, there is no need of any army at all. There is a regular army of less than 4,000 men under the command of an Englishman, maintained at a cost of about £130,000. The rest of the army exists only on paper, and the chiefs who receive their annual payment could not produce in the flesh the soldiers on their muster-roll. About 300,000*l.* per annum is paid for the elephants, horses, and State expenses of the Nizam, who has besides extensive estates of which he receives the revenue direct, and of which no public account is rendered. No less than 100,000*l.* per annum goes in perpetual pensions. Another 100,000*l.* is spent in the salaries of the civil administration, which have quadrupled since Sir Salar Jung established the new system. Hyderabad is infested with salaried officers who have absolutely nothing to do. At this moment there are officials who do not hold even a nominal post drawing salaries of more than 8,000*l.*, and establishments which have been actually abolished which still form an annual charge of 10,000*l.* more. Public works cost 120,000*l.*, but this is chiefly spent in salaries and establishments at Hyderabad, in useless buildings and illuminations. A grand stand upon the race-course, said to rival that of Calcutta, is pointed out as the greatest achievement of the Public Works Department. More than half the country depends for its fertility on tank irrigation; it is covered with the ruins of tanks constructed under former dynasties. The Nizam's Government spends less than 30,000*l.* per annum on the repair of tanks, and the amount this year will be reduced to help to pay for the Nizam's visit to Calcutta and the installation ceremonies. About the same amount is spent on roads, and these two small sums represent nearly the whole benefit which the people at large receive. Some years ago the repair of roads was entrusted to the talukdars, and a sum of 15,000*l.* per annum paid to them for that purpose. The money, however, never found its way out of the talukdars' pockets, and after a few years' trial the roads, in a state of ruin, were restored to the management of the Public Works Department."

Passing over the description given of the unreal statement of accounts communicated to the British Resident, a system which the recent appointment of an officer of the Indian Financial Department to overhaul the finances at Hyderabad may do something to improve, we come to Mr. Gorst's estimate of the political importance of the Nizam's dominions with regard to India.

"The existence of the kingdom of the Nizam is no immediate danger to our Indian Empire. The military strength of the subsidiary and contingent forces concentrated at Secunderabad and Bolarum, in the immediate vicinity of the capital, is great enough to render any attempt at resistance on the part of the Nizam's troops impossible. But the Nizam is capable of being developed into a most formidable peril. Persons who believe that the future welfare of India is to be sought in the regeneration of the Musulman power have pointed to the Nizam as the proper head of the Musulmans in our Indian Empire. For religious, educational, or literary purposes he would never be accepted as such a head. The Musulmans of Delhi still look upon the Nizam

of Hyderabad with contempt as a traitor to his legitimate sovereign, and as one of the chief agents in the ruin of the Delhi kingdom. But the Nizam is well fitted to become a centre of disaffection to the British power, and of plots for its overthrow. In the mutiny Hyderabad remained loyal, and thereby saved Southern India from insurrection. But it was at that time isolated from North-western India, with which the rulers of Hyderabad had then neither sympathies nor correspondence. It is not so now. The chief places of the Government are filled with Musulmans from the north-west, who carry on a constant correspondence with their friends and relatives, and some, it is said, more or less seditious intrigues. The British Government possesses no information as to the public opinion of Hyderabad city. Many of the fanatical and ignorant inhabitants believe that Russia has already captured several of our Indian provinces, and is steadily advancing to the conquest of our empire; and express themselves as by no means averse to a change of masters. Next time we are in trouble in India, either from foreign war or domestic insurrection, Hyderabad will be a very different element in the situation from that which it was in 1857."

The death of Sir Salar Jung, leaving the kingdom without a *de facto* ruler, gave, thinks Mr. Gorst, a golden opportunity to the Government of India for reforming some of the abuses described and settling the future government upon a just basis.

"But the Government of India was quite unequal to the emergency. The Resident was ignorant of the real condition of the people and of the disorder of the finances. Sir Salar Jung was strongly averse to British officials moving about his country, and the only information possessed was that which he had chosen to impart. The Residency had so long fixed its attention upon the intrigues and quarrels of the warlike populace of the city, that the existence of the peaceful and suffering millions outside had become forgotten. The interference of a Resident in the affairs of an Indian native State is conducted upon no settled principle. It depends partly upon the character and complaisancy of the native rulers, partly upon the personal disposition to activity of the Resident himself. In Hyderabad the extent to which the acts of individual nobles are controlled is almost childish; they are treated like schoolboys. One of the chief nobles desired to see the camp at Bolarum, pitched by and at the cost of the Nizam's government for the entertainment of guests at the installation. He had first to ask the leave of the Resident in the same tone that a boy would ask for a holiday, and received permission in the like strain. But in greater matters, where the welfare of thousands is involved, the Resident shrinks from assuming the responsibility of controlling their individual freedom. The Government at Calcutta has no proper organization for the supervision of the affairs of native States. No permanent member of the executive council is charged with this duty, but such matters are dealt with in a department under the direct control of the Viceroy himself, called the Foreign Office. They are there jumbled up together with questions of frontier policy and the external affairs of the Indian Empire. The Viceroy cannot know much of the past history of these native States; if he has come to India to introduce Radical theories into its management he cannot be expected to maintain any stability of policy towards them; and if his whole time is taken up by a prolonged quarrel

about a measure affecting the status of half-a-dozen native magistrates, he has little leisure to waste upon a matter of so little political moment as the welfare of 9,000,000 obscure cultivators. It is vain to look for help to his permanent officials. India is a sort of Paradise for permanent officials. They form a class apart—an oligarchy possessing undisputed social and intellectual predominance. They have no meddlesome House of Commons to fear, no parliamentary chiefs to harass them, no press by whose criticisms they need be discomposed. The Viceroy and his advisers spend nine months out of the twelve at Simla, isolated from the world, wrapped in their own self-satisfaction, as much cut off from contact with Indian affairs as if they were in the Caucasus. They know little of the affairs of native States, they have no desire to be informed. Nothing could be more troublesome and inconvenient than to have their eyes rudely opened to the cruelties and wrongs which are perpetrated upon millions under the shelter of British protection, and they resent the misplaced zeal of any person who persists in obtruding such inconvenient facts upon their notice. During the late visit of Lord Ripon to Hyderabad, he took good care to keep out of the way of all those who could have opened his eyes to the real condition of the State. His time was so fully taken up with childish ceremonies, that he had no leisure to have his complacent satisfaction with himself and his policy shaken by such testimony. But while the Indian Foreign Office takes little regard of the welfare of the millions of people nominally under its supervision, it is great upon all matters of ceremonial and pageantry. At the Nizam's installation it issued pages of print, prescribing how a railway car with two sleeping Hyderabad nobles was at 2 A.M. to meet the train which contained his slumbering Excellency at the frontier, and how at 8 A.M. the noblemen were to get up at a place 100 miles within the boundary to salute his Excellency when he woke. It directed that four noblemen were to drive to Bolarum and back, twenty miles in the burning sun, with carriages, horses, grooms, attendants, and escort, 'to inquire after his Excellency's health'—information accessible in five minutes by telegraph. It prescribed the number of steps from his carpet that the Nizam was to advance to meet the Viceroy, and the number that the Viceroy was to advance to meet the Nizam. But there was after all the pains taken a fatal omission. The Viceroy was to gird the Nizam in the name of the Queen Empress with a sword of honour. The Foreign Office omitted to mention upon which side the sword was to be, and Lord Ripon, after a long struggle with the belt, succeeding in presenting the Nizam to the assembled Durbar with his sword on the wrong side, entirely to his own satisfaction, but much to the horror of the native nobles, who regarded it as an evil omen, and probably ascribe the attack of cholera with which the Nizam was afterwards seized to Lord Ripon's blunder. There were a score of other foolish ceremonies more suited to the court of the Grand Duchess of Gerolstein than to the representative of the Queen. I wonder whether, amongst all the pomps and vanity of the wicked city, Lord Ripon and his friends ever bestowed a thought upon the unhappy people by the sweat of whose brow the wealth so lavishly spent on their entertainment was produced."

Mr. Gorst describes the sensational deposition of the Peshkar in favour of Laik Ali as an act of the greatest discourtesy. The Peshkar is a Hindu, mild and conciliatory in manner and

eccentric in his modes of conducting business. He used to carry his documents of State about with him in his pockets, and gave audiences at midnight in a cellar. His fall was brought about by a coalition of the foreign adventurers whom he had determined to sweep away in order to employ natives of the State to carry on its affairs. The Nizam had a strong partiality for Laik Ali, who is called the promoter and companion of his boyish dissipation. The officers of the British Residency, however, favoured the Peshkar, and it is to this cause that the recent attacks on them, accusing them of profligacy and corruption, are attributed.

"Lord Ripon, bewildered by his own ignorance and frightened by the violence of the conspirators, yielded as usual to clamour. He threw his own officers overboard, and abetted the Nizam in dismissing with the greatest discourtesy at his installation the old and experienced minister and appointing his favourite to the vacant post."

Mr. Gorst concludes by allowing that it would be ungenerous to criticise with severity the characters of the boy ruler and his boy prime minister. He does not hesitate, however, to insinuate that not much good is to be expected from one or the other.

"They are of the respective ages of seventeen and a half and twenty years. They are plunged by the custom of their race into the excesses of the zenana where they are exposed to influences quite beyond our control, which have as yet marred the promise of every native Indian prince whom we have taken pains to educate. Neither of them observes the rule of the prophet which forbids the use of intoxicating liquors. They have the absolute control of the public purse, and the traditions of the kingdom do not forbid the application of its funds to purposes of personal enjoyment. The older advisers by whom they are surrounded are the men who even under Sir Salar Jung stripped the ryots of everything they possess, and who can now continue their career of extortion free from the slight check he was able to exercise. They have not one adviser who is a native of the State or has any permanent interest in its welfare. They have learnt that they can successfully set the officials of the British Residency at defiance. They have been taught that the British Power disclaims all responsibility for the sufferings of their subjects, and they have 9,000,000 of people at their absolute mercy."

EQUESTRIAN SCULPTURE FOR LONDON.—This is a short and readable article, prompted by Mr. Shaw Lefevre's recent paper on the statues and monuments of London. The first Commissioner of Public Works is complimented on the accuracy and historical impartiality of his article, and he is much commended for his favourable attitude towards national art and the judicious praise he bestows on the monuments committed to his care.

The scope of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's article, confining him as it does to the consideration of works by dead artists, has prevented him from giving us his views with regard to the public sculpture of the immediate future. Enough however is known to make it certain

that within the next month or two the most important commissions in statuary in London will be given which have been made in England since the Albert Memorial was planned. In both these commissions equestrian figures will form the principal, if not the only, feature.

"At Hyde Park Corner it is still doubtful to outsiders what the committee will finally decide to do. The monstrous effigy which has so long added to the gaiety of nations is to disappear whether to raise the spirits of the brave at Aldershot or to fill an army of melting-pots does not yet seem to be decided. If there were any who admired this statue when it stood aloft, they can scarcely do so still under the cruel test of close vision. The miserable drapery which Wyatt did not take the trouble to model, but manufactured by pouring plaster over real garments, is now displayed in all its horror. In the place of this distressing object we are promised a new bronze Duke, presumably by Mr. Boehm, of the ordinary heroic size. A horse and man of the ordinary size would look absurd on the Arch of Decimus Burton, and this is therefore tantamount to saying that the Duke will reappear on a smaller pedestal. Meanwhile the arch will remain awkwardly tilted to one side, and meaningless as a monument. It is said that just before his death Prince Albert had determined to urge the removal of the notorious effigy, and its substitution by a quadriga, with one or more colossal figures. This idea, on a still more vast scale, has just been realised in that splendid group by Falguière which, still I think only in provisional plaster, bristles above the monstrous summit of the Arc de Triomphe. If some such scheme be not intended, we cannot help feeling that the descent of the Duke from the arch will be but a partial triumph. It removes an eyesore indeed, but it destroys a valuable precedent, and tends to make our senses accustomed to a mutilated species of architecture—an arch prepared for sculpture, and incomplete till it receives it. A further extension of the scheme for the decoration of Hyde Park Corner has been hinted at—a set of four figures, defining by their presence the limits of what might then become a dignified *place*. On this and other points connected with Hyde Park Corner we await Mr. Shaw Lefevre's announcements with impatience.

"At Blackfriars Bridge we know more exactly what it is proposed to do. For many months the Bridge House Committee, as it is called, has been occupied in the consideration of how to spend certain large sums which have been set aside for the decoration of the piers of the bridge. The spaces to be covered are enormous, but the amount at the disposal of the committee—rumour says £30,000—will probably be adequate. If the work is carried out with success in an artistic spirit there will be nothing in London to compare with this magnificent structure, and the English sculptors have now an opportunity, superior to any which has occurred in this generation, of showing what manner of men they are. It has been decided, we believe, to invite four sculptors to undertake the four different piers, and to call upon them, when the choice is made, in company with the City architect, to select subjects, in each of which each artist will feel himself personally interested, and which yet will not clash with the compositions of the others. At the present moment a plaster-cast of Clésinger's '*François I*' stands on the north-west pier of the bridge. It is not a very good statue, although full of Clésinger's habitual cleverness, and we may well hope that if the Bridge House Committee

selects the four best English sculptors that we now possess we may have four better statues than this. Unfortunately, it is rumoured that Mr. Watts, who is not only a very great painter, but a superb sculptor, has taken part in the committee of advice, and therefore, like Sir Frederick Leighton, must remain ineligible. But in such professional sculptors as Messrs. Armstead, Boehm, Thornycroft, and Woolner, to name no more, we can point to artists of the highest merit, whose presence amongst us makes an appeal to tricky Italian modellers as silly as it is unpatriotic. In the meanwhile we advise our readers to glance at the bridge and satisfy themselves of the immense advantage gained by its decoration, even in this imperfect and accidental way, by an equestrian statue."

In face of all this preparation it may be interesting to review what has been done in past times by sculptors of horse and rider. The solitary equestrian group left us by classic antiquity is the famous Marcus Aurelius of gilded bronze on the Capitol at Rome,—“a work that serves as perfectly as possible as a type of what the ancient world possessed, and a canon of what the modern world may make. The horse is finely and gracefully modelled from Nature with more plumpness and solidity in its forms than would now-a-days recommend it at Newmarket. The Emperor bestrides it in flowing drapery unarmed, and seems to address a crowd in earnest accents. It is said we owe this beautiful work to the fact that the iconoclasts of Christian Rome supposed it to represent Constantine.”

“We pass to the close of the fifteenth century before we reach another equestrian work of much merit. The statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, in front of the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, in Venice, is acknowledged to be the finest in the world. It was left unfinished by Verrocchio in 1488, the model for the horse alone being ready; but Alessandro Leopardi, to whom its present character must in justice be ascribed, put on the rider, and cast the whole with his own name written upon the saddle-girth. It is interesting to note that Verrocchio took the Marcus Aurelius for his canon, as most sculptors of equestrian groups have done until our own day. Leopardi, in the stiff dignity of his upright figure and his abandonment of flowing drapery, moved further from his Roman model.

“A century passed, and a third equestrian statue of great merit was produced. This is the Cosmo I by Gian de Bologna, which has stood since 1594 in the Piazza della Signoria at Florence, a very spirited and learned group, less exaggerated than most of this master's work, and again closely imitative, as far as the horse is concerned, of the Marcus Aurelius. A clever equestrian statue of the school of Gian de Bologna is that of Charles I, by Hubert Lesueur, cast in 1633, which is familiar to us all at Charing Cross. It has been the habit, I think, to overestimate this work, which Mr. Shaw Lefevre greatly admires. I also admire it; but surely great part of its charm consists in the excellent relation which the pedestal, in itself a very agreeable construction, bears to the sculpture. The horse is anatomically impossible in more points than one”

The fourth of the best four equestrian statues set up before 1700 is said to be that by Schlüter of the great Kurfürst on the

long bridge over the Spree at Berlin. The anatomy of the horse is excellent.

"To be very severe on what was done until the present age by English sculptors would be to slay the slain. Chantrey's efforts in this direction were smooth and tasteless; careful, but too feeble in treatment for works of such magnitude. The George IV in Trafalgar Square is tame and uninteresting, and though it does not deviate far from nature, lacks the spirit of nature. The head of the king is good, but that he should stride his horse without saddle or bridle is a puerile improbability. Wyatt's George III in Cockspur Street is a much better work, and if it were not spoiled by a bad and meagre pedestal would please the eye. In a later generation we had two sculptors who understood far better than any of the Chantrey school what were the requirements of equestrian work, Marochetti and Foley. Bad as his work became in later years, under too genial a warmth of royal patronage, Marochetti started life with no little share of genius. When he was quite young, in 1838, he put up his charming monument to Duke Emanuele Filiberto of Savoy on the Piazza S. Carlo at Turin. The horse in this group is an innovation on the heavy war-steed which had hitherto been deemed indispensable in equestrian work. It is an elegant and fiery creature, conscious of blood and breeding. The Duke is lifting his sword from the scabbard. The Richard I. in New Palace Yard has drawn his, and is waving it; but there is otherwise very little difference between the graceful composition of Marochetti's youth and that which he long after set up in England. Even the two pedestals are almost precisely the same. Something of the influence of the young Marochetti may be seen or fancied in the monument to Godefroi de Bouillon put up in Brussels by Simonis in 1848. Later equestrian groups by Marochetti, such as those of the Queen and Prince Albert in Glasgow, fully deserved the stinging censure which they received from Mr. F. T. Palgrave and other critics.

"Foley is, however, the name which we in this country have to bring forward when confronted with such reputations as those of Rauch or Frémiet. This great artist, unsuccessful sometimes in what was merely accomplished or exquisite, rose to his full power in dealing with a colossal composition. His two principal masterpieces are now in Calcutta, but they were seen in England before they went, and they are fresh in the memory of connoisseurs. The Hardinge was very spirited and noble, but the Outram is perhaps the only modern equestrian group which can be named in the same category as the Colleoni of Verrocchio and Leopardi. However imperfect our work in sculpture as a nation may have been, we may at least contend that the Outram of Foley and the Wellington of Alfred Stevens put us in the forefront of makers of equestrian monuments. Of the last-mentioned we may well feel almost too sad to speak. Mr. Shaw Lefevre would be the most popular man who has ever filled his post if he would contrive during his term of office to finish the masterpiece of our greatest sculptor where and as he designed it to be finished. It is the duty of every one who possesses the smallest grain of influence to repeat this in and out of season until the thing is done."

During the last thirty years in this, as in every other branch of sculpture, France has come more and more to the front. Frémiet's "Jeanne d'Arc" in the Rue de Rivoli, is but the most original and

most popular of many equestrian groups by that admiral *animalier*. In England the present generation has seen hardly any rivalry with Mr. Boehm, one of whose most fortunate pieces of realism is the group of horse and groom which now stands in bronze in the stable-yard of the Duke of Westminster at Eaton. Equestrian works by other living English sculptors are the colossal Lord Mayo on our Calcutta maidan by Mr. Thornycroft, Mr. Brock's "Indian with a Python," and a work yet uncompleted by Mr. G. F. Watts.

Equestrian sculpture, then, is a modern art, greatly assisted modern appliances, and one which we may expect the spread of engineering facilities greatly to encourage. Leonardo da Vinci was greatly exercised on the subject of bronze casting, and found it necessary to be himself practised in all the details of fashioning the mould, mixing the alloys, building up the furnace and chasing the seams of the bronze cast. The modern sculptor will wish to be acquainted with all this, but will be happy to think that there are workmen and foundry masters who can practically save his time and nerves by relieving him of these particulars.

"Leonardo, by the way, devoted no less than sixteen years, or rather, of course, his leisure during that time, to the building up of the model for his equestrian monument of Sforza, which was never cast. He attempted the work, as his charming sketches show, in a great variety of moods, some of them, one is inclined to say, too picturesquely conceived for a purely sculptural design. He was evidently very anxious to secure a spirited and light action of the horse's legs, so much so as to endanger the solidity of the group. In one of his drawings this great artist has allowed himself the refreshing puerility of sustaining the raised hind hoof upon a casual tortoise, and of supporting the front one by the sly artifice of a vase, which the hoof of the horse is in the act of kicking over. To pursue ingenuity to the death, he has represented the ever-falling vase as tilting forth water, which forms a fountain at the front of the monument. There is a sort of wit in this that is worthy of a very clever child of ten years. It is much to be regretted that Leonardo did not manage to execute the model, which, in a more serious mood than this, he did actually finish at last. We hope that our sculptors at Hyde Park Corner and on Blackfriars Bridge will not allow themselves to be disturbed in their great enterprise by too much of Leonardo's spirit of ingenuity."

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CHRISTOPHER NORTH.—These interesting jottings were noted down, Lord Cranbrook tells us, by him more than 40 years since, and are now given to the public just as they are. They may serve to give some impression of a remarkable man's talk, being recorded with the vivid tones of the speaker still in the writer's ears.

"Sept 15th, 1843. Bowness.—Last night, for the first time, I had the pleasure of meeting Professor Wilson, better known, perhaps, under his assumed name of Christopher North. I had seen him a few times previously, and had on one been near an introduction at Elleray, but the fates prevented our meeting as companions until I saw him as my guest yesterday. We were all much pleased with him, and found means to keep him in conversation until a late hour, and, indeed, he did not seem at all reluctant to express his opinion on any subject or person whom we brought under his notice."

* * * * *

"I do not know what the Professor's age is, but he is a large burly figure, with a fresh countenance, a little bald on the top of his head, with long straggling locks of yellow hair hanging over his broad shoulders. Bushy whiskers of the same colour, mixed with grey, hang round the under-part of his face, not concealed by collar or handkerchief, both of which are so loosely disposed as to admit a fair view of the neck on which his massive head rests. His forehead is rather receding, but not a low one; his face not handsome in the profile, which is injured by the loss of teeth; but the full face is a very striking one, and well calculated to invite cordiality. He is now a grandfather, but I should

say, from his appearance, not much above sixty years old, if so much, and yet his recollections of persons and events go so far back that I may greatly underestimate the burden of years which rests upon him. Altogether, his appearance is that of a country gentleman, rather eccentric in the matter of hair, but looking the picture of good-humour and *bonhomie*, which are qualities generally ascribed to Christopher North. Still (as he himself admits) he has not the buoyancy of younger days, and the calmer feelings of age may probably be deepened by his change of *regimen*, which is very great, for from being one of the most generous of livers he has become, not by pledge but in practice, a teetotaller. He does not look less hale and fresh for this, and one can well imagine him the best wrestler, the highest leaper, the most persevering pedestrian in the country, and can fancy the joyous step with which he would spring to the sound of music in days now passed away. He said, with something of a sigh, that the time was when he never heard music without an inclination to dance; but now it was with a different pleasure that he listened to it, and quite without the springing elasticity of other times. For the rest, he has a strong Northern accent, but considerably softened by education and residence in England, so that, by his own account, it has been thought rather the brogue of Ulster than of Scotland."

The talk led to Carlyle, of whose early productions the Professor spoke with much approbation, and with as strong condemnation of the latter—particularly specifying *Chartism* and *Past and Present*. He said:—

"I think the history of Carlyle is that of a man who fancied his work should attract great attention, and finding that though the writings of his younger days were well thought of, still they produced no general sensations, and at the same time becoming Germanised from his idolatry of Goethe, he gradually acquired the offensive style in which he at present indulges. His worship of Goethe was remarkable, and Shakspeare he seemed either never to have read or so greatly to depreciate as to place the former far above him; and yet how can they possibly be compared? What continual effort there is in Goethe after something striking; and, after all, has he had any great influence on the world! Schiller understood human nature better, and thus his works have had a greater effect."

Of Butler's *Analogy* he remarked: "I am convinced there is some fallacy in his argument, for it is impossible to put it into other words." Of Tennyson's *Queen of the May* he said: "It is very beautiful, and yet I remember reading the first part alone and thinking it very namby-pamby."

"Mr. G—— mentioned a remark, I think, of Wordsworth's, who had observed the exquisite variation of the first lines of the first and second parts, showing the alteration of character from the thoughtless ardent girl regardless of others, to the gentle uncomplaining daughter making others her first consideration, from—

You *must* wake and call me early, &c.

to—

If *you're* waking call me early, &c.

"'Yes,' said Christopher North, 'it is very artistical, as is much of his

poetry.' (I mentioned *Mariana in the Moated Grange*.) 'Mariana is admirable description, and yet, on the whole, he wants force in his poetry, which is the fault of his school. There is no manly vigour—nothing that stirs the blood. And in one of his poems, if I mistake not, there is an unmanly exultation over some one who had rejected him. *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, however, which is on the same subject, is spirited. I offended Tennyson many years ago by what I thought a very favourable review in *Blackwood*, and I was pleased at the time to receive letters from many persons saying they were glad to find Tennyson so well appreciated in Scotland. However, he was displeased at some jocose observations on some of his poems which I thought absurd. He wrote to me a short time since saying that I had been right, and he wrong, but still, a man once angry is apt to remain so. I meant well and kindly to him, however, and really thought I behaved so, as I admired much of his poetry. *Locksley Hall* is forced, and shows a constant straining after effect, and, indeed, the whole new school has a notion that nothing is poetry but what is *intense*; they intensify everything, and those who write in another style may be good versifiers but are not, in their estimation, poets. I don't like them myself. I saw some of De Vere's poems cited in the *Quarterly*, which are much finer, in my opinion: but he is unequal as Tennyson. Much of both is not worth reading.'

The Professor spoke with great admiration of Keble, but said all his pieces were too long, and were all capable of being curtailed without impairing the sense.

"'I have,' said he, 'in my own edition struck out what I consider superfluous and only read the other portions. You should always lay by poetry for a time, and you will find it easy to strike much out, and yet the remainder will dove-tail together as if it had been so designed originally.'

Burns being mentioned, Professor Wilson expressed his regret at never having been able to write a song. "There is not," he said, "a peasant in Scotland who does not know Burns's songs."

"'Dibdin had great success,' I said.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'and yet Dibdin's were confined to one class. He was no sailor and had never been at sea, but by living on the water edge he picked up sea terms, and though his songs are full of mistakes and inconsistencies the sailors never found it out, being quite satisfied with hawsers, bow-lines, and a few sea-phrases here and there. How is it that Campbell's great ballads 'Ye Mariners of England,' and 'The Battle of the Baltic' are never sung? I have asked sailors, and they never heard them. There must be something wanting in them, and, indeed, what should sailors know about the 'meteor flag'? They would say there is no such flag in the British Navy. Then, what is the meaning of the cannon's roar quelling the deep below? I once asked Campbell, who said that it was his business to write and mine to find out his meaning. I fancy he alludes to the fact that continued firing has the effect of quieting the surface of the sea around. How strange a contrast there is between Campbell's recitation and Wordsworth's—the former in a thin weak voice, settling now and then the curls of his wig, reciting without power his greatest lyrics; Wordsworth with a severe and simple dignity giving a tone to his recitation, which has often after hearing him on a hill-side walk thrilled me for days after. He has the

most remarkable power, in that way, of any man I ever heard. It seemed like inspiration, and I could almost imagine that he spoke by revelation.”

Of S. T. Coleridge the Professor said :—

“Poor Coleridge fancied he could do everything, and his designs and plans were tremendous. He projected a ‘Dictionary,’ a ‘Grammar,’ a ‘Great Epic Poem on the Fall of Jerusalem,’ a ‘System of Philosophy,’ and he who was wholly without it, actually intended to write a ‘Treatise on Method.’ None of these were ever even commenced ; and they were but a part of the vast projects in his mind—amongst others a conclusive work on Theology. The sphere where he was great was in conversation, and that he loved when he could find attentive listeners.’ ‘Wordsworth,’ said Mr. G——, ‘declared that he never heard him converse without silently saying to himself ‘Wonderful’ ‘He was indeed so,’ replied Christopher North, ‘for these flaws and inconsistencies in argument are not observed and detected. but it is very different when the same thing is put into writing. Coleridge’s weakness was an extreme love of sympathy, and it was what he thought a want of this in the more austere character of Wordsworth that led to the coolness between them.’”

* * * * *

“It was this feeling, too, that led him to admire Irving so much. It was not from Irving’s powers of mind, but from his fondness for Coleridge’s society and conversation that the latter’s admiration for him was derived. Irving never was a leader, but was at last rather a dupe ; and as to his being a second Luther, he was in fact without one of the great qualities which distinguished the Reformer. He never in any degree influenced the public mind, nor has he left any impression behind him. In fact he was a wild weak man. Of the poetry of Coleridge, nothing approaches his ‘Genevieve’ in exquisite tenderness and beauty. It is perfect, pure, and angelic, and yet human.”

On being asked about De Quincey the Professor said that he had been very intimate with him—“I know where he lives,” he continued, “but hardly ever see him, and yet his family ask tidings of him from me. He has lived in different places, some years in Edinburgh, then in Glasgow, and so on as caprice takes him.”

“He is never seen by anyone, as he never leaves his garret except at night, and I well remember there was a kind of mysterious awe when he remained for about a year in my house. The servants placed food for him, which would be untouched so long that they had to prepare other, and then would perhaps see a long bony hand thrust out to take it, and that was all. The only time he himself was seen was sometimes when we had a late party, and then towards midnight he would be observed stealing out to take his walk. His chief expense is opium, on which he spends £150 a year, and sometimes will take four or five thousand drops in twenty-four hours. It is strange it has not the effect on his constitution which it is commonly reported to have ; for he appears perfectly well in health, and yet at the same time his feelings and sensibilities seem quite benumbed by it.”

* * * * *

“De Quincey, however, is a remarkable man, and his conversation is wonderful ! his writings, too, are most powerful and argumentative when he is free from opium, but when under the influence of it he writes sad nonsense.

He began, I believe, to take it in imitation of Coleridge, and I myself have seen him drink a wineglass of laudanum at once. I remember well,' he continued, laughing heartily, 'calling upon him one day and finding him—he is by the way a very small man, not taller than Hartley Coleridge—wrapped in a sort of grey watchman's coat, evidently made for a man four times his size, and bought probably at a pawnbroker's shop. He began conversing earnestly and declaiming on the transcendental philosophy, when in the vehemence of his discourse the coat opened, and I saw that he had nothing else on of any description whatever. He observed it and said, 'You may see I am not dressed.' I did see it I said. He replied that he thought it not of any consequence, in which I acquiesced; he folded it round him and went on as before. Authors generally like to feel loosely habited when composing, but he made a very extraordinary figure.'"

Of Hartley Coleridge Professor Wilson gave a most melancholy account. The writer asked if nothing could be done to reclaim him.

" 'Nothing,' he answered; 'I once tried and succeeded for three months in keeping him at this place, but Wordsworth always said he would relapse, and so he did, for one day when we had walked together a few yards from the house, I, finding the sun too hot, returned for my hat, bidding him wait; but when I came back he was gone, nor did I for a long time see him again. I afterwards learned that he had gone to a pot-house and remained in a drunken state for ten days. I had fancied he might have thirst more strongly upon him than other men, and had taken great pains to have wine and water, or drink of some kind brought in; but all was of no avail, and when he is intoxicated he is a hideous object. Wordsworth says he has a constitutional tendency to it, but I hardly know what that means. When I came back last year I thought that feeling for me in my altered circumstances, returning to this place after so many years' absence, would have kept him in check, and I called on him and asked him to join my daughter and myself on the water, to which he agreed. He said he wished to call on a friend in Bowness, and would occupy the half-hour till we were ready in seeing him. When we went down to the boat, in less time than that, we found Hartley Coleridge in a bestial state of intoxication, so that I would not take him into the boat. We landed at Millar's ground, and, walking up, found him lying insensible in a field. I made the servants take him to Elleray and put him to bed. They did so, and about 11 o'clock at night there was a ring at the door, and in came Hartley Coleridge, professing to have come from Bowness to see me, and then quite sober and very agreeable. He had been laid on the bed in his clothes, had awakened, and gone out at the back-door and round to the front."

"As a boy," the Professor continued, "he was astonishing; but though there is much genius and cleverness in both his prose and poetry, he is but a second or third-rate man."

As the writer took his departure, he was more struck than on the previous evening with Professor Wilson's front face; his forehead and eyes, he says, were very striking, and, in that view, it is clear that when young he must have been very handsome.

"He does not do himself justice with his exuberant hair and whiskers, but

one is ready to excuse a little oddity in that respect in consideration of the many excellencies, personal and mental, of one who has so often enlivened and delighted you as Christopher North."

THE BENGAL TENANCY BILL: SIR J. CAIRD AND BISHOP HEBER. By C. T. Buckland.—In endeavouring to explain to his English readers the somewhat complicated questions connected with this new Tenancy Bill—which appals the landlords and bewilders the tenants of Bengal, the writer proposes to introduce them to two independent witnesses, Sir James Caird and Bishop Reginald Heber.

The former has recently published an interesting book entitled *India: the Land and the People*, a book which Mr. Bright said gave him a clearer idea of India than he had derived from previous inquiry. Sir James is a well-known authority on English agriculture, and was a member of the Commission appointed to inquire into the great famine in India in 1876-77.

Sixty years ago another traveller also put on record his views concerning many things in India in the form of a journal, which was published after his death.

Both men travelled over nearly the same parts of India, with, of course, a wonderful difference in ease and quickness of locomotion. Sir J. Caird got through the whole of Bengal and Upper India in two months, travelling with as much speed and convenience as if he had been in England. Bishop Heber took six weeks to reach Dacca from Calcutta, and more than two months to voyage up-stream to Allahabad. Leaving Allahabad on 30th September, with a temporary diversion to Oude and Almora, he eventually reached Bombay on the 19th of March in the following year.

Passing on to the question of the rights of landlord and tenant as set forth in these two books, we note in the first place that Sir J. Caird came to Bengal with a prejudice against the permanent settlement of the Province.

"He is fain to acknowledge that the rental of land in Bengal amounts to thirteen millions sterling, from which sum the Government receives a revenue of nearly four millions sterling. To an unbiassed mind what a splendid picture does this present of the wealth diffused throughout the country, where a sum of nine millions in some part represents the spending power of the agricultural classes, and in some degree forms a portion of the capital which is available for the commercial development of the country. And having once learnt to depreciate the permanent settlement he goes on to accuse it of sins not hitherto usually imputed to it by those who have a wider knowledge of Bengal. He is pleased to assert that thousands of acres of fertile land are left in jungle in many parts of the Presidency from the inertness of the descendants of the fortunate zemindars to whom the public property was made over for a quit rent about a century ago. It is necessary to make much allowance for Sir James

Caird's ignorance on this subject, and the zemindars would be glad if his statement were true. Even the name of a zemindar was doubtless perplexing to him. In Upper India he was told that the zemindars were the cultivators of the soil. He writes of a village in the Cawnpore district where there were fifty zemindars or landowners to 350 cultivated acres of land, and a total population of 402. But the zemindar of the permanent settlement in Bengal is a very different personage. Nevertheless Sir James Caird, in his attempt to describe the permanent settlement, tells us that Lord Cornwallis' object in introducing a class of large proprietors, or zemindars, was attained by elevating the revenue agents to that rank, and overlooking the interests of the ryots who for the most part were the real landowners of the country."

Out of the many arguments to prove that the zemindars were not merely collectors of revenue, and that they, and not the ryots, were the real recognised land-owners, let us select this one.

"It will be found that in the impeachment of Warren Hastings, in which the charges were drawn up by Burke and adopted by the House of Commons in 1786, there was one charge which fully declares and explains the position and rights of the zemindars of Bengal. This charge is contained in the following words:—'That whereas the property of the lands of Bengal was, according to the laws and customs of that country, an inheritable property; and that it was, with few exceptions, vested in certain natives called zemindars, or landowners, under whom other natives called talukdars and ryots held certain subordinate rights of property or occupancy in the said lands; that the said natives were Hindus, and that their rights and privileges were grounded upon the possession of regular grants, a long series of family successions and fair purchase; that notwithstanding that this right of property and inheritance had been repeatedly acknowledged by the said Warren Hastings to be in the zemindars and other native landholders, and notwithstanding that he had declared that the security of private property was the greatest encouragement to industry on which the wealth of every State depended, the said Warren Hastings nevertheless, in direct violation of those acknowledged rights and principles, did universally let the lands of Bengal in farms for five years, thereby destroying all the rights of private property of the zemindars, thereby delivering the management of their estates to farmers, and transferring, by a most arbitrary and unjust act of power, the whole landed property of Bengal from the owners to strangers.

"It is known that Warren Hastings never attempted to refute this charge. It would have been useless for him to do so, as long before he had left India an Act of Parliament, 24 George 3, c. 25, had been passed, directing the restoration of the zemindars to their estates from which he had expelled them."

Besides this, the whole of the language and phraseology of Lord Cornwallis's famous regulations of 1793, recognise and confirm, in the strongest terms, the proprietary rights of the zemindars in the lands for which they engaged to pay a fixed revenue for ever to the British Government. And yet, in spite of all this—

"Mr. Ilbert, whose ill-omened name has been so unhappily before the public in connection with the criminal legislation of which he has been the godfather and parent, is now endeavouring to promote the Bengal Tenancy Bill, of which many of the provisions teem with mischief to the zemindars, and are not less likely

to be practically injurious to the cultivators in whose behalf and for whose benefit Mr. Ilbert avows that he is legislating. The Government of Bengal had promised to give the zemindars a law which would enable them more easily to collect their rents—together with the new taxes, unhappily named cesses, which the Government has added to the original rental and revenue of the zemindars' estates. The Government promised to give them bread, but have now given them a stone. A new king has arisen who knows not Joseph. Arriving from England with an opinion about the permanent settlement similar to that which Sir James Caird has unfortunately adopted, Mr. Ilbert has rushed into legislation with a faith which is based on a false assumption of the status of the zemindars and ryots, and is certain to be attended with most injurious results to the true interests of both classes."

Mr. Buckland then quotes Bishop Heber as to the benefits of the zemindars' control of the native cultivators, and as to the permanent settlement, which the Bishop says was regarded by some as a very hasty and ill-considered measure, giving many undue advantages to the zemindars. He is inclined to think, however, that to it is due the "late prodigious extension of cultivation in Bengal and Behar." From Sir J. Caird's remarks on Bengal and its cultivation, it will be found that he too is, on the whole, however unintentionally, a favourable witness to the benefits of the permanent settlement in Bengal. Thus of the ryots who live in the country of Burdwan he writes :—

"The people are, on the whole, well-to-do. They have all good stocks of rice; some of them have four years' stores by them, stored in round stacks of unhusked rice. They spend so little—seven pounds of rice to a family of five will feed them handsomely at a cost, say, of 3½d. a day, or £5 6s. a year, and their clothing perhaps costs 30s. more. Nor do they desire to improve their mode of living. They drink no strong liquors, and the poorest of them are kind to poor relations. The Hindu religion enjoins this. There is no poor law; and until recent famine years, there were no poor. If we compare with our agricultural labourers these people, with their little farms, their cattle, and their rice, the Indian on the good soil has the better lot, so far as the enjoyment of life is concerned. He is his own master, works hard in seed-time and harvest, but has long spells of light or no work between. As prices rise, he will become independent of the money-lender, and be able to treat with him on equal terms"

And this after all the vices and imperfections that have been attributed to the permanent settlement.

The following very important evidence is also incidentally tendered by Sir J. Caird in words which, the writer says, may be commended to the attention of the Marquis of Ripon and Mr. Ilbert :—

"The land is held under the permanent settlement, and as the Government has no immediate interest in the question of rent, the landlords and their tenants fight that out with the help of the courts of law, the tenants making up a common purse for the purpose. The law's delay, and the difficulty of dealing with large numbers of small tenants, enable these to get the upper hand by uniting against

enhancement of rents, and even against any rent, as the landlord is called on by the Courts to show by his books that he has received the precise rent for five years back ; otherwise they will not grant him a decree, thus casting the onus on him to show that he is entitled to rent. A large landowner complained to me that while Government exacts its revenue to the day, or sells the estate of the defaulter, its courts throw such difficulties in his way that from three of his estates, with hundreds of small occupiers, he is unable to get any rent, as in each case he is compelled to sue ; and it has become a question whether it will pay to do so. The circumstances here are the reverse of what we found them in the North-West Provinces. There the Government interfered to protect the cultivator from the landlord, by giving him occupancy rights, which, being transferable, were quickly pawned by the poor man to the money-lender. Here the cultivators, being near good markets, have become so independent that the landlords ask for Government assistance against them. Their united action in withholding rent is a serious matter, especially to the small landowners, whose caste and condition often forbid them to cultivate the land themselves, so that they are dependent on the rent for their living. The lesson to be drawn from these opposite results would seem to be that the less the Government and the courts of law interfere in the relations between landlord and tenant, the more likely are they to be satisfactorily arranged by the mutual interests of the parties."

Sir J. Caird also alludes to the fatal consequences which ensued in the North-West Provinces from the gift of rights of occupancy to the ryots, accompanied by the transferability of such rights. Twenty-five years ago in Bengal rights of occupancy were given to twelve-year tenants ; now they are to be granted almost unconditionally to all cultivators, who are to be allowed to mortgage and sell and transfer their rights. The consequence will be that a thoughtless peasantry will soon fall into the hands of the money-lenders, as has already happened in other parts of India. When the money-lender forecloses his mortgage and sells up to the ryot, Mr. Ilbert's proposed Bill will allow him to reduce the ryot to the position of a serf, and to rack-rent him to the uttermost farthing.

"Nor are these things being done blindly and without knowledge ; for Mr. Ilbert has not hesitated to say that 'if the ryots by their own folly and extravagance are ruined and rack-rented by the money-lenders, when the mischief has grown to a sufficient height, the Government of the day (be it ten years or twenty years hence) will know how to step in and deal with the difficulties of the case.'"

The fact is that wherever throughout India (the writer cites instances) the ryot has had the power to pledge or transfer his land, he has invariably fallen into the grasp of the money-lender. And yet, in spite of the "undesigned," and therefore the more important, evidence of such witnesses as Bishop Heber and Sir James Caird as to the prosperity and real wants of the province of Bengal, Her Majesty's Liberal Government is allowing the Bengal Tenancy Bill to be pushed through the Council of the Viceroy of India.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1884.

Historic London. By FREDERIC HARRISON	300
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HISTORIC LONDON.—The conclusion that Mr. Frederic Harrison comes to at the end of his introductory remarks to this article, that London is a city unsurpassed in historic interest (except, perhaps, by Rome itself) by any city in Europe, is reached by a comparison of its complete series of public monuments and the local associations and the memory of great events and men bound up in its noble buildings with those of various other cities generally supposed to be richer in these respects than the modern Babylon. Even at Rome all the greater remnants of the ancient world belong to the later empire and the age of decay. The Collosseum, the vastest of the ruins, tells of no great age or man, of nothing but abomination. No great Roman we know of can be certainly connected with the arch of Constantine, or the baths of Caracalla, or the walls of Aurelian. The great buildings of Constantinople are but the monuments of pride, rapacity, tyranny and luxury. Paris has fewer records of the feudal ages than London; and it is hopelessly Haussmannised. Nor is old Paris identified as old London is with so great a mass of poetic associations.

"The true historic spirit, I hold, looks on the history, at least of Europe, as a living whole, and as a complete organic life. I know it is the fashion to pick and choose epochs as supreme, to back races as favourites, to find intense beauty here and utter abomination there. But the real historic interest lies in the succession of all the ages, in the variety, the mass, the human vitality of the record. Now the peculiar glory of London is to possess this local monumental record in a more complete and continuous way than any city perhaps in Europe. We can trace it when the Fort of the Lake, the original Llyn-din, was one of two or three knolls rising out of fens, salt estuaries and tidal swamps. We can make out the

plan of the Roman city ; we have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. From thence to the Conquest we can identify the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical; and have scores of local names which remain to this day. From the eleventh century downwards we have a continuous series of remains in the foundations of the Abbey, in the White Tower, in the Temple Church, St. Bartholomew's, St. Saviour's, and the other city churches ; and so all through the Feudal period we have some record in the Tower, the Guildhall, the magnificent group of buildings at Westminster, the remnants of the Savoy, Crosby Hall, and Lambeth Palace. Of the Tudor and Jacobean age, we have seen the tower gateways of St. James', of Lincoln's Inn, and St. John's, Clerkenwell, the Middle Temple Hall, the banqueting hall at Whitehall, Holland House, many of the halls of city companies and of lawyers, old Northumberland House, Fulham Palace, and many a house and tavern frequented by the poets, wits and statesmen of the seventeenth century. Thence, from the fire downwards, the record is complete and ample, with St. Paul's and the other churches of Wren. Temple Bar, and the Monument, and scores of houses and buildings which are identified with the literature, the statesmanship, and the movement of the eighteenth century from Newton and Dryden down to Byron and Lamb.

"There is no city in the world (not Rome or Athens itself) which has been inhabited, and loved, and celebrated by so glorious a roll of poets extending over so long a period. Through all the five centuries from the days of Chaucer and Longland to our own time, a succession of poets and thinkers have lived in London, have spoken of its aspect, and can be traced to this day in their homes and haunts. We can follow Chaucer, and Piers Ploughman, and Froissart, and Caxton, More, and Bacon, Shakespeare, Ben Johnson and Milton, Raleigh and Cromwell, Pope and Dryden, Newton and Wren, Addison, Swift, Goldsmith and Johnson, Chatham and Burke ; we can look on the houses they dwelt in, on the scenes they frequented, see what they saw, and stand where they trod. The London of Shakespeare alone would fill a volume with the history of the localities where he can be traced, the buildings which he describes, and the local colour which warms so many of his dramas. If we gather up in memory all the scenes that he paints in the Tower, in the city, on the river, in the Abbey or the abbot's house, in the Jerusalem room, in the Temple gardens, in Crosby Hall, in Guildhall, and remember that *Twelfth Night* was performed in the Middle Temple Hall as we have it, we shall get some notion of the stamp which the genius of the greatest of poets has set upon the stones of the greatest of cities.

"Next to Shakespeare himself comes Milton, a more thorough Londoner, and whose many homes, birthplace, and burial-place, we have or lately had. So, too, Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Quincey—strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments, and the gap would be huge."

How comes it, then, that a city which has in five or six of the elements of a great historic capital qualities so supreme

"—which possesses the most venerable cathedral, the most historic castle, the most famous hall which still remain upon the earth ; which has most noble remnants of all forms of Gothic art, both civil and religious, of all forms of Tudor art,

of the classical Renaissance, and of the modern rococo art ; a city whose monuments and localities are enshrined in ten thousand pages of our literature ; where we can even yet trace the footsteps of the larger half of all our famous men ; a city where in a summer's day you may pass across the record of eighteen centuries in stone, or in name, or in plan"

—how comes it that this city which has been the stage for so large a part of English history and the delight of so glorious a roll of English genius—is to some of us a place of weariness and gloom ? London has within this century grown to be four times what it was at the end of the last century ; and perhaps it is this portentous bulk which prevents us from seeing, or knowing, London at all. We cannot be persuaded that our city still possesses works of incomparable beauty and historic interest, and that the mass and the sequence of them and their literary associations have hardly any equal in the world.

"There are in London three great buildings, or groups of buildings, which in their combination of artistic and historic interest, are absolutely without a rival in Europe. These, of course, are the Tower the Abbey and its surroundings, and Westminster Hall and the other remnants of the Old Palace. If to these we were to add two other buildings of a very different kind, I mean the Temple and Holland House, we have those buildings, of all others it may be, in Europe of a private, and not a public, kind, where rare beauty is to be found in connection with an immense record of association with literature and with history.

"Each of the three great monuments is of its kind amongst the noblest in the world ; each of them has been for centuries an organ of our national life. That life has never been interrupted in any of them. They still survive in all their essential character. They still belong to the dynasty which built them, and they still serve the uses for which they were originally designed. They are all associated with our history and our literature as hardly any buildings now extant are. In their combination, in the continuity of their record, and in their own separate interest, they give London a character which no living city in the world retains."

Of the three buildings the Tower is the oldest, and in some ways the most unique. It shares with the castles of Windsor, Avignon, the Palazzo Vecchio and the Kremlin, the rare peculiarity of being a mediæval fortress of the first class which has not become a ruin or a fragment.

"But the Tower in its central part is far older than them all. The races which built the Kremlin and the minarets on the Bosphorus were wandering robbers and herdsman when the White Tower was the home of the most powerful kings in Europe. And as to the Vatican, the Escorial, and the Louvre, much in the stirring tale of the Tower was ancient history before the foundations of these palaces were laid. The White Tower has an authentic history of more than 800 years, and there is every reason to believe that beneath and around it are still remains of the Roman fortification of Londinium. But for the eight centuries of its certain history, the White Tower has guarded the symbols of our national

power. The descendant of the Conqueror still holds it for the same uses. When the White Tower first rose over the Thames, the nations we now call France, Germany, Austria, Spain, and Russia did not exist as nations at all. And now, when the Bastille of Paris has disappeared for almost a century, and the republics which built the palaces of Florence, and Venice, and Ghent, and Bruges have been extinct for centuries, the Tower of the Normans has continued after them as long as it existed before them. It is neither a ruin, nor a museum, nor a site. It is still in the nineteenth century what it was in the eleventh—the central fortress of the kingdom which the Normans founded; it still guards the crown of Alfred, the Confessor, the Conqueror; it is still a martial camp, and guard to this day is changed day and night in the name of the descendant of King Wilhelm. And its towers recall more passages in the history and the poetry of our nation than perhaps any other building in the world records those of any other nation."

The wanton and stupid *restoration* of the Tower has but gone skindeep; behind the wretched rubble facing are the old stones, and the blood-stained mould beneath the encaustic tiles of St. Peter's are just as real as ever. It may be doubted if any civil building in the world has so long a continuous history. Priests say mass in the baths of Diocletian; the tomb of Hadrian is converted into a fortress, and bulls are baited in the amphitheatre at Arles. But the Tower has stood for eight centuries, serving the same dynasty and the same national life; in those eight centuries it has known no period of degradation or decay, but rather has witnessed a splendid series of great men and memorable deeds.

"The Tower is by no means the mere collection of armouries, dungeons, and torture-chambers that the casual sight-seer thinks it. Its true historical character is that of seat of our early government, residence of the kings, and headquarters of their forces. It is palace, fortress, council-hall, and treasure-house quite as much as prison. Indeed it is only a prison because it is a strong place. For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to that of the last Tudor, it was from time to time the official residence of our kings, and hence the scene of much of our political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have all inhabited it; for nearly three centuries our kings started from it on their coronation ceremony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Many have been born there, and two, as we know, were buried in its walls. Its two churches, the Norman St. John's, and the late-pointed St. Peter's, are both amongst the most historic and touching of the monuments which the Middle Ages have left us. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church in the White Tower, that it stands to-day (but for some wanton and foolish scraping) much as it was in the days of our Norman and Angevin kings, when there were gathered in it the men who first fashioned the map of Europe. Of St. Peter's-on-the-Green it may be said that the Abbey itself has no such pathos. Beneath that floor and beside those walls, which ecclesiologic childishness has pranked out with trumpery restorations, there moulder the headless bones of men and women whose passion, pride, crimes, or sufferings fill the annals and the poetry of our race.

"In this matter there is surely one protest to make, one appeal to urge. The

Tower is beyond all question the most historic feudal relic now extant in Europe. It contains almost the only chambers of the early middle ages to which we can assign any definite history, and point as the actual dwelling-place of historical persons. Some of the most important of these, and the prisons Elizabeth, and Raleigh, and More, and Lady Jane Grey, are practically closed to the public. The fact that the Tower still contains a considerable population and some scores of families is a great danger to its safety, degrades and vulgarises it, and excludes the public from the use of it. The Tower should be entirely cleared of all inhabitants except the necessary force of soldiers, and the warders in their old Tudor uniform. The place should be protected against fire as carefully as the Record Office or the British Museum; mere rubbish and modern carpentry should be cleared away, and the old stones left bare without Brummagem 'restorations.'

In the Abbey, Englishmen have a building which has become to them the typical shrine of their history and national glory, which fires the imagination and makes their heart throb, as no extant building in Europe affects any other people. "The Abbey is to Englishmen all that the Temple of Solomon was to the Hebrew and the tomb of the Prophet to the Arab, and the shrines of Olympia to the Greek, or that of Jupiter on the Capitol to the Roman." It is no longer a church, no longer a cemetery. The tombs and thrones of kings are but parts of its possession. Its very name has passed into our language as the synonym for national honour.

"The Abbey is so vast a pile, and its associations are so far-reaching, that like London itself we fail to grasp its dignity as a whole. It is not one building, but a great assemblage of buildings, each one of which has a story that would put it in the front of secular monuments of Europe. With its history that reaches back for eleven centuries, and with remains still visible which go back to the Confessor, it is one of the oldest foundations in England, and one of the most perfect remnants of pure mediæval work. Since the walls that we see rest in part on foundations anterior to the Conquest, and the history of the church has been unbroken since the time of the Confessor, we may properly speak of the Abbey as one and the same monument. In that sense no church in the world can show so long a succession of historical scenes. It is possible, but doubtful, that some other mediæval work has an equal assemblage of various groups of beauty; but none other, assuredly, has such inexhaustible sources of interest and pathos. How they crowd on the memory at once! The tombs of saints which have become shrines and pilgrimages; the long succession of ceremonials of state, coronations, marriages, funerals, and national manifestations of joy and grief; the rows of tombs from the majestic simplicity of that of the first great Edward; the helmet and saddle of Henry; the exquisite art of Henry Tudor's, and the desecrated vault where Cromwell lay; the historic throne, and the legendary stone—

'The base foul stone, made precious by the foil

Of England's chair.'

"The monumental sword that conquer'd France,' the shield of state, the banners and helmets over the tombs, the quaint history of the Order of the Bath with its five centuries of fantastic mediævalism, the rare and suggestive paint-

ings on the walls, the vast city of tombs and monuments—philosophers, artists, statesmen, soldiers—the scenes of Shakespeare which every corner of it recalls, the memorable passages in history, the exquisite prattle of Sir Roger, the talk of Johnson and Goldsmith, the wit of Pope, the verses of Wordsworth and Scott, the prose of Irving and Lamb—the echo of a thousand pages in our literature and our history—all these make up a charm which in mass and in beauty invest no other building in the world.”

The Abbey is not one building so much as an assemblage of buildings, and each one has a history of its own.

“The remnants of the old Benedictine Abbey are in themselves extraordinarily beautiful, and charged with memories and associations. The conventual edifices still left in Europe undestroyed and undesecrated are not so many but what these stand in the front rank. The Cloisters, the Abbot's House, and the Refectory, the Muniment Room, the Chapel of the Pyx, the Jewel House, the room called Jerusalem, the remnants of the other abbey buildings, and above all the Chapter House, are so rich in associations with our history, our poetry, and our literature, that if they existed alone in any foreign city, we should make special journeys to see them. What a history in the five centuries of ‘Jerusalem’ alone, which is perhaps the most venerable private chamber now extant in Europe. But of all these relics of the past surely the Chapter House is supreme. Built 630 years ago in the zenith of the pointed style, it is one of the most exquisite examples of its class. Here six centuries ago, from the day when the House of Commons existed as a separate chamber, it met and continued for the most part to meet for nearly three centuries till the death of Henry VIII. Here was matured the infant strength of that Parliament which now rules 300,000,000 of souls, and which has served as the undoubted model of all the parliaments of Europe, America, and Australia. This house is in fact the germ and origin of all that is known as the ‘House’ where the English tongue is heard; it is the true cradle of the mother of parliaments, where that mother was nursed into childhood. For two centuries and a half it has been the school of English statesmen, and has witnessed some memorable struggles of our feudal history. I never enter it but I think what were the feelings of a Roman of the age of the Antonines, who, standing on the hill of Romulus looked down on the Rostra beneath, and thought of the days when Licinius and Valerius, Virginus and Camillus addressed a few hundreds of herdsmen and farmers, and Rome was but a hill fort by the Tiber, and the Republic was but one of the tribes of Italy.”

The Hall of Westminster, the third of the matchless remnants of old London, though not, as we see it, the Hall of Rufus, still stands upon and represents the Hall of Rufus, and is thus in a sense as ancient almost as the Tower or the Abbey.

“But call it what it is, the Hall of Richard II., what a history lies wrapt in those five hundred years. It stands still, to my eyes, the grandest hall of its class in Europe. Let us forget the silly statues, and the strange transformation of it, and the carpenter's Gothic restorations, and be insensible to everything but its mass, its dignity, its glorious roof, and its inexhaustible memories. Centuries of court pageants and state trials, speeches, and judgments of famous men, scenes and sayings which are embedded in our literature; let us think of the

tragedies, the agonies, the crimes, the passions, the terrific crises in our history ; of what glorious words, what gatherings of learning, wit, beauty, ambition, and despair have the old walls witnessed from Oldcastle to Warren Hastings, Sir Thomas More and the Protector Somerset, Strafford and Charles, the Seven Bishops and the great Proconsul. Of all trials in our history, those two of Charles and of Hastings have perhaps most exerted the historic imagination, by the intense passion with which they aroused the interest of the nation, by their concentration of historic characters round one great issue, by the dignity and world wide importance of the proceedings, and by the place that they hold in our national literature. I ask myself sometimes which I would rather have beheld, the faultless dignity of Charles in presence of the mighty Cromwell, or the molten passion of Burke in the assembly of all that was famous in the nation, and I find it impossible to decide. And when we add to these memories all the other scenes the Hall has witnessed, the great judges who have sat there and built up the slow growth of English law, unrivalled in the modern world, the illustrious lawyers who have argued, the memorable decisions that it has heard, it is beyond doubt the most historic hall in the world."

Londoners then who have in these three incomparable relics the most historic castle, the most venerable church and burial place, the most memorable hall of justice now extant on the earth, are citizens of no mean city. Nor in spite of the defilements and abominations of smoke and stucco is it wholly in memory that London's glories live. There is still something for the eye.

"As I watch some autumn sunset through the groves of Kensington that the great William of Orange so loved, or across the reaches of Chelsea that Turner so loved ; as I watch the Pool from the Tower terrace, and the ducks and the children at play in the park of Charles ; as I prow about the remnants of the old Gothic churches in the city which the Fire has spared, and which the blighting hand of the improver has forgot to destroy ; as I sit by the fountain in the Temple, or listen to the rooks in Lincoln's Inn ; as I grub up some quaint old fragment of a street, or a tavern, or a house, or a shop, or tomb, or burial-ground, which has still survived in the deluge ; as I stray through the multitudinous windings of the city, and out of the old names rebuild again as in a vision the city of the Romans, and of Alfred, and of the Conqueror, of the Fitz-Aylwins, and the Buckerels, and the Poultenneys, the Whittingtons, the Walworths, and the Greshams ; as I see the golden cross of Wren rising out of a white October fog into the sunlit blue,—I say that there is yet something left for the eye as well as so much for the memory. And what a pang does it give us to think that it is doomed. Bit by bit the old London sinks before our eyes into the gulf of modern improvement, or the monkey-like tricks of the restorer. We who have lived to see the remnants of St. Stephen's carted away, and a mammoth caravanserai take the place of Northumberland House, the last link of modern Charing Cross with the Charing Cross before the Commonwealth ; we who have seen the tavern dear to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson disappear and the houses of Milton go and leave not a wrack behind ; who have seen the 'Tabard' and the 'George' disappear, and the Savoy and the Watergate swallowed up in the torrent—we must brace ourselves up for the rest. Villas

will soon cover the site of Holland House. The Temple will be wanted for a new restaurant. The Underground Railway will pull down the Abbey to make some new 'blowholes,' and a limited company will start a new 'Hotel de la Tour de Londres' on the site of the Tower. It is melancholy to think that the stones which eight centuries of national history have raised, that the roofs which have rung with the mirth of Shakespeare and the organ of Milton, on which such beauty has been lavished and where so much genius has been reared, are to be swept away in a few years."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE death of M. Mignet does not leave such a blank in the literary world as might have been at first expected. His life-work was completed years ago, and his latest occupation, preparing the papers of Thiers, was but arranging labour for younger hands. His life, public and private, was very exemplary, severe, but not cold. There was ever a dash of sorrow in Mignet's career, a settled resignation to be content as a journalist or an essayist, or at any rate as an historian. He had a weakness for Macaulay, and reflected the influence of that celebrity in diligence of research and lucidity of exposition. His great fault was the excessive praise he poured on those Academicians whom it was his official duty to eulogize in his *Portraits*. His *History of the French Revolution*, which has reached a fourteenth edition, constitutes the base of his literary reputation. It is devoid of passion, it eliminates the personalities of histories, and only deals with the grand influences which produced the grand events. Secondary causes did not enter into his system of writing history, which was an exquisite "Osteology," as it was called by Sainte-Beuve. And that word depicts Mignet. His "*Marie Stuart*" occupies a front place among his fugitive writings.

M. le Vicomte D'Avenel does not consider all has been said about the great Cardinal, hence his work "*Richelieu et la Monarchie*." He does not go over the familiar events of the reign of Louis XIII, nor dish up the Day of Dupes, the execution of de Montmorency, or the conspiracy of Cinq-Mars, but while relating the episodes of the political revolution effected by Richelieu, in the establishment of absolute monarchy, he depicts the rôle and influence of that new form of government, and the administrative system which it engendered. The author flatters no party; those who maintain there could be nothing good under any monarchy, and those who believe all kings worthy of admiration from Hugues Capet to Louis XVI, will feel wounded by the writer's good faith. The chapter on finance is extremely curious and instructive.

Another very readable volume, by M. Gachard, is the *Lettres de Philippe II à ses Filles*. This odious son of Charles V, who committed so many crimes under the mask of religion, here describes his inner life—and what a life!—to his daughters. Much of the

correspondence relates to the employment of his time at pious ceremonies. He was "a strict accountant of his beads," very punctual in attendance at church, but when the homily was long, he slept like the commonest plebeian at a charity sermon. In his voyage to Lisbon, June 1581, he relates to the *infantes* that the *auto da fés* at Lisbon took longer to "celebrate" than at Madrid. Dr. Pangloss in *Candide* found them, however, expeditious enough. The reader will be surprised to perceive that, instead of the sombre and dreamy Philippe, we are in the presence of a tender father, solicitous for the welfare of his children.

Souvenirs Contemporains, by Sylvanecte. This is the *nom de plume* of a well-known lady, the wife of a distinguished Deputy. These souvenirs are the revelations of the private life of Napoleon III and his Court at the Tuileries by one who knew it as intimately as Comte de Vasali that of Berlin recently exposed. It approaches scandal, but it is not scandal; it would be classed as gossip, only no attempt at "showing up" is intended. It is a relation of crude facts more or less known, but never more authoritatively related than now. The manner in which Napoleon was inveigled to "propose" for Mlle. de Montijo, the latter armed with a horsewhip, and her mother concealed, like Polonius, behind the tapestry, is scathing. Equally severe is the criticism on those members of the old French aristocracy who rallied from motives of lucre or vanity round the imperial régime. It is a spicy book, caustic but not revengeful.

Le Tsésarévitch Paul I, by Dmitri Kobéko, has passed through a second edition: it is a work serious and grave, and has received a large support in Russia. It takes up the character of that unfortunate monarch at his birth, and terminates at his coronation. The second volume will treat of Paul as Emperor, when it may be seen how he acted up to his motto: "I prefer to be hated for doing good, rather than loved for doing ill." A veil hangs over the career of this monarch, and it is only by degrees, and discreetly, that the public is being enabled to obtain an insight into the mystery. His was a character, which, while full of phenomena, was also richly endowed by nature. The popular belief about the unfortunate son of Peter III is that he was repulsive, a despot, and a fool. He was extravagant and fantastic in his tastes; but these were the outcome not of his personal character, but of his autocratic administration. When he ascended the throne, he was a man of ripe age, more enigmatical than eccentric. He was suspicious of his *entourage* and not conciliatory towards them. But these drawbacks are generally placed to the account of his mother, Catherine II, who had no love for her son,

and deliberately neglected his education, and, in a word, planned his ruin, even in his marriage.

Victor Hugo le Petit, by Jules Lefondrey, is a *brochure* intended to act as an antidote to the flood of fulsome flattery of which Victor Hugo is not so much the object, as the victim. The author predicts that the poet when he descends to posterity, will pay dear for the homage he now accepts; that he is a poet empty and sonorous; a dramatist false and ungainly; a novelist most wearisome; and a plagiarist and "farmer of German literature." As a politician Hugo is estimated as a *poseur*, without convictions, and with empty phrases for ideas. The bill of indictment is excessive, and in attempting to prove too much the author proves almost nothing. The counts in the accusation are presented, but the proofs are wanting.

Le Journal des Economistes deals with London misery, and hopes that the present revival of philanthropy, where all politicians are united to ameliorate the dwellings of the poor, may not terminate as other outbreaks of humanitarianism have done, whether stimulated by Dickens and his abominations of the Whitechapel Workhouse, or the Casual Ward of Saint George in the East. The Gordian Knot of the question lies in the problem, how decently and healthily to lodge human beings who have no very decided notions on these matters, and earn no wages, or, if gaining a pittance, squander it in idleness and intemperance. The rôle of the State cannot interfere with, and so discourage, private initiation. Its action ought to be of a police character, to see that no unhygienic habitations are constructed; to control the sale of food, in the sense of not permitting that of a deleterious character to be offered. But the State cannot be expected to build houses, any more than to clothe and feed people. France is struggling with the same socialism, only here, the poor are more inclined, from past concessions, notably the National Workshops of 1848, to view their Government as a crutch and a milch cow. Against extreme poverty there is no remedy, against bad habits and filthiness, time, water, and the broom will effect much. Where poverty is the result of heredity, the legacy of several generations of paupers, education cannot march rapidly, nor manners be quickly transformed. Model lodging-houses, personal and philanthropical action; encouraging thrift among workmen, so as to induce them to save and purchase their own tenements through a building society—such is all that can be done.

In the *Nouvelle Revue*, Doctress Frances Hoggan draws attention to the calamitous condition of women in India, save the inferior castes, the pariahs, and those of the dregs of the sex. She says there are 118 millions of women in British India, debarred from

all medical aid, owing to the doctors not being allowed to penetrate into the *zenanas*. In case of dire necessity, a doctor may be consulted, but then he cannot look at the patient's features ; he must feel her pulse by the hand being thrust through a curtain, and examine her tongue behind a lace screen. The solution of the difficulty, the Doctress asserts, lies in allowing ladies to graduate in the five medical universities of India, while guaranteeing to the lady doctors who have their diplomas a fair field and no favour.

M. Malon, in the same periodical, treats of the *Internationale*, as created by the men of 1864 ; he views this amphictyonic tribunal of the working classes as dead. But it has been succeeded by another body, that of the *Association Internationale des Travailleurs*, much more formidable, because more concentrated. It has the weak point, and hence for society the safety-valve, of not being federalised ; it is split up into anarchical sections, so no cohesion can ensue. However, socialism proper has gained ground since 1876 and grown in strength and science.

Les Finances de la France au XIX Siècle, by Charles Sudre. The Baron Louis had for an axiom, "make good politics and I will guarantee you sound finances." Now the latter are ever in season ; the past can guide the future and regulate the present. Sully had the reputation of being the most economical Chancellor of the Exchequer France has ever seen. His aim was to be frugal "with the nation's farthings." The well-being of the population, and the prosperity of a nation are bound up with its budgets. M. Sudre exposes the finances of France, from the time when Napoleon I took them in hand, after the Revolution, down to the month of July 1848. He deals successively with all the measures of economy employed to pay off the considerable charges incurred by the invasion of 1815, which France, thanks to her proverbial frugality, effected without adding to her national debt. Later important public works, the introduction of railways above all, proved a heavy charge on the budget, but the outlay was amply repaid by the increased material prosperity. It would have been interesting had the volume been continued down to to-day, when the chronic deficits of the budget are a subject of grave anxiety.

Those who desire to have a clear and comprehensive idea of the working of German colleges will find invaluable information in *Les Universités Allemandes*, by R. Blanchard. The relations between the Universities and the State ; between professors and pupils ; and the various other intricate machinery employed in Germany for superior education are fully described. In addition to an account of the mode of election of the professors, and their

salaries, &c., there are most humorous and instructive chapters on the manners and customs of the students. A not less valuable feature consists in a comparison between the liberty of university teaching enjoyed in Germany, and the strait-jacket, iron-clad methods that rule in France.

M. George Kohn adopted an original plan for writing his travels and not a bad one, as his book gains a good deal in point of freshness by it, and is pleasant and picturesque. The author of *Autour du Monde* arranged to send letters to a select number of friends, containing his impressions written at the moment, as he traversed Australia, China, Japan, California, Mexico, and the West Indies. These letters were all to be kept for him till his return, and then published, without alteration. Thus we have a series of very interesting adventures, related in a conversational manner, the style full of good humour, witty, and sufficiently caustic to spice the whole, without either offending the subjects or spoiling the *plat*.

Professor Bloch of Lyons has undertaken an arduous task in his *Origines du Sénat Romain*. It is an attempt to penetrate the obscurity which shrouds the origin of the Roman constitution. He shows us the Senate from its infancy, and follows it through the vicissitudes through which it passed till the first years of the Republic. He throws considerable light on the character of the *gens*, upon the birth of the plebeians, and the changes affecting the Roman family. Rome was essentially a conservative country, so that nothing wholly perished. To know the present we must have an acquaintance with the past; to comprehend grand children it is not a bad method to study their sires. In this view the work is not without its value.

The Duc de Broglie, in his *Etudes Diplomatiques*, now appearing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, accepts the verdict of Frédéric, who never considered Voltaire as an ambassador. Voltaire, according to the King, was of all men the least born for politics; his arrival at Berlin in an ambassadorial character to negotiate treaties was a pleasantry, and that it remained. Frédéric opened his heart and his palace to Voltaire, but never his diplomatic studio or his camp. Frédéric liked to amuse himself with Voltaire, and to reap all the honour and profit he could from the philosopher's praises. The latter he employed like jewels, to decorate his crown; their *éclat* dazzled men and thus assisted to subdue them.

C. DE LUTECE.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

LONDON, *April 1st*, 1884.

NOTWITHSTANDING the momentous character of the issues dependent on the fate of Mr. Gladstone's new Reform Bill, Egypt still continues to occupy the first place in the public mind.

Inch by inch, the course of events in that unfortunate country has driven the Government, in spite of itself, several steps nearer to that more open and definite assumption of responsibility which, whatever shape it may take, affords the only solution of existing difficulties. In whichever of its many aspects the problem is regarded, the lesson it proclaims is the same. Whether our attention is turned to Cairo, where the administration is palsied by imminent bankruptcy, or to Khartoum, where the absolute failure of Gordon's mission has furnished a crucial proof of the futility of half measures, or to Suakim, where British supremacy is an admitted political necessity, the same conclusion is forced upon us.

At Cairo, in order that the bankruptcy may be averted, money must be procured ; in order that money may be procured, confidence in the future must be restored, and confidence in the future can be restored only by England's accepting definitively the task of preserving order. At Khartoum, in its endeavours to evade one responsibility, the Government has saddled itself with another, which it dare not evade. The country will not allow it to abandon the man whose life it deliberately jeopardised on the bare chance that by accomplishing a task which, humanly speaking, was hopeless, he would save it from popular indignation.

But whether the Government leaves General Gordon to a cruel fate, or whether it rescues him, it will, sooner or later, be equally compelled to suppress a rebellion which there is no other power competent to cope with, and the success of which must not only bring ruin on European interests in Egypt, but light up a conflagration in the Muhammadan world, the limits of which it is impossible to foresee.

As to Suakim, if, as a few days ago seemed probable, the tribes have been thoroughly crushed by General Graham's late victories, the Government may possibly limit its responsibility for a short space to the protection of the town and its immediate neighbourhood from attack; but reasons of strategy, of policy, and of humanity combined will ultimately compel it to assert its suzerainty over a much wider extent of country.

The following facts will suffice to show the critical nature of the financial position at Cairo.

With a Budget for the year exhibiting a deficit of more than half a million, the Government has to meet demands aggregating £4,300,000 on account of the Alexandria indemnity awards. The claimants, backed by their respective Governments, are pressing urgently for satisfaction of their decrees, and, as the Court has just decided that it has jurisdiction to determine the date of payment, any failure to meet these demands would constitute an act of international bankruptcy.

Such a contingency, which would furnish France with tangible ground for interference, it is, for political reasons, if no others, absolutely necessary to avert. But it is impossible to meet the demands in question, or any considerable portion of them, without recourse to a loan; and, as Egypt has nothing to hypothecate, and, without radical administrative and fiscal changes, cannot hope to be able to pay the interest, there is not the faintest chance of her securing a loan in the open market under existing circumstances. England must guarantee either the loan itself, or the measures of reform which would alone render payment of the interest possible, and England can obviously adopt neither of these courses without assuming absolute control of the administration for an extended series of years.

Suspension of the interest on the existing debt has been suggested as a feasible alternative; but, on the one hand, this could not be arranged without the consent of the powers, and, on the other, such an act of repudiation, even with that consent, would hardly facilitate the floating of the new loan. Nor is it obvious that the adoption of this alternative would in any way diminish the necessity for such a guarantee of future solvency as a British protectorate can alone supply.

The above facts, moreover, are far from representing the full gravity of the crisis. For, in addition to the indemnity claims, there is a large floating debt to provide for, while administrative disorder and commercial stagnation have reached such a pitch that, in the absence

of some effectual remedy, a steady diminution, instead of an increase, of the revenue, is to be anticipated.

"Capital," says the *Times*, "used to flow freely into Egypt because there were certain guarantees that a steady return would be obtained. We have smashed up the old system, which on many grounds richly deserved its fate, but we have set up nothing in its place. Were the indemnity paid just now, it would not go to rebuild Alexandria. It would leave Egypt with all convenient speed, so that unless we wish this heavy fine to be paid in vain, and to leave Egypt poorer than ever, we must first create the conditions which alone can insure that it will enter into the reproductive resources of the country. In a word, an indemnity loan cannot properly be raised, and if raised ought not to be disbursed, until we have made it clear to all the world that we are fully determined to carry out the work for which we have made ourselves responsible."

The peaceful indications with which the month opened at Khartoum have been singularly falsified by subsequent events. Colonel Stewart's first reconnaissance on the White Nile, it will be remembered, was only partially successful. For some distance the attitude of the riverine tribes was apparently friendly; but at two points the expedition found large bodies of armed men drawn up on the bank with the obvious intention of opposing its landing. The party consequently returned to Khartoum with its mission half accomplished. A second expedition of a similar character which started on 1st ultimo and returned the following day, was considered to have been more successful. The chiefs who had been concerned in the hostile demonstration of the previous week, not only came on board and listened to General Gordon's proclamation with apparent delight, but also undertook to circulate it among the tribes in the neighbourhood, and promised to bring their Sheikhs into Khartoum. What appeared still more important, they assured Colonel Stewart that the Mahdi had sent orders to his Lieutenants on the White and Blue Nile to desist from further hostilities.

About the same time a messenger arrived from El Obeid with a story which, if true, was admirably calculated to confirm the favourable augury founded on these professions. The Mahdi, he reported, had received General Gordon's letter, naming him Sultan of Kordofan, with "ecstasies of delight," and, after bestowing a robe of honour on the bearer of the precious missive, had dismissed him with a reply which was naturally assumed to be of a favourable character.

Other messengers, who, according to their own accounts, had left Obeid some three weeks before the man just mentioned, drew a pitiable picture of the condition of affairs at that place, declaring that a reign of terror prevailed there; that the Mahdi was equally afraid of the townspeople and the tribesmen, and that he had put aside all his rifles into store, with the view of delivering them to the Egyptian Government, to whom they belonged.

Whether these statements were made for the purpose of lulling General Gordon into a false security, or whether they proceeded merely from a desire to say what would be pleasing, there can no longer be any doubt that they were deliberate inventions. Equally little room is there for doubt that the friendly professions of the Sheikhs on the White Nile were a mere ruse to get rid of Colonel Stewart and his expedition, or that their statement about the Mahdi's orders was as false as that of the messenger about the ecstasy of delight with which he had received the appointment of Sultan of Kordofan. The simplicity which could have led General Gordon to place any faith in them is only equalled by that which allowed him to confer such an appointment by proclamation on an open enemy, flushed with victory, before ascertaining whether, or not, he was willing to accept it.

Hardly had Colonel Stewart returned from his second reconnaissance than the tide of triumphant rebellion closed in upon the town which, a fortnight before, General Gordon had assured the world was as safe as Kensington.

Of what passed between that time and the 13th of the month little is known, except that the enemy were in sufficient strength to stop all regular means of communication. On the 13th General Gordon determined to make an attempt, by means of a party conveyed in three steamers, combined with a land movement from the north of the town, to relieve the garrison of the neighbouring port of Halfiyeh, then besieged by 4,000 rebels. The first intention was to execute this movement the following day. But during the night a party consisting of 300 of Gordon's men, who had been out cutting wood below Khartoum, were attacked by the enemy while returning in boats, and a hundred of their number destroyed, and this circumstance, combined with the growing strength of the enemy opposite Khartoum, led to its being delayed till the 15th.

On the morning of that day, the *Times* correspondent informs us, the expedition, consisting of twelve hundred men, set out on board the three steamers, defended by means of boiler plates and carrying mountain guns, protected by wooden mantlets, and suc-

ceeded, with a loss of only two men, in rescuing the beleaguered garrison, to the number of 500, at the same time capturing seventy camels, eighteen horses, and a quantity of arms and ammunition.

Emboldened by this success, which, the same correspondent tells us, formed the occasion of great rejoicing at Khartoum, Gordon ventured the following morning to attack the main body of the enemy, then drawn up opposite the town, and estimated to number 6,000 men. The result was such as to shatter utterly the hopes which the operations of the previous day might have seemed to justify, and to furnish a crowning proof of the futility of expecting that order can be restored at Khartoum without the aid of British or Indian troops. Gordon's force, 2,000 strong, and consisting of Bashi-Bazouks, Egyptian regulars, and Soudanese, with two guns, marched out early in the morning. As they advanced, in a long line, flanked on the left by a square of Soudanese, and on the right by a small body of cavalry, the enemy retired before them, disappearing behind some sandhills in front. The force continued its advance, till the cavalry reached a wood at the foot of the hills. At this moment the two native generals, Said and Hassan Pachas, together with five of the principal officers, who had been riding ahead, wheeling their horses round dashed back, and broke through their own ranks, the two generals freely using their sabres on their own artillery men, one of whom was in the act of laying a gun. The sequel may be described in the words of the *Times* correspondent, who says:—

“At that moment the rebel cavalry shot out at full gallop from behind the sandhills on our right. Their appearance was the signal for a disgraceful *saute qui peut* on the part of our men, who broke up and rushed back without firing a shot. The 60 horsemen, who were only armed with lances and swords, dashed about, cutting down the flying men. I saw one Arab lancer kill seven Egyptians in as many minutes. He then jumped off his horse to secure a rifle and ammunition when a mounted Bashi-Bazouk officer cut him down. The rebel infantry now appeared, and rushed about in all directions, hacking at the men disabled by the cavalry charge. This slaughter continued for nearly two miles, our men not stopping to fire a shot. Then the Arabs halted, and an officer rallied some of our troops and they commenced a dropping but harmless fire at the enemy, who seemed content not to advance, but treated us with the greatest contempt, some riding quietly on camels in front of our muzzles. This continued till midday, some of our men dropping from stray bullets fired by the Arabs. The rebels then drew off to their old

position, carrying a lot of rifles and cartridges and one mountain piece. The irregulars, instead of returning into camp, coolly adjourned to a neighbouring friendly village opposite the palace. When they had completely looted this and killed some of the inhabitants, they strolled into camp."

Gordon's loss in this shameful affair was about 200 killed, with a disproportionately small number of wounded, the Arabs giving no quarter. The two Pachas, who concealed themselves after the battle, were arrested the following day, and have since been tried by court-martial and shot on charges of treachery and general misconduct, abundantly proved by the evidence of their own men.

Notwithstanding their terrible reverse, the people of Khartoum itself were represented as being still devoted to General Gordon. One Arab has gone so far as to lend him 1,000 guineas, and another has equipped, armed, and paid 200 blacks for his service.

The rebels do not appear to have followed up their success by any attempt on the town, which is probably not in immediate danger.

On the 22nd ultimo, three dervishes arrived with an answer to General Gordon's letter from the Mahdi scornfully refusing the Sultanate of Kordofan and calling on him to become a Musulman. With this letter the Mahdi returned the robes of honour sent him by Gordon, and at the same time forwarded for his acceptance a dervish's dress. It is thus evident, as the *Times* remarks, that there is nothing to be hoped from this quarter; and, though Khartoum may hold out for some weeks, the Government must act with expedition as well as vigour unless it is prepared to see Gordon sacrificed.

It is not a little extraordinary that, although ministers have more than once denied that Gordon has asked for British troops, it is evident from the statement of the *Times* correspondent at Khartoum that he is expecting them. This fact, taken along with the tenour of the famous proclamation, in which Gordon stated positively that he had sent for British troops, justifies the suspicion that either the Government is wilfully concealing the truth, as it has done before in similar circumstances, or an important message from the General has miscarried. The question, however, is not what Gordon has asked for, but what is necessary for his safety, and it must be obvious to every one not wilfully blind that the only sure way of securing this is to send a trustworthy force of some kind to his assistance.

Though the Government choose to observe a convenient reti-

cence as to the precise terms of the communications they receive from General Gordoh, it is certain that he has left them no excuse for self-deception as to either the extent of their responsibility for the failure of his mission, or the perilousness of his position, and it is not very long since that he urged on them the necessity of adopting active measures to support him in any emergency. Independent testimony to the same effect from competent judges of the situation is abundant; and Captain Coetlogon, the Governor of Berber, and Zehelir Pacha, have all stated their conviction of the imminence of the danger at Khartoum in much stronger terms than Gordon himself.

The success that has rewarded a policy of vigorous action in the South-Eastern Soudan presents a striking contrast to the failure which has attended the attempt to establish order at Khartoum by the mere force of individual prestige.

Undaunted by the crushing defeat of the 'tribes at El Teb, Osman Digma, with a considerable force, still continued to threaten Suakim, and a proclamation by General Graham and Admiral Hewett, calling on the tribes to drive him from the country, having produced no effect, an advance against him was determined on.

The details of the battle which resulted, and which was fought on the 13th ultimo near a place called Tamasi, are already so familiar to every reader of the newspapers that it would be superfluous to reiterate them here.

After a struggle which was of a far more desperate character than that at El Teb, and in which our troops suffered more severely than in any action of the last ten years, the enemy, who probably mustered some 8,000 strong, were defeated with a loss of between 4,000 and 5,000.

At the outset of the fight one portion of the force sustained a severe check, and for some minutes it seemed doubtful whether the day was not destined to be remembered for a disaster to our arms, hardly less crushing and far more damaging than that which overtook the Egyptians under Baker. Owing to a too rapid advance on the part of the front face of one of the two squares into which the little army was divided, a series of gaps were left in the ranks. The companies of the 65th which formed the side of the square exposed to the enemy's attack, being thus split up into detached groups, gave way before the impetuous onslaught of the Arabs, and, pressing upon the centre and the opposite side, threw the entire formation into hopeless confusion.

The whole square now fell back, closely pressed by the enemy,

but contesting every inch of ground, and continued its retreat till brought into line with the first brigade, which, also attacked, was advancing steadily some distance behind and to the right. It then rallied, and the two brigades, advancing side by side, literally swept the enemy before them by their united fire.

Osman Digma, who watched the fight from a safe distance on a neighbouring hill-side, made his escape early in the day and retired to a strong position in the hills, where he was found by a small remnant of his followers.

It was not unnaturally expected that so crushing a defeat as that inflicted on the enemy at Tamasi would convince them of the hopelessness of further resistance, and some days after the battle were spent in watching the course of events. But as none of the principal Sheikhs came in, and it was reported that Osman was determined on renewing the contest, a third advance was decided on.

The force, which in the meantime had re-assembled at Suakim, was accordingly again put in motion, and, on the 26th ultimo, the enemy were driven from their new position and dispersed, after a slight skirmish, in which our side suffered no loss.

Since this affair some of the tribes have shown a more friendly disposition, and it seems probable that had the force been retained at Suakim a few weeks longer, the road to Berber would have been opened, and the rebellion, as far as this part of the country is concerned, finally put down. General Graham, however, appears to have jumped at the conclusion that, because the enemy did not show in force on the 26th, the campaign was at an end, and the Government, only too glad to avail itself of the first opportunity to revert to a policy of inaction, ordered the immediate withdrawal of the greater part of the troops. Scarcely, however, had the first regiment re-embarked when it was reported that Osman Digma had returned to his former position at Tamanieh, and re-established his camp there, while his Lieutenant, Sheikh Tahir, had set out for Berber, raising the country as he went.

It thus seems probable that, unless Government should reconsider its decision, and either order the troops back to Suakim, or send others in their place, it will have destroyed by its precipitate action the entire fruits of Graham's victories, and, at the same time, done its best to seal the fate of General Gordon, who had insisted on the despatch of a force to Berber as an essential condition of his safety.

The progress of Parliamentary business during the past month has been even slower and less promising of useful result than had been anticipated at the commencement of the session,—so slow and so

unpromising, in fact, as to have led Sir William Harcourt, some days ago, to declare in his place in the House that it seemed impossible for the Government to pass any bill on any subject. The obstinate reticence of the Ministry has furnished the Opposition with an opportunity for frequent interpellation of which they have not been slow to avail themselves. Their conduct in thus harrying the Government has been made the subject of indignant denunciation by its supporters, who accused them, both in and out of Parliament, of wantonly obstructing the progress of public business and making all legislation impossible. But the Opposition, in their turn, may plead the unprecedented, if not unconstitutional, action of the Government in introducing a sweeping Reform Bill when their period of office is drawing to a close, combined with the notorious fact that, in supporting them, both on this subject and on the Egyptian question, a large section of the Liberals are actuated by party motives rather than conviction, and that the House no longer represents the feeling of the country.

The second reading of the Franchise Bill was moved by Lord Hartington in the absence of Mr. Gladstone on the 24th ultimo, when Lord John Manners moved an amendment to the effect: 'That this House declines to proceed further with a measure, having for its object the addition of two million voters to the electoral body of the United Kingdom, until it has before it the entire scheme contemplated by the Government for the amendment of the representation of the people.'

The debate which ensued, and which is not expected to terminate until Monday next, opened somewhat tamely. The same want of incisiveness and force which marked the oratory of the Opposition in the debate on the vote of censure characterised their speeches on this occasion also. The chief speakers on the side of the Government were Mr. Bright and Lord Hartington, both of whom addressed themselves to the main question rather than the amendment. In the course of his speech Mr. Bright gratuitously accused the Conservatives of being opposed to the franchisement of the peasantry, and defended the decision of the Government to maintain intact the existing numbers of Irish members on the ground that it was necessary to purchase tranquillity in that country—an argument altogether worthy of the great advocate of peace at any price. Lord Hartington, on the other hand, made the important admission that, if an increase in the total number of the House were not agreed to, it would be necessary to reconsider the Irish part of the question. Still more important, perhaps, was the announcement made by him

that the views put forward by Mr. Gladstone on the subject of redistribution, though they might not represent the individual opinions of all the Ministers, had their full concurrence as embodying what they deemed necessary. On the second night Mr. Chamberlain infused some spirit into the debate by a speech, remarkable alike for its power and its bitterness of tone, in the course of which after inveighing against the injustice and robbery inflicted on the peasantry by their landlords, he declared that the Government was determined to stand by the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.

So far as the debate has gone, its tone has been hardly worthy of the importance of the occasion—a circumstance, no doubt, largely attributable to the fact of its being weighted with a sense of the certainty that the Lords will throw out the Bill. That this should produce a sense of irritation on the part of the Ministers, and their supporters, is natural enough; but it argues a singular want of foresight on the part of the Opposition that they should let any such consideration induce them to relax their efforts. However completely the most convincing logic and the most powerful rhetoric they might employ would be wasted on the House of Commons, it should be remembered that the effect of the rejection of the Bill by the Peers will be only to transfer the question from one tribunal to another, and that the stronger the case they can make out in debate, the more irresistible will be their appeal to the country.

It seems probable that the position of the Government, even in the House, has been sensibly weakened; on the one hand by the unpromising attitude and over-bearing tone of Mr. Chamberlain, and, on the other, by the statement of Lord Hartington on the subject of Irish representation. In the charge brought by the former against the landholders, the more moderate Liberals will see a menace that is not unlikely to frighten them into opposition, while the admission that the payment of the bribe held out by Mr. Gladstone to Ireland depends on a condition to which the House is unlikely to consent, can hardly fail to jeopardise the Home Rule vote.

There can be little doubt, either, that Mr. Gladstone's prolonged absence from the House has operated in the same direction. Not only has the debating power of the party been thus sensibly impaired at a most critical moment, but the reins of discipline have been relaxed, with results, in the shape of conflicting utterances, which are likely to prove, by-and-bye, a source of serious embarrassment.

The result of the division of last Friday night, when the

Government were defeated in a House of over 400 members on a motion of Mr. Pell, deprecating further postponement of relief to rate-payers from local charges, is not improbably due in some measure to this combination of adverse causes.

Among other Bills of more or less importance that have been before the House are the Cattle Diseases Bill ; the Metropolitan Water Bill ; the Leascholders Enfranchisement Bill ; and the Infants Bill.

The first of these, after being read a second time, was talked out last week on the motion to go into Committee. In Committee, it is the intention of Mr. Dodson to move certain amendments in the Bill as sent down to the House of Lords, the effect of which will be practically to restore the discretion which it was originally proposed to vest in the Privy Council. The Metropolitan Water Supply Bill, the chief object of which was to give consumers the option of taking their water by measure, although supported by both the Government and the Corporation of London, was thrown out at the second reading by a large majority. A similar fate befell Mr. Broadhurst's Bill to give leascholders for a certain term of years the power of purchasing the freeholds of their properties. Mr. Bryce's Infants Bill, the object of which is to give both parents equal right in the guardianship of infants and to make the surviving parent legal guardian with power to appoint a guardian, has been read a second time.

The House have also had before them a resolution in favour of the exclusion of Bishops from the House of Lords, which was defeated by a moderate majority.

Mr. Chamberlain is understood to be recasting his Shipping Bill which has excited the liveliest opposition on the part of the owners, and a sort of concordat is in the course of negotiation between them and the Board of Trade with regard to the amendments required to make the Bill fair to all parties.

The rest of the time of the House has been mainly occupied with supply, and with the angry debates on Egyptian affairs arising out of amendments moved by the Opposition on the various votes.

A motion made by Lord Lytton on the 10th ultimo in the House of Lords for the production of papers showing what communications had passed between Her Majesty's and the Russian Government regarding Merv and Afghanistan, since 1881, gave rise to a prolonged debate on the submission of Merv, the net result of which was to show that beyond the merits of a past controversy, the imperious march of events had left very little for contending parties to join issue on.

As to the impossibility of undoing what had been done, and the uselessness of going to Russia for the renewal of assurances that could not be enforced, there was no difference of opinion. While, as to the amount of harm done or threatened, estimates varied widely, there was no attempt on the part of the Government to maintain that the situation was an entirely pleasant one.

The policy of the Government, as explained by Lord Kimberly, is, on the one hand, to minimise, as far as possible, the result of future collision, and, on the other, to strengthen the British position, as far as may be found compatible with a purely defensive line of action. With the former object negotiations have been opened with Russia, the exact tenour of which has not been disclosed, but one of the main objects of which is to obtain a clear delimitation of the Russo-Afghan boundaries, and steps are reported to have been taken to exercise a more effective control over Afghanistan for the purpose of preventing complications between the subjects of the Ameer and their new neighbours. At the same time the undertaking entered into by the British Government with Afghanistan to assist her in case of attack has been renewed in more explicit terms; the occupation of Quetta has, with the consent of the Khelat Durbar, been converted into permanent annexation, and the question of extending the railway to that place is to be reconsidered.

The weak point in such a programme obviously lies in the extreme uncertainty of Afghan politics, combined with the fact that our power to control events in that country depends not merely on the good-will of the Ameer, but also on that of the tribes, over whom his authority is of the most shadowy and precarious character.

A gloom has been cast over society by the sudden death of the Duke of Albany, which took place at Cannes on the morning of the 28th ultimo. The kindness of the Duke's disposition and the simplicity of his manners had endeared him to all with whom he came into intimate contact, while his scholarly and artistic tastes had won for him the sympathy and respect of a large circle of cultured friends. In spite of a constitutional infirmity which made sustained exertion painful to him, he was prodigal of time and effort for the welfare of others, and was always ready to preside and speak at any important public meeting where his presence was likely to benefit a good cause.

Among the few events of general interest which have marked the course of Continental politics, the most prominent are the passing of M. Paul Bert's Primary Education Bill, and the adoption of the new Convention by the shareholders of the Suez Canal in France,

and the fusion of the Secessionists and the Progressists, and the announcement of Prince Bismarck's approaching retirement in Germany.

The object of M. Paul Bert's measure, which the Chamber of Deputies passed by a large majority, is to completely secularise primary instruction throughout the country, by the exclusion not only of the clergy, but of the nuns and *Congreganistes*, from all share in the conduct or direction of schools, and the appropriation by the State of all endowments for religious teaching, or teaching by religious instructors.

The Suez Canal Convention was carried by a narrow majority in the face of organised opposition of the most strenuous character.

The coalition between the more advanced section of the Liberals and the extreme Radicals in Germany is symptomatic of a spirit of revolt against the existing despotic *régime* which is rapidly widening and deepening, and which is probably destined, at no distant date, to work important changes in the constitution of the Empire. The retirement of Prince Bismarck would, there can be little doubt, tend to precipitate these changes; but at present it is only his Prussian Ministerial offices which he proposes to resign. He will still continue, as Chancellor, to control the policy of the Empire.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

INDIA.

The overthrow of the Tekke Turkomans, which is involved in the Russian seizure of Merv, may not effect any immediate change in the traditional attitudes of the two parties in Central Asian politics who have for many years looked on this development of Russian aims as a question of time, but have differed about its meaning. If the Russian advance eastwards along the valley of the Atrek has, indeed, always veiled a design upon India, it is evident that some more of the veil has been torn off by the Russian investiture of the furthest Tekke fortress on the route. But until the Nau Kala fort actually wears some resemblance to the "strong base of operations," into which it must, according to military experts, have grown, before any Russian army could be launched from it on Herat, it will remain open to those who read no menace to India in the Russian progress in Turkestan, to maintain that the conquest of Merv is a mere rounding off, on the south, of the victories which Russia had previously pushed as far as Khokand on the north. Something may perhaps be allowed to depend on the discernible harmony between

actual Russian operations and the motives with which Russian statesmen are credited by different schools of foreign criticism ; and few things can be less unreasonable than to occupy the interval before the catastrophe expected by one party of politicians in weighing the considerations suggested by another. In 1880 opinion was divided, even among military experts, as to the steps by which an invasion of Afghanistan from Turkestan was practicable. It has always been a source of embarrassment to students of contemporary history to reconcile the contradictory verdicts with which experts dodge about unsatisfactory accidents under some apparent infection of political partisanship. But in 1880 Kelat-i-Nadir had been visited by the pioneers of the Kossack detachment from Krasnovodsk which was destined to conquer and occupy it a year later, and its strong situation and free supplies of water seemed to satisfy the necessary strategic conditions of a good support for any column making for Merv. If India was the true goal of the Russian advance, circumstances pointed to the seizure of the impregnable, well-watered, mountain-locked valley on the north-eastern border of Persia, as the opportunity for the grand move which is now regarded as an authenticated dream of Peter the Great, and has also become the nightmare of several smaller persons. But the rapid progress made by Russian arms in Ferganah, on the north, in comparison with the lagging victories wrested from Tekke horsemen at Kizil Arvat, Beurma, and finally at Geok Tepe, on the south, not only involved a derangement of Russian perspective (which was a little matter) but also spoilt (which was more serious) a number of lovely theories in which science had conveniently been shown to be the backbone of prejudice. It was at this juncture, as people with fair memories may remember, that the situation in Central Asia was rather suddenly revolutionised by the dictum that the impending attack on Afghanistan could only be directed from Chardjui, and that the column which had been creeping eastwards from Kizil Arvat would only be necessary to act as a support to the main body launched from Chardjui. Kuropatkin—who, as later events showed, was really hard at work at the time in Samarcand, pressing forward the troops and supplies required to arrest a tide of resistance which, rising on the Kashgar frontier, had spread westward to Khokand, had frightened away the inexperienced Amir, and had threatened to beat back the Russian troops sent to his aid—was assumed to be hovering about the sandy deserts round Chardjui, awaiting some signal to effect a junction with the force advancing under Lomakin from Yangi Kala, and make a combined movement on Merv. The only obstacle in the way of the

realisation of these great designs was the character of the country for many miles on all sides of Chardjui, which was a mild oasis in a rigorous waste. But this obstacle was seasonably overcome by a rumour, which must have had some foundation in fact, that Russia had sanctioned a grant of 600,000 roubles for the purpose of restoring the old bed of the Oxus; and it is undoubted that engineers and troops had been despatched to cut a large dam at Sari Kamish, the farthest point westward reached by the Amoo, and to keep open communications between that point and the Caspian. This portentous project was fastened on by vigorous critics, who read all its significance at a glance. They contended that, though any Russian menace of Herat from Turkestan, without a water-way between the Caspian and Chardjui, was doubtless a chimera, this water-way made all the difference. And so it did. But this scheme of a renovated Oxus has since disappeared, leaving us where we stood in 1881. Unless the confident declarations of the past are to be wholly discredited, the Russian conquest of Merv may be an absolutely in-offensive *dénouement*; or, at any rate, the conditions previously considered necessary to render it dangerous as yet remain unfulfilled.

Past experience of Parliamentary Commissions has not promoted popular faith in their usefulness, and the evidence given by Sir R. Strachey, Sir J. Cairns, and General Anderson before the Commission now sitting on railway extension in India—though doubtless relieved by the testimony of Mr. Cook, Mr. Glover, and other practical men—has not given the necessary scientific consistency to any project not resting on blind belief. The obvious Indian need of improved land communications may, however, conspire with the opportunities for railway extension afforded both by the internal conditions of the country and the present abundance of foreign capital, to impress a great national obligation on the public mind, in spite of the burlesque of an elaborate Commission and the commonplaces of its chief actors. Some precautions ought certainly to have been taken to protect the Commission from the indignity of listening to a specially accredited envoy of the East India Association, who knew nothing whatever of a memorandum which that body had submitted to the Commission on the subject of its deliberations, but preferred to air some crotchets of his own about the peculiar fitness of Indian Chiefs for lending money to railway enterprises. The conversion of princes into money-lenders is not an entirely novel idea, nor is it a wholly ludicrous notion that a pecuniary interest in British enterprises of a mixed political and commer-

cial character might introduce an economic ingredient into the stability which pure benevolence has hitherto secured for British Rule. But it is perfectly possible, and to business men may seem also desirable, to treat a matter of so much importance in a grave way.

The Orissa Famine first aroused in the public mind a suspicion that the food-supplies of the Indian Peninsula were not insufficient for its peoples if a seasonable distribution could be effected. The suspicion was echoed in clearer tones in 1874, when Lord Northbrook emerged from a hot debate with Sir George Campbell on the question of prohibiting the export of grain, leaving unprejudiced spectators of the discussion convinced that the 600,000 maunds of rice imported from Burmah were really needed in Bengal and Behar, only because Rangoon was practically nearer Calcutta than the grain fields of Central and Southern India. In any other country in the world, such a conviction would have produced immediate results. But India has laboured under the double infliction of poverty and a control of the public finances which has intensified every active element of that poverty. Nevertheless the country has witnessed an important expansion of railway communications; and it is perhaps one of its few fortunate accidents that this expansion has not hitherto been more rapid, since what is known in a general way as "amateur finance" has until recently been paramount in the counsels of the empire, where it may possibly yet survive in unsuspected strength. Thoughtful Anglo-Indians will be anxious to learn whether this mysterious influence is prepared to challenge the derision of the world with the eccentricities with which it has littered official Indian records. The narrow-gauge superstition, which has been affected by amateur finance on the solitary ground that everlasting confusion is preferable to temporary insolvency, has merely run away from defeat by burying its absurdities in inaccessible documents. It may have lived to fight another day in an arena in which Indian official affectations are held to be of no importance. No conceivable decision of a Commission sitting in the light of English criticism can show any quarter to the Indian official conceit of the narrow-gauge, which is an undisguised device for depriving expensive methods of land communications of a considerable portion of their usefulness, if not of making it ultimately impossible for them to pay. Furthermore, although the official mind will be excused, even in London, for looking at railways solely or mainly in the light which famines have thrown on depopulated provinces, there can be no reason for imagining that the important commercial aspects of the subject will be lost sight of by the rest.

of the world. Nothing contributes more directly to the safety and internal prosperity of a producing country than successful commerce, and the question of placing Indian produce in the markets of the world at a cost calculated to affect the present relation of exports to imports, must be seen to possess a far-reaching interest, neither likely to be under-estimated nor unlikely to be enforced. To minds capable of grasping the relations of capital to labour and produce, on any extensive field on which free communications are guaranteed, it has never been doubtful that the safety of the Indian populations demand the widest possible network of railways, even at the cost of present debt at high interest. No indebtedness at all likely in view of the problem to be solved, can outweigh the impending calamities which must otherwise overtake our landlocked populations and their agricultural industries ; and it is not improbable that difficulties anticipated in financing really sound schemes of railway extension will be found on investigation to be illusory. The grave change anticipated by Mr. Glover, in the rapid duplication of the prevailing rates of wage for labour, may doubtless tell on such heavily handicapped industries as Tea, but it is an unwarrantable assumption that the official precautions which make a tea coolie an expensive luxury cannot be abandoned without risk.

The legislation now being carefully matured in this country, with the object of educating its peoples in the responsibilities of self-government, presents a unique phenomenon for the analysis of those English sociologists, who refuse to assign to sentiment any place among the forces from whose conflict a survival of energy transmits heredities from age to age, and to whose eyes this Indian experiment must wear an aspect of theoretical constitution-mongering, divorced from almost every necessary condition of success.

But although this experiment has its comical aspects, it is not difficult to detect in its root-idea the only kind of straining after tangible results in which the exigencies of modern political reform have made it possible for Indian officials to indulge. Theoretically, the British Government of India is a pure tyranny, tempered in the past by those offices of benevolence which a personal despotism made both pleasant and possible. Practically, however, the advance of scientific rule has gradually displaced the old familiar individualism of Indian official life, and reduced all administration to such a dead level of government by law, averages, and statistics, that the educated English mind revolts from the systematic perpetuation of a political fraud which has neither the scientific symmetry of European methods, nor the warm personal attachments of old Indian life to re-

commend it. The pressure of public opinion from England, too, has doubtless precipitated action which, if left to the stimulus of conscience, might have been less swift to bring about the strange revenge^s of time. Whatever the cause, the result has been a series of elaborate devices for enabling the people of India to dispose of their own fortunes under restraints carefully designed to suppress them when tempted to wander into the most seducing byeways of national life. An attenuated flavour of the *punchayet* has been preserved in some portions of these schemes, and will possibly give a national zest to their enjoyment by the people. But it is useless to attempt to disguise the fact that all true types of national life are associated with aspirations, which cannot exist in a healthy condition, under the simulated freedom of an alien despotism. Whatever degree of heartiness there may be in the designs of local self-government now conceded to the people of India, they substitute a fresh political fraud for the old one from which conscientious officials are turning away in sadness, and there can be no guarantee that they will strike any deeper root in the national affections than the arrangements which they are intended to supersede.

The growing interest shown throughout India in the destitute condition of the poor Christian populations of towns is, doubtless, something deeper and truer than a mere provincial reflection of the fashion of capital cities. The efforts made by special societies in recent years to improve the social condition of the Christian poor, the schemes lately set on foot by the Government for furthering European education in India, and a series of interesting papers published in the daily newspapers, which collect and repeat, with great accuracy, the descriptions of the squalor and vice of "Kintal" communities that have appeared from time to time for thirty years, are all well calculated to impress the public imagination, but may perhaps have been less successful in stirring the public conscience, if the imperial danger and imperial duty shadowed forth in these and similar efforts had not loomed larger every year, and found a voice to which earnest men can no longer be deaf. Lord Canning foresaw and foretold in 1859 the danger and the duty which the domiciled Christian population, of pure or mixed descent, presented to the State. The danger, of course, lay in the growth, amongst a people inheriting English traditions, of a power which might be exercised either for or against social order, and which, exposed to peculiar temptations to vice and crime, might draw from this source inspirations leading in the wrong direction. The duty consisted in cherishing this body so as, while, protecting it from harm, without injustice

to the surrounding native population, to mould its strength into a domestic support for the State. The literature of the subject, which breaks out at intervals, tells how the danger has been ignored and the duty neglected. The ever-changing *personnel* of English society in India prevents any interest which individual Englishmen may feel in social problems from taking root and bearing fruit; and there is no apostolic succession of experience or charity. There is, moreover, among politicians pure and simple,—that is, the men who deal with the exoteric economic relations of human societies and discredit the influence of moral earnestness,—a universal instinct for being surprised by deluges, instead of preparing for them. Even where a solitary politician is not unwilling to recognise moral claims, the rewards of public life in India lie too thickly on the path of what is known as the “pure Asiatic” mystery, to admit of ambitious men sacrificing distinction in this generation for the sake of saving the country in some indefinite time to come. Otherwise moral sympathy would long ago have united with political insight and military genius in studding waste hill slopes with settlements which could have furnished cheap recruiting grounds for the inevitable Local Army of the future, and deprived jails of many of their inmates.

The meteorological conditions obtaining over large tracts of country during the past six or seven weeks bear, in some respects, so complete, and in others so defective, a resemblance to those which prevailed in Bengal and portions of Hindustan in 1873, and then caused, or at any rate were followed by, disastrous famine—that reflecting men can hardly help drawing comparisons which point alternately to hope and gloom.

In Bengal, where there has been no rain until nearly the last week of April, the first week of which ought to have witnessed the early sowing for the Amun crop, the furthest limit of the sowing seasons has in many places almost been passed. The question whether famine can be averted in most localities is still an open one, not only because later abundance in rainfall may make up for early dearth wherever sowings have commenced, but it is probable that good showers, where there have been no sowings, may yet make the difference between famine and scarcity, or even between abundance and moderate supplies. Scarcity in all high-lying lands seems inevitable. The prospect grows serious when we recall the well known theory of the eleven-yearly cyclical revolution, according to which an expansion of sun-spots is coincident with periods of dearth. If this theory is not entirely visionary, there may be a dearth in Bengal and other portions of India not unlike that which in 1873

was the precursor of the famine of 1874. In the former year rain fell in greater abundance than in the year preceding, but the rainfall was suspended early, and a fairly promising crop utterly perished. This year the appearance of even an average crop is still doubtful on account of the deficient early rains ; and unless later rains make fast atonement for the first delays by a profusion for which there is neither analogy nor expectation, the outlook will be grave.

In view of the alarm prevailing in Egypt and some of the Southern European ports with reference to the ship-loads of passengers usually fleeing at this time of the year from India to England, it is right to touch here on two points of sanitary interest. Small-pox has raged virulently in Rangoon and Madras, counting its victims in a death rate unparalleled in Indian towns in modern times. The worst, however, appears to be over, as regards this pestilence, in the two places named ; and the Calcutta contingent of deaths from the same cause, though beyond the average, has hardly reached the point from which panic starts. The cholera epidemic has been graver than the visitation of varioles. But the efforts to associate it with a local cause in different places in which only the disease has recurred, but no traces of resemblance were observable in reputed sources of generation, have been at once unjust and misleading. The etiology of Indian cholera has yet to be scientifically and systematically studied, and it is an unpleasant proof of the helplessness of the abstraction which passes for medical science in India that even the valuable suggestions thrown out by Dr Koch of the German commission, not long ago in our midst, has yet produced no discovery which the local profession can claim as its own. Not only so, but an unscientific use has been made of Dr. Koch's detection of peculiar "bacilli" among the antecedent conditions of cholera. To some comprehensions there is apparently no distinction between a condition precedent and a cause. It would rather startle amateur *savants* perhaps to know that something more than a recurring sequence is needed to establish the relation of cause and effect ; but in all likelihood the new "bacterium" notion will flourish and gain converts until another German Commission comes amongst us to give a new direction to research.

The time has already come when the public feeling, of which the European and Anglo-Indian Defence Association is the result, may be treated on a historical basis as an influence which it will be difficult to ignore in the evolution of the political life of India.

Even those who may readily be forgiven the smile with which they greeted a recent declaration that to belong to this particular body was to be of the highest caste in India, must see, when the smile is done, that it does not exhaust the truth distorted in the boast. It is because their own wealth, and their contributions to the general wealth of the country, though considerable, are of secondary importance in relation to their moral earnestness and their intellectual strength, that the leaders of the non-official English community of India have so readily asserted their right to be heard on matters of public importance, and have so easily established their claim. But this triumph makes it all the more necessary that the influence which they possess, and can only retain so long as it is wisely used, should be freed from the trammels of English political partisanship. Anglo-Indian society has always been warlike in its tone, and fallen in most readily with the English Cabinet which was most ready for blows; and Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield have both in turn enjoyed its fullest confidence. But it would be an obvious blunder for Anglo-Indian societies, which must give up the license of irresponsible individuals, when aspiring to the dignity of public bodies, to go a step further with any foreign political party than is necessary for the attainment of their own domestic ends. To act otherwise were to alienate from a cause, to whose final success union is indispensable, many of the strongest men in Indian society, who, though willing enough to fight for threatened rights, cannot pursue theories over the corpses of cherished convictions. Even though the canard were a pure fabrication, which lately sent a flutter through the country by repeating soberly and unseasonable jest about the revocation of the so-called "concordat," the work of the happily-named Defence Association may be said to have only begun, instead of ended. There are rights connected with trial by jury which have yet to be rescued from peril in the course of future legislation; but apart from this particular line of effort, the work opening before the new association, in the way of protecting personal rights and redressing personal wrongs—all having a communal, as distinguished from an individual, interest—is almost endless.

The irreverent jest privately current amongst Professor Blackie's few English and other foreign students in Edinburgh, that there could be only one thing in the universe more formidable than a drunken Scotchman, and that was a sober one, has been curiously illustrated of late in the freaks of more than one important Indian personage claiming compatriotism with the famous Greek scholar. Not

to make too much of the single serious inconsistency of the Hon'ble Mr. Grant-Duff, Governor of Madras—who appears to have signed in secret some singular documents relating to the Salem riots without reading them, and naturally blushed to find himself famous in the uncomfortable connexion—Sir James Ferguson, the rival ruler of Bombay, has during the month made an important addition to the number of performances by which he will be remembered in the future as the Governor who never gave Providence a chance of upsetting him, because he always upset himself beforehand. The Civil Surgeon who committed the illegality of whipping and fining two villagers who had assaulted and stolen a gun from his shikari, and was removed from his post for the offence, has since been restored to an equally remunerative one in a different station, not apparently because of the discovery of any change in the character of his mistake, but because the Governor was proved, on the occasion of a graver offence, to have behaved more leniently to a member of his own household.

DIOGENES.

The Indian Review.

No. 9.—JUNE, 1884.

FOOD AND FEEDING IN INDIA FROM A PRACTICAL POINT OF VIEW.

Gula plures occidit quam gladius, estque
Fomes omnium malorum.

Fr. Patricius.

THAT *ultima ratio*, want of space, forbade our carrying the subject, in last month's issue, beyond the confines of the general and the abstract, and compelled us to break off at the sketch of the plan or ground-work on which every dinner should be built up.

We now advance to the mechanical stage of filling in this outline design, and of supplying its details and colour.

This we propose to do by tendering a series of dinner *menus* which embody in a workable form most of the suggestions offered in the earlier portions of these papers.

A glance through these *menus* will show how easy it is to arrange a complete and healthful dinner from the wealth of material which the cold season proffers with so lavish a hand, but how beset with difficulties the task becomes during the hot and rainy months when nature doles out with a niggard hand a meagre supply—poor in variety, and of mean quality.

The *menus* contain only materials actually procurable in India during the months indicated; the modes of cooking recommended are those suited to make the best of supplies in the condition (as to quality, &c.) in which they are likely to be met with at each

season; while the various dishes are such as have been found practically adapted to the ordinary resources of this country and the appliances in vogue in Indian cook-houses.

It will be observed that joints do not appear, to any extent, during the late hot months; the reason being that Indian meat does not, at that period, lend itself successfully to such a mode of serving.

The resources of the various and diverse regions of such a vast tract as India will necessarily differ widely, and no single series of *menus* can adequately represent all of them.

This is, perhaps, most marked with regard to the distribution of fish supplies. In Madras, Bombay, and other coast regions, sea-fish are chiefly used for the table; in Bengal and Upper India, of necessity, fresh-water fish.

Along the sea line, pomfret, soles, whiting, and shell-fish are abundantly procurable; the mangoe-fish and hilsa frequent most of the rivers of Bengal; the beekti does not extend far from the sea up our rivers.

Many of the white varieties of fish are readily interchangeable in the various dishes; and a few similar intelligent modifications will render the *menus* applicable to almost any part of India—though they are primarily designed on the lines of feeding current on the Bengal side.

Beekti, especially, appears as a fish service very frequently in these *menus*; almost any variety of white fish procurable may, however, be substituted for it.

Of the two varieties of beekti met with in Calcutta, one—the sea beekti—flourishes in the brackish water where the river debouches into the sea; the other—the fresh-water variety—is taken in those portions of the river which, although tidal, have no actual admixture of sea water.

The first of these is a well-flavoured fish of delicate, white flesh, and should always be preferred; the latter is poor and leaves a muddy taste on the palate.

It may not be out of place here to preface the *menus* with a few notes on the seasons at which various food-stuffs are procurable and fit for the table.

Butchers' meat of all kinds is at its best from November to the end of March; it is poor, flavourless, and innutritious from April to September, and begins to recover in October.

In the hot season, it should be dressed by some method which adds flavour and confers tenderness, such as braising, *à la mode*, stewing, &c.

Fish, as a rule, is firm and good during the cold season only.

Notable exceptions to this rule are the hilsa and mangoe-fish.

The former appears in June, and is at its best from then to October—small and inferior hilsa being met with in February.

The latter invades all Bengal rivers in April ; is plentiful, cheap, and in perfection during May and June ; disappears in July ; and again shows itself, though in poor condition and devoid of roe, in November, on its return down river after spawning. In delicacy and flavour the mangoe-fish is scarcely second to any in the world.

Beekti is procurable all through the year ; it is indifferent during May, June and July ; it improves and becomes firm at the end of September, and maintains its highest pitch of excellence from then to March.

Many fish are procurable and more or less good throughout the whole year ; such are the raii, the sowle, cutla, barsa, moonjee, and quoye ; and though, perhaps, not of the highest rank as regards delicacy, still these are as wholesome and nutritious as their more *recherché* congeners.

It may be laid down as a maxim that all fish are indigestible, deficient in nutritive value, and poor in flavour, when out of season, especially after spawning ; when full of roe, they are in their most perfect state for the table.

With regard to vegetables, there is much scarcity of fresh supply from May to October. Still, with a little care and ingenuity, actual deficiency may be avoided. Asparagus yields throughout these months. In August, brinjals and mukum sâg can be procured ; while Indian-corn, spinach, sâgs, and the cucumber tribe are all better in kind at this season than at any other. Sweet-potatoes come in during July, yams in September.

Fruit of one sort or other is always available, and no Indian breakfast table is complete without some representative of the season.

The *menus* are arranged so as to give two for each month ; one for a small dinner of from four to eight persons ; the other, on a more ambitious scale, for a larger number of guests. The latter are written in French ; the former, simpler ones, as far as possible, in English.

But it is to be observed, in favour of writing all *menus* in the former language, that many of the terms of French cuisine have already been adopted, as they stand, into our tongue ; while so many others are untranslatable that the attempt to write a *menu* in English too frequently results in an unseemly, mixed jargon of both languages.

Six or eight is the best number for a small dinner party, whether looked at from the point of view of social intercourse or of the commissariat. Furthermore, as aptly observed by Sir Henry Thompson, one bottle of wine divides well among eight; and if the host desire to give one glass of hock with the fish, or one of particularly fine Burgundy with the game (*rôt*), a single bottle is equal to the supply if the guests be limited to this number.

A single soup and a few well-chosen dishes, all intended to be eaten in their order, are sufficient for the small dinner.

For a large dinner, a more extensive *menu* is necessary, to provide against the diversity of tastes likely to be found among a numerous assemblage of guests.

JANUARY.

All fresh-water fish in good condition. Game, vegetables, and meat at their best.

MENU No. 1.

POTAGES.—Potage Palestine. Purée de Tomates.

POISSON.—Beet Froid,¹ Sauce Remoulade.²

RELEVÉS.—Roast-beef Sauce Réfort. Oie Braisée à la Chipolata.

ENTREES.—Boudains de Volaille aux Concombres. Côtelettes de Lièvre à la Milanaise. Aspic Financière en Bellevue. Punch à la Romaine.

ROTS.—Cannetons. Petit Pois à l'Anglaise.³

ENTREMEIS.—Pudding Wellington. Moscovite au Champagne. Tartelettes à l'Indienne.

GLACES.—Ice Pudding. Pêches à l'Eau.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Green Pea; or Printannier.

FISH.—Mullet, à la broche, liver Sauce;⁴ or Fillet of Raui au Gratin.⁵

ENTREES.—Mutton Cutlets, Soubise Sauce. Sweetbread Fricandeau; or Chicken Pâtés.

JOINTS.—Roast Sirloin of Beef. Boiled Capon and Tongue; or Boiled Breast of Mutton.

Mutton Madras and Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Quail Oxford Sausage. Macaroni Gratin. Victoria Pudding.

ICE.—Orange Water.

¹ Beekti is suitably dressed by any of the modes in use for cod.

² A highly-flavoured variety of Mayonnaise.

³ Only young, tender, perfectly fresh peas suitable.

⁴ The only Sauce Mullet needs is the juice which drops from its own liver.

⁵ Any white fish, large enough to cut into fillets, may be substituted.

FEBRUARY.

Meat, game, and fish at their best. Vegetables plentiful.

MENU No. 1.

Hors d'œuvres

POTAGE.—Brunoise à la Royal. Purée d'asperge comtesse.

POISSON.—Filets de Becti, sauce aux huitres.

RELEVÉ.—Jambon au champagne. Selle de mouton.

ENTRÉES.—Fritots de filets de Poulets, sauce Cumberland. Filets de Bécassines Napolitaine. Chauds froids de Riz de veau en aspic à la Russe,

ROTS.—Dinde, sauce périgeux. Fonds d'artichauds.

ENTREMETS.—Choux-fleur au Gratin. Timballe de brioches Parisienne.

Pudding glacée.

GLACE.—Crème au fraises.

DESSERT.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Mock Turtle.

FISH.—Fillet of Beckti, ¹ Purée of Crab. ² Barsa au Gratin.

ENTRÉES.—Mutton Cutlets, Hollandaise Sauce. Vol-au-vent à la Financière. Calf's Head Stew.

JOINTS.—Roast Leg of Mutton. Boiled Hump of Beef.

Chicken, Malay, and Vegetable Curries. ³

2ND COURSE.—Quail. Oxford Sausage. Macaroni au Gratin. Cabinet Pudding.

ICE.—Vanille Cream.

¹ Rauí, mahaseer, or other white fish may be substituted.

² Or of prawn, or shrimp.

³ Curry should form the climax of a series of dishes leading up to it; when presented as an *entrée*, it is entirely out of place, and cloyes the palate for subsequent dishes.

MARCH.

Meat and fish in good condition.

Beckti firm and well-flavoured.

Game abundant. Vegetables failing and inferior.

MENU No. 1.

POTAGE.—Consommé Crôutes au Pot. Crème de Riz à la Reine.

POISSON.—Becti au Vin Blanc. Fillet de Pomfret, sauce au persil. ¹

RELEVÉ.—Dinde à la Bansard. Chateaubriant Parisienne.

ENTRÉES.—Pain de Homard à la Sèfton. Fritot de filets de Poulets, sauce. Cumberland. Aspic de Foie Gras.

ROTS.—Bécassines, Salade. Quartier d'Artichaud à l'Italienne.

ENTREMETS.—Savarin au Pêches. Mousse à l'Orange.

GLACE.—Parfait au Chocôlat.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Julienne ; or Macaroni.

FISH.—Boiled Pufta, Caper sauce. Matellote of Eels, ²

ENTREES.—Mutton Cutlets, Soubise Sauce. Fillet of Chicken à la St. George.
Teal Salmi, with Olives.

JOINTS.—Roast Capon and Sausage. Boiled Round of Beef.

Cinghalese and Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Ortolan. Pâté de faisan Truffé. Rolly-polly Pudding.

ICE.—Cherry Water.

¹ Pomfret abounds on sea coast ; may be dressed, whole, in any of the ways suitable for turbot, or, in fillets, like soles.

² In whatever way eels are finally cooked, they should always be first broiled, in order to rid them of their superfluous fat. The ancient method was to throw the live eel into the fire for a few seconds, and then to skin ; by which means the dark, external, indigestible fat came away with the skins.

APRIL.

Meat becoming poor.

Mangoe-fish appear. Beckti still good, though no longer at best.

Most fresh-water fish losing condition.

MENU No. 1.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.—Anchois à l'huile. Olives farcies, ¹

POTAGE.—Croûte au pot. Crème d'orge aux quenelles.

POISSON.—Orlys de bectti à la Hollandaise. Rissoles de saumon, sauce Indienne.

RELÈVES.—Dinde à la Bansard. Selle de mouton, haricots verts.

ENTREES.—Chaudfroid d'ortolans à la Russe. Côtelettes d'agneau à la Provençale. Suprême de volaille aux petits pois.

RÔTS.—Cailles au cresson. Pintades rôties, sauce celeri. Fonds d'artichauts à la Italienne.

ENTREMETS.—Pudding à la Parisienne. Macedoine de fruits à la Marlbrook. Canapés d'anchois.

GLACES.—Crème de vanille. Abricots à l'eau.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Ox Tail ; or Fish Consommé. ²

FISH.—Mangoe au gratin. ³

ENTREES.—Mutton Cutlets, Reform Sauce. Sweetbread in Jelly ; or Tongue au Gratin.

JOINTS.—Roast Capon and Sausage. Boiled Round of Beef ; or Roast Sirloin of Beef.

Dry and Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Teal. Whitebait ; Macaroni au Gratin. Soufflé Pudding.

ICE.—Vanille Cream.

¹ Hors d'Œuvres, as a variation. For anchovy, may be substituted *olives farcies*, *caviare*, prawn butter, devilled ham, sliced Bologna sausage, &c., garnished with curled parsley, cress, or fresh water-cress.

² Any white fish serves ; mahaseer excellent.

³ Mangoe-fish are appropriately dressed in any of the ways used for whiting.

MAY.

Most fresh-water fish, including bekti, out of season.

Mangoe-fish in perfection.

Meat indifferent. Vegetables scarce.

MENU No. 1.

Hors d'œuvres.

POTAGE.—Consommé Napolitaine. Purée cressy au riz.

POISSON.—Orly de filets de Mangoe, sauce hollandaise.

RELEVÉ.—Jambon au Champagne.

ENTREES.—Crème de volailles en demi-deuil. Côtelettes d'agneau aux concombres. Chauds froids d'ortolans.

ROTS.—Pintades, Salade. Fonds d'artichauts à l'Italienne.

ENTREMETS.—Timbales de brioches aux fruits. Pudding glacée.

GLACE.—Melon à l'eau. Pêches au noyau.

DESSERT.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Brown Onion ; or Asparagus Purée. ¹

FISH.—Mangoe au vin blanc.

ENTREES.—Mutton Cutlets, Financière Sauce. Tongue, with Spinach. Fillet of Beef, Purée of Spinach.

JOINTS.—Roast Duck. Boiled Brisket of Beef.

Chicken and Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Ortolan. ² Smoked Fish. Tedworth Pudding.

ICE.—Strawberry Cream.

¹ Use the middle, green portion ; reject the hard, white part ; save the heads, cook them separately and serve them whole in the soup, as a dressing.

² Roast very quickly ; serve with sprigs of fresh curled cress.

JUNE.

Fresh-water fish out of season. Hilsa good, but scarce.

Mangoe-fish in perfection.

Meat inferior. Vegetables scarce.

MENU No. 1.

POTAGES.—Consommé aux points d'asperges ¹ Purée à la Reine.

POISSON.—Orly de Filets de Mangoe, sauce hollandaise.

RELEVÉS.—Dinde et jambon au champagne. Selle de mouton à l'Anglaise.

ENTREES.—Filets de Cailles aux truffes. Escalopes de bœuf à la jardinière. Filets de poulets en salade.

ROTS.—Cailles au cresson. Fonds d'artichauts au velouté.

ENTREMETS.—Charlotte de pêches. Macedoine de fruits à la Marlborough House. Tartelettes à la Piémontaise.

GLACES.—Crème au café. Fraises à l'eau.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP. ¹—Julienne; or Purée of Prawns,

FISH.—Hilsa. ² Filets of Mangoe, Dutch Sauce.

ENTREES.—Filet de bœuf aux petits pois. Vol-au-vent de riz de veau.

JOINTS.—Roast leg of mutton. Boiled brisket of beef.

Cinghalese and Vegetable curries.

2ND COURSE—Anchovy Egg. Caviare toast. Macaroni à l'Italienne.
Jelly blancmange.

ICE.—Pesta cream.

¹ In hot season, clear soups (consommés) and vegetable soups (maigre) should be preferred.

² Hilsa lends itself most successfully to the modes of cooking recommended for mackerel, in the books.

JULY.

Most fresh-water fish out of condition. Mangoe-fish disappearing.

Hilsa at its best.

Meat inferior. Vegetables scanty and poor.

MENU No. 1.

POTAGES. ¹—Consommé de poisson blanc(?). Purée de volaille au concombres.

POISSON.—Filets de Hilsa à la Vénétienne.

RELEVES.—Jambon aux épinards. Haricot de mouton. ²

ENTREES.—Soufflé de volaille aux truffes. Noisettes de veau à l'Anglaise.
Chaud froid mayonnaise de dinde. ⁴

ROTS.—Canards sauvages, sauce d'Oporto. Tomates farcies au gratin.

ENTREMETS.—Timbales de pêches au noyau. Riz à l'Imperatrice. Diable de sardines.

GLACE.—Amandes et fraises.

MENU No. 2.

POTAGE.—Oyster consommé; or Giblet purée. ¹

POISSON.—Filet de Bektî, maitre d'hotel. Hilsa, caper sauce.

RELEVES. ²—Dindon roti au Jambon. Chapon Truffé à la Bansard.

ENTREES.—Fillet of Beef, Anchovy cream. Cold Chicken mayonnaise. ⁴
Oyster Kromesky.

ENTREMETS.—Cailles. Paté de foie gras. Asperges. Charlotte Russe.
Pine Apple ice cream.

¹ In this month, recourse must be had to soups not requiring fresh English vegetables.

² Any white fish will serve.

³ Meat too poor to be served simply, as joints.

⁴ Cold ~~entrees~~ for hot months. The dish on which they are served should stand in ice.

AUGUST.

Hilsa good and firm. Few other fresh-water fish fit for the table.

Meat poor in condition. Not suitable for joints.

Vegetables scarce and inferior.

MENU No. 1.

- HORS D'ŒUVRES.**—Caviare. Olives Farcies.
POTAGES.¹ Consommé aux œufs pochés. Purée d'orge à la Reine.
POISSONS.—Filets de Sole à la orly.² Salmon Mayonnaise.³
RELEVES.—Dinde à la Bansard. Aspic de Côtelettes de Mouton.
ENTREES.—Fritot de Filets de Poulets, Sauce Cumberland. Chaud froid de Cailles aux Truffes.⁴ Aspic de foie gras à la Russe.⁴
ROTS.—Pintades, Salade. Asperges, Sauce Hollandaise.
 Punch à la Romaine.
ENTREMETS.—Savarin à mon goût. "Pudding" Glacé à la Nesselrode.
GLACE.—Crème à la vanille. Abricots à l'eau.

MENU No. 2.

- SOUP.**—Gravy; or Mock-turtle.¹
FISH.—Hilsa, grilled. Filets of Hilsa, caper sauce.
ENTREES.—Epigrammes de mouton aux épinards. Fillet de pigeon à la genevoise.

COLD ENTREE.—Aspic of Pâté de Foie Gras.⁴

JOINTS.—Roast capon and sausage. Aspic of Brawn.

Chicken, Malay, and Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Caviare. Bouchées d'épinards. Orleans pudding.

ICE.—Swiss cream. Green-Coffee Cream.

¹ Soups not requiring fresh English vegetables must be resorted to during this month.

² Soles procurable near sea coasts.

³ We are reduced to preserved salmon for a dish of size suitable for a large dinner at this season.

⁴ Cold *entrées*, for hot month; serve on ice.

SEPTEMBER.

Fresh-water fish generally, out of season. Hilsa good and firm. Beekti improving.

Meat at its worst. Vegetables scarce.

MENU No. 1.

- Hors d'œuvres.**
POTAGE.—Consommé aux quenelles. Purée d'Amande.¹
POISSON.—Filets de Becti, sauce Hollandaise.² Crème de Hilsa aux capres.²
RELEVES.—Dinde à la Bansard. Jambon au Champagne.
ENTREES.—Boudins de pigeon aux olives. Côtelettes, Purée de maron
 Chaud froids de Bécassines à la Russe.⁴
ROTS.—Pintades, Salade. Asperges à l'huile.
ENTREMETS.—Charlottes de poires. Pudding glacée.
GLACE.—Abricots.
DESSERT.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Consommé au macaroni ; or Purée of Beekti. ¹

FISH.—Filets of Hilsa, à la Vénétienne. Prawns au naturel.

ENTREES.—Pigeon salmi, claret sauce. ⁴ Galantines of Quail, sauce tartare. ²

JOINTS.—Roast goose. Guinea fowl.

Fish and Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Whitebait (any small fish). Oxford sausage. Sir Watkin Wynne's pudding.

ICE.—Cherry water. Custard apples. Pineapples.

¹ Soups not requiring fresh English vegetables must be largely used during this month.

² Beekti not at its best, and so needs sauce of marked flavour.

³ Hilsa, and bony fish generally, are appropriately served as a cream, with capers, &c.

⁴ Cold *entrées*, for hot months.

⁵ Serve on a dish which should be set on ice ; garnish with parsley, and lemon slices.

OCTOBER.

Fish improving, and becoming firm. Beekti fairly good. Hilsa out of season.

Meat becoming better, and suitable for joints. Snipe appear ; also a few early vegetables.

MENU No. 1.

POTAGES.—Consommé au vermicelle. Purée de Chicorée. ¹

POISSON.—Orlys de Beekti à la Hollandaise.

RELEVES.—Pintades braisés à la jardinière. Aloyau de bœuf rôti.

ENTREES.—Petites timbales à la niecsorel. Côtelettes de mouton à la Financière. Aspic à la crème Royale.

ROTS.—Faisans au cresson. Petits pois à l'Anglaise. ²

ENTREMETS.—Pudding de l'alma. Blancmange à l'Imperatrice. Tartelettes à la Piémontaise.

GLACE.—Crème au café.

Devilleb biscuits.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Maigre ; or Potato purée ¹

FISH.—Filets de Beekti, piquant sauce.

ENTREES.—Côtelettes de mouton à la Hollandaise. Petits pâtés de huitres.

JOINTS.—Roast hind quarter of Mutton. Boiled hump of Beef.

Crab and Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Snipe. Caviare. Cheese toast. Lemon pudding.

ICE.—Almond cream.

¹ Advantage should be taken of the early fresh vegetables to introduce them in soups, and make up for their long absence.

² Young, tender, early ones, suitable for serving à l'Anglais.

NOVEMBER.

Fresh-water fish in season. Beckti, firm and good.

Mangoe-fish appear, but in poor condition and without roe.

Meat improved. Vegetables and game abundant.

MENU No. 1.

POTAGES.—Printannier. Crécy. ¹

POISSONS.—Mangoe aux fines herbes. ² Beckti timbale.

RELÈVES.—Selle de mouton au petits pois. Filets de bœuf au crème d'anchois.

ENTREES.—Côtelettes de mouton aux choux-fleurs. Chaud froid de Bécassines. ³

ROTS.—Canards aux petits pois ³ Pluviers.

ENTREMETS.—Gelée de Bordeaux. Chartreuse de Fruit Glacée.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Julienne ; or Purée of Green Peas. ¹

FISH.—Fillet of Beckti, Oyster Sauce. Mangoe-fish au vin blanc. ²

ENTREES.—Stewed Calf's Head Teal Croustade. ³

JOINTS.—Roast Sirloin of beef. Boiled breasts of mutton.

Vegetable Curries.

2ND COURSE.—Braised Quail. ³ Petits pois au lard. Kidney Toast
Marmalade Pudding.

ICE.—Pineapple Water.

¹ Early vegetables used for soups—a pleasing variety after the scarcity of the late hot months.

² Mangoe-fish—inferior in condition—needs sauce of marked flavour.

³ Game should be largely used, as a healthful variation of diet.

DECEMBER.

Fish, meat, game, and vegetables, all abundant and in the best condition.

MENU No. 1.

POTAGES.—Brunoise aux quenelles. Crème de navets à la Condé. ¹

POISSON.—Beckti au persil ² Crepinettes de poisson. ³

RELÈVES.—Selle de mouton à la Bretonne. ⁴ Haricot de Venaison.

ENTREES.—Civet de Lièvre. Bécassines à la Financière.

ROTS.—Canards, Sauce d'Oporto. Pluviers.

ENTREMETS.—Petit pois à la Paysanne. Gelée de Dantzic Tartelettes au Fromage.

MENU No. 2.

SOUP.—Italian e; or Puré of Turnip. ¹

FISH.—Mahaseer, sauce Milanese. Fillets of Beekti, piquant sauce.

ENTREES.—Breast of mouton à la Wyvern. Sweetbread with green peas.

JOINTS.—Roast Sirloin of Beef. Boiled Shoulder of Mutton. ⁴

2ND COURSE.—Teal. Russian Salad, Eggs, and Mushroom. Macaroni au Gratin. Cabinet Glace Pudding.

ICE.—Orange Cream.

1. Turnips form one of the best bases for vegetable soups; *soupe maigre* should always contain them.

2. Boiled; garnish with parsley, serve with melted butter—with lemon slices, separately.

3. Any white fish will serve.

4. Mutton and beef suitable for service as joints.

The success of a dinner is insured, not by the expensiveness and number of the courses, but by excellence of material, care and appropriateness in cooking, and, above all, by the good taste shown in combining the dishes so as to preserve a proper general relationship between the successive services.

There should be a marked difference in the material and the culinary treatment of any two consecutive dishes. Sir. Henry Thompson lays great stress on this point. He notes that it is "obviously undesirable that one white (or brown) preparation should follow another; a *quenelle* of veal, for example, after a boiled sole; or that a *salmi* of game should precede a roast pullet."

White and brown meats and sauces should alternate; grills and braises contrast; a delicate white *entrée* best introduces the roast; and, when the latter is substantial, as a saddle of mutton, the preceding *entrée* may be less important.

After the fish, the dishes should decline from the substantial (*i.e.*, the joint) to the more delicate, and finish with *entremets* of marked and antagonistic flavours—sweetness serving as a foil to piquancy, as when a fruit tart is followed by cheese, and this by a cream ice.

Repetition of the same material should also be avoided; thus mutton or fowl should on no account appear in more than one preparation in a dinner; if the soup be of chicken, the *entrée* or roast (*rôt*) must not be of this bird; if the joint be mutton, this meat should not be taken as an *entrée*. Similarly, if the joint be roasted, it should never immediately precede the true roast course (the *rôt*), but be placed before the *entrée*.

But, unfortunately, under pressure of the meagreness of our food resources at certain seasons and in certain regions, in India we are not unfrequently driven to disregard these laws.

If two or more *entrées* be served, there should be marked contrast between them in mode of dressing as well as in material, thus one should be white, one brown—one of meat, one of game, or fish.

In India, it is an excellent plan to have one *entrée* hot and the other iced.

A modern *entrée* is, as a rule, designed to be a *plât* complete in itself, and usually contains vegetables or some equivalent (as crust, batter, &c.) combined in the dish.

Consequently it is, in most instances, inartistic and unnecessary, to accompany this course with a separate service of vegetables ; besides which, the same vegetables cannot be presented in their first freshness and warmth with both the joint and the *entrées*, but with one or other will be lukewarm and insipid.

The *relevé* (joint) is the dish which should be supported by a liberal supply of vegetables. But if this dish (the joint) be omitted from the dinner, one of the *entrées* should be of a substantial character, a braisc, for example, or a cutlet cooked in a simple manner and served with sauce only ; and the separate dish of vegetables may very suitably attend this, and be limited to it ; while its fellow *entrée* may be of a more elaborate nature, and be eaten with only such vegetables as may exist as components in the dish itself.

The *rôt*—roast game or bird—should have no accompaniment, as a rule, beyond a salad, or some crisp, fresh cress, or water-cress, or parsley.

The service of a choice, single vegetable, as a *plât* by itself, at the head of the *entremets*, is most grateful and healthful in this country, but is practicable in the cold season only.

Principles as to variety and sequence similar to those above enunciated should guide the selection of *hors d'œuvres*, when these are admitted into the *menu*. No two materials of affiliated flavour should appear in the same dish. Sharp contrasts of taste should be sought ; nor should we omit some appropriate, negative vehicle for the savoury morsel, such as toast biscuit, brown or white bread. For instance, anchovy and *caviare*, anchovy and sardines, on the same dish, are inartistic redundancies.

Such as the following are harmonious combinations :—*caviare*, dried tongue, with brown bread and butter ; *olives farcies*, cucumber, with oat-biscuit ; sardines, Bologna sausage, with pulled bread ; cheese dice, prawn butter, with radishes.

Whatever wines are taken at dinner should be used in befitting procession ; the lighter and least flavoured—the dry and acidulous—

first, to be followed by the sweeter, and more highly flavoured. A heavy or saccharine wine, or a *liqueur*, taken at an early period of dinner, deadens the sensibility of the palate and blunts its capacity to appreciate good cookery or such delicate dishes as fish and most *entrées*.

Some such as the following is the sequence in which wines are supposed to be appropriately arranged. A glass of dry sherry with soup; possibly, one of hock with the fish; one or more of champagne with the *entrées*; one of rich Burgundy with the game, and one of *liqueur* with the sweet or ice. The full-flavoured Burgundy is fittingly wedded to the sapid game towards the end of dinner; while the sharper stimulus of the *liqueur*, coupled with the antithesis of savoury and sweet *entremets*, extorts a final sensory effort from the sated palate and exhausts its remaining powers of response.

During the hot season a healthy and refreshing dinner beverage is formed by a glass of brandy or whisky freely diluted with some aërated table water; and this is a combination comparatively free from the objection of obscuring the delicacy of the palate for appreciating the flavours of the dishes served.

Too great a variety of wines is to be avoided, more especially in a hot climate.

It is an excellent plan to restrict oneself to a single wine, such as light claret, or hock, on ordinary occasions; and to keep to a single class of wine at a more elaborate dinner—for example a light, sparkling Burgundy with fish and *entrée*, and a heavy, still Burgundy with the roast and *entremets*. The latter practice is much in vogue on the Continent, in the present day.

If beer be taken, no wine should be drunk beyond a glass of sherry with soup.

It is very difficult to judiciously unite the use of any malt liquor with that of wine at the same dinner.

In our beverages, as in our foods, long-continued sameness and monotony are harmful and to be avoided; digestion is invigorated and health improved by occasionally importing some element of variety.

The cigarette and cup of black coffee form the golden link between dining and digesting. The former is the fitting conclusion and anti-climax to dinner; its first whiff suspends and puts a period to the functions of the palate; food and wine are no longer desired or can be appreciated. The cup of coffee harmonises perfectly with the cigarette; it is, indeed, its natural accompaniment and physiological supplement; while, on the other hand, wine and

tobacco are completely antipathetic—the one destroying whatever is grateful and desirable in the other.

Lest it should be thought that the leaning of these papers has been too much in the direction of defending *gourmandise*, we renew our protest that their true object (and the spirit which we trust we have made pervade them, as their real key note and motive) is the desirability, or rather necessity, of looking at *Food and Feeding* from the point of view of their subservience to health—this being their primary and essential basis; such considerations as pleasing the palate and satisfying gastronomic tastes (though not unimportant or likely to be ever, in fact, disregarded) being completely secondary to the above, and in all things to be subordinated to it.

We have laboured to inculcate a true—but discriminating—temperance: but we completely endorse the opinion expressed by Sir H. Thompson—" * * I desire to say it emphatically that the subject of food need not * * * be treated * * in an ascetic spirit." Among created beings, man has been defined as the "only cooking animal;" it is an undeniable truism that man must always be an eating animal, with, probably, constant aspirations towards combining pleasure with his eating; if then "the proper study of mankind is man," we may reasonably hope that this consideration will be held to justify our having claimed so much of our readers' time in endeavouring, in the present papers, to popularise a few facts concerning the selection, cooking, and service of food, in consideration of the vast influence which *Food and Feeding* exert on man as an individual and as a race.

E. G. RUSSELL.

STATE SUPERVISION OVER AGRICULTURE IN BENGAL.

1. *Agricultural and Administrative Reform in Bengal.* By a Bengal Civilian.

2. *Letter of the Officiating Secretary to the Government of Bengal, Revenue Department, to the Secretary to the Government of India, Revenue and Agricultural Department, No. 309T, dated 1st June 1883.*

TO say that the pamphlet and letter quoted above cover the same ground is most inadequately to represent the identity between them. It is more correct to say that the first is for the most part a *verbatim* reproduction of the second, with certain additions and amplifications and a few omissions. The pamphlet consists of 71 pages, of which pages 2 to 31 are for the most part verbally identical with, but everywhere substantially the same as paragraphs 2 to 16 of the Government letter. Paragraph 16 thus closes: "Upon this question, as to the fitness of the existing constitution of the Bengal Government to the requirements of the country in the present day, a separate communication will be addressed to the Government of India." We are not aware whether this communication has yet been made, but a Bengal Civilian devotes pages 31 to 45 of the pamphlet to ventilating his views on this very subject.

At page 49 he returns to the Government letter, and from that page to page 55 we have often a *verbatim*, everywhere a substantial, reproduction of paragraphs 17 to 21 of the Government letter. At that point the two documents we are reviewing diverge. Paragraphs 22 to 25 (the last paragraph) of the Government letter are devoted to informing the Government of India that the Government estate of Nasrigunge has been placed under a special manager, whose duty it will be to develop and foster scientific agriculture, and to applying for the appointment of a Director of Agriculture on Rs. 1,500 a month rising to Rs. 2,250. The pamphlet, on the other hand, closes with a *resumé* of the improvements which an Agricultural Department might fitly inaugurate.

It would be idle to treat a pamphlet of this character as an ordinary unofficial document. If a Bengal Civilian has thus appropriated all the ideas and proposals of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal (whom oddly enough he calls the Hon'ble W. Rivers Thompson), without permission, as he certainly has without acknowledgment, he has committed an unpardonable act of literary and official piracy. This we cannot for a moment suppose he has been guilty of, and we must, therefore, fall back upon the conclusion, that we see here advocated, so far as the pamphlet diverges from the letter, the views of one who enjoys in such matters the general confidence of the Lieutenant-Governor, and who has his sanction to make the fullest use of the opinions which the Lieutenant-Governor has officially expressed. A pamphlet thus authorised manifestly possesses the highest claim to the consideration of all those who are interested in agricultural questions in Bengal, and deserves more than a passing notice. No one who is aware of the radical character of the defects which it is proposed to remove, and of the stupendous expenditure which will have to be incurred in their removal, will hesitate to admit that the subject well deserves the fullest and most thorough treatment.

The pamphlet-writer in no way exaggerates the importance of the question, but seeing that he is editing and reproducing a report made by the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal to the Government of India, it seems questionable taste to apologise in the prefatory note for defects of literary style, or to remark that he has had little time to think over the form in which his ideas might best be presented to the public. The form and literary style in which the Lieutenant-Governor thought fit to present these ideas to the Government of India, will surely suffice for their representation to the general public.

It is time, however, to turn to the subject-matter of our article.

The great defect noticeable in the measures that have already been adopted in the direction of agricultural reform in Bengal is the want of adaptation of means to the desired end. A number of able men, Governors-General, Lieutenant-Governors and others, have perceived clearly enough that agriculture is the life blood of India, also that in Bengal, especially, it has been very much left to take care of itself. This has been deplored by them again and again as a great evil, and again and again they have resolved that something must be done to wipe out this reproach, and that doing anything is better than doing nothing. The natural sequel has been that all sorts of crude experiments have been tried, costing time and money, which, as the letter and pamphlet before us practically

admit *passim*, have all turned out useless for the purpose for which they were designed. "A Bengal Civilian" now again takes up his parable, sanguine that success can yet be attained, and the pamphlet before us possesses the great merit of reproducing from the Government letter a clear and succinct account of previous efforts and (may we not say so?) failures, and we have the facts put fairly before us. Our readers will, therefore, be in the best position to determine the value of the suggestions made, if we follow him in the first instance in his outline of what has hitherto been done.

The pamphlet begins its narrative from the times of Akbar, but for the purposes of review it will suffice to commence with the Orissa famine of 1865-66, and the Commission appointed to report upon it, or, to quote the pamphlet before us:—

"About this time the necessity for some local agency in Bengal for the collection of statistical information was enforced by the Orissa Famine Report, from which may be dated the birth of true statistical research in these provinces. One of the chief features of that remarkable report was the importance attached to the collection and use of statistics. The success of Colonel Baird Smith in dealing with the famine history of 1861 was in it shown to be in a great measure attributable to the ample statistical information available in the North-Western Provinces, in which famine prevailed in that year. 'The districts of the North-Western Provinces,' said the Orissa Commissioner, 'are provided with very large establishments, brought by long habit and close supervision to a high state of efficiency, by which the Magistrate and Collector is kept in intimate communication with every part of his district. The tahsildars and their subordinates, the canongoes and the patwaries, furnish from year to year fiscal and agrarian returns of the most minute description, and can supply on very short notice special information which the occasion may require. Colonel Baird Smith was therefore able, by availing himself of the information to be found in the Collectors' offices, to give most precise information respecting the famine of 1861, and to embody it in precise maps and figured statements. All such establishments and all such information are entirely wanting in the Lower Provinces. The Collector may be said as a rule to have no executive establishments of any kind, and to be possessed of no statistics. To this circumstance the Commission ascribed the lack of reliable information, which prevented the local officers 'from reporting in a confident and positive manner, in sufficient time for the application of a remedy, the degree of failure of the crops and the full extent of the distress which culminated so disastrously' in Orissa.

"From the experience of this period, therefore, which in the history of statistical research in Bengal might be called the 'period of tabular statements,' but one positive useful result can be discerned, namely, that until a trustworthy machinery for collecting information locally has been organised, there is very little good to be expected from even the most perfect system of tabular statement. This brings the present sketch down to the administration of Sir George Campbell."

This passage is a close reproduction of paragraph 9 of the Government letter. The opinion at the end being that therein stated to be the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor.

By the year 1871, therefore, when Sir G. Campbell became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the undeniable fact had been fully recognised that village and therefore pergunnah and district statistics of cultivation were not obtainable in Bengal as in the North-Western and many other provinces, and that, in general, agriculture, so far as the Government was concerned, was left to take care of itself. Hence, the earliest efforts of that able Lieutenant-Governor were directed to remedy this, which he considered to be an intolerable defect, and both the papers before us enumerate the following measures as inaugurated by him for this purpose.

1. "The employment of special officers to collect agricultural statistics in selected parts of the country.
2. "The re-organisation of the system of agricultural registration and account.
3. "The creation of subordinate executive establishments as an agency for the prosecution of local inquiries, and for the collection, examination, and record of statistics of all sorts.
4. "The establishment of an Agricultural and Statistical Department in the Bengal Secretariat.
5. "The regular publication of current prices of food grains, crop prospects, and meteorological phenomena.
6. "The establishment of model farms.
7. "The establishment of an Economic Museum at Calcutta."

These were the remedial measures introduced by Sir G. Campbell, and it is necessary for the elucidation of the subject to follow our authorities, though very briefly, in their identical treatment of the fate which befell these measures.

The first is put aside as of temporary rather than permanent interest. As regards the second, we learn that Sir George Campbell insisted that the canongoes and patwaries could be re-organised in Bengal (and more especially in Orissa), and made as useful for collecting statistical information regarding crops as in the North-West Provinces. The Board of Revenue warned him that it would be a most costly failure—that the two institutions might be the same in form, but were utterly different in spirit. Sir G. Campbell was not a man to accept other persons' experience when it stood in the way of his projects; he insisted; rules were proposed, duties defined, all preparations made to galvanise the corpse into life, but a corpse it remained: "the sequel will show that, like all preceding efforts, those endeavours of Sir George Campbell to revive the system proved fruitless."

So much for the first two measures. Let us turn now to the third, the creation of sub-divisional establishments. This is regarded as the most important of the administrative improvements enumerated above, and we are not disposed to disagree with the estimate, though with one very important qualification. The main object of the creation of these establishments was to supply the local officers with a machinery for obtaining more accurate information on agricultural subjects. It was only as a very secondary object that they were also generally to assist the overworked subordinate officers. So far as our experience goes, they have been practically useless as regards agricultural statistics, and our authorities apparently agree with us, for they write: "The information, which even with this help district officers were able to render, was far from being as precise as could be wished for;" and add "it is probable that now no practicable expansion of the sub-divisional system alone would lead to this desirable result," *i.e.*, the obtaining truer sources of information on agricultural subjects. On the other hand, while the sub-divisional establishments were virtually useless for their main object, were in fact *cadres* of officers with no rank and file, they were of the utmost use in relieving the overworked sub-divisional officers. Under the plea of agricultural reform and furnishing a machinery for obtaining agricultural statistics, the district staff, and more especially the sub-divisional officers, have had their hands most materially strengthened, and their excessive tasks lightened *quâ* general administration. The sub-divisional establishments have effected nothing in the direction of agricultural supervision or reform, but they have been useful in almost every other way.

The fourth measure was the establishment of an Agricultural and Statistical Department in the Bengal Secretariat. Reading this and knowing that it was carried out, the question naturally arises why we should still find the creation of an Agricultural Department in Bengal put forward as one of the most important reforms still needed. Why, needed, if Sir George Campbell instituted it? The officer is there, the new department called into life still exists, the salaries allotted to the Secretary, Under-Secretary, Assistants, Clerks, &c., are still drawn—why has the department yet to be created? The plain and simple fact, told naively enough in the pages before us, is that other work besides agriculture had to be made over to this branch of the Secretariat as soon as created, in order to find them work to do. As in the case of the sub-divisional establishments, the Secretary and his staff soon saw that their agricultural duties were *nil*; that

their other duties were a reality; that in one capacity they would be useless, in the other capacity there was good work to be done, work corresponding to the necessities of the country and of the administration. To this latter they devoted their energies, and now, whatever else they do, they certainly do not do "agriculture." Even the letter to the Government of India on this subject proceeds from a different department of the Secretariat. "The change has, therefore, had the result of destroying the responsibility of the Board of Revenue (never well defined, no doubt, nor capable of strict enforcement) without creating any effective agency capable of filling even the Board's place."

In this passage, as in many other passages in which the Board is referred to, we find some difference between the wording of the pamphlet and the Government letter. In speaking of the controversy between the Board and Sir G. Campbell, the Government letter clearly points out how completely the Board were right, throughout, in their opposition, and how they suggested in 1872 and 1873 the very measures for reconstituting canongoes and putwaries which the Lieutenant-Governor now suggests in 1883; the pamphlet does not bring out this fact so clearly. The passage above quoted runs thus in the letter:—

"One result of the change was the withdrawal of the Board's responsibility without creating any authority to which the supervision of the agricultural condition of the country might be transferred. Even if the Board's responsibility had been better defined when capable of strict enforcement, *the change referred to could never have been satisfactory.*" This last remark, with which, from his pointed omission of it, 'a Bengal Civilian' apparently does not concur, in our opinion hits the right nail on the head. The Board of Revenue always was, and especially is now, far more in sympathy with local officers and local experience than any corresponding department directly under the Government of Bengal, especially a department newly created. 'A Bengal Civilian' advocates the abolition of the Board and, he is of course, therefore, bound to hold 'that no good thing can come out of Nazareth'; but, in fact, had Sir George Campbell worked with the Board instead of against it,—had he obtained their participation in his projects and availed himself of their advice, ten years would have been gained in point of time, much money that has been wasted saved, and the suggestions now made or something very analogous, would have been adopted in 1875 instead of 1885.

If in an evil hour the Government were to listen to the advice of those councillors who clamour for the abolition of the Board,

as did the Romans who clamoured for the removal of Quintus Fabius from the command against Hannibal because of his caution, they will but prepare for themselves another administrative Cannæ. The Board is the true link between the well meant but often ill-digested projects of reform broached by the Government in its several departments, and the conservatism generated by experience of the Commissioners and Collectors whose natural bent is *stare per antiquas vias*, and it is by entrusting reforms to its experienced supervision that they have the best chance of leading to practical results. Already the loss of touch between the Government and its local officers is deplorably manifest ; every day the chasm is widening between Simla and Darjeeling on the one hand, the homes of theories and ideas, and the officers of Mofussil experience, who find themselves more and more neglected and overlooked, and their views more and more ignored, unless they consent *jurare in verba Magistri*. The abolition of the Board will only widen the chasm and aggravate the evils of a centralization which is already excessive.

To return, however, to Sir George Campbell's projects, his fifth remedial measure was the regular publication of price-currents of food grains, crop prospects, and meteorological phenomena ; in other words, rainfall and temperature ; very little is said about this, though that little is favourable. If anything, the value of these returns is underrated ; supplemented as they are by similar reports sent to the Collector from all the more important bazars and hâts of the district, they may fairly be regarded as very valuable indications of the food supply and of the state of the crops. This information is collected most inexpensively, the chief cost of the improvement is the cost of printing the statistics ; and, as we argue further on, we are disposed to think that these statistics, which can be made very reliable, go far to make up for the want of the very voluminous returns compiled by the patwaries and canongoes of the North-Western Provinces.

The sixth and seventh measures are the establishment of model farms and of an Economic Museum in Calcutta. Model farms were established in at least seven of the districts in Bengal. From the outset they were exotics ; written up, bolstered up, and fostered in every possible way, they positively refused to live. That law of nature which decrees the survival of the fittest also decrees the elimination of the unfittest, and the unfitness of the crudely formed model farms in Bengal was so very glaring that they defied all attempts to keep them alive. On principle we quite approve of model farms ; they may unquestionably be very useful if the right

man is forthcoming as the model farmer and the requisite amount of common sense can be guaranteed in those who have to supervise them. The difficulty in making a model farm a success and a benefit is purely a practical one, but a practical one which it is not easy to surmount.

Lastly, an Economic Museum in Calcutta is undoubtedly a desideratum. It would be a blot on the metropolis of an agricultural country, such as Bengal, if it did not possess an institution of this kind. It has been established under the happiest auspices, and yet, as the pamphlet tells us, it has languished, or, as the letter of Government more expressively puts it, it "has never fulfilled the objects of its creation." This perhaps reads us the most valuable of all lessons. No one can question the propriety of establishing the museum; no one can grudge the money spent upon it; theoretically it is so very desirable, and yet it has been practically useless. The lesson it teaches us is that, far from the Government doing too little for agriculture, it is actually ahead of the needs of the people, who are not able to keep pace with their rulers in the path of progress. There is already a breach between the governors and the governed on this subject, and till that is bridged over, the provision of an administrative machinery for hurrying on improvements will only increase the number of expensive fiascos, unless it is controlled very judiciously.

Sir George Campbell was succeeded by Sir R. Temple whose good practical sense led to his doing little except in the endeavour to obtain trade statistics—a measure, as we have said, full of promise. Sir Ashley Eden, who followed him, had more belief in the beneficent labours of railway companies and khalassies than in those of canongoes and patwaries, and our authorities, both of them, thus sum up the results of the labours of those who preceded the present Lieutenant-Governor:—

"During those five years of inaction, the ground that had been won was well-nigh lost; and except the sub-divisional establishments, the Economic Museum, now in a defective state, some reports which few people read, and some dearly bought experience, we can to-day point to no positive result or gain from all the efforts and strivings of a century after agricultural or industrial improvements in Bengal. If any progress is perceptible, it is in no way due to State initiative or help. These scanty results might seem to justify the abandonment of further efforts, were it not clear that it was the practice which was always in fault, and not the principle."

With this we close the retrospect of the past, and turn now to what is recommended for the future. Before enumerating the recommendations made let us recapitulate, for the sake of clearness, what it is that is needed.

First and foremost, we have no agricultural statistics ; no one reports that so many acres have been laid down during the year with this crop and so many more with that ; no one estimates the outturn of these acres ; no one reports to Government that in Pubna (say) the rice crop in any given year amounted to 20 million maunds. No one again reports that the stocks of the preceding year are ten million maunds in Gya, two million only in Sarun, and six million in Dur bhanganah. No one gives similar information for wheat, for jute, and other staples.

2nd.—There is no Government office or department whose duty it is to compile and digest this information, to present it in a useful form to the public and the Lieutenant-Governor.

3rd.—There is no adequate or authoritative record of rights and holdings except in small portions of the Province.

4th.—There are no efforts made to teach, and those who would make the efforts have no means of teaching, the cultivators how to cultivate more successfully and economically. Nothing is done to introduce improved tillage, improved manuring, or better staples, to inculcate more care in the selection and distribution of seed, to provide for better irrigation, better drainage, improvements in the breed of cattle, and the prevention or cure of cattle-diseases.

Under these four heads we have fairly summarised the defects alleged against the Bengal administration, and we by no means wish to deny that they are administrative defects ; could they be remedied without difficulty and without cost, or even could they be remedied without great difficulty and great cost, few would contend that the remedy should not be applied.

But what are the remedies, and are they worth the money they will cost ? On both these points the pamphlet seems to us somewhat defective and inconsequent ; but as it diverges materially in its treatment of the matter from the Government letter, we must carefully trace the difference. For a short distance they still continue in company, that is, they recount in the same way the recommendations of the Famine Commission appointed by Her Majesty's Government a few years ago.

"Such," says the pamphlet, "were the recommendations which the Famine Commission made after a careful study of the system of Government in various provinces for the improvement of the administration. They seem to be, as far as they go, wise and prudent, justified by the past history of this province, and calculated to advance the best interests of its inhabitants. But I would venture to say they do not go far enough. The circumstances of the time and the growing wants of the Bengal Province call for a much larger increase in the facilities for administration than would be supplied by the creation of an Agricultural Department. If the administration of Bengal is to be

put on a footing satisfactory in itself and abreast of the times, the reform must begin at the top of the official scale,—with the system of Government itself. The recommendations of the Famine Commission merit all the approval they have received ; but a cordial acceptance of them is compatible with an advocacy of the larger measure of reform involved in the idea of an Executive Council for Bengal."

The parallel passage in the Government letter, which it is desirable also to quote *in extenso*, runs thus :—

"Such were the recommendations which the Famine Commission made for the improvement of the administration. To these recommendations the Lieutenant-Governor has given his careful attention, because of their intrinsic merit and of the value attached to them by the Government of India. They seem to Mr. Rivers Thompson to be, as far as they go, justified by the past history of this province, and calculated to advance the best interests of its inhabitants. The Lieutenant-Governor is satisfied that before any progress can be made, an agency must be created, whose special duty it will be to collect information from all existing sources regarding the agricultural and industrial condition and prospects of the country, and to help the Government to read that information aright in the light of past experience and present want. If, in Mr. Rivers Thompson's opinion, the recommendations made by the Famine Commission do not go far enough, this is urged in the belief that the circumstances of the time, and the growing claims of the province, call for a larger increase in the facilities for administration than would be supplied simply by the creation of an Agricultural Department. Upon this question, as to the fitness of the existing constitution of the Bengal Government to the requirements of the country in the present day, separate communication will be addressed to the Government of India."

The pamphlet-writer therefore at this point may be said to supplement the Government letter by ten pages devoted to a description of the changes of administration necessary. We have no reason for supposing that they would be adopted by the Lieutenant-Governor, other than that "a Bengal Civilian" may be assumed generally to enjoy his confidence ; and they seem to us to be somewhat out of place in a pamphlet devoted to the advancement of agriculture.

The following is a brief enumeration of them.

The reorganisation of the Bengal Government ; the appointment of an Executive Council, of a Chief Commissioner of Revenue, and a Chief Commissioner of Salt and Opium ; above all, the abolition of the Board of Revenue. How this will have any bearing on the collection of agricultural statistics or the provision of better staples and improved breeds of cattle we are left to find out for ourselves. It is as if a writer on the present infantry arm and the best means of making it more efficient at close quarters, were to treat his readers to the necessity of a reorganization of the War Office and the system of divisional commands.

We do not intend to follow the pamphlet through these irrelevant proposals ; we have already stated our opinion that the department he would abolish is probably the only one likely to be

able to inaugurate and supervise successfully the new work he is so anxious to develop. At page 45 he has the candour to admit that he has to return to the question after his long digression, and we will resume our review at that point, or rather at page 49, where he promises at last to consider at some greater length the recommendations of the Famine Commission. This review at greater length is to our mind eminently unsatisfactory. The fundamental recommendations of the Famine Commission were a cadastral survey and record of rights, together with the rehabilitation of village accountants. This is the burden of their song, as of every other song referred to in the earlier part of this pamphlet: this is the only method proposed towards the removal of so manifest a blot on the administration of Bengal, and we naturally expected to see these measures examined at 'some greater length,' their cost set forth, their advantages stated, and those advantages compared with the cost. Far from this, they are touched upon but very lightly, and dismissed, we hardly know whether with or without the support of the writer. On turning to the Government letter we find some explanation of this. Paragraph 17 distinctly states that the Lieutenant-Governor fears that in the particular circumstances of these provinces, there are reasons why full effect cannot be at once given to it (the policy advocated by the Famine Commission). It is indicated that the record of rights, the cadastral survey, and the re-institution of canongoes and patwaries cannot be carried out in the bulk of Bengal which is permanently settled. This expression of opinion a Bengal Civilian apparently does not endorse. He seems unwilling to admit that a cadastral survey and the reorganization of village accountants is too costly and impracticable a remedy to be recommended. He therefore reproduces the very passage in which the Government letter dismisses them as, at least for the present, impracticable, and lets this do service as his consideration at some greater length for advocating such vast measures. In order to make this clear, we must make a somewhat lengthy quotation.

PAMPHLET.

"It will be well to consider at some greater length the recommendations of the Famine Commission on this question. These recommendations may be conveniently classified under three heads."

GOVERNMENT LETTER.

"In the meantime the attention of the Government should be directed to those portions of the policy to which immediate effect can be given and the Lieutenant-Governor proposes now to consider how this cannot be done."

"The recommendations of the Famine Commission fall under three heads."

From this point we quote from the pamphlet, which is the letter *verbatim* except where "public" is substituted for "Government," "the opinion of the writer" for "the opinion of the Lieutenant-Governor," or other trivial verbal alterations are made.

"More complete and systematic collection and publication of statistics of vital, agricultural, and economic facts.

"General improvement of agriculture.

"Organisation of famine relief."

"In regard to the last head, it may at once be said that the subject does not fall within the scope of the present discussion. It is being exhaustively dealt with by the Government of India in connexion with the Famine Code, and its further consideration may be well postponed till that Code is submitted to the public. The point, therefore, to which consideration must be primarily given is the development of a permanent organisation for the maintenance of a system of agricultural inquiry, by which a thorough knowledge of the circumstances of every village may be continuously maintained from year to year by competent officials.

"Nothing is more true than, firstly, that it is agricultural statistics which must underlie all real information regarding the condition of the people of this country, their wants, and their aspirations; and, secondly, that without a field survey there can hardly be any agricultural statistics worth the name. If the experience of the past century, as traced in the preceding pages, teaches any lesson, it teaches this: that it is hopeless to think of instilling life into the dry bones of the system of agricultural registration and account by legislative injunctions, or by such executive action as we can now legally take. To grow and flourish, a plant must be rooted in the soil; but the practice of a century and the interests of those most capable of asserting themselves have withdrawn from the account system of the regulations all elements of vitality and usefulness. If into the system strength is again to be infused, if it ever is to become the useful agent of administration and the custodian of the cultivator's rights, as intended by early legislators, it must be entirely remodelled and brought into harmony with modern wants. An essential preliminary to such renovation is the verification of the facts on which the village accountant will have to work, and that a survey alone can give us. In estates, the property of the State or of wards of court, we can prosecute surveys and record rights; but outside their boundaries any labour bestowed in improving the account system, save in the way of legislation, will be labour wasted until the survey is begun. Legislation in the direction taken in the North-Western Provinces on the same subject must be undertaken."

From this point the pamphlet and the letter again diverge as follows:—

"Although an Agricultural Department in Bengal would thus find itself for the present fettered by inability to collect from the primary sources all that information of which it would stand most in need, still, *while awaiting the removal of that disability*, it would find ample occupation in the large properties owned by the State or controlled by the Court of Wards. It will be the work of years to carry into effect, even in these properties, the principles which have been mentioned,"—(*Pamphlet.*)

The Lieutenant-Governor is thus of opinion that, on the first portion of the programme laid down by the Famine Commission, and adopted by the Government of India—namely, agricultural research—*no real step in advance can be taken at present in permanently settled estates* managed by their owners. The case, however, is different in estates the property of Government and of disqualified proprietors. Here we can act on the lines of the regulations. We can make surveys and settlements and establish village records. This policy has the sanction of Her Majesty's Government, and has already been to some extent acted upon. It should be vigorously prosecuted, whenever circumstances permit, under the control of the Director of Agriculture, who in such matters should for the present act in subordination to the Board of Revenue." (*Letter*)

It is impossible to read these variations carefully without perceiving that the pamphlet-writer carefully abstains from reproducing all passages the effect of which is to declare that canongoes and patwaries cannot be re-introduced into permanently settled estates, or a cadastral survey started at present. The pamphlet by itself leads the reader to suppose that steps should at once be taken to remove the disability, *i.e.*, to inaugurate the new cadastral survey throughout the country, and to legislate for a new class of putwaries and canongoes. It may have been the result of an oversight, but as the pamphlet stands it is an inconsistency. Had the pamphlet-writer gone on to throw over the advice of the Famine Commissioners, as regards their main recommendations, as for the present impracticable in permanently settled Bengal, as the Government letter does, his attitude would be consistent; but not doing so, he was bound, we think, to have gone into the *pros* and *cons* much more fully than he has done. He ought, in fact, to have done something more than reproduce, apparently in favour of these measures, the scanty arguments which the letter of Government considered sufficient to justify their present rejection.

As this subject is one of vital importance we will return to it hereafter, devoting ourselves in the first instance to a *resumé* of the remaining contents of the two documents which we are reviewing. After the brief digression which we have quoted in parallel columns, these two papers are again identical for three more pages, in a passage the drift of which is, that even without the patwari returns much may be effected by an Agricultural Department, especially in Government and Wards' estates. The two then finally diverge.

The Government letter asks for sanction to appoint a qualified Assistant Collector to the charge of the Nasrigunge estate in Shahabad, for the purpose of establishing an agricultural training school and model farm on that estate. The outlines of the scheme are sketched out and appear to be excellent in theory, with a fair prospect of

practical success, though on this point it is premature to be sanguine in the presence of uniform failure in the past. Lastly, sanction is asked, as we have already said, for the appointment of a Director of Agriculture on a salary rising from Rs. 1,500 to Rs. 2,250 per mensem, with a travelling allowance of Rs. 250.

The pamphlet, on the other hand, from page 55 to the end, devotes itself to advocating in general what the Government letter does in particular; it describes the virtues and merits of an agricultural department, with a synopsis of the work which it might advantageously take in hand.

It must be admitted that the proposal for the appointment of a Director of Agriculture has much to recommend it, and may do much good if it is placed *en rapport* with the district officials. It is one of those appointments which a practical administrator, meeting the necessities of the people as they arise, is tempted to look upon as 'eye-wash'—as governing for the sake of making a good appearance to the outside world and European nations rather than for the purpose of satisfying the actual wants of the people. At the same time the theoretical arguments in favour of the appointment seem to us so to preponderate, that when asked for, it must be conceded. But the reasons in favour of an Economic Museum in Calcutta, as well as for the appointment of an officer charged with the superintendence of agriculture, can be set forth with so much plausibility and force that a competent and impartial outsider would at once declare in their favour. And yet we have had an Economic Museum in Calcutta for many years, placed under a faultless organisation, with everything requisite to make it useful, but its most sanguine advocate will scarcely contend that it has ever thus far been of the smallest practical use to the country. We cannot but express an apprehension that some fate of this kind may yet be in store for the Director of Agriculture. This time, however, the country may prove sufficiently advanced for the measure. The programme of work to be done is undoubtedly attractive and reads well, but to give it the best chance we would beg the Lieutenant-Governor to insist, from the outset, on its being placed on such a footing as will secure it the confidence and sympathy of Mofussil officers. We regard it as a *sine quâ non* that the Director should be placed entirely under the Board of Revenue which should be held responsible for his work; if possible, he should be an integral part of the Board. Government estates and Wards' estates are both under the management of the Board, and it is in them that the work must be done almost exclusively for the next four years.

Above all, the Board of Revenue is in sympathy with the Mofussil, which the Government Secretaries most emphatically are not, and we take it that the Director must infallibly become an appanage of the Secretariat, unless he is attached to the Board.

On this point there should be no misunderstanding ; year by year the tendency to create a gulf between the officers who surround the Lieutenant-Governor, and those who carry on the work of Government in the interior, is becoming more painfully marked. The work of the Mofussil Officer is annually becoming more complex and more difficult, each new department which is created brings him a new master and increased work ; for him is the burden and heat of the day, no hills in the summer months, few of the amenities of society, no opportunities of making himself and his work known. Who is there to see how early he goes to office and how late he comes away, that he works hard and conscientiously, often under the gravest discouragements. His lot is to be ignored and passed over ; if a prize appointment is going, no one thinks of him ; out of sight, he is also out of mind, and is it wonderful that he should come to the conclusion that the Civil Service is divided into Brahmins whose duty it is to pick holes in other people's work and spend the hot weather in the hills, and Pariahs whose lot it is to do the real work of the country in the interior, to have that work unsympathetically criticised, and spend their summer in the plains ? The growth of this feeling is undeniable, and it cannot be questioned that it constitutes a very grave evil. Every year the Government is being carried on with less and less of local experience, while those who have acquired local experience are becoming more disheartened and losing all interest in their work. If the Director of Agriculture is to be a Brahmin, if he is to belong to the Dārjeeling entourage, if his chief duty is to write a glowing annual report recounting his triumphs, and annually to be warmly thanked and congratulated on his invaluable labours, he will soon be out of sympathy with those whose co-operation will be essential to his success ; he will fail to accomplish anything and will no doubt prove most entirely to his own satisfaction, that his failure has been wholly due to the lethargy of the local officers and the obstructiveness of the Board. The new department, if it is to succeed, should be everywhere *en rapport* with and in due subordination to the local authorities. This is a matter of vital importance, even if it is not easy to bring it home to those who have little practical experience of administration. A department working outside the ordinary lines of administration and by methods

and machinery of its own creation, will never make its way with the people (and this, we take it, is the especial object of an Agricultural Department), as it could do if it allied itself to the ordinary executive machinery of Government.

The Assistant at the Nasrigunge training-school and model farm should most certainly be an Assistant to the Collector of Shahabad who should be the channel through which the reports of its operations should work their way upwards. By this means both the Collector and the Commissioner will be interested in the work, they will appropriate part of the credit of its success, and share in the discredit of its failure; without making any perceptible demand on their time, this will secure the new institution the benevolent neutrality of all the varied departments over which they preside and make it an integral portion of the administration. The Commissioner in the same way should report to the Board, of which office the Director should be an adjunct, (we would not say Secretary on account of the large amount of travelling which he should do), but his report should be a Board's report, passed and approved by a Member. In this way the Board's responsibility will be secured, and the fundamental error made by Sir George Campbell avoided. The Board in its turn will be associated with the department, and every revenue officer throughout the Province will unconsciously feel that he has an interest in the success of the experiment.

In conclusion, we have a few words to say on the great questions which the writer of the pamphlet brings so prominently before us in its earlier pages and then touches on so lightly and in such an ambiguous manner when he comes to discuss their practicability: we mean the institution of canongoes and putwaries and the cadastral survey of the Province. It should never be lost sight of that it is these measures, and not an Agricultural Department, on which Famine Commission after Famine Commission lays so much stress, and without which they imply that an Agricultural Department will be crippled if not altogether premature. No one will deny the great advantage which would result from a field survey and record of rights and from a complete record of agricultural statistics kept up year by year by a staff of village accountants, if it could be carried out at a moderate figure. But can it? The mere statement of the expenditure seems to us to be so appalling as to at once satisfy anyone who knows the general poverty of the agriculturists, landlords as well as cultivators (owing to incessant sub-division, sub-infeudation, and growth of population on the soil), that the burden would be intolerable and that

it is better to bear the ills we know of rather than to fly to others which we can only surmise.

The following was the estimate recently laid before the Government by a very experienced officer of the cost of a cadastral survey of Bengal. Six parties would be required working in two larger groups of three parties each; each group should consist of one survey officer in chief, commanding three parties, *each* of which would consist of 3 to 4 European assistants; 8 to 12 upper surveyors; 50 to 80 surveyors; 100 to 200 chainmen and subordinates.

Each of these parties, together with a corresponding settlement party for recording rights, would cost a little over 2 lacs per annum, and would survey at the outside 600 square miles. The total outturn of work would be 3,600 square miles or one average sized district, the annual expenditure would be $12\frac{1}{2}$ lacs, and it would take 39 years to survey the Province. Thus the total cost of the operation would be Rs. 3,76,00,000, or according to the ordinary computation $3\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling!

This is, however, but a small part of the evil. Only those who have experienced it know the train of troubles which such a survey entails on the owners and occupiers of the tract under survey. The survey party is like a little army encamped in a foreign country. The khalassees plunder and extort in every direction, their progress is an incessant squabble with the villagers on whom they make a variety of demands. And no sooner are they gone than a heritage of litigation follows in their wake. The record of rights has stirred up scores of slumbering disputes, 90 per cent. of which, without the survey, would never have come to a head or would have been eventually compromised. No finality, except by lapse of time, is allowed to attach to the settlement officer's decision, and therefore the disputants are at one and the same time *driven* into court, because *allowed* to go to court, and it is years before the surveyed tract recovers the disasters entailed on it by the operation. Is it possible that "a Bengal Civilian" can write as he does at page 47: "The proposed abolition of harassing and costly enquiries preliminary to a revision of settlement (in other provinces) will be an enormous boon to the people. This reform in settlement procedure, with which Lord Ripon's name will henceforward be associated, is destined, I doubt not, to live in the grateful remembrance of the Indian people," and at the same time advocate enquiries of the same

kind in Bengal on the most gigantic scale, but all the more costly and all the more harassing because the tenures and rights which will be their *corpus vile*, are by the long lapse of years so much more intricate and complex? Are we to inflict on Bengal the very miseries which we are just declaring to be intolerable in the North-Western Provinces?

Nor is this all, it is universally seen and admitted that all the fruits of a cadastral survey would be thrown away long before the survey was completed, unless an establishment was organised to keep up the information thus obtained and record all changes and new holdings; in other words, unless village accountants are reorganised. Now there are in these provinces about 150,000 to 200,000 mouzahs or villages, each of which would require its accountant whose pay ought not to be less than Rs. 5 a month. This gives us an annual cost of 90 lacs, which must be increased to 120 lacs at least for the salaries of the canongoes or whatever the collecting and tabulating agency may be called, and for the superior agency indispensably necessary to supervise and digest the returns of the canongoes.

Now, seriously, is the information which these tons of returns will contain worth the initial outlay of 3 millions sterling at least, and the further annual outlay of another million? Can any reasonable person doubt that if this money is spent on railways and communications, it will confer a far greater boon on Bengal agriculture than if spent on surveys and village accountants? Another may have the title, but the most efficient Director of Agriculture in India is the Director of State Railways.

Moreover, admitted that complete agricultural statistics would be so great a boon, would they be trustworthy at the crucial point, the outturn of the crops? It is of little use to know that so many acres are sown with paddy, so many with jute, and so many with wheat, unless the outturn is also known, and it is precisely at this point that the information is least reliable. Those who have tried the experiment know well how very untrustworthy are the estimates framed of the outturn of any crop on the ground by those who are supposed to be experts. Often they are wrong by 50 per cent., nearly always by 20 per cent. It is little to say that the estimates based on the village accounts will not be accurate by 20 per cent., owing partly to careless and negligent compilation, but much more to erroneous estimates of outturn.

Now any district officer, who knows the habits of his people, the general character of the cultivation, the number of inhabitants, and whether they export or import the produce in question, can

form an estimate of the outturn of any year, correct to within 20 per cent., while, in the prices prevailing at all the principal bazars and markets and in knowledge, easily obtainable, whether the export or import is increasing or decreasing, he possesses a sort of food-supply gauge, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated.

An engineer in charge of a boiler does not ask to have glass let in that he may watch the steam at work, nor is he incessantly counting how many gallons of water are in the boiler, how much coal in the grate or how much steam must have been generated. He has a pressure gauge attached to his boiler which tells him the resultant of all these forces at a glance and enables him to know at once whether the machine is working efficiently or not. And what are the price-currents all over the country, but pressure gauges of the supply and demand of each class of produce ; indeed, far more useful for practical purposes than the most voluminous returns which the entire army of putwaries could produce. We can hardly conceive a case in which price-currents would not give an intelligent observer ample warning of the approach of scarcity, and if they failed to do so we should have little faith in obtaining the information from the putwaries' returns, which would probably be a year old before they reached the central Government.

We cannot but express a grave doubt whether the results of the reorganisation of putwaries and canongoes and the execution of a cadastral survey will anything like repay the cost or counterbalance the evils which they will entail, and if this is the first gift of the new department to the ~~Zemindars~~ and Agriculturists, and if the former are (as they no doubt will be) called upon to pay the lion's share of the cost, they will have bitter reason to rue the day when the new Director is appointed. At least let only one district be first sacrificed, let the experiment be fully carried out, the cost ascertained, and the benefits determined by the actual experience of one locality, before more victims are immolated.

BALLAD TO THE MOON.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset).

While faint stars round her swoon,
Over the clock tower high

The moon
Stands like the dot on i.

O moon, what sombre sprite
Draws by an unseen line

Through night
That wan worn face of thine ?

Thou cyclop-heaven's sole eye,
What mocking cherub fair

Doth spy
Behind thy mask up there ?

Say, art thou but a ball,
A great fat spider, who

Doth sprawl
Legless and armless too ?

Thou art, I seem to know,
An old brass gong, whose knell

Tolls slow
For the lost souls in Hell.

They on thy dial face
To-night read through the gloom

The space
Of their eternal doom.

Is it a worm that bites
Thy disc, when it grows black

O' nights,
To a crescent shrunken back ?

Some nights ago no bit
Of eye was left to thee.

Did'st spit
Thyself on some sharp tree,

That thou show'd'st pale and worn,
As wounded in hard wars,
Thy horn
Athwart my window bars ?
Bah, pale sick moon—I swear
The young, the bright Phœbe,
The fair,
Hath fallen into the sea.
A mask thou of the maid's
That wrinkled grows and old
And fades
Till we may scarce behold.
Give back the huntress queen
Who came at morning light
Full keen
To rouse the deer in flight.
Seen 'neath the plane-tree's shade
Or hazels bright with dew,
The maid,
She and her fleet hounds too.
The dark stag hangs in doubt
High on a rock, to hear
The shout
And cry o' the hounds draw near.
And following the prey
Through fields, through vales, full cry,
Away
The hounds and huntress fly.
At eve by woodland spring,
One bright foot in the water,
I sing
Latona's virgin daughter,
Phœbe, who in soft flight
To kiss her shepherd bends,
When night
Her welcome veil extends.

Moon, though grown dim thy glory,
Of thy love changing ne'er

 The story
Still makes us deem thee fair.

And still rejuvenescent
The traveller thee doth bless,

 As crescent
And as full moon no less.

Loves thee the old shepherd lone,
Though in thy still pale ray

 With moan
Dismal his collies bay.

The mariner gladly hails
Thee from his vessel high

 Which sails
Under a cloudless sky.

Thee seek the maiden's eyes,
As homeward through the wood

 She hies,
Singing in joyous mood.

Thee, like a great chained bear,
Follows and turns aside

 Nowhere
The billowy ocean's tide.

And whether it blows or snows,
What brings me here at eve ?

 Who knows ?
Merely, I well believe,

To see, while stars round swoon,
Over the clock tower high

 The moon
Stand like the dot on i.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A DISSERTATION ON THE PROPER NAMES OF PANJABIS, *with special reference to the Proper Names of Villagers in the Eastern Panjâb*. By Captain R. C. Temple, Bengal Staff Corps, &c. *Bombay : Education Society's Press*, 1883.—This interesting work is the result of a limited but useful excursion on the part of the author into the hitherto untrodden field of modern Indian Aryan nomenclature. The book is avowedly an incomplete and partial investigation of a great subject; but the author has rightly thought it better to publish such preliminary results as he has been able to arrive at, with a view to stimulate research into an important topic, rather than to delay publication indefinitely—a course which the presentation of more comprehensive details would have entailed.

The present observations are based—(1) upon the names of 2,846 persons drawn from the Census Returns of five villages in the Ambâlâ district, and (2) upon 1,133 Hindu names previously collected by the author for examination and analysis.

The primary object, as the writer remarks, of human nomenclature is to distinguish individuals, in which our European system of surnames is only moderately successful. Thus on the title-page of a recent volume of poems we find the author's name, with perhaps superfluous modesty, given as "Lewis Morris of Penbryn," a designation apparently intended to distinguish the writer, not from "Mr. William Morris of Parnassus" (as the *Saturday Review* unkindly suggested), but from the numerous other Lewis Morrises that are scattered up and down the regions of Wales. Among the Hindus surnames are unknown, and the parental and caste names have to be added, but even so with but doubtful success in distinguishing individuals. This method, however, is so far superior to that of the Muhammadans, that the latter have practically adopted it in India.

In his analysis of the Census table Captain Temple found that each name does not, on the average, occur three times in 3,000 persons—a fact which shows that the Panjâbis attain individuality

of nomenclature by an enormous variety of names, a variety which is arrived at by ringing the changes on the terminations of the words employed. Thus, Nathâ, Nathî, Nathu, Natho, Nathân, Nathî Râm, Nathû Mall, Nathâ Singh, Nathû Rai are all distinct names denoting separate individuals, just in the same way as Bartholomew (a frequent and favourite name in Puritan times) was varied into the forms—Bate, Bat, Batty, Bartle, Bartelot, Batcock, Batkin, and Tolly or Tholy.* Some of the native forms are considered finer than others, and the villagers think it grander to have a name like Shividîâl than to be called plain Shibbû; and the Har Devi of the Indian country-side finds her exact counterpart in the Euphemia (usually shortened, in use, into Phemy) of the Scotch village.

The author gives a list of male terminations of names with their corresponding female terminations; thus, Gangâ is the male, Gango the female name: just as the Romans had Lucretius, and Lucretia, or as, with us (a rare instance) Francis is the male, and Frances the female designation. Sometimes accent seems to be the only distinguishing feature, as with the masculine name Nathan, and its corresponding feminine Nathân; an almost solitary English example is our Evelyn.

On page 15 we find a collection of the more usual male complementary name-forms, as Anand, Delight, Rikh, Saint, Singh, Lion; such feminine forms are fewer: Devî, Goddess, Kaur, Princess. But these titles or complements, while common among native gentlemen and rich traders are found in only 19 per cent. of the village names. Twenty-eight per cent. are religious names, which "appear," says the writer, "to take their rise in the superstition that it is a good work towards salvation to pronounce constantly the name of God;" and hence, "naming one's child after one of the 'thousand names of God' ensures the practice of this good work, as its name will naturally be frequently in the mouth." Names of affection, or pet names, are also common enough. A curious category is the opprobrious names, which owe their origin to the same kind of superstition that induced the too-prosperous Polycrates to throw the most valuable of his jewels into the sea; the object being to propitiate the Nemesis of misfortune, and by giving a child a disgusting name to save it from evil influences. Such are Batho, Fool, Langat, Scoundrel, Alû, Potato, Magrâ, Alligator. Of these the favourite one seems to be Dunghill or Dungheap, which occurs, sometimes in two forms, in nearly all the

* Bardsley's *Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature*.

lists. Native customs, such as that of piercing the child's nose or snipping off a piece of its ear, always with the idea of averting evil, are also indicated by these names; as, Chhedâ, Pierced, Bûr, Crop-eared. The successive birth of daughters in Bengal, as Shib Chunder Bose* remarks, gives rise to opprobrious names for girls; as, Arnâ, No more, Chhî-chhî, Dirt. Besides these, all classes of words are utilized by the Hindus as names, words describing common objects of daily life, animals, trees, precious stones, metals, trades, and so on. Thus we find Chirâghâ, Lamp; Mendku, Frog; Imliâ, Tamarind; Fawâhir, Jewel; Rûp, Silver; Saudagar, Merchant.

"As above said, any kind of words will do for a name, and as instances may be given Deorhâ, from *derh*, one and a half, and the well-known Sawâi or Sawâyâ from *sawâ*, one and a quarter, which has been rendered famous as being the name or title of the celebrated royal astronomer of the last century, Râjâ Jai Singh Sawâi of Amber and founder of Jaipûr. It was deliberately given him as indicating him to be 'a man and a quarter,' and something beyond the usual run of mortals."

Chapter IV deals with the names of Muhammadans, who, in India, take only names connected with their religion, *viz.*, the names of the saintly heroes of their faith, or those of the Hebrew patriarchs and prophets mentioned in the Qurân. The list of these is a very limited one, and a third source of real Muhammadan proper names is found in the "Most Comely Names of God" combined with the word '*abd*, servant; as, 'Abdu'l-Azîz, Servant of the All-Honoured; 'Abdu'llah, Servant of God (often shortened into 'Abdûl); 'Abdu'r-Rahmân, Servant of the All Merciful. Similar names are Faiz 'Alî, Grace of Alî; Ghulâm Hussain, Slave of Hussain. The rage for vain titles, though hardly affecting Indian village names, is frequently seen in the nomenclature of Indian Musalmân princes, and often extended to the Hindûs. Thus—

"In 1837, Mahârâjâ Rangît Singh gave the following title to Sirdâr 'Atar Singh Sindhânwâlî, *viz.*, Ujjal-dîdâr, Nirmal-budh, Sirdâr-bâwagâr, Qaisaru'l-igtidâr, Sarwar-i-giroh-i-nâmdâr, A'lâ-tabâ'î, Shujâ'u'ddaulâ, Sirdâr 'Atar Singh, Shamsheer-i-jang Bahâdur, the meaning of which is the Bright of Countenance and the Clear of Intellect, the Honoured Sirdâr, the Lord of Power and Chief of the Company of the Famous, the High-minded Warrior of the State, Sirdâr 'Atar Singh, the Brave Sword of the State."

This species of name is frequently compounded with the ending *dtâ*, faith, and *daula*, State. The word *zu*, possessor, is seen in Zu'l-karnaln the Two-horned, the celebrated epithet of Alexander the Great (Iskandar). It is noticeable that out of a

* The Hindus as they are.

total of 1,067 names in the Census table, 196, or about 18 per cent., are common to Hindûs and Musalmâns, all being practically of Hindû origin ; the fact showing that the Muhammadans of the lower sort do not differ in their customs from their Hindû neighbours. They have not, with their religion, changed the old habits and notions of thier Hindû ancestors.

Chapter V examines the prime sources of the Indian Aryan system of nomenclature. A curious fact here noted is the prominent one that almost every word in the language—even *ka ?* who ?—was used to designate human beings. "Open," writes Captain Temple, Monier Williams's *Sanskrit Dictionary* almost at random, and it will be found that opposite nearly every word, either in its ordinary shape or as part of a compound, is recorded, 'Name of so-and-so,' 'Name of a man, of a king, of a prince,' and so on. Hence, partly, the wondrous variety of Indian proper names."

The writer gives in Chapter VI, which is mainly devoted to Punjâb clan and tribal names, an interesting instance of how, amongst the lower and middle classes, titles or nicknames are apt to stick long after the cause for them has passed away.

"In Ambâlâ are two merchants' shops known usually as Ilâhî Bakhsh Merathwâlâ and Ilâhî Bakhsh Dillîwâlâ, but also as Ilâhî Bakhsh Batlâ and Ilâhî Bakhsh Chhautât. Both these Ilâhî Bakhsh's are long dead, and their sons are trading in their stead, but the former has got his *soubriquet* because his father, who died a man of great wealth, started life as a regimental mess butler ; *batlâ*, being a corruption of the English *butler*. The latter's father was for some trifling offence flogged during the rough days of the Mutiny with a whip, in Panjâbî, *chhâulâ* or *chhântai*, whence Chhautât, the flogged or whipped. In time no doubt the origin of these names will be entirely forgotten, and the families will each have an underivable surname, as it were."

In Chapter VII the horoscopical or astrological name given to every Hindû, as distinguished from his ordinary name, is treated of, and the method of fixing upon the name explained.

The concluding chapter adds a few remarks on Christian nomenclature in Northern India, of which there are three chief methods. The first is according to the current Indian Aryan system, though sometimes we find a single European instead of an Indian name. Where a second name exists, it is looked upon as a surname, in utter contradiction to the true native ideas. The second plan is to give the child a purely English name, as Agnes Richardson. The third, which is by far the most interesting, mixes up the Indian and European methods of naming, but after the European manner, the final name of the father being utilized as the surname of the child, as Maggie Singh, Martha Sen. Where,

as often happens, the father has but one name, that is adopted as the surname; hence such queer mixtures as Janie 'Abdu'llah, Martha Benî; and lastly, sometimes the whole of the father's name is added, and we get such instances as Emily 'Isâ Das, Ernestina Tahil Singh.

A large number of tables and an appendix of Verses turning on the meanings of proper names, together with a copious index, conclude this instructive volume, which reflects no little credit upon the industry and research of its gallant author. A few misprints occur, as, on page 6, "more than five times" should be "five and more times," and on page 38 the first *Chhajhâ* ought apparently to have been printed *Chhajhâ* (see the note at the foot of page 34). Chapter III also (the most interesting in the book) might perhaps be more clearly and systematically arranged. But these are small matters, and easily amended in that more comprehensive work of which the author gives us some promise in his preface, and to which many will now look forward with no little interest and expectation.

THE MAHABHARATA OF KRISHNA-DWAIPAYANA VYASA TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE. Published and distributed *gratis* by Protap Chundra Roy. *Calcutta: Bharata Press, No. 367, Upper Clitpore Road, 1884.*—This important work has now reached its seventh part, carrying its readers to the close of the 1548th section of the gigantic Sanscrit original. This translation, when completed, will be, so far, the crowning achievement of the Datavya Bharat Karylaya and its learned and patriotic founder, Babu Protap Chundra Roy. This Society has for its object the gratuitous distribution of the great religious works of ancient India, and has already published the Mahabharata and the Ramayana in Sanscrit, with Bengali translations. Of that of the Mahabharata, it has, during the last seven years, printed and distributed gratuitously two editions, each consisting of some 3,000 copies. A first edition of the Harivansa, of 3,000 copies, has also been exhausted. Care, of course, has to be taken, by a discriminating selection of the recipients, that so large a gratuitous distribution of valuable works should not lead to their being secured for the purpose of subsequent sale. To some minds it may perhaps appear doubtful how far the people of India are likely to value books which they obtain for nothing, but, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the mass of the Native reading public in India are poor, much poorer than the corresponding class in Europe, and that, from their enormous size, the great Indian epics are necessarily costly.

Hence we believe that Babu Protap Chundra Roy and his coadjutors are likely to confer great benefits upon their countrymen both intellectually and socially by their disinterested efforts towards the spread of the standard literature of India. The Datavya Bharat Karyalaya has for its donors and patrons several of the foremost natives of India for position and learning. We should like to see many others added to their number, in support of so worthy and useful an undertaking.

AN INTERESTING INDIAN HISTORY ; A HISTORY OF ENGLAND ; A PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By Charles Waddington. *Calcutta: O'Brien & Co.*—These pamphlets are types of a numerous class of epitomised school books that every year sees produced, we are sorry to notice, in increasing numbers. The "canker of epitomes," as Bacon calls it, is fast becoming a serious evil. The tendency is year by year growing stronger among "Entrance Candidates" to substitute an unintelligent, rote-learnt knowledge of strings of disconnected facts, which they think might form the subject of an examination question, for painstaking study of larger text books and sound getting up of a whole subject. The best point about the above pamphlets is the printing, which is clear and good ; the subject-matter does not, in our opinion, justify even the price of five or six annas at which the books are sold. The "Interesting Indian History" comprises some 80 pages, by far the larger majority of which contain little more than minute descriptions of various battles, couched in nursery-tale English: "Slowly and steadily the British were advancing when—BOOM WENT THE BIG GUN!" This, we suppose, is a style adopted to make the history "interesting." We find also jaunty phrases like "he clapped him into chains and sent him off to Agra;" "stifling the gushes of paternal love;" "a defective Commissariat gave Campbell more bother than all the Burmese put together;" "the rest had died . . . of stark-staring madness." When we learn that Sanskrit seems to the author "to be the parent stock of many modern languages," including "English, Irish, French, and German," we are fain to think that the matter of his work stands as much in need of correction as the style.

THE CREAM

Of the Quarterly Reviews.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1884.

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DICTIONARY MAKING, PAST AND PRESENT.

- (1) *The Epinal Glossary, about 700 A.D.*
- (2) *The English Dictionarie; or, an Interpreter of Hard English Words.* By H[ENRY] C[OCKERAM], Gent. London, 1623.
- (3) *An Universal Etymological English Dictionary . . .* By N. BAILEY. London, 1721.
- (4) *A New English Dictionary, on Historical Principles.* Founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by JAMES A. H. MURRAY, LL.D., President of the Philological Society, with the Assistance of many Scholars and Men of Science. Part I: A to ANT. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884.

The recent issue of the first part of "The New English Dictionary," marking as it does an epoch in English dictionary making, gives a good occasion for a review of past labours in this field and a comparison of previous results with this latest product of scientific research.

The earliest English dictionary now in existence is an ancient M.S. that has long found a home at Epinal, in France, and is on that account known as "The Epinal Glossary." This M.S. was

written in the eighth century, and consists of lists of Latin words explained either by English words or by supposed easier Latin words. A magnificent *facsimile* of it has been very recently issued by the Philological Society, edited by Mr. H. Sweet, the French Government having most courteously allowed the precious M.S. to be taken to England for the purpose.

The next stage in the approach towards an English dictionary is marked by the appearance in about 1440 of the "Promptorium Parvulorum," the Little Discloser or Expeditor, as it has been freely rendered. It gives lists of nouns and verbs arranged alphabetically and is intended to help English readers to understand Latin by giving the Latin equivalents for English words and phrases; for instance, "Clepyn or Callen, Voco;" "Gredyness of Mete, Aviditas."

The following extract from the preface to an early edition of "Withal's Dictionary," said to have been first printed at the beginning of the 16th century, shows what was the dictionary ideal in the days of Shakspeare:

"I have resorted to the most famous and ancient Authours, out of which, as out of clear fountains, I have drawn as diligently as I could the proper names of things conteyned under one kynde, and disposed them in such order, that a very childe being able to reade, may with little labour perfytely imprinte them in memory: whiche shall not be onely profitable for them nowe in their tender age, but hereafter when they shall be of more judgement and yeres, it shall be unto them a singular treasure: for the lacke whereof they shall be compelled, as I have herde many profound clerkes both in disputation as also in familiar communication to use in steede of the proper and naturall worde, a paraphrase or cir cumlocucion."

In this "Shorte Dictionarie for Younge Beginners," the words, for which Latin equivalents are given, are not arranged alphabetically, but grouped, seemingly more by accident than by any discernible plan, under such headings as "names of birds," "beastes that labour," "the times, &c." In a later edition there is a portion headed "Certain phrases for children to use in familiar speeche," one of these pretty speeches being "Away and be hanged!" "*Abi hinc in malam rem.*"

Passing over the English-French Vocabulary of Palgrave, we next have, in 1552, the folio edition of Richard Huloët's notable book, which gives first the English word, then the Latin, and then the French equivalent, printing the first in black letter, the second in Roman, the third in italics. Here is a specimen of his definitions: "Cockatryce, whyche is a serpent, called the kynge of serpentes, whose nature is to kyll with hyssynge oneye. *Basilixus regulus.*"

It was not until 1616 that a genuine *English* dictionary, the

work of one John Bullokar, saw the light. It presents a curious contrast to the ponderous quartos of the nineteenth century, being of a size almost to go into a waistcoat pocket. It interprets only "the hardest words used in our language," which, perhaps, accounts for its diminutiveness. Natural history plays a prominent part in these early books. "A crocodile," according to Bullokar, "will weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat the head too."

Bullokar was followed by Minshcu, who issued in 1617 a polyglot, but yet true English dictionary, remarkable as the first effort at English etymology. The account of the origin of the word Cockney (a question, by the way, that is a veritable *crux* for even Professor Skeat who first suggests that it is connected with *coax*, and then, at Mr Wedgwood's instance, puts it down as derived from *coquina*, a kitchen) is amusing.

"A Cockney or Cockny, applied only to one born within the sound of Bowbell, that is, within the city of London, which tearme came first out of this tale: that a cittizen's sonne riding with his father out of London into the country, and being a novice and meerely ignorant how corne or cattel increased, asked when he heard a horse neigh, what the horse did; his father answered, the horse doth neigh; riding farther he heard a cock crow, and said doth the cocke neigh too? and therefore *Cockney*, or *cocknie*, by inversion thus: *incock q. incoctus*, i.e., raw or unripe in countrey-mens affaires."

But the dictionary of this period is what its author, Henry Cockeram, when publishing it in 1623 was pleased to call

"The English Dictionarie: or an Interpreter of hard English Words. Enabling as well Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants; as also strangers of any nation, to the understanding of the more difficult authors already printed in our Language, and the more speedy attaining of an elegant perfection of the English tongue, both in reading, speaking and writing."

"Is this work in six or eight folio volumes," does the reader ask? No, it is hardly, if at all, larger than the Primer of English Literature. It is, moreover, divided into books, the first giving 'choice,' the second, 'vulgar' words, and the third, a singular jumble of natural history, mythology, and biography. Among the 'choice' words is found 'bubulcitate,' with the meaning, 'to cry like a cow-boy.' The word 'actress' is defined, since this book was published before the practice of women appearing on the stage sprang up, as a 'womandoer.' In the third part it is stated of a little beast called the 'ignarus,' whatever that may be, that 'in the night it singeth six kinds of notes one after another; as la-sol-fa-mi-re-ut.' 'The Barble,' Henry Cockeram assures us, 'is a fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke.'"

The next work that calls for notice is one published in 1704 with a title twenty-four lines long; it is worthy of notice less on account of its intrinsic value than for the name of its author

which has still a familiar ring to us in the phrase "according to Cocker."

More important than Cocker's work is Nathan Bailey's, first published in 1721. It was Bailey who first said that it was no true part of a dictionary maker's work to pick and choose his words. The word 'Universal' on his title page is his way of saying that he had tried to include all words of his mother tongue. The twentieth edition of Bailey's Dictionary appeared in 1764. The title of John Wesley's Dictionary published anonymously in 1753 is somewhat ambitious: "The Complete English Dictionary, explaining most of the Hard Words which are found in the best English Writers. By a Lover of Good English and Common Sense. *N.B.*—The author assures you, he thinks this is the best English Dictionary in the world." He thus characteristically defines the title by which his followers became known: "A Methodist, one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible."

• It is beyond the scope of this article to give even a sketch of the labours of Johnson and his successors. Johnson's two folio volumes appeared in 1755 and formed the first *standard* dictionary, containing the first examples of quotations from standard authors to illustrate the meaning of words. Some of Johnson's definitions are ludicrous enough to tempt us to undervalue his really good work in that direction; e.g., "Network, anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the inter-sections."

The worth of Lemon's "Derivative Dictionary" is easily estimated from the surprising statement to be found in it, that "the expressions hot-cockles, scratch-cradle, link-boy, haut-goût, kick-shaws and others can only be explained by their etymology, *every one of which is Greek.*"

The writer ends his account of dictionary-making up to the time of Webster, Ogilvie and Richardson, by expressing his doubt whether there has been much *real* progress. And as a justification of this conclusion he gives a sketch of the origin of "The New English Dictionary" and an examination of the First Part, now within the reach of every Englishman with a spare half sovereign in his pocket.*

The ideal of a dictionary sketched in Archbishop (then Dean) Trench's paper "On some deficiencies in our English Dictionaries,"

*The writer strangely enough ignores the existence of Professor Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*, a work which marks a more distinct advance on the productions of Webster and Ogilvie than Johnson's Dictionary did on those of his predecessors.

read before the Philological Society in 1857, has been kept steadily in view by the makers of "The New English Dictionary;" in some respects it has been improved upon and at length, as far as words beginning with ANT, has been realized. Dean Trench contended that it was no part of a dictionary-maker's business to pick and choose words, or in any way to constitute himself the arbiter of a word's fate. He might not like either the look or the sound of *medioxumnous* or *ludibundness*, but if they had established their claim to life by being used in any writer of English, he had no right to shut them out. Acting on this principle, the promoters of the present work have drawn a sweep-net over English literature. From first to last, in the twenty-six years which have passed since the scheme took definite shape, upwards of *thirteen hundred* workers have contributed their toil, reading and extracting illustrative quotations from more than *five thousand* writers of all periods.

"When Dr. Murray accepted the responsible post of editor upwards of *two millions* of these quotations were in Mr. Furnivall's hands. The material that journeyed to Mill Hill in consequence of the change of editorship was over *two tons* in weight. The storage and examination of all this resulted, in the first place, in convincing Dr. Murray that much more reading and extracting of quotations was needful. He issued his appeal, and ere long there was added to his store another million and a half of slips, each containing the word whose use is illustrated, and the exact reference to the authors using it. The preliminary examination also convinced Dr. Murray that the dictionary was too large a guest for his home, and so a specially designed building was erected, and now stands in Dr. Murray's garden. Thither many curious and many admiring visitors have already wended their way, and have invariably found the presiding authority both willing and quick to give such insight into the inner working of the great plan as the visitor is competent to receive. Around the walls of the *Scriptorium*, as Dr. Murray calls it, are ranged his three and a half millions of written slips in alphabetical order—any particular one that may be needed obtainable in an instant; also a large and varied collection of early dictionaries and books of reference; and the inner space is portioned out for the desks of the editor and his assistants. It is not only a unique building, but one of the most interesting that a student of English literature can visit. Its fame has spread far and wide; and an American professor told one of his students, on the point of visiting England, that after he had seen Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London, the next thing to do in England was to go to Mill Hill and see the building where the big dictionary was being made."

The scope and plan of the book are best indicated by a quotation from the preface:

"The aim of this Dictionary is to furnish an adequate account of the meaning, origin, and history of English words now in general use, or known to have been in use at any time during the last seven hundred years. It endeavours (1) to show, with regard to each individual word, when, how, in what shape and

with what signification, it became English; what development of form and meaning it has since received; which of its uses have, in the course of time, become obsolete, and which still survive; what new uses have since arisen, by what processes, and when; (2) to illustrate these facts by a series of quotations ranging from the first known occurrence of the word to the latest, or down to the present day, the word being thus made to exhibit its own history and meaning; and (3) to treat the etymology of each word on the basis of historical fact, and in accordance with the methods and results of modern philological science.

"Why fix 1150 as the limit? some reader may ask. Dr. Murray replies—

"This date has been adopted as the only natural halting-place, short of going back to the beginning, so as to include the entire Old English or 'Anglo-Saxon' vocabulary. . . . For not only was the stream of English literature then reduced to the tiniest thread (the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle being for nearly a century its sole representative), but the vast majority of the ancient words that were destined not to live into modern English, comprising the entire scientific, philosophical, and poetical vocabulary of Old English, had already disappeared, and the old inflexional and grammatical system had been levelled to one so essentially modern as to require no special treatment in the Dictionary. Hence we exclude all words that had become obsolete by 1150. But to words actually included, this date has no application; their history is exhibited from their first appearance, however early."

These extracts indicate, first, that the dictionary is not only a lexicon of modern English, but that it is far in advance of any existing work in the light it throws upon Early and Middle English; and, secondly, that its supreme excellence consists in the thorough-going historical method followed in showing the forms a word has assumed in the course of its life, the successive meanings it has gathered or lost, and in illustrating *the whole by a careful series of representative quotations, exhibiting the word as used by writers of English.*

Take one of the earliest and best illustrative examples we can desire—the word *abandon*.

"We learn that the word was introduced into English about the beginning of the thirteenth century as an adverb, being an adoption of the old French phrase, *à bandon*, from *à*, at, to, and *bandon*, ban, proscription, &c.; meaning (1) under control, and (2) at one's will, unrestrictedly; a quotation for this sense is given dated 1423, and the word then became obsolete. About this time the word began to come into use as a verb. Four main meanings are given: I. To subjugate absolutely, an obsolete signification, but one which held its ground nearly two centuries. II. To give up absolutely. III. To let loose. IV. To banish, the last two being obsolete. The meanings under II. fall into *seven* subdivisions: 1. To give up to the control or discretion of another. Four quotations, from Chaucer in 1386 to Macaulay in 1849, illustrate this meaning. 2. To sacrifice, or surrender, obsolete meaning. Four quotations ranging from 1450 to 1718. 3. To give oneself up. Five illustrations, extending from Howard's 'Eutropius,' 1564; to Justin McCarthy's 'History of our own Times,'

1879. 4. Like 3, without reflexive pronoun and passive, obsolete. Four examples, 1393 to 1483. 5. A technical meaning, to relinquish to underwriters all claim to property insured. Three illustrations from writers on insurance. 6. To let go, give up, renounce. Six quotations from Gower, 1393, to Sir J. Lubbock, 1879. 7. To forsake, leave, or desert. Six quotations are given, and as this is now the commonest meaning of the word, and a good illustration of the method of the Dictionary, we will dwell for a moment upon them. We reproduce them as they stand. The first is CAXTON, 'Eneydos,' vi. 29: To habandoune and leue the swete countrye of theyr natiuyte. 1598. ALLEN, 'Admonition,' 57: The like usurper Richard the third, being . . . abandoned of the 'nobility and people.' 1671. MILTON, 'Sams.,' 118: As one past hope abandoned, and by himself given over. 1722. DE FOE, 'Hist. Plague,' 105: How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? 1792. 'Anecd. of W. Pitt, II. xxii 3: King Frederick's good fortune did not abandon him. 1879. Miss BRADDON, 'Vixen,' iii. 215: I felt myself abandoned and alone in the world."

This group of quotations is a gauge of the enormous advance made by this work upon every former dictionary. Take up Johnson, Richardson, or Webster. In many cases these writers give no illustrative quotations, and when they do refer to English writers, no *exact* references accompany the extracts. Webster, for instance, gives four definitions of the word *abandon* and under the last, *to forsake* or *leave*, quotes 'Hope was overthrown, and yet could not be *abandoned*.' *I. Taylor*. How much time would the reader consume if he wished to verify the quotation from Taylor's book? The references quoted above can be verified in a moment. They range from 1490 to 1879, showing that the word's life has extended over nearly four centuries. They embrace great English classics like Caxton and Milton, and they include little-known writers like Allen and a popular living novelist in Miss Braddon.

Another feature of great importance in the effort made to put *the definitions arranged in their true logical order*. The large amount of material collected has been successfully used to arrange the successive meanings in their true order of development.

As an example of the etymological knowledge displayed, the treatment of the word *aisle* may be noticed.

"The history is intricate, and it is complicated by the fact that our modern meaning of it is due entirely to a confusion of *aisle* in the eighteenth century with an entirely distinct word. Dr. Murray's note tells us that originally the word was an adoption of the old French *ele*, which came from the Latin *ala* (a wing) contracted from *axilla*. It was refashioned in France after the Latin *as aelle*, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was often written *aisle*, in imitation of the Latin *ascella*, the common term for the wing of a building, for the Latin *axilla*. In the fifteenth century the English word was confused with *ile*, *yle* (island—perhaps with the idea of a detached or distinct portion of a church—and re-

fashioned with this about 1700 as *isle*; recently modified after the French *aile* to *aisle*. The Latin *ala*, besides being confounded in mediæval use with *aula*, was confused with Old French *alee*, French *allee*, English *alley*, which led to a mixture of the senses of *aisle* and *alley*.

"The meanings are '1. A wing or lateral division of a church; the part on either side* of the nave' Twenty-six quotations (1370 to 1878, illustrate this definition. Passing through the sense, 'a transept,' it came to signify (1) 'Any division of a church,' and then (2), by confusion with *alley*, 'a passage in a church between the rows of pews or seats.' Among the five quotations given for this sense we find Bailey, in his dictionary (1731-1742), gives: '*Isles*, Certain straight passages between pews within a church.' Johnson (1755): '*Aisle* [thus written by Addison, but perhaps improperly, since it seems deducible only from either *aile*, a wing, or *allee*, a path, and is therefore to be written *aile*], The walks in a church or wings of a quire.'"

The fullness of treatment received by modern words is well exemplified in *altruism* and its derivatives.

The history of this word and its adoption into English by the translators and expounders of Comte is fully given and established by six representative quotations, beginning with George Henry Lewes, in 1853, and passing down through the writings of John Stuart Mill, Canon Farrar, and Prebendary Row, to George Eliot's 'Theophrastus Such,' where we read, 'The bear was surprised at the badger's want of altruism.' The associated group of words embraces *altruist*, *altruistic*, *altruistically*, and *altruize*. The dates show how recent is the introduction of the word, and the names of those who use it most freely, Herbert Spencer, Lewes, and Hinton, show to what school of thought it belongs. An interesting chapter of modern philosophical controversy is condensed in the definitions and illustrations of the use of these words."

Modern English is rich in phrases which are in frequent use but whose exact meaning is hidden from those who frequently let them drop from their tongues. Take, for example, the expression "to run amuck:"

"It is a Malay word, carried bodily into English as an adjective and an adverb. It is found first in its Portuguese form, Amouco, and meant a frenzied Malay; to run amuck is 'to run viciously mad, frenzied for blood,' and has this sense in writers like Marvell, Cook (of the Voyage round the World), and Southey. It then passed into the now common meaning, to run wildly, heedlessly, or recklessly; 1689 is the earliest date given for this sense, and 1880 the latest, and between the two we find, POPE: 'I'm too discreet to run amuck and tilt at all I meet;' and DISRAELI, 'Lothair: 'Ready to run amuck with any one who crossed him.'"

"Celebrated authors, it is encouraging to notice, are not free from error in their use of words, and both Dryden and Byron, as the Dictionary points out, use the word as if it were a noun; the former in 'The Hind and the Panther, ii. 118: 'And runs an Indian muck at all he meets;' the latter in 'Don Juan, lxxix: 'Thy waiters running mucks at every bell.'"

* Tennyson's—"Ran a Malayan muck against the times" (Aylmer's Field) is not noticed by Professor Skeat nor apparently by Dr. Murray.

As regards American words like *absquatulate*, though they can hardly be called English, a place is found for them, and their life-history is given by Dr. Murray. Thus *absquatulate*, we find, is a factitious word, simulating a Latin form (*c.f.*) *abscond*, *gratulate*, of American origin and jocular use—to “make off, decamp.” Three sentences are quoted, including this: “Hope’s brightest visions *absquatulate*.”

“The Dictionary, when complete, if the successive portions equal Part I., will be a happy hunting-ground indeed for those in search of polysyllable words. Such specimens as *alloquialism*, *amplexifoliate*, *amygdaliferous*, *amphibolostylous*, *amphibiological*, abound. Happily the rule seems to be, the longer the word, the shorter the definition, the fewer the illustrative excerpts. And curiously enough the converse holds in a very marked way; the shorter the word, the longer the definition, the more numerous, very much more numerous, are the specimens of its history and application. The very first article, or rather series of articles, those on the letter A, takes up no less than *three and a half* closely printed quarto pages, and *two hundred and sixty-three* quotations to exhibit its several uses are given.

“The word *all* is very fully treated, and affords not only some most entertaining reading, but gives all that is to be known about the word. The article extends over three and one-third pages, and is divided into five sections, under which are ranged *forty-six* main and *twenty-seven* subdivisions. The scope of the article may be set forth by asking the reader to explain the use of the word *all* in such sentences as—‘All is not lost,’ ‘Down came John, pipe and all,’ ‘I set not a flye, and all go to all,’ ‘Once for all,’ ‘They have beaten us openly . . . for all that we are Romans,’ ‘So pack up your alls, and be trudging away,’ ‘Living in any corner of this All,’ ‘It was all one; he could not sleep,’ ‘The All-Disposer,’ ‘All agog to have me trespass,’ ‘All could he further then earth’s center go,’ ‘She all-to-be-fooled me,’ ‘The all-talk party.’ These, and multitudes more, each exhibiting some special and distinctive sense of the word, will be found in this article, which has the honour, we believe, of being the toughest dictionary nut Dr. Murray has yet cracked.”

To sum up, “The New English Dictionary” is the last stage of a series of developments that began centuries ago—the flower of a long sustained growth. The book embraces a larger number of words than any other dictionary, and treats them with a fulness and accuracy approached by no predecessor. It embodies the latest results of the best etymological research. It arranges the definitions of words in their logical order. It has enobled many words whose claim to ancient lineage has been overlooked, and it also shows that services of the highest value are rendered to the nation by words whose origin is even subsequent to the Commonwealth. It has brought together a conspectus of English literature on a scale never before attempted; and the list of writers quoted, when published, will be a most valuable dictionary of English authors.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

APRIL, 1884.

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GREEN'S CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.

The Conquest of England. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN, M.A., LL.D.,
Honorary Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. London : 1883.

This volume is a continuation of the story of the "Making of England," by the same author. It carries us up to the year 1071, when William the Norman marched from the eastern fen to the north as the "unquestioned master of England."

Mr. Green has an extraordinary talent of throwing life and light into the darkest and dullest pages of history, and he has compressed into a single readable volume all that is valuable in the researches of Canon Stubbs and Dr. Freeman in the annals of early Britain.

But not only his genius, but his devotion to his subject, was remarkable.

"His firmness of character, indeed, almost reminds us of the myth of Hercules grappling with death as told in the 'Alcestis.' In him we have witnessed strength of will fighting against weakness of body and conquering it. He admired the English race ; he believed in their destiny and in their inborn greatness of character. It is quite conceivable, to say the least, that the process of interbreeding, a scientific knowledge of which has proved so valuable to stock-keepers, as productive of the finest flocks and herds, has operated in a larger and less visible way, because for a much longer time, in the composite race formed out of many races who now occupy Great Britain. With our present knowledge of the results of 'natural selection,' it is easy to perceive in what way centuries of intermarriage between Celt, Teuton, Pict, and Scandinavian, must have

modified both the mental and the physical types of our more immediate ancestors "

* * * * *

"England has had, as Britain had, a succession of alien rulers, and been held in turn by the Danes, by the Normans, by the Dutch under William III. But each time the victorious chief or king has assimilated himself to the English far more than he has assimilated the English to himself. And with all the partialities for their own customs, institutions, and courts, natural to foreign rulers, the fundamental laws and habits of England have prevailed, and with them the tone of thought and the determined love of independence and popular freedom which are the characteristics of Englishmen."

Dividing the England of Ecgeberht's day into three long belts extending from north to south, Mr. Green peoples the eastern belt—by far the largest—with a race of "wholly English blood;" the western (Wales) with the "wholly Celtic," and the narrow intermediate belt with a folk of blended British and English blood.

This blending is proved also by the admixture of Celtic words in our language.

"Thus Celt crossed by Saxon (to use the language of stockbreeders) produced a race possessed of great and varied capabilities, both mental and physical: stature and strength, bone and thew and muscle, were added from the Danish stock, and, built up from these elements, the Englishman of to-day is what he is—an 'Englishman,' with all the attributes which our national vanity, and we believe also scientific truth, attaches to the organism."

"Nowhere," as Mr. Green remarks, "has the intermingling of races been less hindered by national antipathy," even laws and prohibitions to the contrary having been disregarded.

The influx of the Danes commenced about the year 790, and the strife with the cruel invaders "lasted unbroken till the final triumph of the Norman conqueror. We are apt to overlook the fact that the Norman conquest of England was a victory of Danes, who, as settlers in France, had ceased even in tongue to be Northmen at all. "Not the Danes of Denmark, but the Danes of Rouen, of Caen, of Bayeux, became lords of the realm of Alfred and Eadgar."

The Danish invasion was at first merely an invasion of pirates. It was only in 866 that the conquest of Britain became a political necessity to the Danes. Meanwhile the two races, Saxon and Danish, were much akin, their home-customs were the same, and their religion was closely correlated. The chief difference was that while the Saxon in his new home had become partially civilized, the Dane had remained a barbarian in his native land; the one was to some extent Christian, the other entirely heathen. Thus the Saxons had lost, under the influences of Christianity, if not the bravery, at

least the ferocity and indomitable energy of their opponents. They could not face the Danish terror.

"Mr Green describes it as 'heathendom flinging itself in a last desperate rally on the Christian world. Thor and Odin were arrayed against Christ.' A common defence brought a ground for closer union between the Church and the State—a union which has become so fixed and essential a part of our Constitution that it is hard to predict what effect its long-threatened disruption would have on the empire, and whether, as alarmists forewarn us, the separation of the Church would but precede the fall of the Crown. They argue, not unreasonably, that when twin-powers have grown up together, dependent on mutual support, the process of separation is likely to prove fatal to both. Mr. Green considers that this union was formally cemented in 838 between Ecgbert and the occupants of the English sees. The first result of the pirate storm, he says, was 'to further English unity by allying the new English State with the English Church.'"

In 838 and again in 851 these roving Northmen made descents upon our coast. In 867 the total defeat of the folk at York made Northumbria a tributary kingdom, an event followed by the sack and destruction of all the great monasteries of the north.

"So complete was the havoc that, to use the author's words, 'in what had till now been the main home of English monasticism, monasticism wholly passed away. So thoroughly was the work of destruction done that the country where letters and culture had till now found their favourite home remained for centuries to come the rudest and most ignorant part of Britain.'"

They received their first decisive check from a young Saxon, the renowned King Alfred. A great defeat of the Northmen at Edington, near Westbury, and a solemn compact, known as the "Peace of Wedmore," proved for a time the salvation of Wessex.

"'Once settled in the south,' says Mr. Green, 'as they were already settled in central and northern England, the Danes would have made short work of what resistance lingered on elsewhere, and a few years would have sufficed to make England a Scandinavian country. All danger of this had vanished with the Peace of Wedmore. The whole outlook of the pirates was changed. Dread as Ælfred might the sword that hung over him, the Danes themselves were as yet in no mood to renew their attack upon Wessex; and with the abandonment of this attack not only was all hope of winning Britain as a whole abandoned, but all chance of making it a secure base and starting point for wider Scandinavian conquests passed away.'"

Nevertheless "all northern, all eastern, and a good half of central Britain remained Scandinavian ground." Alfred still had "a rival whose power was equal to or even greater than his own." Towns like Whitby, Thurlby (Thor), Grimsby, and those ending in *thwaite* and *dale*, prove the Danish domination in N. E. England. The "Ridings" of Yorkshire arise from a corruption of a Scandinavian word "thing" or "ting," an assembly, the three divisions forming the compound "trithing."

The weak point with the Danes was a deficiency of the political faculty. The Dane was by nature a swordsman rather than a legislator. The Saxon, on the other hand, seems to have been fonder of farming than fighting, and one of the first lessons Alfred learned was how unsuited the military system of the country was to the needs of the Danish war. The Saxon "Fyrd" (the German *landwehr*) would melt away as soon as their fixed term of service expired. To meet the difficulty an upper class of "Thanes" rose to importance under Alfred.

"The title of 'Thane' was not hereditary, but elective, the conditions being personal fitness, and the possession of some landed property. In point of fact, the lesser Thaness were well-to-do country gentlemen like our 'Esquires' in the more legitimate modernised use of the word. It was to this class, and to the power of bringing their retainers into the field at the king's bidding, that Alfred looked for the creation of something like a standing army. The churl was willing to follow his lord, because he looked to his lord as a champion and protector, as well as to a patron who would supply him with cattle and implements of culture. Such was the origin of that close bond of a common interest between landlord and tenant, which the noisy modern preachers of Socialism and the denouncers of 'landlordism' think it desirable to destroy."

Next, the king laboured to restore book-lore (*bóc-lár*), that is, a national literature. He desired that every free-born youth should "know how to read English writing."

"For this purpose, continues Mr. Green (p. 160), 'he set up, like Charles the Great, a school for the young nobles at his own court. Books were needed for them as well as for the priests, to the bulk of whom Latin was a strange tongue, and the king set himself to provide English books for these readers. It was in carrying out this simple purpose that Alfred changed the whole front of English literature. In the paraphrase of Cadmon, in the epic of Beowulf, in the verses of Northumbrian singers, in battle-songs and ballads, English poetry had already risen to a grand and vigorous life. But English prose hardly existed. Since Theodore's time theology had been the favourite study of English scholars, and theology naturally took a Latin shape. Historical literature followed Bæda's lead in finding a Latin vehicle of expression. Saints' lives, which had now become numerous, were as yet always written in Latin. It was from Alfred's day that this tide of literary fashion suddenly turned. English prose started vigorously into life. Theology stooped to an English dress. History became almost vernacular. The translation of Latin saint-lives into English became one of the most popular literary trades of the day. Even medicine found English interpreters. A national literature, in fact, sprang suddenly into existence, which was without parallel in the western world. It is thus that in the literature of modern Europe that of England leads the way. The romance tongues, the tongues of Italy, Gaul, and Spain, were only just emerging into definite existence when Alfred wrote. Ulfilas, the first Teutonic prose writer, found no successors among his Gothic people; and none of the German folk across the sea were to possess a prose literature of their own for centuries to come. English, therefore, was not only the first Teutonic literature, it was the earliest prose

literature of the modern world. And at the outset of English literature stands the figure of Ælfred."

But while Alfred was a warrior, a statesman, and a man of letters, he was also "a mighty hunter, wading the stillness of the 'Itene Wood' along the Southampton water, or the stiller reaches of the Cornish moorlands, with hound and horn." The singers of his court found in him a brother singer. He passed from court and study to plain buildings and instruct craftsmen; at another time he would be hearing a law-case as he stood washing his hands in a chamber at Wardour. In short, as Mr. Green writes,—

• He stands in the forefront of his race, for he is the noblest, as he is the most complete, embodiment of all that is great, all that is loveable in the English temper,—of its practical energy, its patient and enduring force, of the reserve and self-control that give steadiness and sobriety to a wide outlook and a restless daring, of its temperance and fairness, its frankness and openness, its sensitiveness to affection, its poetic tenderness, its deep and reverent religion."

After the death of Eadred, for nearly half a century, no pirate fleet landed on the shores of Britain. A feudal aristocracy had now leisure to grow up, and began to come into conflict with the "vast development in the power, and still more in the pretensions" of the Crown."

"England was now divided into seven portions, of which the author gives a map at p. 316, governed by 'Ealdormen' (aldermen). Territory now began to accumulate, and the *dominium* (demesne) of the great lord to absorb the smaller holdings of the folk. 'The free ceorl had all but vanished; he had for the most part died down into a dependent on the thegn; while the possessions of the nobles were widening into vast estates (p. 329). The modern Socialist, who regards with extreme jealousy the ownership of large estates in an over-peopled country of limited size, does not go much deeper in his reasonings than the objection: 'this is obviously unjust; this must be wrong—nay, it is monstrous and intolerable.' But Mr. Green remarks that, at this very period, the development of English commerce, and the change from mere agriculture to trading, had commenced. Granting that all land belongs of right to the State, yet for the State to take the possessions of the great landowners, and either put a charge upon them as State-property, or redistribute them, by a stringent agrarian law, among the many, would not be the redress of a wrong, but a return to a ruder state of things. The success or failure of small holding in any country at the present day depends on very complex causes, as thrift, industry, perseverance, competition, national habits, climate, local demand, &c. The acre which in one country would degenerate into a cabbage-garden or a potato-patch, in another country becomes a profitable orchard or vineyard, or market-garden. To get back the Saxon 'Free Ceorl' in the nineteenth century would not tend to lower rents, nor to increase national contentment and prosperity. Would fixity of tenure, asks Mr. Goldwin Smith, be anything but fixity of famine?"

Meanwhile trade was greatly stimulated by the new demand for costly luxuries consequent on the growth of the great land-

owners. We now hear of the great "fairs"; the predecessor of such as the Stourbridge and the Wood Fairs, at Cambridge and Peterborough, of 40 years ago.

At the close of the tenth century we come to the period of renewed energy on the part of the Danes to complete and secure the conquest of England.

"In September, 994, King Olaf and King Swein, with a joint fleet of nearly a hundred ships, entered the Thames unopposed. A truce or peace was, however, negotiated for a large sum of gold by Æthelred, as the peace of Wedmore had before been by Ælfred; and in the next year the two leaders retreated from the country. We read of a similar transaction again in 1007, when a truce with the Danes was bought by Æthelred for 30,000*l.*, and of a yet larger tribute exacted in 1012."

But none of these humiliating concessions availed long.

"In July 1013, Swein appeared off the coast, and after landing at Sandwich suddenly entered the Humber. The size and number of his ships, the splendour of their equipment, the towers on their forecastles, the lions, eagles, and dragons of gold and silver which glittered on their topmasts, their brazen beaks, the colours that decked their keels, showed that his aim was no mere plunder-raid. The time had, in fact, come for the conquest of England."

The whole country north of Watling Street (from London to Chester) submitted to the invader, and the conquest or surrender of Bath, Winchester, and London, "left him lord of all England." An important event now occurred which prepared the way for the presence of the Norman. Æthelred fled to Normandy, where his two sons, the younger of whom was Edward the Confessor, had been sent to be educated. The sudden death of Swein, in 1014, brought him back, amid the acclamations of his people, and Swein's young son, Cnut, "forsook Britain and sailed away to his northern home."

"He soon, however, as was the wont of these Danish chiefs, returned, and laid siege to London. 'It was at this moment that London first took the leading part in English history which it has maintained ever since' (p. 415). Eadmund, surnamed Ironsides, the son of Æthelred, who died in London in 1016, just before the siege, succeeded for the time in relieving London; but in a terrible and decisive fight in a swampy field along the Crouch, in Essex, the English army was completely defeated. The death, after only seven months' reign, of Eadmund, who had agreed to share England with the Dane, left Cnut, 'still in the first flush of youth,' the 'unchallenged king of all England' (p. 419). He adopted, indeed, at the outset, the simple but ruthless policy of murdering all who were likely to challenge him. But a marriage with Æthelred's widow Emma, then ten years older than himself, seems to have changed, or helped to change, his character for the better; for we find that 'the conqueror rose suddenly into a wise and temperate king' (p. 421). England, in fact, under Ælfred and his successors, had become too thoroughly English 'to live henceforth a merely Scandinavian life.' And thus, as Mr. Green happily expresses it (p. 426), 'it was not Scandinavia that drew England to it, it was England that was

brought to wield a new influence 'over Scandinavia.' Stripping himself of his Danish partialities and affinities, Cnut played the part of an English king rather than of a foreign master. England for the English was his policy, and on English law, customs, and traditions, he resolved to base his government. In Mr. Green's view, the Danish rulers developed the very institutions which the Saxon kings had initiated. What seems to us still more singular and unexpected, Cnut became very clerical, and delighted to honour saints and martyrs, and to make pilgrimages and costly offerings to their shrines. A change, indeed, had come over the face of England which, under a Danish usurper, could enjoy 'seventeen years of profound repose.' The reign of Cnut, during which justice and general prosperity prevailed, reminds us of the Roman Empire under Vespasian, Trajan, or Hadrian."

The year 1035 brought the deaths both of Cnut and of his wife's brother Robert, Duke of Normandy, the father of William. But the sympathies of the Normans were with the two young princes Alfred and Eadward, the sons of Æthelred by his second wife Emma. Meantime the stage was cleared for new actors in history, and the protagonist who first steps forward is Godwine, who had been made Earl of Wessex by Cnut in 1020. He and the Southerners at first supported the claims of Harthacnut, whom his father had named as his successor. The rest of England took Harald, Cnut's elder son, for their king.

But the deaths of both within seven years made way for the accession of Eadward, the last king of the old English stock, though in all but name he was a Norman. Mr. Green calls him a puppet in the hands of Godwine, whose daughter Eadgyth he married. The author gives a masterly sketch of Godwine's character:—

"The first great lay statesman of English history, he owed his elevation neither to hereditary rank nor to ecclesiastical position, but to sheer ability; the first minister who overawed the crown, his pliability, his good temper, his quick insight, his caution, and his patience, showed that he possessed the qualities of the adroit courtier. In foreign affairs he was among the first of English statesmen whose diplomacy and international policy had a European breadth, and concerned itself alike with Scandinavia, the Empire, the Papacy, France, Flanders, and the Irish Ostmen. The true work of Godwine, he concludes, 'lay in the building up of the English people, the awakening of a new loathing of foreigners, and of a new sense of kingship, and the gathering of the nation into that brotherhood which looked to him as the land-father.'"

He died suddenly in 1053, after establishing his family in a position of immense influence in the English realm.

On the death of the Confessor in 1066, William Duke of Normandy, did not claim the Crown; he simply claimed the right of presenting himself for election by the nation, and he was irritated at the conduct of Harold, the son of Godwine, who in spite of a former oath to support his claims, had been crowned as the new king.

Mr. Green gives a magnificent description of the great battle near Hastings, largely won by the powers of William's own hand.

"The entry of William I into this kingdom, and his general acceptance by the people, has many points of resemblance to the progress of William III from Torbay. Some opposition, of course, was raised, but eventually, and in a short space of time, 'England, as far as the Tees, lay quietly at William's feet.' William, though a conqueror, cannot justly be styled a usurper. He thought he had a claim to the throne which his rival had not, and he was probably in the right, for the choice of Harold as king had been the choice of a few of the nobles and bishops, and not that of the nation.

With the establishment of William on the throne in 1071 Mr. Green's instructive and readable volume concludes.

SAYCE'S HERODOTUS.

The Ancient Empires of the East: Herodotus I—III. By Prof. A. H. SAYCE. London: 1883.

This article is a defence of the Father of History against the somewhat bold charges brought against him by the Oxford Professor, set forth in the following terms:—

"He pilfered freely and without acknowledgment; he assumed a knowledge he did not possess; he professed to derive information from personal experience and eye-witnesses which really came from the very sources he seeks to disparage and supersede; he lays claim to extensive travels which are as mythical as those of the early philosophers; and he introduces narratives or selects particular versions of a story, not because they were supported by good authority, but because they suited the turn of his mind and fitted into the general tenor of his work."

After quoting Mr. Sayce's judgment, the writer proceeds to examine its grounds and its correctness, and, in our opinion, successfully shows the practical non-existence of either. One instance may be given.

One of the general charges brought by Mr. Sayce is that Herodotus pretends to know languages which he did not know. Thus the Professor says:—

"In ii. 104, 105, he assumes an acquaintance with the languages of both Egypt and Kolchis, and pronounces them to be alike—a verdict which may be put by the side of his other assertion that Egyptian resembled the chirping of birds (ii. 57)."

On this statement the writer comments as follows:—

"In ii. 104 Herodotus says only that he 'enquired from both,' he does not say in Colchian or in Egyptian; in 105 he says only 'there is a general likeness between their modes of life and their languages.' So Mr. Sayce would hold that a person who spoke of a general 'likeness' between French and Italian was (to use one of his own phrases) 'flagrantly dishonest' unless he could converse in those languages. Herodotus could have learned so much by ear, or by hearsay.

"But what are we to think of the editor's care when we observe that in ii. 57

Herodotus says absolutely nothing as to his own impression of the Egyptian language, or of any other? He there says simply that the priestesses called 'doves' at Dodona may have been so named because, on their first arrival, they spoke a tongue which the Dodoneans did not understand (δοτι βάρβαροι ἦσαν) ! He certainly did not understand Persian himself, says Mr. Sayce (p. xxxii). He neither states nor implies that he did. But that he had not *some* knowledge of it, certainly cannot be proved from the fact that his explanations of some particular words are incorrect ; else it would go hard indeed with his editor's Greek. Mr. Sayce assures us that Herodotus knew no Persians 'of social position' (p. xxxii) ; but we do vain hope that our old friend, even though he was not received by the λόγιοι, may have scraped acquaintance with some of the λόγιοι,—such as Thackeray's capitalist called 'littery men ;' and some of these, at least, could speak another tongue than their own ; as witness the Persian guest at the dinner given by Attaginus, who conversed with Thersander in Greek. The banished Athenian Dicæus (viii. 65), the Spartan Demaratus and his descendants (vi. 70), are instances of the channels through which information concerning Persia would be accessible to Greeks. Isolated foreign words and phrases are quoted by Herodotus precisely as he quotes other scraps of information that he thought interesting—in simple good faith. Herodotus is absolutely frank. Speaking of an Egyptian inscription, for instance, he qualifies his report thus :—' *As well as I remember what the interpreter told me when he read the words*' (ii. 125). This is the writer at whom Mr. Sayce sneers as falsely pretending to be 'a marvellous linguist' (p. xxxvi) ! "

The article concludes by maintaining that it is an act of simple justice to vindicate from reckless aspersions the memory of one who for 23 centuries has delighted and instructed mankind.

"Apollo warned Cræsus that, if he crossed the Halys, he would destroy an empire. An oracle of analogous purport might have been given to Mr. Sayce. He has edited three books of an ancient writer whose reputation he was bent on destroying. The reputation which has suffered is not that of Herodotus."

THE CREAM Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1884.

Diary of the Last European who Rode through the Desert from Berber to Suakim —					
Margery of Quether. In Two Parts. II. By the Author of "John Herring".					
<i>Illustrated</i>
Some Literary Recollections. VI.	196
The Giant's Robe. By the Author of "Vice Versâ".	<i>Illustrated</i>	—
The Capital of the Mikados	—
The Log Hut of Clapham.	<i>Illustrated</i>	—

SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS.—Mr. Payn continues the memories of his life in Edinburgh, which, when he first went there, had ceased to be "the Modern Athens," the exodus to London having set in, and men of letters no longer making it their residence by choice. Many "local celebrities," however, still remained. There were Robert Chambers and Alexander Smith; Aytoun and MacCulloch; Russell (of the *Scotsman*) and Dean Ramsay; Hill, Burton and Gerald Massey: men of various types, who could hardly have been said to run in couples. But society in general was a little stiff. Leitch Ritchie had warned the writer that he should find it so. In looking on the Castle, or the Calton Hill, or Arthur's seat, "All, all save the spirit of man is divine" was his favorite quotation. Scotchmen, in their own country, are difficult of access, which, though no very serious defect, to a stranger to Edinburgh was undoubtedly a drawback.

As to hospitality, there was nothing to complain of in that respect, for Robert Chambers not only opened his own doors to Mr. Payn at once, but introduced him to his literary friends. His manner was dry, and though his eye twinkled with humour, one did not easily recognise it as such. That of Robert Chambers was of the good natured

sort, and the writer, intimately connected with him for twenty years, lost, when he died, one of the truest friends he ever had.

"His manner, however, on first acquaintance, was somewhat solid and unsympathetic. He had a very striking face and figure, as well known in Edinburgh as St. Giles's Cathedral, but a stranger would have taken him for a divine, possibly even for one of the 'unco guid.' In London his white tie, and grave demeanour, caused him to be always taken for a clergyman; a very great mistake which used to tickle him exceedingly. 'When I don't give a beggar the penny he solicits,' he used to say, 'he generally tells me after a few cursory remarks, that 'the ministers are always the hardest.' He could appreciate a joke even upon a subject so sacred as the 'Journal' itself. Mrs. Beecher Stowe had been visiting Edinburgh, and had had some talk, he told me, with his brother William. She spoke of various periodicals, and presently remarked, in an off-hand manner, 'You publish a magazine yourself, don't you?' So might a visitor to Rome have observed to the Pope, 'You have a church here, have you not—St. Peter's or some such name?'"

As these are literary reminiscences, there is no need to speak of William Chambers, a man of great wealth, but who was in no sense a man of letters; his style was bald, and his ideas were platitudes; but because he had started the 'Journal', he attributed its subsequent success to himself, though it was owed to his brother. There was really no comparison between them.

"William, as is well known, unconsciously sat to Dickens for his portrait of Bounderby in 'Hard Times.' He was always talking of the poverty of his youth, and hinting—very broadly—at the genius which had raised him to eminence. He used to give lectures describing the miseries of a poor lad, who had had to 'thole' [toil] for his livelihood, and had afterwards, by diligence and merit, made a great figure in the world; and the peroration—for which everybody was quite prepared (*i.e.*, with their handkerchiefs, not at their eyes, but stuffed in their mouths)—used to be always 'I was *that* Boy.'"

* * * * *

"To my thinking there is no example of the undue influence of wealth in this country more convincing than the manner in which a good, and one may fairly say, a great man, like Robert Chambers was dwarfed in the public eye beside his brother. When he died there was a paragraph or two in the papers commenting on the event; while the decease of William was dwelt upon as a national calamity, though indeed no one went quite the length of saying that 'the gaiety of nations had been eclipsed' by it."

What struck the writer most in Edinburgh was the extraordinary disregard of the precept that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

"About this period a majority in the House of Commons had been 'snatched' in a division against the Sunday post, which prevented the whole country from sending or receiving letters on the seventh day; as no post went out from London on Sunday, and there was no telegraph, this made two consecutive days of failure of correspondence; the inconvenience was insupportable, and after six weeks the old *regime* was again adopted, but not in Edinburgh. The only alleviation permitted

was that for one half hour on Sunday morning the Unregenerate were allowed to send for their letters to the General Post Office. The scene beggared description ; though I made an effort to describe it—not in the 'Journal' of course, but in 'Household Words,' under the descriptive title of 'A Sabbath Morn.' Hundreds of men, women, and children crowded the Great Hall, calling out their names and addresses at the top of their voices, and the letters, addressed to them were thrown at their heads by unwilling and scandalised officials. It was a Pandemonium which even the 'awakening' sermons of the day could hardly rival in their descriptions of what was awaiting those who read their letters on a Sunday."

Even such men as Hill Burton and Alexander Russell would endorse, or at all events excuse, this fetish-worship. The writer said something about the stiffness of social life in Edinburgh in the latter's presence, instantly apologising for it in rather a maladroit manner.

"'You have so little of it yourself,' I said, 'that I quite forgot you were a Scotchman at all.' 'Sir,' he said, 'I want no compliment at the expense of my country' When I ventured to reply, however, that he ought to accept it as being probably, the very first thing that ever *had* been done at the expense of his country, his sense of humour at once came to the rescue, and we became great friends. He even stood a sly reference to the fact that no return tickets were at that time issued from Edinburgh to London, but only the other way."

No man possessed a keener sense of drollery than Russell. Readers looked for his articles in the *Scotsman* with expectations altogether different from those which the ordinary leader writer awakens. They had a strain of good-natured irony running through them, which—save to the subjects of their satire—was universally acceptable.

"Besides the humour of his stories there was almost always some graphic illustration of character in them. In Sutherlandshire and some other northern counties of Scotland, the Church was at that time ruled by certain elders of a puritanic sort, but who had also an eye to the main chance. A young man in whom they were interested came down to practice the law in Edinburgh, and after a month or two, one of the elders followed him and inquired of Russell how their young friends S. was getting on. 'I think,' he said, 'he will succeed, for he is a truly moral man!'

"'He's well enough,' returned Russell rather contemptuously ; 'but as for his morality, I am not aware, though he does come from your part of the country, that he is more moral than other people.'

"'Hoot, man!' was the unexpected rejoinder ; 'I dinna mean drink and the fasses, but gambling and sic things as you lose money by.'

"A still more characteristic story of his was in connection with his own affairs. The Liberal party in Scotland, who were under great obligations to him for his advocacy as a journalist, had subscribed very handsomely to present him with a testimonial in hard cash. He was not a rich man, but he had doubts as to whether he should accept a gift which might destroy or weaken his prestige ; and he consulted a fellow-countryman upon the point. The advice, as he told it me with infinite relish, was as follows :—

" 'If it is five thousand pounds, my man, tak' it ; if it's less than five thousand, don't tak' it ; and say you wouldn't have taken it if it had been fifty thousand ! ' "

Russell was not a Radical, far from it ; but, apart from the political bearing of long established rank, he could see the absurdity of its claims as clearly as any one.

"At that time there were two Lords of Session in Edinburgh of similar sounding names, Lord Neaves and Lord Deaves. A young sprig of the former's family once informed Russell that he 'belonged to the oldest house in England—Neaves is in fact the elder branch of the house of Neville' "

" 'Dear me,' was the dry reply ; ' then in that case, reasoning by analogy Lord Deaves may claim a still more ancient origin.' "

Dr. Simpson, though he was not then Sir William, was at the summit of his reputation. His appearance was remarkable ; " Body of Bacchus with the head of Jove", as Gerald Massey described it in his dedication to one of his poems.

"I remember no one in his profession who more impressed me as being a man of genius than he did. If not a wit himself, he was, at all events on one occasion, the cause of wit in another. He had, of course, an immense practice in Edinburgh, but it seemed to me a world too narrow for the exercise of his powers, and I once inquired of a great English doctor how it was that Simpson had never come to London.' 'My dear sir,' he replied with a dry smile, 'he is quite right to stop where he is ; there are no coroners' inquests in Scotland.' The Faculty has a large collection of professional jokes, but few, I think, better than this one "

The many-sidedness of Leitch Ritchie was of great advantage to him as an editor and still more to his contributors ; scientific or poetic, imaginative or matter of fact, he could sympathise, more or less, with them all.

"It was a matter of boast with its proprietors that, during the long course which the 'Journal had run, its contributors formed of themselves a public ; and they were at least as various as they were numerous. I remember three remarkable contributions coming in one day, which my co-tossed over to me, with a nod of introduction in each case : 'That comes from an archbishop,' he said (naming him) ; 'that from a washerwoman, and that from a thief.' "

Until a man becomes an editor he can never plumb the depths of literary human nature ; the position affords an opportunity for the most surprising studies, especially among the Rejected, 19-20ths of his constituency.

"It was by no means uncommon to find an article, after the first few pages, gummed together ; the writer's notion being that his paper would go through a very perfunctory examination indeed, and that he would thus be in a position to prove what insurmountable obstacles he had had to contend against ; it never struck him that, even if his device was not discovered, the first few pages would have been amply sufficient data for his condemnation.

"Others, however, would admit that their contributions were not uniformly admirable ; 'After the first ten chapters,' they would write, 'you will find, Mr. Edi-

tor, that my story grows intensely interesting.' When these precious MSS came back to hand, their proprietors were of course positively convinced that the eleventh chapter had never been reached, and so far at least they came to a just conclusion.

"Others, again, were really modest as to their talents; they looked for acceptance on quite other grounds than literary merit; because they were only seventeen years of age, or because they were more than seventy; because they had an aged aunt dependent on them for subsistence; because their husband was a clergyman, and wanted his chancel repaired; or because they were of Royal descent."

Some would-be contributors, sad to say, stooped to deception. Their articles, they would assure us, had been written 'with a view to our particular needs', and 'had been sent to no other periodical'; which was not always true. There were, however, also experiences of quite an opposite nature, which gave great zest and interest to my new calling.

"While I am upon the subject, I may mention one or two cases—the individuals connected with them being long dead and gone—illustrative of the curiosities of editorship. I had been in the habit of receiving from a certain contributor some admirable sketches of low London life; graphic, though without offensive coarseness, they convinced the reader of their absolute reality; and as the visiting of the dens of the metropolis was not at that time so fashionable an amusement as it is at present, my amateur explorer interested me very much. It struck me, I remember, that a large proportion of the payment he received for his sketches must needs find its way into the pockets of the policemen employed as his body-guard.

"One day, after a long interval, he sent me a paper called 'A Night in the Thames Tunnel'; he described himself as being without the two pence that ordinarily procured him a lodging, and as resorting to the Tunnel—at that time a penny footway—for warmth and shelter. The same idea, he said, had occurred to others; for on the occasion in question he had found several homeless persons, like himself, by no means of the lower classes, huddled under the gas-lights, and waiting wearily for the dawn. The preface, as well as the article, was so lifelike, that for the first time it occurred to me that my contributor might really be as poor as he professed to be. I therefore wrote to ask him if his affairs were indeed so unprosperous, and making no apology if they were not so, since my mistake was evidently, in that case, due to his marvellous powers of description. I got in reply one of the saddest revelations I ever received; but it is sufficient here to say that my correspondent was utterly destitute.

"That a man possessed of such talents should be in such extreme necessity seemed almost appalling. I went at once to Alexander Russell, whom I knew to be just then in want of literary assistance, and laid the case before him.

"'Of course there is *something* wrong,' he said grimly; 'probably drink; but I'll give your *protégé* a trial.' And the Thames Tunneller came up to Edinburgh forthwith at a salary of 200*l.* a year.

"The end of the story was almost as strange as its commencement; my contributor (who did *not* drink, I am happy to say) kept his place for twelve months or so, and then departed elsewhere, when I lost sight of him altogether.

I thought he had 'gone under' for good and all. Ten years afterwards a work on London life, purporting to be written by a Scripture Reader, made a great sensation. I read and admired it like the rest of the world, but my interest in it was vastly increased on receiving a presentation copy of the second edition, with 'my first success' in a well-known handwriting on the title-page. It was the Thames Tunneller emerged to light for the second time."

There were sadder incidents. Some one, lost to his friends, or at all events to one friend, either mother or lover, had written a poem in the 'Journal,' which, meeting her eye long after its publication, had apparently betrayed to her his identity.

"I fear that what I am about to request," she wrote, 'is beyond your power to grant, but I make it with an extreme yearning . . . can you, *will* you tell me who wrote or sent to you the lines entitled—? Was there a name or initials? Was it sent from England or *Australia*? . . . Try, try, sir, to remember: a broken-hearted and dying woman will ever bless you! For pity's sake endeavour to satisfy me!'"

Mere variety often induces weak natures to lay claim to compositions which have attracted notice. The writer has known dozens of instances of it, some which have had the most painful results.

"I hope I am not taking too great a liberty," writes one unhappy father, 'in asking about an article written in your Journal, of such and such a date' (let me once more say I am speaking of things that happened more than twenty years ago, and which can therefore now hardly offend anyone). 'I have been told—and by himself—that it was written by a son of mine. I fear—I fear that vanity has induced him to tell us a falsehood. Will you be good enough to write the word 'Yes,' or the word 'No' inside the enclosed stamped envelope?'

"This young gentleman had only deceived his family, but there were some cases in which positive frauds were committed, and money taken for articles written by another hand. I remember a very well-informed individual doing me the honour of a personal visit and bringing with him an article on 'The Literature of (say) Cuba,' in which island he described himself as being a resident. It was an interesting paper, and as I had never happened to hear of Cuban literature, I accepted it. A few days afterwards he called again, announcing himself as being about to depart for his native isle, and inquired whether it would be convenient to let him have the payment for the paper in advance, a request which was at once complied with. When the paper appeared, months afterwards, I got one of those letters, half playful, half satirical, with which all editors are familiar, from 'A Constant Reader,' pointing out that it was advisable in a journal professing to publish only original articles to mention the fact when any exception was made, as in the case of the 'Literature of Cuba,' the whole of which, 'as you are doubtless aware,' said my correspondent, 'is copied *verbatim* and *literatim* from (I think) 'Murray's Foreign and Colonial Library.'"

On another occasion a wretch sent the editors a story (of course, under another title) published twenty years before in the 'Journal' itself. This was seething a kid in its mother's milk indeed.

"One gentleman, who had sent us a pressing paper of this kind (I think on the Round Towers of Ireland), was especially unfortunate; he was an Irishman

himself, he told us, which however was somewhat superfluous, for in his precipitancy he had omitted to give his address. A week afterwards he wrote in a great state of excitement to know why he had not heard from us, which nothing but the appearance of his Round Towers in print could, in his opinion, excuse; but in this case, too, he gave no clue, save the postmark, which was Dublin, to his private address. Then he wrote to say that flesh and blood could stand such neglect no longer, and that he was coming over to Edinburgh to demand a personal explanation; and still he omitted to say where he wrote from. Eventually he actually arrived, livid and foaming, and on being confronted with his headless correspondence, only burst into a roar of laughter, and observed that it was 'mighty queer.'

Strange also are the ways of the voluntary correspondent. Some are matter-of-fact beyond anything which the imagination can conceive.

"I remember publishing a romance of a certain island, not in the geographies, where things took place which do not happen every day, and arousing an unexpected desire in one of these gentry to visit it. 'I shall be obliged,' writes the intending emigrant, 'if you will kindly answer the following questions:—

"1. The date at which the account of this interesting spot was written.

"2. Under what Government it is placed

"3. Price of land, and method of obtaining it.

"4. Language spoken.

"5. Average summer heat.

"6. Kind of sponge referred to; honeycomb or cup.

"7. Occupations or trades most in request in the island.'

A good many of the casual correspondents of a periodical are evidently downright mad; but the semi-sane ones are really noteworthy, generally scientific persons with marvellous systems of their own.

"One of them had a 'mechanical hippogriff,' only requiring a few pounds to inflate it, to go careering over the fields of space; moreover (though, like 'the two little boys who only learn Latin' in the terms required of a governess, 'it was scarcely worth while to put that in') it had incidentally 'a method of expelling vitiated air by a succession of revolving fans, which, if thought advisable, *would discharge the whole atmosphere of one country into another.*'

"Another of these quasi-scientific gentlemen was furious with us because we thought the world was round. 'I suppose, sir,' he writes, 'that there is no periodical in the kingdom which has done more to sustain the infidel imposture of the Newtonian theory than yours. Are you still determined to defend what you *know* to be the grossest fraud invented by man? It is perfectly scandalous that a parcel of critics and editors should persist in fooling the public with the idea of globulous world.'

The writer then goes back to the gravity of Edinburgh life, greatly mitigated by humour, but still very serious.

"Everybody must remember Dean Ramsay's story of the dissipated young man, who went to too many funerals; and there was certainly something of austerity

even in its pleasures. With a large section of the community everything that had relation to pastime was considered wicked ; and the booksellers they patronised sold nothing but improving books. Wishing to have some theoretical knowledge of the national game, I ordered of one of them a handbook of golf, and in due course received a neat little volume entitled 'The Hand of Providence, exemplified in the life of John B. Gough' (the teetotaler). I took it complainingly to Robert Chambers, who laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and rather grudgingly observed, 'Now, why should this have happened to you and not to me?'

"So seriously did society at large regard matters, that the droller side of things escaped their observation. A beggar man had stood on the old bridge for the last ten years with a placard on his breast, with this inscription :—'Blind from my birth; I have seen better days'; and no one ever seemed to perceive that it was a contradiction in terms.

"In Princes Street it was in contemplation (nay, for all I know it was done) to erect a marble cattle fountain with the motto :—'Water was not meant for man alone'; but it utterly escaped public notice that such an inscription would be an encouragement to whiskey-drinkers."

A curious feature of Edinburgh life was the extraordinary respect paid to professors of all sorts, though they were almost as numerous as colonels in the United States. In England we seldom address them by the title, but in Edinburgh it is not so.

"I remember an amusing example of this. At a large party, at which Alexander Smith the poet (he had just been made Secretary to the University) was present, I happened to speak of him to our hostess.

"'Notwithstanding all the praise that has been showered upon ^{him}, I said 'what a modest young fellow he is!'

"She shook her head with gravity. 'I am sorry to say I cannot agree with you ; for I have just heard him actually call Professor Soanso, Soanso, which I consider to be a great liberty in a person of his position.'

"The notion of a poet being in an inferior position to a professor tickled me exceedingly, but it was not easy to find people to share the joke "

As a matter of fact, Alexander Smith was one of the most modest of men. A pattern drawer at some commercial house in Glasgow, he awoke one morning to find himself the most bepraised of poets ; but it altered his simple character not a whit ; and when the pendulum swung the other way, he took detraction with the same good-natured philosophy. He was full of quiet common sense, mingled with a certain Lamb-like humour.

With a brief reference to Dr. John Brown, whose acquaintance the writer regrets that he did not happen to make, the article concludes.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1884.

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Lady Barberina. In Three Parts. Part I. By HENRY JAMES
The Metopes of the Parthenon. By CHARLES WALDSTEIN
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The Bay of Islands in Calm and Storm. By S. G. W. BENJAMIN...
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The Women of the Bee-Hive. By HELEN JACKSON (H. H.)
One Way of Love. By ELIZA CALVERT HALL
On the Training of Parents. By FRANK R. STOCKTON...
The Reproach. By EDMUND GOSSE
Trades-Unionism in England. By THOMAS HUGHES
One Sea-Side Grave. By CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI
Chief Joseph, the Nez-Percé. By C. E. S. WOOD
Topics of the Time

BRITISH FERTILITY.—This is a highly picturesque record of American observation of England as a land of teeming life. The very swarms of clamorous sea-gulls that hover in the wake of the vessel as she nears the British shores tell the whole story of the hungry and populous countries you are approaching, that you are near the sea-marge of a land where the birds and animals are not only more numerous than in America, but more dominating and aggressive—in fact, characterized by a greater persistence and fecundity. It is the Old World, and yet it really seems the New in the virility and hardihood of its species.

The New Englander who sees with evil forebodings the rapid falling-off of the birth-rate in his own land, may see something to comfort him in the British islands.

"Behold the fecundity of the parent stock! The drought that has fallen upon the older parts of the New World does not seem to have affected the sources of being in these islands. They are apparently as copious and exhaustless as they were three centuries ago. Britain might well appropriate to herself the last half of Emerson's quatrain :

" 'No numbers have counted my tallies,
No tribes my house can fill ;
I sit by the shining Fount of Life,
And pour the deluge still.' "

"For it is literally a deluge : the land is inundated with humanity. Thirty millions of people within the area of one of our larger States, and who shall say that high-water mark is yet reached ? Everything betokens a race still in its youth, still on the road to empire. The full-bloodedness, the large feet and hands, the prominent canine teeth, the stomachic and muscular robustness, the health of the women, the savage jealousy of personal rights, the swarms upon swarms of children and young people, the delight in the open air and in athletic sports, the love of danger and adventure, a certain morning freshness and youthfulness in their look, as if their food and sleep nourished them well, as well as a certain animality and stupidity,—all indicate a people who have not yet slackened speed or taken in sail. Neither the land nor the race shows any exhaustion. In both there is yet the freshness and fruitfulness of a new country. You would think the people had just come into possession of a virgin soil. There is a pioneer hardness and fertility about them. Families increase as in our early frontier settlements."

And then the writer quotes a paragraph from Taine's "English Notes," showing the large number of children frequently found in English families. Were it not for the wildernesses of America, of Africa, and of Australia, to which these swarms migrate, the people would suffocate and trample each other out. A Scotch or English city has a kind of duplicate interior of the closes and alleys, in which and out of which the people swarm like flies. Every inch of space is occupied, the tenements crowding and lapping over one another, like the nests of swallows packed beneath the eaves of the American farmer's barn.

"One day, in my walk through the Trosachs in the Highlands, I came upon a couple of ant-hills that arrested my attention. They were a type of the country. They were not large, scarcely larger than a peck measure ; but never before had I seen ant-hills so populous and so lively. They were living masses of ants, while the ground for yards about literally rustled with their numbers. I knew ant-hills at home, and had noted them carefully, hills that would fill a cart-box ; but they were like empty tenements compared with these, a fort garrisoned with a company instead of an army corps. These hills stood in thin woods by the roadside. From each of them radiated five main highways, like the spokes of a wheel. These highways were clearly defined to the eye, the grass and leaves

being slightly beaten down. Along each one of them there was a double line of ants—one line going out for supplies and the other returning with booty—worms, flies, insects, a constant stream of game going into the capitol. If the ants, with any given worm or bug, got stuck, those passing out would turn and lend a helping hand. The ground between the main highways was being threaded in all directions by individual ants, beating up and down for game. The same was true of the surface all about the terminus of the roads several yards distant. If I stood a few moments in one place, the ants would begin to climb up my shoes and so up my legs. Stamping them off seemed only to alarm and enrage the whole camp, so that I would presently be compelled to retreat. Seeing a big straddling beetle, I caught him and dropped him upon the nest. The ants attacked him as wolves might attack an elephant. They clung to his legs, they mounted his back, and assaulted him in front. As he rushed through and over their ranks down the side of the mound, those clinging to his legs were caught hold of by others, till lines of four or five ants were being jerked along by each of his six legs. The infuriated beetle cleared the mound and crawled under leaves and sticks to sweep off his clinging enemies, and finally seemed to escape them by burying himself in the earth. Then I took one of those large, black, shellless snails with which this land abounds, a snail the size of my thumb, and dropped it upon the nest. The ants swarmed upon it at once, and began to sink their jaws into it. This woke the snail up to the true situation, and it showed itself not without resources against its enemies. Flee, like the beetle, it could not, but it bore an invisible armor; it began to secrete from every pore of its body a thick, whitish, viscid substance, that tied every ant that came in contact with it, hand and foot, in a twinkling. When a thick coating of this impromptu bird-lime had been exuded, the snail wriggled right and left a few times, partly sloughing it off, and thus ingulfing hundreds of its antagonists. Never was army of ants or of men bound in such a Stygian quagmire before. New phalanxes rushed up and tried to scale the mass; most of them were mired like their fellows, but a few succeeded and gained the snail's back; then began the preparation of another avalanche of glue; the creature seemed to dwindle in size, and to nerve itself to the work; as fast as the ants reached him in any number he ingulfed them; he poured the vials of his glutinous wrath upon them, till he had formed quite a rampart of cemented and helpless ants about him; fresh ones constantly coming up laid hold of the barricade with their jaws, and were often hung that way. I lingered half an hour or more to see the issue, but was finally compelled to come away before the closing scene. I presume the ants finally triumphed. The snail had nearly exhausted its ammunition; each new broadside took more and more time, and was less and less effective; while the ants had unlimited resources, and could make bridges of their sunken armies. But how they finally freed themselves and their mound of that viscid, sloughing monster, I should be glad to know."

When the writer came up to London, he could not help thinking of the ant-hill he had seen in the North. This, he said, is the biggest ant-hill yet.

"See the great steam highways, leading to all points of the compass; see the myriads swarming, jostling each other in the streets, and overflowing all the surrounding country. See the under-ground tunnels and galleries and the over-ground viaducts; see the activity and the supplies, the whole earth the hunting

ground of these insects and rustling with their multitudinous stir. One may be pardoned, in the presence of such an enormous aggregate of humanity as London shows, for thinking of insects. Men and women seem cheapened and belittled, as if the spawn of blow-flies had turned to human beings. How the throng stream on interminably, the streets like river-beds, full to their banks! One hardly notes the units,—he sees only the black tide. He loses himself, and becomes an insignificant ant with the rest. He is borne along through the galleries and passages to the under-ground railway, and is swept forward like a drop in the sea. I used to make frequent trips to the country, or seek out some empty nook in St. Paul's, to come to my senses. But it requires no ordinary effort to find one's self in St. Paul's, and in the country you must walk fast or London will overtake you. When I would think I had a stretch of road all to myself, a troop of London bicyclists would steal up behind me and suddenly file by like spectres. The whole land is London-struck. You feel the suction of the huge city wherever you are. It draws like a cyclone; every current tends that way. It would seem as if cities and towns were constantly breaking from their moorings and drifting thitherward and joining themselves to it."

A fertile race, a fertile nation, swarms in these islands. The climate is a kind of prolonged May. Life is rank and full, and the culmination and embodiment of it all is in Shakspeare. He implies just such a teeming, racy, juicy, land and people. One sees in England, clearer than ever, that the moral and intellectual value or equivalent of this fertile island is in his pages. There is the same riot and prodigality of life in the lower types, the same push and hardness. When European plants and animals come into competition with American, the latter, for the most part, go to the wall, as do the natives in Australia.

"The honey-bee, with its greed, its industry, and its swarms, is a fair type of the rest. The English house-sparrow, which we were at such pains to introduce, breeds like vermin and threatens to become a plague in the land. Nearly all our troublesome weeds are European. When a new species gets a foothold here, it spreads like fire. The European rats and mice would eat us up, were it not for the European cats we breed. The wolf not only keeps a foothold in old and populous countries like France and Germany, but in the former country has so increased of late years that the Government has offered an additional bounty upon their pelts. When has an American wolf been seen or heard in our comparatively sparsely settled Eastern or Middle States? They have disappeared as completely as the beavers."

The writer noticed many traits among the British animals and birds that looked like the result both of the sharp competition going on among themselves and of association with men.

"Thus, the partridge not only covers her nest, but carefully arranges the grass about it so that no mark of her track to and fro can be seen. The field mouse lays up a store of grain in its den in the ground, and then stops up the entrance from within. The woodcock, when disturbed, flies away with one of her young snatched up between her legs, and returns for another and another. The sea-gulls devour the grain in the fields; the wild ducks feed upon the oats; the crows and

jackdaws pull up the sprouts of the newly planted potatoes ; the grouse, partridges, pigeons, fieldfares, etc., attack the turnips ; the hawk frequently snatches the wounded game from under the gun of the sportsman ; the crows perch upon the tops of the chimneys of the houses ; in the east the stork builds upon the house-tops, in the midst of cities ; in Scotland the rats follow the birds and the Highlanders to the herring fisheries along the coast, and disperse with them when the season is over ; the eagle continues to breed in the mountains with the prize of a guinea upon every egg ; the rabbits have to be kept down with nest and ferrets ; the game birds—grouse, partridges, ducks, geese—continue to swarm in the face of the most inveterate race of sportsmen under the sun, and in a country where it is said the crows destroy more game than all the guns in the kingdom."

The scenes along the coast of Scotland during the herring-fishing are characteristic.

"The herrings appear in innumerable shoals, and are pursued by tens of thousands of birds in the air, and by the hosts of their enemies of the deep. Salmon and dog-fish prey upon them from beneath ; gulls, gannets, cormorants, and solan-geese prey upon them from above ; while the fishermen from a vast fleet of boats scoop them up by the million. The birds plunge and scream, the men shout and labor, the sea is covered with broken and wounded fish, the shore exhales the odor of the decaying offal, which also attracts the birds and the vermin ; and, altogether, the scene is thoroughly European. Yet the herring supply does not fail ; and when the shoals go into the lochs, the people say they contain two parts fish to one of water."

The writer notes as a significant fact the number of eggs in the birds' nests.

"The first nest I saw, which was that of the meadow pipit, held six eggs ; the second, which was that of the willow warbler, contained seven. Are these British birds then, I said, like the people, really more prolific than our own ? Such is, undoubtedly, the fact. The nests I had observed were not exceptional ; and when a boy told me he knew of a wren's nest with twenty-six eggs in it, I was half inclined to believe him. The common British wren, which is nearly identical with our winter wren, often does lay upward of twenty eggs, while ours lays from five to six."

* * * * *

"The highest number of eggs of the majority of our birds is five ; some of the wrens and creepers and titmice occasionally produce six, or even more ; but as a rule one sees only three or four eggs in the nests of our common birds. Our quail seem to produce more eggs than the European species, and our swift more."

When one considers the comparative immunity from the many dangers that beset the nests of American birds,—dangers from squirrels, snakes, crows, owls, weasels, &c., and from violent tempests,—one can quickly see why the British birds so thrive and abound. There is a chaffinch for every tree, and a crow and a starling for every square rod of ground. Every available spot is occupied, every hole in a wall, every throat of the grinning gargoyles about the old churches,

the mouth of every rain spout and gutter on which they can find a lodgment.

"Look also at the crows, or rooks as they are usually called. They follow the plowmen like chickens, picking up the grubs and worms; and chickens they are, sable farm fowls of a wider range. Young rooks are esteemed a great delicacy. The four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie, and set before the king, of the nursery rhyme, were very likely four-and-twenty young rooks. Rook-pie is a national dish, and it would seem as if the young birds are slaughtered in sufficient numbers to exterminate the species in a few years. But they have to be kept under, like the rabbits; inasmuch as they do not emigrate, like the people. I had heard vaguely that our British cousins eschewed all pie except crow-pie, but I did not fully realize the fact till I saw them shooting the young birds and shipping them to market. A rookery in one's grove or shade trees may be quite a source of profit. The young birds are killed just before they are able to fly, and when they first venture upon the outer rim of the nest or perch upon the near branches. I witnessed this chicken-killing in a rookery on the banks of the Doon. The ruins of an old castle crowned the height overgrown with forest trees. In these trees the crows nested, much after the fashion of our wild pigeons. A young man with a rifle was having a little sport by shooting the young crows for the gamekeeper. There appeared to be fewer than a hundred nests, and yet I was told that as many as thirty dozen young crows had been shot there that season. During the firing the parent birds circle high aloft, uttering their distressed cries. Apparently, no attempt is made to conceal the nest; they are placed far out upon the branches, several close together, showing as large dense masses of sticks and twigs. Year after year the young are killed, and yet the rookery is not abandoned, nor the old birds discouraged. It is to be added that this species is not the carrion crow, like ours. It picks up its subsistence about the fields, and is not considered an unclean bird."

What is true of the birds is true of the rabbits, and probably of the other smaller animals. The British rabbit breeds seven times a year, and usually produces eight young at a litter; while the corresponding species in America breeds only twice, producing from three to four young.

"It is calculated that in England a pair of rabbits will, in the course of four years, multiply to one million two hundred and fifty thousand. If unchecked for one season, this game would eat the farmers up. In the parks of the Duke of Hamilton, the rabbits were so numerous that I think one might have fired a gun at random with his eyes closed and knocked them over. They scampered right and left as I advanced, like leaves blown by the wind. Their cotton tails twinkled thicker than fireflies in our summer night. In the Highlands, where there were cultivated lands, and in various other parts of England and Scotland that I visited, they were more abundant than chipmunks in our beechen woods. The revenue derived from the sale of the ground game on some estates is an important item. The rabbits are slaughtered in untold numbers throughout the island. They shoot them, and hunt them with ferrets, and catch them in nets and gins and snares, and they are the principal game of the poacher, and yet the land is alive with them. Thirty million skins are used up annually in Great Britain, besides several million hare skins. The fur is used for stuffing beds, and is also made into yarn and cloth."

There are other forms of life, however, in which America surpasses the mother country. The writer did not hear the voice of the frog or of the toad while he was in England. Its marshes were silent ; its summer nights were voiceless.

"I longed for the multitudinous chorus of my own bog ; for the tiny silver bells of our *hyloides*, the longdrawn and soothing *tr-r-r-r-r* of our twilight toads, and the rattling drums, kettle and bass, of our pond frogs. Their insect world, too, is far behind ours ; no fiddling grasshoppers, no purring tree crickets, no scraping katydids, no whirring cicadas ; no sounds from any of these sources by meadow or grove, by night or day, that I could ever hear. We have a large orchestra of insect musicians, ranging from that tiny performer that picks the strings of his instrument so daintily in the summer twilight to the shrill and piercing crescendo of the harvest-fly. A young Englishman who had travelled over this country told me he thought we had the noisiest nature in the world. English midsummer nature is the other extreme of stillness. The long twilight is unbroken by a sound, unless in places from the 'clanging rookery.'"

In the matter of squirrel life, too, America is far ahead of England. In all the writer's loitering and prying about the woods and groves there he saw but two squirrels. But England is the paradise of snails. The writer has counted a dozen on the bole of a single tree, and has seen them hanging to the bushes and hedges like fruit. The bird or other creature that feeds on the large black snail of Britain need never go hungry, for he saw these snails even on the tops of the mountains.

The same opulence of life characterises the vegetable world. The numbers and wide distribution of the wild flowers is especially striking. Find one of a kind and you will presently find ten thousand. They show no shyness, no wildness, nature is not stingy of them, but fills her lap with each in its turn.

"The island is small, is well assorted and compacted, and is thoroughly homogeneous in its soil and climate ; the conditions of field and forest and stream that exist have long existed ; a settled permanence and equipoise prevail ; every creature has found its habitat, every plant its home. There are no new experiments to be made, no new risks to be run ; life in all its forms is established, and its current maintains a steady strength and fullness that an observer from our spasmodic hemisphere is sure to appreciate."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1884.

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Kairwan. By A. F. JACASSY
The Old Man of the mountain.—A poem. By WILLIAM GIBSON, U.S. N.
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Dignity of Lowly Work.—A poem. By A. A. LIPSCOMB...
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The Rival Ghosts. A Story. By BRANDER MATTHEWS
The Thunderer of the Paris Press
"The Belle." Titian. From the Salon de Venus, Pitty Palace, Florence. En- graved from the original Painting by W. B. CLOSSON
Nature's Serial Story. VI. By E. P. ROR
Sestina. A Poem. By FLORENCE M. BYRNE
The Era of Good Feeling. By TOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. <i>Illustrations.</i> After Paintings by GILBERT STUART and Drawing by Davignon. James Monroe. Rufus King Henry Clay
Judith Shakespear. A Novel—Chapters XIII.—XV. By WILLIAM BLACK

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—Though this popular sketch of the history and work of the Bank of England is written by an American and mainly for Americans, English readers will not find it without interest. Previously to the establishment of the Bank of England, much of the nation's spare money was deposited with goldsmiths and the receipts they issued circulated from hand to hand and were negotiable much as bank-notes are now. One of the best customers of the goldsmiths, not so much however in the way of depositing as of borrowing, was the chronically impecunious Charles the Second, who often accepted loans bearing 30 per cent. interest, pawning every grant of Parliament and every prospect of money in order to secure them. Finding, however, his necessities increase, he one day repudiated his obligations by locking up the Exchequer, and thus confiscated over a million and a quarter pounds. This was

never repaid, though the king, alarmed by the clamorous indignation of the public, allowed six per cent. interest on it during the rest of his reign, while the principal was added to the National Debt.

The desirability of a national bank became apparent in many ways. It was necessary for the support of the national credit and for the security of a paper currency. It promised to be a means of reducing the rate of interest paid by the State, and of restoring the coinage, which had become vitiated through fraud and wear, to a legitimate standard. The national treasury was empty, and the Government came begging to Guildhall, and Guildhall went in procession through the wards of the city to solicit money for the administration. To relieve the penniless Government was one of the objects of the founder of the Bank of England, and though this was opposed with great bitterness by the usurer and others who had profited by extortionate discounts, and by others who declared that such a bank would become a dangerous monopoly, engrossing the whole money of the kingdom, a charter was at last obtained. The results were speedily apparent, and William Paterson, the founder, was justified in affirming that the Bank had spared the ministers their humiliating processions into the city to secure loans at 10 and 12 per cent. interest; that it had given life and currency to double or treble the value of its capital in other branches of public credit; and had been the principal means of the success of the campaign in 1695, particularly in reducing Namur, the first step towards the peace of 1697.

"The terms of the charter which Paterson procured were that the sum of £1,200,000 should be raised by voluntary subscriptions, and that the subscribers should form themselves into a corporation styled The Governor and Company of the Bank of England. The whole of the capital was to be loaned to the government, and the corporation was to be allowed to issue bills to an equivalent amount, which could pass from hand to hand by successive indorsements. The Bank was also to receive from the government interest at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, together with £4,000 per annum for management, being £100,000 per annum on the whole. It was not to trade in any goods, wares, or merchandise, but it was to be allowed to deal in bills of exchange, gold and silver bullion, and to sell any wares and merchandise upon which it had advanced money and which had not been redeemed within three months of the time agreed upon. The whole of the £1,200,000 was subscribed in ten day's time by about 1,300 persons, and the charter was issued on July 27, 1694. The management of the corporation was entrusted to a governor, a deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors, all elected annually, and all subjects of England, the governor being required to have at least, £4,000 of the capital stock in his own name, the deputy-governor at least £3,000, and each director £2,000. When the subscription was complete the sum was handed into the Exchequer, and the Bank procured from other quarters the funds which it required for the transaction of its current business.

"The current business at the foundation was not large, and all of it was done in one room : but from that time to this, when its capital is £14,553,000 and the price of its shares is £295, it has held up its head through all vicissitudes and has been inseparably connected with the fortunes of the English government. It has been now a suppliant, then a dictator, nurtured by Halifax, bullied by Walpole, and coaxed by Pitt. If it has not always been generous in time of adversity, it has been prudent, and its influence has been against chimeras and reckless speculation. At least once—in December. 1825—it saved the country from bankruptcy ; and because it has not in all seasons of commercial distress been willing to play the part of benefactor, it has been assailed by so many choleric pamphleteers that the titles of their effusions cover some thirty pages of the British Museum catalogue."

The writer quotes from Francis's history of the Bank an account of some of its difficulties, when its notes were at a heavy discount, when it was without specie to meet the demands of its creditors and actually obliged to pay demand notes in quarterly instalments.

"Though the coinage was much worn and clipped, the Bank was required to receive it at its nominal value, but when the recoinage began in 1696 it was obliged to redeem its bills with new coins of full weight, and thus perhaps for seven ounces of silver received it was bound to pay twelve. Its enemies collected and presented the notes to a large amount, and it was obliged to suspend payment at first partially and then generally. In February 1697, its notes were twenty-four per cent below par, but with a new charter and an increase of capital they were brought up to par again. A century later it was once more in serious difficulties. Immense sums of money had suddenly been withdrawn, and its reserve greatly reduced by advances unwillingly made to the government. On Saturday, February 25, 1797, it had only £1,272,000 available, and there was every prospect of a continuance of the 'run' on the following Monday. In the emergency the government met in council on Sunday, and prohibited the directors from paying their notes in cash until the sense of Parliament had been taken on the subject. Parliament agreed to continue this restriction for an indefinite period, and a committee was appointed to investigate the affairs of the Bank. The committee found that at the moment the Order in Council was promulgated, the Bank possessed property to the amount of £15,513,690 above all claims upon it. The 'run' did not originate in any overissue of paper, but in the unsettled condition of the country, owing to the war caused by the French Revolution, and the fears of an invasion, which led the people to convert their notes into gold. Specie payments were not resumed until 1821, and while the government and the business men of London did their best to hold up the credit of the notes during the suspension, the notes were not a legal tender."

The charter of the Bank has been renewed from time to time since its first grant. In 1844 the Bank Charter Act was passed, which separated the issue from the banking department, and placed the note on its present basis.

"Up to 1844 the Bank of England and private banks out of London with not more than six partners, could issue any number of notes, the 'promise to pay,' on the face of which was guaranteed only by the desire and ability of the issuers to keep faith with the holders of them ; but by the act of that year all banks

established subsequently were prohibited from issuing notes, and the issue of banks then existing was limited. In the case of the Bank of England the same Act, in separating the issue department from the banking department, defined the limits within which the issue of notes upon securities must be confined, and provided that the Bank should purchase any amount of gold offered to it at a certain fixed rate, or, in other words, receive in deposit any quantity at a certain rate in exchange for notes. Since 1844, the governors and directors of the corporation have had practically no control over the issue of notes.⁹ The reader wonders perhaps, how it would be possible to, pay all notes in gold when £15,000,000 of them are not represented by gold in possession of the Bank, but by securities. The method has been thus lucidly explained by Thomson Hankey, Esq., an ex-governor and one of the directors of the Bank. Supposing that all the notes outstanding, except the £15,000,000, were presented for payment, there would be enough gold in the Bank to meet them at any hour of any day, and long before the funds could be reduced to fifteen millions by any legal process the Bank would begin to realize on the £15,000,000 of securities. Four millions of the securities are of a class saleable at all times, and the remaining £11,000,000 are loaned to the government. If there should be any need of that sum, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have no difficulty in turning the government's debt to the Bank into three-per-cent. stock, which he would assign to the governor and company, and they would sell the stock as required, receiving in payment their own notes, which would be immediately cancelled.

"A Bank of England note is the safest piece of paper in the world, and under any circumstances the Bank could pay every one in circulation without touching a shilling of its capital. The great object of the charter of 1844 was to secure at all times and under every possible contingency the conversion of every bank-note into gold whenever presented for payment, and that object has been completely attained. The effect has been to accumulate much more gold than would have been necessary had the interests of the shareholders alone been considered; and while this stock of bullion, bearing no interest and held only for the integrity of the bank-note, is a drawback from one point of view, the enormous benefit which the country derives from the absolute equality of the note and the coin far outweighs any attendant disadvantage.

"The enmity manifested toward the Bank has not always been without justification. Its critics allege that it has suddenly and unnecessarily thrown out the 'paper' of substantial firms, and caused more than one panic which its forbearance would have averted. In 1835 it refused to discount any bills drawn or indorsed by other joint-stock banks and it adheres to this rule. About 1745) it was customary to deliver for money deposited an accountable receipt, which could be circulated like a modern check. The receipts of 'Child's' were at par while the notes of the Bank were at a discount, and the latter institution secretly collected a large amount of the receipts with the intention of presenting them suddenly and breaking its rival. 'Child's' learned of the design, however, and borrowed £700,000 from the Duchess of Marlborough. The officials of the Bank appeared with receipts to the amount of about £600,000, and demanded payment, which was blandly made in their own dis-

⁹ The Act providing that any excess of issue above £14,000,000 (now £15,750,000) represented by securities shall have its equivalent in bullion.

counted notes, much to the profit of the goldsmith's house at Temple Bar, and to the discomfiture of the governor and company of the Bank of England. The Bank has also played a trick or two more characteristic of Wall Street than Threadneedle Street."

The writer does not fail to be impressed with the sixty omnibus routes converging at the irregular space with the Corinthian portico of the Royal Exchange on one side, and the similar architecture of the Mansion House nearly opposite; he has, of course, little to say of the pretensions of the exterior of the great monetary institution, though trans-Atlantic visitors are hardly prepared to find a green court-yard, great robust trees, and the sentimental music of a fountain in the heart of the greatest bank in the world. But provided with a director's order to view the interior—a privilege not loosely granted—there are one or two interesting sights inside for the stranger.

"He will be taken into the basement and through a carefully guarded iron door into a warm, low-roofed, circular vault, around which are a number of small trucks loaded with gold ingots, the collateral for the notes. The ingots on each truck are built up in stacks to the amount of £80,000, and in other parts of the vault there are boxes of Spanish dollars and some Nevada silver. The attendant removes a cloth cover from a glass case, and discloses an assortment of pure gold ornaments—bracelets, rings, necklaces, and coronets, unburnished and rude in execution, but often admirable in design. This is the residue of the Ashantee indemnity, the larger part of which has been melted and coined. In the basement, also, are the barracks, wherein thirty-six soldiers are quartered from seven o'clock every evening until the next morning for the protection of the Bank. There is a library for the use of the men, who are provided with supper, and the officer of the company is not apt to find fault with the post to which he comes marching from the Tower. The governor and company are hospitable, and for him and any two friends he chooses to invite a table is set, which includes a precious old port that has lain long with the other treasures in the cellars.

"It has been the custom to quarter soldiers in the Bank since the Lord George Gordon riots, when it was threatened by the mob. After burning Newgate, and delivering the prisoners, the rioters bethought themselves of the treasure-house in Threadneedle Street, and advanced upon it with the intention of sacking it. Had they come earlier, they would undoubtedly have succeeded; but the attack was not made until the fourth day of the riot, and the Bank was then fully prepared for them. A number of soldiers were placed outside the walls, and the roof was occupied by the clerks and other officials, who were provided with bullets made out of their ink-pots. The first fire of the military repulsed the mob, which, after a second attempt to storm the place, fell back in dismay, while John Wilkes rushed out alone and valiantly collared the ringleader.

"Perhaps we should amend our assertion that the sights of the Bank are uninteresting, by admitting that it depends on the imaginativeness of the spectator. By themselves these ingots are simply tablets of dull yellow metal, and the operation of printing the notes is little different from what may be seen in the printing of handbills: the printer's 'devils' are like other printers' devils—a little cleaner, may be—and the rollers pass softly over the plate as they do in

most presses. But if the spectator's vision penetrates beyond the mechanical process into the capabilities of money, the substantial walls dissolve, and innumerable enchanting possibilities fill the brain. If one of the little presses could be our servant for a day, we should have an income superior to that of all the Rothschilds put together; it, as it were, fills a basket with sovereigns every minute; it pours out fortunes with no more ado than a gentle click-clack; it seizes slips of white paper and converts them into thousand-pound notes in an instant. Most wonderful and adorable of machines! This is what it seems to do, but it does not really add a single penny to the capital of the world and the value of the notes exists in the bullion which represents them in the vaults. Were there no collateral, the press might go on printing for ever without making anybody richer. Political economy is not as picturesque as imagination."

No notes of a higher denomination than £1,000 are issued, and as the press is capable of producing these at the rate of 3,000 an hour, this part of the work is soon accomplished. The number and date of each note are printed at both ends, and thus is introduced the convenience of half notes for transmission by post. Not the smallest scrap of paper is wasted and if a note is spoiled in the printing, it has to be accounted for no less than the perfect ones.

"While for beauty of design the notes of the Bank of England are inferior to those of the United States, they are securer and more durable. The paper is made at a special manufactory at Laverstock, Hampshire, and about 14,000 reams are supplied to the Bank yearly, at a cost of about one pound or five dollars a ream. The dies by which the water-marks are made, and the plates used in printing, are manufactured in the Bank itself. Brittle to the touch as the paper seems, it is almost as strong as parchment, and it is possible to hold a piece no larger than a note by the edges and place a fifty-pound weight upon it without tearing it. Its thinness and transparency prevent erasures and other illegal alterations. In an album kept at the Bank the various counterfeits discovered are preserved, and the best of these is one executed by a Frenchman. It would take an extremely experienced eye to detect any fault in the engraving, but the spuriousness of the paper is visible at a glance. Most of the imitations could not deceive a child, and the poorest of them is a one-hundred-pound note, which was inclosed to a charitable institution with a benevolent letter. But the penalty is so heavy, and the detectives of the Bank are so vigilant, that few criminals have courage enough to exercise their ingenuity in forging notes, and at the present time no forged notes are known to be in circulation. In earlier times, when the design of the notes was ruder forgeries could be attempted with greater impunity, and the history of the Bank contains many instances of daring and brilliant roguery."

The most illustrious knave sent down to posterity through these annals was known from a part of his disguise as "Old Patch."

"In 1780. a note was paid which passed through the hands of several of the Bank officers before it was discovered to be a well-executed counterfeit, and others followed it in which the engraving, the water-mark, and the signature were reproduced with perilous fidelity. The detectives sought the felonious printer in vain for months without finding him, but it was noticed that more of the notes were passed just previous to the lottery drawings of the period than

at any other time, and this circumstance supplied the first clew leading to his capture. A young man who had answered an advertisement for a servant was called upon by a coachman one day and told that the gentleman who wished to engage him was in a carriage outside, where he desired to see him. In the vehicle he found an elderly man, who appeared to be in a condition of great debility; several yards of flannel were wrapped around his legs, a surtout was buttoned up to his throat, and his face was concealed, except on the left side, where a patch could be seen over his eye. Did a mysterious stranger ever enter the pages of Mr. Wilkie Collins more propitiously? The elderly man, with many feeble coughs and cries of pain, represented himself as the guardian of a young nobleman, said he was pleased with the youth's appearance, and hired him to come to 29 Titchfield Street. There, at a subsequent interview, he complained that his ward was infatuated with lotteries, and that the new servant would have little else to do than purchase tickets for him. These purchases were made in large amounts, and always paid for with Bank of England notes, the tickets being handed to Mr. Brank, as the invalid called himself. Left to himself, Mr. Brank showed recuperative powers of no ordinary kind; his infirmities vanished, and he became a young and vigorous man. Wherever the servant went, he was followed by a woman, who was prepared, in case the notes were discovered, to fly to Brank and warn him. The servant at last fell into the hands of the officers, assured them of his innocence, and informed them of his employer's house. But before they reached Titchfield Street 'Old Patch' had flown, and the infirm old gentleman had ceased to exist. His success in assuming different disguises defeated the police, and it was not long before he was again uttering forged notes, an occupation which he occasionally varied by raising checks, which with the greatest audacity he personally presented at the Bank. His ostensible business was that of a lottery agent, and the tickets which he purchased with the spurious notes were sold again. He lived in splendor, and gave entertainments which were graced with displays of costly plate. He had innumerable names, innumerable lodgings, and innumerable disguises. But when he was finally captured his ingenuity failed him, and he courteously saved the hangman the trouble by hanging himself from the ceiling of his cell."

* * * * *

"The album in which specimens of the various counterfeits discovered are preserved also contains some interesting proofs of the extraordinary durability of the notes. There are three notes for twenty-five pounds which passed through the Chicago fire, and were sent in for redemption by Mr. R. H. Nottin, Paymaster of the Chicago and Alton Railway. Though they are burnt to a crisp black ash, the paper is scarcely broken, and the engraving is as clear as in a new note. There are also five five-pound notes which went to the bottom of the sea in the unfortunate training-ship *Eurydice*, and were recovered after six month's immersion. They are not even frayed. The paper is stained a light brown, and that is the only effect their long exposure to salt-water has had. We are shown in a small case covered with a magnifying-glass a few charred fragments of paper for which the Bank paid £1,400. They are the remains of several notes destroyed in a fire, and were redeemed at their full value, the holders being able to give their numbers and dates, and to satisfy the Bank that they had actually been destroyed. There is another note in the album which was in circulation 125 years before it was returned to the Bank for payment. No note is issued twice. As soon as a note is returned, even though it has been

out but a few hours, it is cancelled. Very often a note issued in the morning is brought back to the Bank in the afternoon of the same day, but on an average a five-pound note is out about eighty days. The notes have many strange adventures. One of a large denomination was found keeping the wind away in the broken pane of a cottage window, neither the cottager nor his wife having any idea of its value. Another, also for a large sum, the disappearance of which had led to many wrongful suspicions and accusations, was discovered, after many years, inclosed in the wall of the house from which it had mysteriously disappeared. One thing the notes will not endure. They will hold together at the bottom of the sea, and come out of a furnace intact, but they will not outlast the scrubbing, the bleaching, and the mangling of the laundry. That trial, to which they are sometimes subjected through the inadvertence of ladies who send them to the wash in their dress pockets, usually defaces them, though even after it their genuineness is still recognisable."

Three more "sights" are open to the visitor provided with the governor's pass—the sumptuously furnished and decorated Bank parlour, the treasury, and the weighing-room. No gold coin brought to the Bank is again put into circulation, until it has been weighed in the room provided for that purpose.

"Here all the sovereigns and half-sovereigns are put into long brass tubes which feed them to exquisitely adjusted scales. If they are of the full weight, they are automatically thrown by the scales into a box on one side; and if deficient, into a similar box on the other side, the operation being performed with a fastidiousness which reminds us of some great lady preparing a visiting list—though, as in her case, the line between the elect and the rejected is extremely fine. The slow and judicatory process of the scales is very different from the emphatically condemnatory motion of the machine by which the light coins are defaced. The latter seizes them in a peremptory way, as if conscious of their faults and impatient with them, crushes the design upon them, nearly cuts them in two, and dismisses them in the form of a battered disk of gold, which is sent to the Mint to be recoined. The loss on light coins is borne by the person who deposits them; and though, when informed of their deficient weight, he should desire to reclaim them, the Bank is compelled by law to 'clip' them before returning them to him.

"The last thing of all shown to the visitor is the treasury—a sombre-looking room surrounded by fire-proof cupboards, in each of which about eighty thousand sovereigns are stored or an equivalent amount of notes. The custodian gravely unlocks one of them, and takes out a bundle of thousand-pound notes, which he places in the visitor's hands. Each note is for one thousand pounds, or five thousand dollars. There are just a thousand of them in the bundle, which weighs about ten ounces, and is worth a million pounds, or five million dollars. As the custodian tells you this, and adds that they represent nine tons of gold, he watches so closely for an expression of awe or wonderment that it would be unkind were one not to respond to his expectations with some acknowledgment that he has duly impressed you. But the bundle is really insignificant, and a few of the notes, in one's own wallet would be very much more impressive. He tenderly takes the package from you, replaces it in the safe, and turns the lock upon it. This is the *dénouement*, the culminating point of interest in a visit to the Bank of England."

Passing on to the functions of the Bank, we find they are three

fold. The first is much the same as that of ordinary banking companies ; any one may have an account with the Bank of England, provided his balance is large enough to be remunerative. No particular sum is arbitrarily insisted upon as a cash balance, but the officials of the Bank consider that unless it profits to the amount of sixpence for every entry of a cheque paid, the balance does not afford adequate remuneration, and the account is declined. No interest is allowed on cash deposits, and no accounts are allowed to be overdrawn.

"The Bank is so large a holder of money that to some extent it controls the rate of discount ; the discount it demands determines all other banks in fixing their rate. Many persons believe, the late Walter Bagehot has written, that the Bank of England has some peculiar power of fixing the value of money. They see that the Bank varies its minimum rate of discount from time to time, and that, more or less, all other banks follow its lead, and charge much as it charges, and they are puzzled why this should be. The explanation is simple. The value of money is settled by the law of supply and demand, as that of all other commodities is. The Bank of England used to be the predominant, and is still a most important, dealer in money. It states the lowest price at which it will dispose of its stock of money, and its quotation enables other dealers to obtain that price, or something near it. The reason is obvious. At all ordinary moments there is not enough money in the market unless some is taken from the Bank of England. As soon as the Bank rate of discount is fixed, a great many persons who have bills to discount try to see how much cheaper than at that rate they can get them done for. They seldom can get them done for much less than the Bank would charge, for if they did every one would leave the Bank, and the outer market would have more bills than it could bear. Should the Bank see this beginning, it would lower its rate, so as to secure a reasonable portion of the business to itself. The notion that the Bank of England has absolute control over the money market, and can fix the rate of discount as it likes, has survived, continues Mr. Bagehot, from the days before 1844, when it could issue as many notes as it liked, and even then the notion was a mistake. There is no ground for believing that the value of money is settled by different causes from those which affect the value of other commodities, or that the Bank of England has any despotism in the matter. It has the power of one of the largest holders of money, and that is all."

The second function of the Bank is the management of the national debt, by which it relieves the Government of all the clerical details attending the purchase and transfer of stock and the payment of dividends.

"No one would be willing to lend money to a government without an engagement for repayment at a fixed time, nor without some arrangement enabling the lender to transfer his interest in the debt to any one willing to purchase it, and it is a condition of every loan made to the British government that it shall be transferable, and that the dividends shall always be paid half-yearly at the Bank of England. The certainty of the fulfilment of this condition, has been one of the elements which have made the government stocks a favorite form of investment. The national funded debt of the United Kingdom is now upward of

£700,000,000, divisible into any number of accounts, and any person whose name has once been entered as a holder of stock in the Bank books may sell all or any part of his stock at almost any time, and without cost transfer it to as many different persons as he chooses to deal with through his broker. The broker is necessary to the transaction that the Bank may be sure that the transferer is the person he represents himself to be, and the only essential qualification of this agent is membership of the Stock Exchange, and a personal introduction to the Bank officials. There are several hundred thousand of these accounts, which, if more persons desired to invest their money in government securities, might be multiplied tenfold, the only limit placed upon them being that none shall be for less than one penny. No matter how many separate accounts are opened, the Bank is bound to keep them; and on every account a separate order or 'warrant' is made out every half-year for the payment of the dividend, from which a deduction has to be made for the property tax and paid to the government. The dividends are paid to any one applying for them when they are due, and more than half of them are usually collected by the stockholders' private bankers, who transmit the amount to their customers, or advise them of it by the evening mail of dividend-day; thus all holders in Great Britain may either receive their dividends or hear that they have been collected for them on the same day, and it is unusual for an error of even one penny to be made in this vast operation. If desired, the dividend warrants are sent by the Bank to the stockholders by post. For this service the Bank receives from the government about £200,000 a year, or £300 for every million of the national debt below six hundred millions, and £150 for every million above six hundred millions."

The third function of the Bank is the issue of notes, and this department is entirely distinct from both of the others.

"The notes are issued to any one in exchange for gold or other notes. The notes are generally issued to bankers in bundles containing five hundred each. For every note issued an entry has previously been made recording its number and the date of issue. This entry is not closed until the note is returned to the Bank and cancelled. The note may be out for years, or only for a few hours; in any case the book in which it has been entered is kept open to receive the completion of its history. Ordinarily about 50,000 notes are paid by the Bank in a day, and about as many new ones issued. Those which have been in circulation are at once cancelled, the corner bearing the signature of the cashier being torn off, and the words indicating the denomination punched out. When they are thus cancelled, and have been accounted for in the books, they are arranged according to their numbers and dates in parcels of from 300 to 1,500, and are marked in such a way with references to the balance-sheets that a clerk can readily ascertain by whom and when each was paid in. The parcels are then, deposited in the accountant's library, and preserved for five years, at the end of which they are burned. The accountant's library usually contains nearly one hundred millions of these cancelled notes, any one of which can be referred to in four or five minutes."

The Bank of England is practically the only issuer of notes in England. The circulation of other notes is limited to the places in which the banks issuing them are situated, and the average returns show that for the week ending December 30th, 1882, the whole amount of such notes in circulation was only £3,380,868.

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THE SINS OF LEGISLATORS.—In this article Mr. Herbert Spencer continues his adverse criticism of the modern system of reliance upon Government and Governmental interference.

He begins the present paper by pointing out that Government is unquestionably begotten of aggression and by aggression. The authority of a chief is established by continuity of war; and the coercive power of the chief, developing into king, becomes great in proportion as conquest becomes habitual and the union of subdued nations extensive. Again, to make an efficient army, the soldiers must be subordinate to the commander; in the same way, the citizens must be subordinate to the ruling power.

The writer does not, however, propose here to catalogue the crimes of irresponsible legislators, from King Khufu to Napoleon, nor to enumerate those sins of responsible legislators seen in the long list of laws made in the interests of dominant classes, from those maintaining the slave-trade down to the corn-laws, though such a portrayal might have its use in greatly moderating the hopes of those who are anxious to extend Governmental control.

Leaving aside the larger topic, he proposes here to deal only with those sins of legislators which are not generated by their personal ambitions or class interests, but result from a lack of the study by which they are morally bound to prepare themselves.

A druggist's assistant, who by mistaking a medicine kills a patient, is found guilty of manslaughter. He is not allowed to excuse himself on the plea that he did not intend harm. He is told that he had no right to risk disastrous consequences by meddling in a matter concerning which his knowledge was so inadequate. We measure the responsibilities of legislators for mischiefs they may do, in a much more lenient fashion. So far from thinking them worthy of any kind of punishment for ignorant legislation, we scarcely think of them as deserving reprobation.

"And yet the mischiefs wrought by uninstructed law-making, enormous in their amount as compared with those caused by uninstructed medical treatment, are conspicuous to all who do but glance over its history. The reader must pardon me while I recall a few familiar instances. Century after century statesmen went on enacting usury laws which made worse the condition of the debtor—raising the rate of interest from five to six when intending to reduce it to four, as under Louis XV; and indirectly producing undreamt of evils of many kinds, such as preventing the reproductive use of spare capital, and burdening the small proprietors with a multitude of perpetual services. So, too, the endeavours which in England continued through five hundred years to stop forestalling, and which in France, as Arthur Young witnessed, prevented any one from buying 'more than two bushels of wheat at market,' went on generation after generation increasing the miseries and mortality due to dearth; for, as everybody now knows, the wholesale dealer, who was in the statute 'De Pistoribus' vituperated as 'an open oppressor of poor people,' is simply one whose function it is to equalize the supply of a commodity by checking unduly rapid consumption. Of kindred nature was the measure which in 1315, to diminish the pressure of famine, prescribed the prices of foods, but which was hastily repealed after it had caused entire disappearance of various foods from the markets; and also such measures, more continuously operating, as those which settled by magisterial order 'the reasonable gains' of victuallers. Of like spirit and followed by allied mischiefs have been the many endeavours to fix wages, which began with the Statute of Labourers under Edward III, and ceased only sixty years ago; when, having long galvanized in Spitalfields a decaying industry, and fostered there a miserable population, Lords and Commons finally gave up fixing silk-weavers' earnings by magisterial order."

But the reader will say perhaps, "We know all that; no one now-a-days needs to be taught the mischiefs of interfering with trade." The first reply is that the lesson was never properly learnt at all, and that many of those who did learn it have forgotten it. The evils of competition is the stock cry of the socialists; and the Council of the Democratic Federation denounces the carrying

on of exchange under "the control of individual greed and profit." The second reply is that interferences with the law of supply and demand are now being daily made by Acts of Parliament in other fields, increasing, as of old, the evils to be cured and producing new ones.

Leaving aside the bad legislation—the Building Act, the window-tax, the timber duties—which a generation ago affected so disastrously the supply of houses for the poor, let us pass to more recent law-produced mischiefs.

"The misery, the disease, the mortality in 'rookeries,' made continually worse by artificial impediments to the increase of fourth-rate houses, and by the necessitated greater crowding of those which existed, having become a scandal, Government was invoked to remove the evil. It responded by Artisan's Dwellings Acts; giving to local authorities powers to pull down bad houses and provide for the building of good ones. What have been the results? A summary of the operations of the Metropolitan Board of Works, dated December 21, 1883, shows that up to last September it had, at a cost of a million and a quarter to ratepayers, unhoused 21,000 persons and provided houses for 12,000—the remaining 9,000 to be hereafter provided for, being, meanwhile, left houseless. This is not all. Another local lieutenant of the Government, the Commission of Sewers for the City, working on the same lines, has, under legislative compulsion, pulled down in Golden Lane and Petticoat Square masses of condemned small houses, which, together, accommodated 1,734 poor people; and of the spaces thus cleared five years ago, one has, by State authority, been sold for a railway station, and the other is only now being covered with industrial dwellings which will eventually accommodate one-half the expelled population: the result up to the present time being that, added to those displaced by the Metropolitan Board of Works, these 1,734 displaced five years ago form a total of nearly 11,000 artificially made homeless, who have had to find corners for themselves in miserable places that were already overflowing.

"See then what legislation has done. By ill-imposed taxes, raising the prices of bricks and timber, it added to the cost of houses; and prompted, for economy's sake, the use of bad materials in scanty quantities. To check the consequent production of wretched dwellings, it established regulations which, in mediæval fashion, dictated the quality of the commodity produced: there being no perception that by insisting on a higher quality and therefore higher price, it would limit the demand and eventually diminish the supply. By additional local burdens, legislation has of late still further hindered the building of small houses. Finally, having, by successive measures, produced first bad houses and then a deficiency of better ones, it has at length provided for the artificially-increased overflow of poor people by diminishing the house-capacity which already could not contain them!

"Where then lies the blame for the miseries of the East-end? Against whom should be raised 'the bitter cry of outcast London?'"

And yet now-a-days whoever questions the omnipotence of Government is reviled as a reactionary and an advocate of *laissez-*

faire. Let us however contemplate a small part of the vast mass of evidence against this modern fetish-worship.

Take the more than two years' delay in the issue of the first volume of the Census of 1881, and its explanation.

"In the case of the census returns, the Registrar-General tells us that 'the difficulty consists not merely in the vast multitude of different areas that have to be taken into account, but still more in the bewildering complexity of their boundaries:' there being 39,000 administrative areas of twenty-two different kinds which overlap one another—hundreds, parishes, boroughs, wards, petty sessional divisions, lieutenancy divisions, urban and rural sanitary districts, dioceses, registration districts, &c. And then, as Mr. Rathbone, M.P., points out, these many superposed sets of areas with intersecting boundaries, have their respective governing bodies with authorities running into one another's districts. Does any one ask why for each additional administration Parliament has established a fresh set of divisions? The reply which suggests itself is—To preserve consistency of method. For this organized confusion corresponds completely with that organized confusion which Parliament each year increases by throwing on to the heap of its old Acts a hundred new Acts, the provisions of which traverse and qualify in all kinds of ways the provisions of multitudinous Acts on to which they are thrown: the onus of settling what is the law being left to private persons, who lose their property getting judges' interpretations."

Take, again, the resistance of officialism to improvements; as by the Admiralty when the use of the electric telegraph was proposed, and the reply was—"We have a very good semaphore system;" or as by the Post Office, which obstructed the employment of improved methods of telegraphing, and since then has impeded the general use of the telephone.

"Again, the absurdities of official routine, rigid where it need not be and lax where it should be rigid, occasionally become glaring enough to cause scandals; as when a secret State-document of importance, put into the hands of an ill-paid copying clerk who is not even in permanent Government employ, is made public by him; or as when the mode of making the Moorsom fuse, which was kept secret even from our highest artillery officers, was taught to them by the Russians, who had been allowed to learn it; or as when a diagram showing the 'distances at which British and foreign iron-clads could be perforated by our large guns,' communicated by an enterprising *attaché* to his own Government, then became known 'to all the Governments of Europe,' while English officers remained ignorant of the facts."

"It matters not that under the management or dictation of State-agents some of the worst evils occur; as when the lives of 87 wives and children of soldiers are sacrificed in the ship *Accrington*; or as when typhoid fever and diphtheria are diffused by a State-ordered drainage system, as in Edinburgh; or as when officially-enforced sanitary appliances, ever getting out of order, increase the evils they were to decrease. Masses of such evidence leave unabated the confidence with which sanitary inspection is invoked—invoked, indeed, more than ever; as is shown in the recent suggestion that all public schools should be under

the supervision of health-officers. Nay, even when the State has manifestly caused the mischief complained of, faith in its beneficent agency is not at all diminished ; as we see in the fact that, having a generation ago authorized, or rather required, towns to establish drainage systems which delivered sewage into the rivers, and having thus polluted the sources of water-supply, an outcry was raised against the water-companies for the impurities of their water—an outcry which continued after these towns had been compelled, at vast extra cost, to revolutionize their drainage systems. And now, as the only remedy, there follows the demand that the State, by its local proxies, shall undertake the whole business. The State's misdoings become, as in the case of industrial dwellings, reasons for praying it to do more."

And yet, in the face of all this, civilized man persists not only in ascribing omnipotence to his idol made with his own hands, but an omnipotence which in one way or other it confesses it has not got. Here for example, in a memorial addressed to Mr. Gladstone, we read :—

"We, the undersigned, Peers, Members of the House of Commons, Rate payers, and Inhabitants of the Metropolis, feeling strongly the truth and force of your statement made in the House of Commons, in 1866, that there is still a lamentable and deplorable state of our whole arrangements, with regard to public work—vacillation, uncertainty, costliness, extravagance, meanness, and all the conflicting vices that could be enumerated, are united in our present system, &c. &c."

Or, again, in a recent minute of the Board of Trade (November 1883) we find it stated that—

"Since the Shipwreck Committee of 1836 scarcely a session has passed without some Act being passed or some step being taken by the legislature or the Government with this object [prevention of shipwrecks] ; and that 'the multiplicity of statutes, which were all consolidated into one Act in 1854, has again become a scandal and a reproach : ' each measure being passed 'because previous ones had failed. And then comes presently the confession that 'the loss of life and of ships has been greater since 1876 than it ever was before.' Meanwhile, the cost of administration has been raised from £17,000 a year to £73,000 a year."

As soon as candidates, who have been "heckled" and jeered at by their constituents, become Members of Parliament, they excite unlimited faith. Judging from the prayers made to them there is nothing which their wisdom and their power cannot compass.

CHARLES READE.—"I owe the larger half of what I am to my mother, the rest to the accident of my father's grandfather having married the daughter of the village blacksmith." Such was the self-analysis of a soul before all things honest, and yet Charles Reade at heart cherished the knowledge that he was by a descent gentleman, and this independent citizen of the Republic of Letters to the last adhered beneath the surface to such old world beliefs as religion and birth. He was also a Tory in his

reverence for proprietary rights, albeit he recked little of the claims of creed and less of those of royalty. But he never forgot the distinction between vice and virtue, and if Peg Woffington was his idea of exalted womanhood, he had the truth to paint her a Magdalen and not a Madonna.

Let us turn to the story of the man, such as he really was.

On the western side of the grand Chiltern range there lies one of the sweetest hamlets of England; and here to his quaint old home at Ipsden young John Reade (the name is the *Le Rede* of Doomsday Book) brought his bride in 1795. The handsome squire and the brilliant little lady had wedded impetuously, he having met her at a Blenheim ball. Curran called her "my pretty Puritan;" anyhow she contrived to puritanize her husband and, her creed not interfering with field sports which were his idolatry, the pair lived happily to the end of the chapter. They had eleven children, a quick-witted family, inheriting much of the extraordinary brain-power of their mother.

"Among her intimate friends she reckoned such men as Lord Chancellor Thurlow, George Grote, Frederick William Faber, and Samuel Wilberforce; while during her reign, Ipsden House was emphatically the home of high culture—albeit the atmosphere was perhaps rather subcharged with prelacy and the professoriate. It is necessary, in order to give a fair estimate of the environment of circumstance which influenced our author, to notice particularly the nature of his earlier associations. His mother was bookish, sparkling, and ambitious in a very intense degree. Charles, too, was emphatically her pupil, and, in all except inches and breadth of physique, her *alter ego*. Five sons had been devoted to India, and of these one had died the death of Sir Giles D'Argentine, and hence Mrs. Reade registered a resolve that she would keep the last but not the least by her side. She did so; and if the squire made a man of him, his mother laid the lines of his future reputation, and it was to her personal influence that he owed his nomination to a demyship at Magdalen."

In his undergraduate days the future novelist seems to have been rather Byronic.

"A tall graceful youngster, with a splendidly-proportioned figure and muscles to match, he attracted attention by his long flowing curls. Abhorring alcohol in every form as well as tobacco, he did not assimilate largely with his junior common-room, though he was far from unpopular. He read—in his own fashion—and at the age of twenty-one figured in the third class, and was at once elected fellow. His fellowship rendered him independent, and for the best part of twenty years he lived a life of incessant action, mostly in the open air. Nevertheless, unlike Lord Beaconsfield's fine young English gentleman, he was devoted to books, and in effect was storing up material which afterwards enabled him to construct situations, not only stagey but real. At the time the man was very much a Guy Livingstone. He was a dead shot; he knocked Alfred Mynn round the field at Liverpool; he excelled as an archer and as a pedestrian; few if any could beat him in throwing a castnet, and among other accomplishments he

reckoned theatrical dancing. Anon he was in Scotland herring-fishing, a rather dangerous amusement, for which he entertained a passionate preference; anon for the shooting at Ipsden, delighting the family circle by a geniality which he lost in later life; anon in the vicinity of Leicester Square, where his chambers were alive with uncaged squirrels; anon in Paris, where he studied to some purpose the art of dramatic construction, and, oddly enough also, by way of pastime, the arcana of the violin-trade. He was through the terrible revolution of 1848, and after that the French capital seemed to have lost the fascination it once had for him. Moreover, about this period he had begun seriously to contemplate authorship, and already had commenced to try experiments with the weapon whereof he was to become the master. Not, however, just yet. We all are the children of opportunity, and his had not yet come."

In 1851 he was persuaded to serve the office of Vice-President of Magdalen for the year. This gave him leisure to concentrate and mature his experiences. He had been called to the Bar, but had no notion of practice; his tastes and his talents impelled him towards authorship. But he could not get a hearing.

"Now, there happened to be at the time on the boards of the Haymarket Theatre a brisk comedy woman, who was supposed to possess the ear of Mr. Buckstone, the manager. To this actress Charles Reade addressed himself by letter—written possibly in that singular vein of eccentric originality which was his wont. The lady in response requested him to call and bring his play. He did so. She was chatty, but not encouraging. He inclined to quarrel with fate. He left, and the next day there arrived a note from his actress. The play, she declared, had merit; but he had better turn it into a novel, in which case she would find him a publisher. Moreover, she added a postscript to the effect that being sincerely sorry to see a gentleman of his obvious birth and breeding so low in the world, she begged to enclose a five-pound note—as a loan.

"The actress was Mrs. Laura Seymour. The play was 'Masks and Faces.'

"Charles Reade was profoundly affected. He did not want five pounds, never having dropped quite to that level—in fact, the benevolent light-comedy woman had mistaken his despondence for impecuniosity. But he called, and in his own grand way—and assuredly no one of his contemporaries had a more magnetic presence—begged that she would allow him to return her money and give him instead her friendship. The offer was accepted, and from henceforward Laura Seymour and Charles Reade became partners. She took the eccentric genius by the hand, and being a hard-headed business woman, turned his brain to the best pecuniary advantage. By her advice 'Masks and Faces' appeared as 'Peg Woffington,' novel; by her advice, too, instead of running it as a drama of his own, he invited Tom Taylor to take half-profits in consideration of the loan of his name. And then, as he prospered, they joined forces; first in Bolton Row, where she was landlady and he lodger; afterwards at Albert Gate, where the positions were reversed. She was his philosopher, guide, and friend. She discussed with him every MS. that went to press. The arrangement as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence, was immensely profitable to her, but far more so to a man who had never the very faintest notion of the value of money."

Here it may be emphatically stated that Charles Reade held Mrs. Seymour in romantic reverence and always and in every way denied that their relations were equivocal. The world, of course, thought otherwise, and said so ; but the world may have been mistaken.

"Mrs. Seymour went to the Oxford Commemoration, and was introduced by Charles Reade to his friends and relatives—an experiment, by the way, not very successful, since, apart from her antecedents, Mrs. Seymour in private life was hardly up to the strict Society level. Mr. Winwood Reade, Charles Reade's nephew, and himself an author of a certain celebrity, who was a constant inmate of Bolton Row and Albert Gate, and who, to judge by his *littera scripta*, held morality in profound contempt, declared in the most positive terms that the friendship of Charles Reade for Laura Seymour was platonic. In the absence of a scintilla of evidence to the contrary, it is but equitable to the memory of one who always upheld good, and never quite lost grasp of the fervid Puritanism implanted by his magnanimous mother, to adopt the generous and charitable view—the more so because after Mrs. Seymour became a widow, and when Charles Reade was a comparatively wealthy man and had no need of his fellowship, she said positively, 'If Mr. Reade were to ask me to marry him, I should refuse.' It is by no means certain that such an offer was not made and repeated."

From the date of the production of "Masks and Faces" to the last, the career of Charles Reade was an unbroken success. His passion was the drama, but the more exalted aim of his life was to combat injustice.

"The Theatre was his luxury, and upon it he squandered thousands of pounds, the sum total of his losses in theatrical speculations representing a large fortune ; philanthropy was his work, and upon it he lavished both love and money. The former was his *parergon* ; the latter his *ergon*. Hence he has left a name as a social reformer ; he will be remembered as the author whose life was threatened by ratteners of Sheffield not less than as the master of fiction and the playwright who enriched our national literature by at least one comedy that Sheridan might have envied. Once and once only during his life of authorship he abandoned his ordinary realistic method, and in 'The Cloister and the Hearth' gave the world a grand historical study ; but this was not repeated, being at the time only a *succès d'estime*, though certainly the verdict of posterity will be in its favour. And once and once only in 'The Terrible Temptation' he deserted pure for lubricious morality, and thereby almost jeopardized the reputation he had throughout merited. He was writing then with a pen that betrayed evidences of fatigue, and with an absence of that mass of material which it was his custom to collect before commencing on fresh work. It was a blunder from a literary point of view, and in other respects an error he lived to regret ; but it would be affectation to deny that Charles Reade was ever ought else but Bohemian, with a very tender eye both for his own and other people's frailties."

In the limits of an article only slender justice can be rendered to a soul whose aspirations, whether human or literary, were from the first most exalted. As a man, his physiognomy was noble, and his body the perfection of symmetry and grace.

"Nature gave him a forehead as high as Shakespeare's but broader; the mild, pensive ox-eye so dear to the old Greek æsthetes; a marble skin, and a mouth that was sarcasm itself. His personal attractiveness was phenomenal. In any roomful of people, however illustrious, he became, involuntarily—for he was as little self-asserting off his paper as he was dogmatic on it—the centre. Living immersed in Bohemianism, and in the society of large-hearted yet not very cultured woman, he never parted company with his Ipsden breeding, and his natural bearing was that of one born to command."

He never recovered his elasticity after the death of Mrs. Seymour. A settled melancholy fell on him. Latterly he seemed bitterly conscious of having outlived the sympathies of his day and generation.

"Even the small Scotch universities, supposed to appreciate *literati* and literature, overlooked him. Disraeli was jealous of him, and on the last occasion when they met positively rude. With the present Prime Minister he had no acquaintance, but Lord Selborne was one of his brother fellows at Magdalen, and so also was Lord Sherbrook; and there was a time—not so very long before Laura Seymour passed away—when he contemplated the possibility of a seat in Parliament. Her decease fatally crushed whatever ambition he may have possessed either for himself or his family, and left him inconsolable. To the last, however, his pen could not bring itself to be idle. Habit had become so strong that he could not leave his ink alone, and had he been spared he would have given the world a series of Bible characters that would have fascinated even those who regard dogma as undemonstrable, and revelation as romance. With decaying physical yet quickened mental powers, his mind reverted to the old world of his youth, with its sweet and solemn memories."

From Cannes he wrote to beg his brother to join him at Ipsden in the summer of this year, that they might roam its glorious woods once more, as in their childhood. It was not to be. He returned prostrate to his much loved brother's side, but in the suburbs of London; and died—

"bequeathing his huge volumes of common-place books, the compilations of forty years, to any public library that may treat them with reverence, and to mankind his last words of Faith and Hope, which are to be graven on his tombstone in Willesden Churchyard."

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

MAY, 1884.

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THE SPOLIATION OF INDIA. III.—Mr. Seymour Keay gives the third instalment of his diatribe against the "European beaurocracy" which, in his opinion, is so surely bringing India to ruin. The sub-title of the article shows that this time it is the Survey and Settlement Departments whose ill deeds are to be exposed. Starting with the main defence generally put forward to prove that the people of India are prospering under English rule, the assertion, namely, that "*under the British Revenue system only a small proportion of the gross produce of the soil is taken from the Indian cultivator*," a proportion variously estimated by the defenders of that system at from 3 to 12 per cent., Mr. Seymour Keay endeavours to prove that these estimates do not at all approach the real truth.

No serious attempt, it is asserted, has ever been made to estimate the yearly produce of the soil of India on any sound principles. The Survey and Settlement Departments usually assess the land by an elaborate system of mere guesswork as to its produce value, and in the recent Settlements the cultivators themselves and the village authorities have not, as was formerly the practice, been questioned as to the productive powers of the land. A set of mechanical rules, the derision of every cultivator who understands them, is applied.

"Here is a general description of the Bombay rules given by the Famine Commissioners :—

"The soils are classified on a uniform system, according to their depths and their faults, such as sloping surface, liability to inundation, or having a mixture of sand, clay, or gravel in the soil, . . . the nearness of the field to the village site, the nearness of the village to the market town, and the water privileges."

"It will be readily understood that the supposed value of land assessed under such rules bears little relation to the real value of the crop. Moreover, the same rules, which assess the land according to the depth and quality of the soil, are applied whether the rainfall is certain or uncertain, whether the atmosphere is moist or dry, warm or cold, whether the land be a forest garden, or a reclamation on the stony ridges of a mountain side. They are even applied in the valley of a river, where the productiveness of the land does not depend on the depth of soil at all, but on an alluvial deposit from its yearly overflow; and the assessment, once made, is continued on the wretched cultivator, though the river may have meantime changed its course, and left his land a dry and sandy waste."

Various authorities might be quoted to show that on this system the chance of obtaining the true value of the land is but small, while the temptation is inevitable to screw up the land assessment as high as possible, there being, as Sir Bartle Frere testified before the Finance Committee, "a tendency to look upon a man who gives you a good balance sheet as an extremely good administrator."

It comes to pass, then, that the Survey Departments have now only two objects,—first, to screw as much of the ryot's produce out of him as possible; and, second, to convince themselves and the public that they are taking only a very small share of it. How do they go to work to attain these two somewhat incongruous objects?

"Although the arbitrary rules of the principal Survey Departments practically exclude the question of the amount of either the gross or net produce from consideration, yet, unreasonably enough, it is asserted on paper that officers acting under these rules ought never to raise the assessments above 50 per cent. of the net produce, or true rent, leaving an equivalent balance to the ryot, after defraying the cost of cultivation. This Rule was formally laid down in 1864 by the Secretary of State for India, as the Magna Charta of the Indian cultivator, which all the Survey and Settlement Departments in India were bound in duty to carry into practice. It is on the strength of the mere existence of this Rule, irrespectively of whether or not it is carried into practice, that authoritative statements are made in Parliament that our demand on the ryot never exceeds one-half of the true rent of the land. Yet every well informed person in India admits that the Rule is absolutely a dead letter, and that the people are sunk in poverty simply because they have little or no surplus produce left to them.

"Whenever the net produce of any village or district has been tested, the assessment has been proved to amount to a percentage very different from one-half of it. In the proceedings of the Deccan Riots Commission, stock was taken of the gross produce of the village of Nepti, which was found to value Rs 12,000 in a favourable season. The assessment amounted to Rs. 2,392. The cash

expenses of cultivation, and the cost of bare family maintenance, were proved to amount to Rs. 14,352. There was therefore not only no net produce whatever, but a clear deficit of Rs. 2,351. In another village named Chas, the gross produce was proved to be worth only Rs. 7,939, whereas the cost of cultivation, including bare maintenance, amounted to Rs. 12,136. In both these cases it was found that the deficit was made up, and the whole assessment paid, by the earnings of labour apart from agriculture altogether, by carrying grass and firewood, by working on the roads, by cart-hire, and the miscellaneous employments rendered possible by the vicinity of a large town. No wonder that Sir William Muir, when Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, had occasion to write as follows in a memorandum dated 1874 :—

“Whenever his camp passed through districts in which the land-tax had been materially increased, the Lieutenant-Governor was assailed by bitter complaints of loss and hardship among the people.”

“About the same time Mr. (now Sir) C Bayley spoke as follows in the Council at Calcutta :—

“He believed that he was within the mark when he said that, in three-quarters of a century, during which our Government has held the North-Western Provinces, there was scarcely a district in those provinces which had not suffered, wholly or partially, from over-assessment.”

“Sir G. Campbell, in his chapter on ‘Tenure of Land in India,’ in the *Cobden Club Series*, quotes the following from a Report of the Madras Board of Revenue :—

“The bulk of the people are paupers. They can just pay their cess in a good year, and fail altogether in a bad.”

Sir Bartle Frere, admitted by “John Indigo” to be the “classical authority on the Revenue Settlement of the Maratha Country” and naturally biassed in favour of a department in the regulation of which he was *pars magna*, accounts for some of the prevailing poverty among ryots by plainly stating that the Secretary of State’s Rule is habitually ignored and has, in fact, become “a mere paper instruction.”

“He frankly declares that, so far from only taking half of the net produce, the assessments made on the miserable ryots really resolved themselves into three very different categories : namely, first, ‘a land-tax, fixed more or less arbitrarily, absorbing a *varying* proportion of the net produce ;’ second, ‘a *full rent*, leaving *nothing* to the cultivator but the wages of his labour and the interest on his capital ;’ and third, ‘a *full rent and something more, sometimes trenching on the wages of labour or the profits of capital.*’* Shortly after this Minute was penned, Sir Louis Mallet, as Under-Secretary of State for India, officially reviewed it, and, instead of subtracting anything from the above description, he himself added the following, as a fourth category, to Sir Bartle Frere’s three :—

“In many cases lands have been assessed which yield no rent at all, and barely pay the cost of cultivation.”

“Finally, Sir W. Wedderburn, who is the best witness of all, being an experienced officer in the Bombay Civil Service, in a recently published pam-

* *Family Commission Report, Appendix I, p. 139.*

phlet called 'Revenue Enhancements,' reviews both Sir Bartle Frere's and Sir Louis Mallet's statements, and himself adds yet one more to the above four miserable categories of ryots extortionised by our paternal Government, in the following words :—

"We must regretfully add yet a fifth and still more grievous case : namely, Class V, where the total crop is insufficient to pay the cost of cultivation, and where the assessment must be paid out of wages earned elsewhere, or from cash obtained from the money-lender."

It may well be asked "How can even our enthusiastic Revenue Officers, enjoying comfortable salaries, and with their whole interests inducing them to take a cheerful view of the ryot's prosperity and power to pay, succeed in so utterly ignoring the rule which should form the very foundation of their labours?" The Secretary of State himself has ordained a system of "crop experiments" *with the object of testing what proportion the assessment bears to the true rent*, being aware of the tendency of the Settlement Department to justify its own existence by increasing the public revenue. In order to carry out the Secretary of State's instructions with regard to any given holding, three separate points have to be determined, namely :—

"1st.—The real quantity of the gross produce of the holding.

"2nd.—The amount in money for which the gross produce can be sold.

"3rd.—What part of that amount is swallowed up in the costs of cultivation, including the bare maintenance of the cultivator and his family.

"The third of these amounts being deducted from the second, the remainder will be the value of the net produce, or the true rent of the land, one-half of which Government might justly take to itself, under the Secretary of State's ruling.

"The importance of strict accuracy and impartiality in the conduct of the above-named 'crop experiments' will be patent to everyone. Let us see what steps are taken to secure such a desirable result. The Indian Government, no doubt sincerely desirous of supporting the proceedings of a department so valuable to it, has entrusted these test experiments, which are intended solely as a check on the Survey and Settlement Department, to that Department itself, exactly on the principle of setting down one's manager to audit his own accounts. It need hardly be said that the results arrived at are such as to bear out the previous guesses of the officers themselves. The Department accordingly, from time to time, solemnly gives judgment in its own favour, declaring that the 'crop experiments' clearly prove that the assessment errs, if anything, on the side of leniency.

"The nature of these experiments, as carried on throughout the length and breadth of India, must now be explained. Obviously the *first* thing required is to discover what is the *real quantity* of the gross produce. To effect this the Settlement Officer stands by the side of a field, perhaps 15 acres in extent, covered, say, with ripe millet, every stalk of which stands eight feet high, and endeavours to select 'by the eye' a small patch one-eighth of an acre in extent, 'which shall correctly represent the average of the whole field.' Having performed this extraordinary feat, admitted to be impossible even by the most practised agriculturist,

he reaps and measures the corn on the little plot, and, multiplying the result by 120, he records that he has got the figure of the crop of the whole 15 acres. A moment's consideration will show that the principle of this 'experiment' amounts to deliberately turning the law of averages upside down. To thresh out and measure the corn of the whole 15-acre field, and *divide* the total by 120, would correctly determine the outturn of an average plot of one-eighth of an acre. But the converse operation is opposed to all principles of arithmetic and common sense, and is only useful in giving the greatest possible latitude to the carelessness and personal bias of Settlement Officers, seeking diligently for means to justify the exactions of their own department."

With the special object of testing the accuracy of this method of assessment, a series of experiments was made by a highly trustworthy practical farmer belonging to the service of Government, Mr. Stormont, of the Government Farm in Khandeish.

"With all the skill at the command of a trained agriculturist he selected, according to his very best judgment, specimen plots in seven different fields. Having first made the customary calculations based on the produce of the specimen plots, *he reaped and measured the crop of the whole fields, in order to check the operation.* The result of his carefully conducted experiments was such as to cover the whole system with absolute ridicule. The specimen plots gave an average value to the crop of 2*l.* 5*s.* per acre, whereas the actual outturn of the fields proved to value only 19*s.* 6*d.* per acre. These facts are well-known to the Revenue authorities, yet the iniquitous system still goes steadily on."

The *second* thing required is to estimate the *value in money* of the supposed gross outturn of the ryot's field, in order to see whether, after deducting the cost of cultivation, his assessment will not exceed one-half of the remainder, as required by the Secretary of State.

"To do this, an ingenious system is adopted. A retord is made of the *mere nominal prices* of grain in all the chief villages of the district, ignoring altogether the *quantities* sold in each place. A fallacious average is then made by simply adding the prices together, and dividing by the number of villages. This method always tells severely against the ryots. On the ordinary principles of supply and demand, the lowest price of course obtains where the most corn is offering, and the highest in small and remote places where little or no grain exists, and where prices are merely nominal. Five years ago, Mr. Dádábhái Náoroji proved to the India Office that this palpable misapplication of the principle of averages, habitually applied by the Government of India, has the effect of totally misrepresenting the real price of grain. Taking, by way of example, their own figures of prices in the Central Provinces, he proved that, by correctly averaging them according to the amounts sold at each place, the real average price realised by the cultivators was proved to be only 3*s.* per maund: whereas, by means of the erroneous system adopted—and deliberately sustained to this day—the price was shown to be no less than 5*s.* 6*d.* per maund. Thus the experimenter, having, as already shown, first injured the ryot by overestimating the *quantity* of the crop, further injures him by largely overstating its money value."

The *third* and last thing necessary to determine the extent of

net produce, or true rent, is to get a fair idea of the average cost of cultivation of the ryot's holding.

"True to their character, the Settlement Department have adopted the following method. Having already overstated the amount, first of his gross produce, and next of the price he obtains for it, they now, in the last place, ignore the fact that he has a wife, and on an average three children, and that these, as well as his pair of draught bullocks, must have their daily food during twelve months, whether he possesses a holding of 5 or 20 acres. They accordingly allow to a holding of the average size of 10 acres only the cost of sustenance of *half a man and one bullock during nine months of the year*, instead of that of five persons and two bullocks for twelve months, an allowance which only represents about *one-seventh part of the real cost of cultivation*. Then, deducting this last erroneous result from their own previous fallacious estimates of both bulk and value of the gross produce, they gravely allege that the fictitious remainder represents the net produce, and then proceed to fasten on the wretched ryot as his land-tax one-half of the apocryphal figure so arrived at."

We can now have an exact statement both of the alleged and of the real position of a ryot with a holding of the average extent of ten acres, yielding, say, 400lbs. per acre. By the fallacious system of crop experiments, the amount of his produce is set down at 113 maunds of 82lbs. instead of 49 maunds. By the erroneous system of averaging prices, its value is placed at 5s. 6d. per maund instead of 3s.; and, lastly, his cost of cultivation are reckoned at £2-19s. instead of £16-2s.

Mr. Seymour Keay gives, as a practical proof that he has not overstated his case, the results of an examination which he caused to be made in November last of the records kept in four villages in the Sholapore district, extracting at random the accounts of fourteen families consisting of '97 persons, who farmed 586 acres.

"Their entire produce only averaged 154lbs. per acre, and actually realised 132l. or. 11d., that is, only 4s. 6d. per acre. The assessment and local cess on these people amounted to 53l. 15s. 4d., or 1s. 10d. per acre, that is, 40 per cent. of their gross produce. There remained to defray the necessary cost of cultivation, labour, and maintenance of the ryots, their families, and their cattle only a sum of 78l. 5s. 7d., that is, not 16s. per head per annum. Of necessity, these fourteen families are now in debt to money-lenders to the extent of 500l. Towards this debt they were only able last year to pay 49l. 2s., which is less than one-half of the interest due, the remainder being, of course, added to the principal. They provided for the entire assessment, and all but 29l. 4s. 7d. of their own maintenance, by the toil of their wives and children in other occupations, rendered possible by the proximity of the town of Sholapore. Yet the land-tax of these wretched creatures was at the last assessment raised from 32l. 12s. to its present figure of 53l. 15s. 4d., an increase of no less than 64 per cent."

The verdict found on this evidence is, that the Indian Survey and Settlement Department is a scientific engine for wholesale rackrenting, operating practically without any check whatever.

Compare our system with that pursued under the Mogul Empire, when *four methods* of accurately determining the Government share of the produce were offered to the ryot to choose from. Either a certain part of the land, when sown, might be set aside as representing the total Government share, or an amicable estimate of that share might be made on the standing crops, or the cultivator could claim a rough division of the produce by heaps, or he could demand a precise division of the grain by measure. Our system purposely withholds from the ryot all chance of having his assessment compared with the total produce of his fields, so much so that our very administration reports altogether decline to entertain the question.

"We thus practically refuse even to consider the actual crop, yet we speak as confidently as if we had actually reaped it and measured it, and calmly assure the world that we take at most one-eighth of the gross, or one-half of the net produce, leaving the remainder in the hands of a happy and contented peasantry! The reader can now answer Dr. Hunter's question — 'What becomes of the surplus which our Government declines to take?' *Where is it?*

"And this is the state of things under which the official optimists shout loudly that they at present only take 3 to 7 per cent., and blandly instruct the Under-Secretary of State for India to assert in his place in Parliament that 'the revised assessment is equal to about 12 per cent. of the gross produce,' their own rules meanwhile being framed so as to prevent any check being put upon the statement. *Vae victis!* Any arithmetical process, however unsound, is good enough for the laudable purpose of diverting into the Government treasury the proceeds of the labour of 'a conquered race.'"

Passing over the indictment against the India Office for adopting within its own precincts the same fallacious system of 'averages,' we come to a consideration of the methods employed by the Indian Government for taxing improvements made by the ryot's own capital and labour.

"The result of their policy in this respect has been plainly recorded by Sir James Caird, who truly says that the Indian cultivator, having been so often the victim of bad faith, now 'will not lay out a penny on the holding which is liable to future increase of assessment. As a rule, the Indian farmer is so poor, that it is ridiculous to talk of his laying out capital on his holding, in the English sense. The sole capital he possesses is the labour of his own hands, and of his wife and little ones. But he employs this without stint whenever there seems fair hope of a return from the investment. In the cool season, when the dry crops were growing, it used to be a common sight to see the ryot himself, with no weapon but a blunt iron lever in his hands, day after day, with arduous toil, sinking a shaft inch by inch into the rocky soil, his wife meantime plying the shovel, while their little children, with tiny wicker baskets on their heads, carried the *débris* to the surface by a winding path. All worked with a will, for, after perhaps three years of unremitting labour, the excavation would one day become a well, to the great joy of all their hearts. And thus it comes to pass

that, with no capital except the labour of the people, the only kind of 'tenants' improvements' which exist in India consists of wells. There are, however, many millions of such wells, all dug in this way by the people themselves, free of all cost to Government. The Famine Commission estimated the extent of land irrigated from these at no less than 12,000,000 acres, a figure which is probably much under the truth. It is fully admitted, in principle, that a ryot's taxation should not be increased in consequence of irrigation from these wells; but, in practice, all, or nearly all, are nevertheless brought under crushing taxation, by one specious device or another. In fact, the increase of rent levied on this class of tenants' improvements usually amounts to no less than from 500 to 1,600 per cent. over and above the dry-crop rates! The Under-Secretary of State for India was made by the India Office categorically to deny this, last year in Parliament, with reference to the Bombay Presidency, in these words:—

"A Bombay landholder cannot be taxed on his own improvements; nor, if he digs a well, can his assessment be increased on that account, either during the currency or on the expiration of the settlement."

"The following particulars will show Mr. Cross how much faith should be placed in the asseverations of his India Office advisers.

"Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, in his evidence before the Finance Committee, spoke as follows:—

"As a general rule, there is a separate tax upon the land which is irrigated by water raised from wells, which involved considerable cost to the cultivators in their construction."

"Mr. Kazi Shabudin, a Deputy Collector, before the same Committee, testified as follows:—

"All wells pay a separate assessment. All irrigated lands have a water assessment charged upon them, in addition to the land assessment. It is about four or five rupees per acre, and in some places more. At present the ryots do not know what the Government might do if they invested what capital they have in wells, and that prevents them from digging wells."

A formidable obstacle to the taxing of private wells was created in 1865 by a special section introduced under pressure from the Home Government into the Survey Act; this section declared that increased taxation should be levied not with reference to improvements made by owners or occupiers, but with regard to *general considerations of the value of land, &c.* The Survey Officers, however, soon managed to find a way out of the difficulty, for while nominally removing the tax from a ryot's well they could easily decide that the "value of the land" was increased by possessing water within a certain distance of the surface, and, accordingly, Mr. Ellis, Revenue Commissioner of the Northern Division, did earnestly recommend the Bombay Government nominally to abolish the well-tax, and at the same time to substitute for it a tax "*on the water-producing capacity of the soil.*"

"Captain C. J. Prescott, the Superintendent of the Revenue Survey in Guzerat, when reporting on this project on the 1st of December, 1864, began with a frank admission that 'the assessment of wells dug at the expense of

private individuals is contrary to all principle.' But he immediately went on to say : 'The only question is whether it is needful.' In other words, he contended that, if the State wanted the money raised by the well-tax, the question as to its justice or injustice to the ryot should not even be considered. Deciding this 'only question' in the affirmative, Captain Prescott joined forces with Mr. Ellis, and officially urged the Government to abolish the well-tax, so as to comply with the new Act, but at the same time to levy an equivalent tax 'on land generally.' It is not an unknown method to excuse the commission of one injustice by pointing to the existence of another still more flagrant. By this species of logic Captain Prescott was able completely to justify the designs of his Department. He urged that the new proposal was really not half so bad as another practice already existing, by which the lands of one ryot, if situated near the well of another ryot (though having no right whatever to irrigation therefrom), were already charged with the full water-rate, as having 'the capacity of being watered' ! Other ryots, he likewise contended, possessed wells which had become utterly useless, *but the tax upon them was not remitted*. Finally, he removed the last scruple of his superiors, by pointing out that this levying of a water tax on dry lands was not nearly so unjust as another habitual practice of his Department, *whereby the rents of tenants were raised solely because of their sobriety, energy, and skill in farming* ! Writing to Government on the 24th of June, he made the following confession :—

"We often vary even the dry-crop rates of neighbouring villages, *because of differences between the wealth or skill of their inhabitants*. Much more must we do so in the case of irrigated lands."

It was discovered, however, that the proposed tax "on the water-producing capacity of the soil" could not be levied for the very sufficient reason that not only the proposed increase, but *the whole well-assessment was already charged* on extensive tracts of country possessing no wells whatever, on the ground that they possessed water within a very moderate distance of the ground. Captain Prescott's reason for having thus already assessed these tracts was, that he considered them "natural garden land," though not only had Government made no wells, but many of the fields were not irrigated at all. The direct well-assessment was, therefore, retained, and *also* the water-rates on dry lands, in order that all classes might be treated with equal injustice.

The Survey Department, however, necessarily felt themselves somewhat ill at ease, especially after it had been pointed out by *Native Opinion*, an influential vernacular journal, that in one single district the result of these proceedings was, that no less than 7,614 acres were taxed as "irrigable," whereas only 3,705 acres were irrigated at all, and these from private wells. Fearing that an impost so obviously unjust could not long endure, they brought forward the astounding proposal that the ryot who had dug a well should be asked, in lieu of paying a yearly well-tax, to capitalise the

same on the spot, by a payment of fifteen years' purchase. This proposal was sanctioned by the Bombay Government, and remained inoperative for the simple reason that no ryot had faith enough in Government, thus to pay any little capital he had into its hands in advance. Events have shown how foolish he would have been to do so. For by the Settlement Act of 1879, the right of taxing tenants' improvements was again conferred on the Settlement Department, in the following words :—

“ ‘ Nothing in the preceding section shall be held to prevent a revised assessment being fixed with reference to the value of *any natural advantage*, when the improvement effected from private capital and resources consists only in *having created the means of utilising such advantage*. ’ ”

Under this provision the system of taxing wells obtains at this moment just the same as when it was thus described in 1868 by the journal already mentioned.

“ ‘ With the greatest economy, the ryot saves every pie from his income, denying himself sometimes even the most ordinary comforts, and at last succeeds, with the joint exertions of himself and his family, in sinking a well, which to him is a source of earning his bread, a source perhaps as necessary as his pair of bullocks or his plough. According to the present system of assessment, all wells which existed at the time of the new survey have been held liable to a water-rate. Government has not contributed a farthing, and even the repairs of these wells have been carried out by the ryots out of their private resources. What right, then, has Government to this extra assessment on well-water? The ryot feels that Government has broken faith with him.

“ But the evil does not stop here. It is not simply the land in which a well has been sunk that has an extra cess levied upon it. All the adjacent lands are subjected to garden rates, *whether the holders of them derive the benefit of the neighbouring well or not*. Where they do not, it is manifestly cruel to tax them. Where they do, it is by paying to the owner of the well an additional charge for the use of the water. *The ryot has thus two parties to pay for the use of a single benefit*—the Government and the owner of the well. It has been suggested that the ryots should redeem the extra assessment by a fifteen years' purchase. Such a suggestion carries absurdity on the very face of it. Is it the ryot that is to enjoy the interest upon the outlay of the capital invested by him in his well, or is it the Government, who has done nothing in the matter ? ”

Such proceedings as those described are far from being confined to a single Presidency. Quotations are made from a recently published paper by Mr. Gribble, Collector of Cuddapah, which throw light on the question as affecting the Madras Presidency.

“ After confessing that one cause which prevents the digging of wells by the peasantry is the want of a ‘ fixed tenure,’ that officer goes on to ask and answer the question, ‘ How comes it that though wells are so valuable, and water generally easily obtainable, comparatively so few wells are dug ? ’ His answer proves that, in Madras, just as in Bombay, while purporting not to tax wells dug by the cultivators themselves, the officials contrive to do so under every possible pretext, and that there is hardly a situation in India where a well could possibly be dug,

which is not capable of being drawn under assessment by the ingenuity of the ever active Survey Department. The Collector thus admits the practice :—

“‘I may broadly say that, whenever a well is so constructed that it is supposed to derive its supply from a river, a channel, or a Government source, the land under it pays a wet and double crop assessment, even although the well may have been built by private enterprise. *It is supposed* that such wells get their supply by means of percolation.’”

Again, if there be a Government tank in an alluvial valley, the ryot's wells are taxed, though the tank may have been dry for years. Mr. Gribble points out that the fact that such a rule exists must ordinarily act as a prohibition against any further well-construction. That the percolation theory was never actually held by Settlement Officers, but was merely a cover for the policy of taxing the ryot's wells, is shown by a remark made to Mr. Gribble by “an experienced Settlement Officer” to the effect that *the wells were taxed in order to prevent the ryots from using their own water, and to compel them to take and pay for water from the tank*. Again, as to river valleys, the ryot cannot prove that his well-water does not percolate from the river, and all wells dug in an ordinary river valley are therefore taxed on the ground that river water is the property of Government. Mr. Gribble records his protest in the following words :—

“‘As regards our rivers, I think this rule is unjust. The water which these wells take causes no loss to anyone. There are still millions of gallons which empty themselves unutilised into the sea; and it is so important that a well should be constructed wherever possible, that, as long as such a well is constructed from private capital, I would impose no extra assessment on it.’”

Mr. Gribble regretfully points to “8,000 to 10,000 ruined wells in a single district which a comparatively small expenditure would suffice to put it into working order,” and concludes that “the only inducement required for encouraging the digging of wells in wet lands is the abrogation of the rule that a charge will be made if water is taken from them.”

Mr. Seymour Keay has yet one more arrow in his quiver.

“The financial exigencies of the Indian bureaucracy are, however, such, that they cannot afford to perform even such an obvious act of justice as to abandon the water-rate on wells built by the ryot's own capital and labour. They have, however, for the evil a panacea of their own. The ryot will not voluntarily dig a well at his own charges, for the mere barren purpose of having the profits all wiped off into the Imperial treasury. The Government do not choose to let him reap the profits, so as to induce him to dig one for himself. But they can call into use their despotic power. They can dig a well for him with the funds of the State, against his will, at thrice the cost at which he could dig it himself, and then compel him, through means of a special tax, both to refund the principal and interest by instalments, and to have the assessment of his land raised fivefold

or even tenfold for ever, on the ground of his using 'Government water.' This scheme is already in actual operation in the Moradabad district, and, if 'successful' there, it is to be extended to the whole of India. In the eyes of the European bureaucracy this measure has two crowning advantages, not possessed by the alternative scheme of exempting a well dug by the ryot himself from increased taxation. In the first place, the whole profits of the irrigated crops, and of the incessant toil necessary for growing them, will be taken by the Government, and not by the cultivator, who will ever afterwards be reduced to a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water on his own land under its quintupled burdens. In the second place, large salaries, certified by the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces to amount to as much as 5,000*l.* in each small district, will be drawn by British officers, for superintending the compulsory well-digging. However the wells themselves may turn out, this latter feature of the scheme is far too valuable to be overlooked. All other advantages are contingent, but this one is steadfast and sure.

"What would be the feelings of an Irish tenant if placed under such a system as that above described? Verily, in three short months he would find out that the little finger of the Anglo-Indian official is thicker than the loins of the Irish landlord."

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EMERSON.—This is an address delivered in Boston, U. S. A., by Mr. Arnold during his recent visit to America. The writer sets himself to come at a real estimate of Emerson, and with a leaning even to strictness rather than to indulgence, which he regards as the safer course. "Time has no indulgence ; any veils of illusion which we may have left around an object because we loved it time is sure to strip away."

First, as regards Emerson as a poet, Mr. Arnold says that, in his opinion, Emerson is not one of the legitimate poets.

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well, Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness ; it lacks concreteness ; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed ; in particular, the want of clearly marked distinction between the subject and the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produces. Such good work as the noble lines graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him ; such ineffective work as the *Fourth of July Ode* or the *Boston Hymn* is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course ; but when we meet with them they give us a sense of surprise, so little has Emerson accustomed us to them. Let me have the pleasure of quoting one or two of these exceptional passages :—

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*."

"Or again this :—

"Though love repine and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply :
'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

"Excellent ! but how seldom do we get from him a strain blown so clearly and firmly ! Take another passage where his strain has not only clearness, it has also grace and beauty :—

"And ever, when the happy child
In May beholds the blooming wild,
And hears in heaven the bluebird sing,
'Onward,' he cries, 'your baskets bring !
In the next field is air more mild,

And in yon hazy west is Eden's balmier spring.'

"In the style and cadence here there is a reminiscence, I think, of Gray ; at any rate the pureness, grace, and beauty of these lines are worthy even of Gray. But Gray holds his high rank as a poet, not merely by the beauty and grace of passages in his poems ; not merely by a diction generally pure in an age of impure diction : he holds it, above all by the power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted. Here is his grand superiority to Collins, whose diction in his best poem, the *Ode to Evening*, is purer than Gray's ; but then the *Ode to Evening* is like a river which loses itself in the sand, whereas Gray's best poems have an evolution sure and satisfying. Emerson's *May-day*, from which I just now quoted, has no real evolution at all ; it is a series of observations. And, in general, his poems have no evolution. Take, for example, his *Titmouse*. Here he has an excellent subject ; and his observation of Nature, moreover, is always marvellously close and fine. But compare what he makes of his meeting with his titmouse with what Cowper or Burns makes of the like kind of incident ! One never quite arrives at learning what the titmouse actually did for him at all, though one feels a strong interest and desire to learn it ; but one is reduced to guessing, and cannot be quite sure that after all one has guessed right. He is not plain and concrete enough—in other words, not poet enough—to be able to tell us. And a failure of this kind goes through almost all his verse, keeps him amid symbolism and allusion and the fringes of things, and, spite of his spiritual power, deeply impairs his poetic value. Through the inestimable virtue of concreteness, a simple poem like *The Bridge* of Longfellow, or the *School Days* of Mr. Whittier, is of more poetic worth, perhaps, than all the verse of Emerson."

But the writer goes further, and does not place him among the great writers. His style is unsound, impossible to a born man of letters.

"It is a curious thing, that quality of style which marks the great writer, the born man of letters. It resides in the whole tissue of his work, and of his work regarded as a composition for literary purposes. Brilliant and powerful passages in a man's writings do not prove his possession of it ; it lies in their whole tissue. Emerson has passages of noble and pathetic eloquence, such as those which I quoted at the beginning ; he has passages of shrewd and felicitous wit ; he has crisp epigram ; he has passages of exquisitely touched observation of nature. Yet he is not a great writer ; his style has not the requisite wholeness of good tissue."

Shakespeare, Molière, Swift, are great literary masters, because they knew how to work into a literary composition their materials, and to subdue them to the purposes of literary effect.

Neither can Emerson be called with justice a great philosophical writer.

"He cannot build; his arrangement of philosophical ideas has no progress in it, no evolution; he does not construct a philosophy. Emerson himself knew the defects of his method, or rather want of method, very well; indeed, he and Carlyle criticise themselves and one another in a way which leaves little for any one else to do in the way of formulating their defects. Carlyle formulates perfectly the defects of his friend's poetic and literary production when he says of the *Dial*: 'For me it is too ethereal, speculative, theoretic; I will have all things condense themselves, take shape and body, if they are to have my sympathy.' And speaking of Emerson's orations he says: 'I long to see some concrete Thing, some Event, Man's Life, American Forest, or piece of Creation, which this Emerson loves and wonders at, well *Emersonised*—depicted by Emerson, filled with the life of Emerson, and cast forth from him, then to live by itself. If these orations balk me of this, how profitable soever they may be for others, I will not love them.' Emerson himself formulates perfectly the defect of his own philosophical productions when he speaks of his 'formidable tendency to the lapidary style. I build my house of boulders.' 'Here I sit and read and write,' he says again, 'with very little system, and as far as regards composition with the most fragmentary result; paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle.' Nothing can be truer; and the work of a Spinoza or Kant, of the men who stand as great philosophical writers, does not proceed in this wise."

Some people, however, will tell you that Emerson's poetry is too abstract and his philosophy too vague, but that his best work is his *English Traits*. But—

"Tried by the highest standards, and compared with the work of the excellent markers and recorders of the traits of human life—of writers like Montaigne, La Bruyère, Addison—the *English Traits* will not stand the comparison. Emerson's observation has not the disinterested quality of the observation of these masters. It is the observation of a man systematically benevolent, as Hawthorne's observation in *Our Old Home* is the work of a man chagrined. Hawthorne's literary talent is of the first order. His subjects are generally not to me subjects of the highest interest; but his literary talent is of the first order, the finest, I think, which America has yet produced—finer, by much, than Emerson's. Yet *Our Old Home* is not a masterpiece any more than *English Traits*. In neither of them is the observer disinterested enough. The author's attitude in each of these cases can easily be understood and defended. Hawthorne was a sensitive man, so situated in England that he was perpetually in contact with the British Philistine; and the British Philistine is a trying personage. Emerson's systematic benevolence comes from what he himself calls somewhere his 'persistent optimism;' and his 'persistent optimism' is the root of his greatness and the source of his charm. But still let us keep our literary conscience true, and judge every kind of literary work by the laws really proper to it. The kind of work attempted in the *English Traits* and in *Our Old Home* is work which cannot be done perfectly with a bias such as that given by Emerson's optimism or by Hawthorne's chagrin. Consequently, neither *English Traits* nor *Our Old Home* is a work of perfection in its kind."

Not, then, with the Miltons and the Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons can we rank Emerson. His relation to us (and no man saw that clearer than Emerson himself) is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of even superior importance. He is, like Marcus Aurelius, the friend and aider of those who would live in the Spirit.

"All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them as a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematise them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand—like 'boulders,' as he says—in 'paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle.' In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory. We all know them. First and foremost, character—character is everything. 'That which all things tend to educe—which freedom, cultivation, intercourse, revolutions, go to form and deliver—is character.' Character and self-reliance. 'Trust thyself! every heart vibrates to that iron string.' And yet we have our being in a *not ourselves*. 'There is a power above and behind us and we are the channels of its communications.' But our lives must be pitched higher. 'Life must be lived on a higher plane; we must go up to a higher platform, to which we are always invited to ascend; there the whole scene changes.' The good we need is ever close to us, though we attain it not. 'On the brink of the waters of life and truth, we are miserably dying.' This good is close to us, moreover, in our daily life, and in the familiar, homely places. 'The unremitting retention of simple and high sentiments in obscure duties—that is the maxim for us. Let us be poised and wise, and our own to-day. Let us treat the men and women well—treat them as if they were real: perhaps they are. Men live in their fancy, like drunkards whose hands are too soft and tremulous for successful labour. I settle myself ever firmer in the creed, that we should not postpone and refer and wish, but do broad justice where we are, by whomsoever we deal with; accepting our actual companions and circumstances, however humble or odious, as the mystic officials to whom the universe has delegated its whole pleasure for us. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and if we will tarry a little we may come to learn that here is best. See to it only that thyself is here."

This is tonic indeed; and let no one object that it is too general; to affirm such truths generally and absolutely was, at the hour when Emerson appeared, the right work to be done. Only thus could he break through the hard and fast barrier of narrow, fixed ideas, which he found confronting him, and win an entrance for new ideas.

In the second place, strong as was Emerson's optimism, no misanthropic satirist ever saw shortcomings and absurdities more clearly than he did, or exposed them more courageously.

"With how firm a touch he delineates the faults of your two great political parties of forty years ago ! The Democrats, he says, 'have not at heart the ends which give to the name of democracy what hope and virtue are in it. The spirit of our American radicalism is destructive and aimless ; it is not loving ; it has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness. On the other side, the Conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation.' Then with what subtle though kindly irony he follows the gradual withdrawal in New England, in the last half century, of tender consciences from the social organisations—the bent for experiments such as that of Brook Farm and the like—follows it in all its 'dissidence of dissent and Protestantism of the Protestant religion.' He even loves to rally the New Englander on his philanthropical activity, and to find his beneficence and its institutions a bore. 'Your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many of these now stand, alms to sots, and the thousand-fold relief societies—though I confess with shame that I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, yet 'it is a wicked dollar, which by and by shall have the manhood to withhold.' Our Sunday-schools and churches and pauper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive.' 'Nature does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition convention, or the Temperance meeting, or the Transcendental Club, into the fields and woods, she says to us : 'So hot, my little sir?'"

But the secret of Emerson's effect was the inexhaustibleness of his hope. It was the ground of his being ; it never failed him.

"Even when he is sadly avowing the imperfection of his literary power and resources, lamenting his fumbling fingers and stammering tongue, he adds : 'Yet as I tell you, I am very easy in my mind and never dream of suicide. My whole philosophy, which is very real, teaches acquiescence and optimism. Sure I am that the right word will be spoken, though I cut out my tongue.' In his old age, with friends dying and life failing, his tone of cheerful, forward-looking hope is still the same : A multitude of young men are growing up here of high promise, and I compare gladly the social poverty of my youth with the power on which these draw.' His abiding word for us, the word by which being dead he yet speaks to us, is this : 'That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavour to realise our aspirations. Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?'"

This holding fast to happiness and hope—so opposed to the perverse attitude of Carlyle—gives to Emerson's work an invaluable virtue. It is thus that Emerson's *Essays*, in prose, as Wordsworth's poetry, in verse, are the most important work in our language, done during the present century.

"Happiness in labour, righteousness, and veracity ; in all the life of the spirit : happiness and eternal hope—that was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine ; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future ; in this country it is difficult not to be too sanguine. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes ; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be sanely understood, and to prevail, and to work for, happiness—by this conviction and hope Emerson was great ; and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them."

Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and hope, and Emerson did this with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy.

"He has lessons for both the branches of our race. I figure him to my mind as visible upon earth still, as still standing here by Boston Bay, or at his own Concord, in his habit as he lived, but of heightened stature and shining feature with one hand stretched out towards the East, to our laden and labouring England, the other towards the ever-growing West, to his own dearly loved America—'great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America.' To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope ; to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, elevation.

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RUSSIA REVISITED.—Mr. MacColl points out in the opening paragraph of this interesting article that British interest in continental politics arises mainly from their bearing on the British occupation of India ; and the only Power which is in a position or has any motive to menace England in India is Russia. A good understanding, then, with Russia would rid Great Britain of its most formidable potential adversary. But one of the first conditions of a good understanding between nations is an accurate knowledge of each other. Mr. MacColl believes that those who give direction and shape to the policies of Russia have a better appreciation of the feelings, aims, and resources of Great Britain than those who guide the destinies of Great Britain have of the material resources and social and political forces of Russia ; any contribution, then, towards a better knowledge of Russia on the part of Englishmen must be a service not only to humanity and civilization, but to the vital interests of Great Britain as well.

"I have just returned from a visit to Russia twenty years after a sojourn of some duration there. The interval is sufficiently long to furnish evidence of the direction in which Russia is moving, and of the rate of progress of the movement. What is her condition now as compared with then in regard to internal development and external policy ? It seems to be the settled belief of some politicians and publicists in this country that Russia is financially on the verge of bankruptcy,

and socially on the threshold of an anarchic revolution. Certainly the finances of Russia are in a bad condition ; and Nihilism is a formidable fact, and a still more formidable symptom. But neither the financial embarrassment of Russia nor the canker of Nihilism is beyond the skill of provident and courageous statesmanship. It is indeed absurd to describe Russia as being financially in a desperate strait. To restore her financial equilibrium, and even to turn deficits into surpluses, nothing more is needed than a financier of the first rank instead of the narrow-minded men who have of late years been in charge of her exchequer. Let us look at a few facts bearing on this subject."

From a short account of the railway system of Russia, we learn that the Empire now contains 13,000 miles of railway, about the same amount as France, and only 3,000 miles short of the length of lines in Great Britain. These Russian railways, it may be said, are not so profitable as those of England ; and this is true if we estimate profits by direct cash returns alone. But the indirect profit from them has been immense ; conspicuously in the matter of the carriage of soldiers and war material. Owing mainly to her railway system Russia's exports have doubled since 1868, and, taking the two years 1876 and 1877, we find that the export trade of the latter year exceeded that of the former by 129,000,000 roubles, an increase mainly accounted for by the outlet afforded through enlarged railway communication.

The public debt of Russia is large, but not nearly so large considering her vast undeveloped resources, as that of several European Powers. Nothing, however, can be more short-sighted than her present management of her resources and finances, the main idea of Russian financial authorities being, seemingly, that an increase of customs duties and a consequent diminution of imports must necessarily mean the increase of exports, and the increase of national property. The adoption of free trade principles by Russia would soon place her finances on a sound basis, and make her in a few years one of the most prosperous States in Europe.

There are not a few in England and on the continent who regard Nihilism as symptomatic of a malady too deep-seated to be extirpated without a violent political convulsion which may shake the Russian Empire to its centre, even if it do not shatter its foundations. That, however, is not the belief, so far as the writer has been able to learn, of any Russian whose opinion is entitled to respect. Nobody with whom he conversed on the subject believed that Nihilism possessed sufficient fulcrum in any stratum of society to enable it seriously to menace the stability of the Empire. The best way to test that view is to consider what Nihilism is in its origin, its causes, and its constituent elements.

"Paradoxical as it may seem to say it, it is nevertheless true that one of the most salutary measures that ever reflected honour on a monarch's reign has been indirectly the prime cause of one of the most anarchic conspiracies that ever waged war against society—a war culminating in that monarch's assassination. To the emancipation of the serfs is mainly due the birth of Nihilism. That great charter of freedom created in Russia an intellectual proletariat which has been recruited from other sources; and it is from the bosom of this proletariat that Nihilism has sprung. It happened on this wise. Under the system of serfdom there was in Russia a class of petty noblemen and small proprietors, tersely described by one of themselves to Mr. Mackenzie Wallace as men who 'kept no accounts and drank champagne.' The abolition of serfdom reduced a large number of them to absolute beggary. Careless and extravagant in their habits, they soon squandered the compensation which they received from the State for the loss of serf labour and for the land ceded to the freed serfs. The land they still possessed was useless to them, for they had no money wherewith to pay for its cultivation. In order to raise money they sold their lands piecemeal at a great loss, or (which in the end came to the same thing) they mortgaged them. When ruin came, instead of tracing it to their own improvidence and mismanagement, they attributed it to the emancipation of the serfs, and held the Government responsible. They persuaded themselves accordingly that the Government was bound to provide for them, and when they found their applications for remunerative employment rejected, they came to regard the State as the author of their ruin, and thus became its deadly enemies. And it must in fairness be added that in some parts of Russia, especially in the north, even some good proprietors were ruined by the liberation of the serfs. So long as they were able to command sufficient free labour, they could make both ends meet, in spite of the poverty of the soil and the difficulties of climate. But emancipation not only empowered the serf to sell his labour, at his own price; he also ceased to be *ascriptus glebe*, and was at liberty to carry his labour to the best market he could find for it. Of this liberty the serfs availed themselves in large numbers. They migrated into the towns and into the southern parts of Russia where the advantages of better soil and climate enabled the proprietors to cultivate their land profitably by means of paid labour. The abolition of serfdom therefore, while ruinous to a large number of Northern proprietors, was a great boon to the proprietors of the South by supplying them with an abundance of cheap labour. It was hardly to be expected, however, that men who found themselves ruined from no fault of their own should console themselves with the philosophic reflection that 'the individual withers, and the world is more and more.' It is perhaps not very hard to die for one's country on a field of battle. It requires a different and a rarer courage to endure poverty and social degradation in the cause of freedom. Men ruined, however unavoidably, by State legislation, are in general pretty sure to hold the State responsible, and are thus easily tempted into the ranks of the sworn enemies of the powers that be. In this way Nihilism has been aided by the direct co-operation or indirect sympathy of a considerable number of educated persons who have been reduced to poverty by the Act of Emancipation."

The intellectual proletariat has been further reinforced by a class of functionaries who were called into existence by the Emanci-

pation Act. These were called "arbiters of peace," and their business was to settle the various questions which arose between the proprietors and the peasantry on the carrying out of the new law. Their employment was necessarily of a temporary nature, and, when it came to an end, a host of well-educated officials were cast adrift without any means of existence. Here then were a class of persons who after a transient period of prosperity found themselves without means, without a career, and without hope under the existing conditions of social and political life. It is not, perhaps, very surprising that they should seek to upset the present order of things, or that some of them should be enticed into the inner circle of revolutionary propaganda which has adopted assassination as its most effective method of persuasion.

Another class which has added a larger contingent to the intellectual proletariat, and hence to Nihilism, is the sons of the parochial clergy.

"Every parish priest in Russia is obliged to be a married man; that is to say, he must have a wife as a preliminary condition to the possession of a parish, but must be married before he has been ordained priest, for a priest cannot marry. Formerly the rule of a married parochial clergy was enforced so rigorously that when a priest's wife died the widower had to resign his benefice and betake himself to a convent. This rule worked so cruelly, especially in the case of children thus suddenly bereft of both parents, that it was relaxed in the late Emperor's reign, and now a widowed priest may retain his parochial charge. The parish clergy, however, are still a caste, and a despised caste. In social standing they are little above the peasantry. They are never met in the drawing-rooms of the gentry: and if a gentleman resolves to adopt a clerical career, he never dreams of entering the ranks of the 'white,' that is the parochial clergy; he joins the 'black' clergy, or monks, from whom also the bishops are invariably chosen. With very few exceptions the parochial clergy are recruited from the sons of the priests. But the supply is much larger than the demand. The sons of the 'popes,' as the parish priests are called, usually receive a fair education, and those of them—a large number—who find no opening in the clerical profession are thrown upon the world without means of subsistence, and with education and aspirations which disqualify them for the ordinary avocations of peasant life or skilled labour. They pour into the towns, therefore, in search of employment, and thus add a large quota to the intellectual proletariat. Of all the enemies of the existing order of things these clerical outcasts are, as a body, the bitterest. They are the parias of society, and requite with hoarded hate the contempt and the cruel injustice with which society visits them. It is curious that a people so devoted to their religion as the Russians should treat the offspring of their priesthood with such contumely. They compel their parish priests to be married, yet they regard descent from a priest as a kind of social original sin, for which there is no laver of regeneration. No wonder that Nihilism counts many of its most daring recruits among the victims of such gross social injustice.

"Has Nihilism any footing in the army? Not among the ordinary private soldiers, nor among the superior officers; But it has sympathisers, and even active members, among the inferior officers and privates of superior education. In Russia, as in all countries where forced military service prevails, the conscription presses very severely and cruelly on individual and social life. It interrupts the studies of young men, and sends many of them back from barrack life unfit for the pursuits of civil life. It breaks up homes, and ruins the business and prospects of tradesmen and skilled artisans. An instance came before me in St. Petersburg the other day of a young married cabinet-maker whose skill and industry were making an excellent business for him. He was carried off by the conscription, and will return in a few years, if he lives, to begin life afresh, perhaps with broken health and ruined prospects. That class can hardly be well affected towards the present order of things. Discontented as soldiers of this class may be, however, they are generally quite loyal, and for the present Nihilism has nothing to hope from them. Not so with regard to two other classes of recruits—young men, often students in the universities, who are forcibly drafted into the army for some academic *émeute* or political demonstration; and priests' sons without means of livelihood, who flock into the towns, and are considered inconvenient or dangerous by the authorities. Add to these, subalterns who see themselves passed in the hierarchy of military promotion by the favourites of birth, or fortune, or interest in high quarters. Nihilism has enlisted some of its best recruits from this class of disappointed officers. It has also received much efficient aid from the Jews, who make excellent conspirators when they take up the matter *con amore*; from briefless lawyers; doctors without practice; and teachers, a very numerous class."

Nihilism as yet, then, has hardly touched the masses and the army is untainted by it except within narrow and not very formidable limits. It is abhorred by the higher ranks of society. At present, therefore, it is a danger to individuals rather than to the State. Certain officials, and possibly the Czar, are in jeopardy from its machinations, though Mr. MacColl has reason for thinking that all attempts on the Czar's life are, for the present, excluded from the Nihilist programme. Is there any likelihood of its obtaining a sufficient backing among the masses, to enable it to shake seriously the existing fabric of social and political life in Russia?

"That depends upon the attitude which the Russian Government will finally take up in answer to the widespread desire for large and thorough-going reforms. Reforms are needed everywhere: in civil administration, in the army, in finance. If the reforms are granted, in time Nihilism will gradually die of atrophy. If they are persistently denied, men who are now constitutional reformers will in time become revolutionists. There lies the solitary hope of the Nihilists. They have lately begun to utilise in their own interest, and not altogether without success, the peasants' cry for more land. The peasantry believe the Emperor to be omnipotent in all matters of administration throughout his dominions. The father of the present Czar gave them freedom, and, with freedom, land sufficient for their wants at the time. (The total amount advanced on easy terms to the tenants for the purchase of land, the sale of which was

compulsory on the landlords on certain conditions, has been up to this time about £90,000,000). The children of that generation are now grown up; a new Czar has succeeded the Liberator of the serfs, and the peasantry expects a new partition of the land still in possession of the old proprietors. It was in vain that Alexander III assured the Delegation from the peasantry, who went to Moscow to congratulate him on his coronation, that there would be no more partition of land. The peasantry refused to believe the Delegation, and are still anxiously expecting the fulfilment of their hopes. For the present, therefore, the Emperor has nothing to fear from the Nihilists. To make any attempt on his life while the peasantry are looking to him for favours to come would be fatal to Nihilism so far as the peasantry are concerned. The present game of the Nihilists is to encourage the illusions of the peasantry, in the hope that the disappointment which will follow will supply an abundant harvest of the converts to Nihilism from among a class which has hitherto furnished few converts, and which, if won, would indeed make Nihilism a formidable power. It is not a formidable power yet, and a sagacious policy could destroy it by drying up the sources on which it feeds. Some of those sources have been already indicated, and the remedies, or at least the most urgent of them, are patent. The great danger for the Crown in Russia is that it is directly responsible for every act of policy and administration. The Council of the Empire, which consists of seventy persons, is not a representative body, and incurs no real responsibility. Its members, who consist of retired generals and government officials of various sorts, are all nominated by the Emperor, who though he consults them on questions of high policy and administration, is not bound by their advice. He may 'agree,' as the phrase is, with the minority. This, indeed, is an advantage; for the chances are perhaps in favour of the minority of such an assembly being right more frequently than the majority. The late Emperor agreed more than once with the minority when it advised a more enlightened policy—*e.g.*, the introduction of the classics in the University curriculum—than that of the majority. Lord Salisbury observed, with admirable truth, in one of his recent speeches, that 'our institutions grow; they are not made. Any addition to them must not be rudely fastened on, but cunningly grafted, so that it may grow with the plant on which it is fixed.' Russian politicians, like M. Aksakoff—a man whom it is impossible to know without loving and admiring him for the fervour and purity of his patriotism, and for the eloquence and disregard of self which are always at command of his patriotism—are quite right in reprobating any attempt to engraft a foreign civilisation on Muscovite institutions. The result would be, and indeed has been to some extent, as they bitterly complain, a mongrel growth which has retarded the legitimate development of the nation. I think, indeed, that the natural and reasonable reaction against the overpowering invasion of the foreign element is driving them too far towards the opposite extreme of Chinese exclusiveness. But, without adopting the British Constitution, it is surely possible to establish representative institutions of their own which shall be in harmony with the genius and traditions of the nation."

In the Zemstvo, or Provincial Assembly, Russia already possesses the germ of the representative system. But the Zemstvo exists only in name.

"The legal right of petition is denied to it, that is, the right of presenting grievances and making political representations to the Government. It is also forbidden the liberty of unrestricted discussion at its sittings, while the censorship of the press stifles the only remaining vent for the expression of public opinion. Now what is the use of a representative assembly which is denied every opportunity of acting as a free organ of public opinion between the people and the Government? To permit the revival of the Zemstvos, and at the same time render them impotent to fulfil the end of their being, is surely a policy which is not only foolish but mischievous. It looks like, though of course it is not, a scornful mockery of popular hopes and aspirations: and the result is, not merely that the Provincial Assemblies themselves are smitten with paralysis and barrenness, but their members in their private capacity become apathetic and lose all sense of public duty. If moreover, the Zemstvos were allowed free play, they would pave the way for a truly representative Council of the Empire which would act as an organ of communication, and also as a screen, between the Crown and the people. Under the present system criticism of a minister is regarded as criticism of the Crown, which thus becomes responsible for the blunders and shares the unpopularity of the minister. What is needed is a ministry responsible to a truly national Council, the Emperor having, of course, the right of choosing and dismissing his ministers at pleasure, and equally so of dissolving the assembly. Just now a statesman in Russia, whatever be his merits or genius, becomes a mere cipher when he goes out of office. In office he is all-powerful; everybody is his obedient servant. Out of office he disappears among the crowd and nobody regards him. In England and all other countries which enjoy representative institutions a leading statesman is scarcely less powerful out of office than in office. In this way the country is always in the enjoyment of the wisdom and experience of its ablest public men, while the Government of the day is kept on its best behaviour by the searching criticism of a vigilant opposition. This system has its disadvantages, no doubt; and very serious disadvantages they are sometimes. But no impartial student of history can doubt that those countries are, on the whole, best governed in whose policy and legislation the mass of the citizens have a potential voice."

Nihilism would soon perish if the legitimate grievances of the Russian people were redressed. As things are, however, behind the numerically insignificant band of Nihilists there is a very numerous body of genuine reformers; sincere patriots who are thoroughly loyal to the throne, and demand only such reforms as would, in their belief, fortify the throne by encircling it with the confidence and affection of a grateful people. These, as one of them has expressed it, "recognise in the social organism of Russia the germ of a fatal disease which demands general treatment, and not a local and limited one." It is their belief that the present state of Russian society offers all the conditions necessary for the propagation of anarchical theories; and it is, therefore, in the interest of the nation generally, from the Emperor downwards, that they advocate a scheme of comprehensive

reforms which shall deprive Nihilism of the *pabulum* on which it has hitherto fed and thrived.

"The main features of that scheme are the following :—

"1. Liberty of speech and of the press. At present the Russian people are deprived of the means of combating Nihilism effectually. The anarchists of Russia have never had any difficulty, from the time of Alexander Herzen to the present moment, in propagating their doctrines by means of a clandestine press. In spite of the cordon of police arrangements with which the Emperor Nicholas surrounded his empire, Herzen's *Kolokol* circulated freely in Russia, and even throughout the army. The Nihilists have in like manner never failed to baffle the vigilance of the police by means of their clandestine press and secret propaganda. And in face of this secret warfare society is disarmed by the suppression of free speech and the prohibition of a free press. Public opinion cannot lift up its voice against treason, for it has no organ for articulate expression.

"2. The reform of the caste system, which divides society into classes, separated from each other by chasms very difficult, and often impossible, to pass. Nobles, merchants, clergy are separated by rigorous rules, which practically confine each class to its own territory. The nobles again are sub-divided into the great nobility and the little nobility; hereditary nobility and personal nobility. The clergy are divided into 'black' and 'white,' that is, those who must not and those who must be married. The merchants are classified in three categories. Then there is the innumerable host of *chinovinks*, that is, all the functionaries of the Civil Service. The army may be regarded as another caste. This caste system breaks up the unity of the nation. Instead of the various classes of society forming one organic whole, they are divided by inorganic sections like geological strata. The constitutional reformers demand a radical modification of this system, and especially the entire abolition of the Chin, or bureaucratic hierarchy, and the eligibility of every citizen to any office for which he may prove himself qualified.

"3. Liberty of speech and of petition to the Provincial Assemblies, together with an extension of the *Zemstvo* beyond its present area.

"4. Something in the shape of a constitution for Russia proper, based on the representative system, ministerial responsibility, and the inviolability of the Crown.

"5. Reform of the educational system in the universities and inferior schools.

"6 Reform in the system of taxation and tariffs."

These are the principal heads of the reforms demanded by what may be called the constitutional party. To them is opposed the party of reaction, of whom the celebrated publicist, M. Katkoff, of Moscow, is the most powerful representative. He strongly urges the Government to go back instead of forward; he would place university education under a system of enervating tutelage and make more complete the present plan of espionage and petty interference, and he has written strongly in favour of the entire abolition of juries.

"The fate of Nihilism, and perhaps the future of Russia, will depend upon which side will prevail—the party of progress or the party of reaction ; the party of remedial measures, while administering the law with a firm hand ; or the party of repression, while postponing remedial legislation till coercion has pacified the disaffected—that is, till the Greek Kalends. Both policies have been tried in Ireland ; that of coercion, for some centuries, with the result of engendering in the hearts of the mass of the population a bitter hatred of English rule ; that of remedial legislation for half a generation, which is far too short a period to test its effects. From the disastrous failure with us of the policy of mere coercion, the Russian Government may take a salutary warning. The Czar himself is said to be liberally disposed, and nobody doubts that he earnestly desires the welfare of his people. A man of simple tastes and habits, personally brave (in spite of all *canards* to the contrary), but preferring the happiness of domestic life to the pomp and pageantry of empire, he might well exclaim, like the Prince of Denmark—

"The time is out of joint ; O cursed spite !

That ever I was born to set it right !"

"He may well claim the sympathetic forbearance and hearty good wishes of all who can appreciate the pathos of a situation encompassed by difficulties and responsibilities of almost unique dimensions. It is easy for an irresponsible critic to advise a certain course ; but nobody who has never felt the burden of empire can know the anxiety with which the Absolute Ruler of All the Russias must measure every step he takes in the path of organic legislation. His choice may be the choice of Hercules in the fable of Prodicus—once made, irrevocable, withersoever it may lead."

"But probably the part of Russian policy which interests Englishmen most is that which deals with foreign affairs. The great bug-bear with our Russophobists is a Russian invasion of India. But that is an enterprise which no sane Russian has ever seriously contemplated as possible. Mr. MacColl ventures to say that Russia would not accept India as a free gift, if the British offered to clear out bag and baggage, and let her in without striking a blow. But it may be said that Russia, without wishing to conquer India for herself, may wish to secure positions contiguous to the frontier of British India in order to harass England in the event of the latter's attempting to thwart Russian policy in Europe.

"This view has been argued with great moderation and ability in a recently published article by Sir Richard Temple on the political bearings of the Russian annexation of Merv. After admitting that the acquisition of India by Russia 'is not within her immediate purview, and not within the range of her practical politics,' Sir Richard—a very able Anglo-Indian statesman, a strong Tory in politics, and an antagonist of Russian policy—makes the following frank admissions : first, that 'that a conquest [of India], or even a feint at invasion' would be 'a hopeless enterprise' on the part of Russia. Secondly, that if Russia intends to use her position in Central Asia as a base of operations against us in India, it is not with a view to invasion, but merely as a strategic¹ diversion in order to prevent us from opposing her in Turkey. Thirdly, that

'we have no right to complain' of such policy on the part of Russia, as we should act in the same way in similar circumstances. Fourthly, that 'we should recognise the good that Russia is doing in Central Asia.' These admissions do credit to the candour and equity of Sir Richard Temple's mind. But I wonder that so able a man does not see the vicious circle of his argument. For if Russia harbours no design against India except with a view to giving us check at Constantinople, we have no interest in Constantinople except in its bearing on a possible Russian invasion of India. Surely then the logical inference from the point of view of British interests is that we should give Russia to understand that we shall not interfere with her policy in Turkey. Her possession of Constantinople might endanger Austrian and German interests, and arrest the national development of the Christian races of Turkey. But England is the last country whose interests would be menaced. Commercially, any great Power at Constantinople would be an improvement on the Turks. Politically, a Russian navy in the Black Sea would be at least as likely to side with England as with any other Power in the event of a European complication, since—India being out of the question—England and Russia would have every motive to act together, and no conceivable motive to thwart each other. At all events, the Conservative party in England, little as they may intend it, are doing their best to precipitate this political *dénouement* by their pressure on the Government to take the administration of Egypt into its own hands. In reply to the taunt that he offered no alternative policy in Egypt, Lord Salisbury said the other day at Manchester: 'Let me see the despatches from Berlin, from Vienna, from Paris and from Constantinople, and I will tell you.' I think I can satisfy Lord Salisbury's curiosity in some degree without any aid from Downing Street. Berlin and Vienna will not object to an English annexation or (which comes to the same thing) protectorate of Egypt on certain conditions. and the chief of those conditions is the tacit abrogation of the treaty of Berlin, with all other accessories of the 'peace with honour,' including the Anglo-Turkish Convention. In plain language, the price for our undertaking the direct government of Egypt is *carte blanche* to Russia in Armenia and on the Bosphorus, and full liberty to Austria to advance to Salonica and dominate the Balkan Peninsula. Is the Tory party prepared for that alternative? Will it advise that the Sultan should be laughed to scorn when he claims the fulfilment of England's treaty engagement to defend him, in return for Cyprus, against a Russian invasion? I express no opinion on the merits of the question. The presence of Russia at Constantinople does not fill me with alarm; and I would gladly see her in possession of Armenia, since I find no other hope of delivering that hapless population from the cruel domination of the Turk. But it is well that there should be no illusion about a British protectorate in Egypt. Its inevitable price is that England should forego any voice in the liquidation of the residue of the Sick Man's possessions."

It is a common accusation against Russia that her foreign policy, especially in Central Asian questions, is characterised by duplicity and bad faith towards the British Government. Mr. MacColl has studied at different times, and with great care, the official evidence in that matter, and has been driven to the conclusion that the accusation is not justified by facts. He quotes the following extract from a circular despatch, dated November 21st, 1864, to show

that the Russian Government thus explained the purport of its policy in Central Asia and the rules which should guide its conduct.

"The position of Russia in Central Asia is that of all civilised States which are brought into contact with half-savage nomad populations, possessing no fixed social organization. In such cases it always happens that the more civilised State is forced, in the interest of the security of its frontier and its commercial relations, to exercise a certain ascendancy over those whom their turbulent and unsettled character make most undesirable neighbours. First there are raids and acts of pillage to be put down. To put a stop to them, the tribes on the frontier have to be reduced to a state of more or less perfect submission. This result once attained, these tribes take to more peaceful habits, but are in their turn exposed to the attacks of more distant tribes. The State is bound to defend them against these depredations and to punish those who commit them. Herein the necessity of distant, costly, and periodically recurring expeditions against an enemy whom his social organization makes it impossible to seize. If, the robbers once punished, the expedition is withdrawn, the lesson is soon forgotten; its withdrawal is put down to weakness. It is a peculiarity of Asiatics to respect nothing but visible and palpable force; the moral force of reason and of the interests of civilisation has as yet no hold upon them. . . . The Imperial Cabinet, in assuming this task, takes as its guide the interests of Russia. But it believes that, at the same time, it is promoting the interests of humanity and civilisation. It has a right to expect that the line of conduct it pursues and the principles which guide it will meet with a just and candid appreciation."

Every advance of Russia, it is asserted in conclusion, since that date to the annexation of Merv, is perfectly justified by this frank and honourable exposition of policy.

"The annexation of Merv became inevitable when Russia, to her great honour, cut off the livelihood of that den of ferocious robbers by putting down slavery and embracing within the protection of her political system the population among which the Merv Turcomans were wont to make their kidnapping raids. Every friend of humanity and civilisation ought to rejoice in the Russian annexation of Merv. And if it be true, which I doubt, that our Indian fellow-subjects believe that our power is waning because we take no military precautions against the forward policy of Russia, they have come to that conclusion less from their own independent reflections than from the fussy and fretful anxiety with which every movement of Russia in Central Asia seems to agitate the minds of a certain class of British and Anglo-Indian politicians. When the people of India see that Russian statesmen regard *our* forward movements in India with calm indifference, while British statesmen who claim to be great authorities are thrown into panic by every apparition of a handful of Cossacks beyond the Russian frontier, they may well think that the British lion has begun to cower before the Russian bear. But it is the alarmists who are responsible for that result, and not the men who regard the various annexations of Russia, if not with approval, at least with the calm confidence of conscious strength."

POSSIBILITIES OF BALLOONING.—Colonel Burnaby here gives a short history of the progress already made in aërial navigation and

suggests how movable captive balloons, attached to reconnoitring parties of cavalry, may be of great use in war. The balloons must be 'captive,' for it is shown that we are not one whit nearer the solution of the problem how to guide balloons than we were when the first ascent was made by De Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes. It was just a century ago that Montgolfier made his famous experiment at Annonay, and only a few months later than this M. Charles ascended in a silk *aërostat* inflated with hydrogen. To him we owe balloons such as are now employed.

"It was M. Charles who, one hundred years ago, supplied himself with ballast to be used at will, with a valve to let out gas when required, with netting to surround the globe, and with a car suspended by ropes from the hoop. In fact, with the exception of a grapnel, its accompanying cord, and some other apparatus which will be alluded to later on, M. Charles's balloon was almost as completely fitted up as any *aërostat* which leaves the Crystal Palace grounds on a summer's fête-day. The next year a small gas balloon without car or passengers was inflated at Sandwich. Three hours afterwards it was found near Lisel, this being the first *aërostat* that crossed the Channel. The attention of the whole civilised world was called to *aërial* navigation. Great things were prognosticated. Balloons were to eclipse stage-coaches and ships. Although a little progress has taken place, so far none of these prophecies has been fulfilled. Many endeavours were made to give direction to balloons by the aid of oars and paddles. but these attempts, although the *aéronauts* themselves frequently claimed success for them, proved on investigation to be worthless. Nor is this wonderful, considering that an *aërostat* for the conveyance of even two passengers is of enormous size, and contains about 30,000 feet of gas. The effect of a pull of three or four pounds—the most that a man could obtain by rowing in such a thin element as the air—would be insignificant. To illustrate our meaning better, let us suppose a strong man standing on a machine which has a dial and a hand to show to a nicety any momentary variation in his weight, and let him take a large carriage umbrella and hold it open above his head. The hand of the dial will mark exactly his own weight and that of the umbrella. Let him then pull the umbrella with all his force in a downward direction, and the diminution marked on the dial will be found only to amount to a few pounds. Hence every attempt to steer balloons by manual force proved a failure, and although M. Giffard claimed to have succeeded in guiding an *aërostat* by means of screw set in motion by a steam-engine in the car, there is no proof that this has ever been accomplished. I may say that the preponderance of evidence is strongly in the other direction, for M. Giffard's experiment was made in 1852, and if he had been able to guide a balloon, his invention would certainly have been used by the friends of the beleaguered Parisians in 1870."

One of the first endeavours made by *aéronauts* was to obviate the necessity of having constantly to throw out ballast.

"It must be remembered that, from the moment a free *aërostat* leaves the ground, there is either a waste or a deterioration of the gas it contains. The neck of the balloon is left open; through it passes a line which it attached to the valve above. As a consequence, common air is constantly mixing with the

hydrogen and destroying its buoyancy. Again, as the globe rises the pressure of the atmosphere diminishes. A balloon only three parts full on the ground, when a mile and a half high, is already filled and losing gas; when it passes into a cloud, condensation or gas contraction takes place, and the globe begins to fall, the descent being checked by throwing out a weight of ballast equivalent to the lifting power of the gas expended. It is a very difficult thing to keep a balloon in the air many hours. With the action of the sun, which expands the gas, and with the cold and damp, which contract it, the largest globe becomes speedily emptied of its original contents. This only applies to free *aërostats*. With a captive balloon it is different. The latter has no orifice or open neck, and there is sufficient space in its interior to allow for the expansion of hydrogen. It was determined to prevent, if possible, the constant loss of gas in a free balloon by a combination of the two systems, the Montgolfier and the Charles. The gas balloon was to have a small Montgolfier attached to it; when they began to descend, a fire in the furnace of the Montgolfier was to be lighted; the under globe would become inflated and relieve the upper *aërostat* of its weight. It was a very nice scheme on paper, but a highly hazardous one in practice, as it subsequently proved. The inventors gave no thought to the danger of allowing gas and fire to be in such close proximity. A spark from the furnace of the Montgolfier set alight to the inflammable air in the upper balloon, and the unfortunate *aëronauts* who made the first experiment perished."

Parachutes, now seldom used, were next invented. Garnerin, a Frenchman, had the courage to cut himself away from a balloon at an elevation of 6,000 feet. His parachute oscillated violently, but reached *terra firma* in safety. To support a man, parachutes must be of such size and weight that to lift one from the ground and subsequently release it would expend more gas than would escape in opening the valve of the globe and lowering the balloon to the earth.

"No improvements were made in *aërostats* for many years after the first ascent of M. Charles, not in fact until Mr. Green made his celebrated journey to Weilberg. His balloon would hold 85,000 feet of gas and raise about 4,000 pounds, including its own weight and that of its accessories, which may be reckoned at one-fourth. Mr. Green conceived the idea of fastening a very long guide-rope round a windlass in his car. At night the *aëronaut* has no means of knowing his elevation save by an aneroid barometer, and if he were passing over a mountainous district he might, whilst believing himself to be several thousand feet above the ground, strike against a peak. The guide or trail rope, to which a small miner's lamp can be attached, points out this danger, for instead of hanging perpendicularly under the car, it appears at an angle caused by its dragging on the ground. Floating ballast was also taken, to be used when passing over water, thus avoiding loss of sand. A machine was invented by Mr. Green for warming coffee and other liquors, heat being developed by slaked lime, thus doing away with the risk incurred by lighting a fire in the car. The journey across the sea was performed satisfactorily, and after a voyage of about eighteen hours' duration—the longest time a balloon with passengers has ever been kept in the air—a safe descent was accomplished; the total distance travelled being about 500 miles. Subsequent to this aerial journey there is little to note in the history of *aëronautics* until we come to the very remarkable ascents of Mr. Coxwell and

Mr. Glaisher. They were the most interesting and useful that have ever been made, and proved of considerable value to the scientific world. Mr. Glaisher had long wished to ascertain the nature of the air at a great elevation. Many accounts have been penned by aeronauts of the extraordinary altitude they had attained, but little credence was given to their reports by men practically acquainted with the subject; for, to reach a high elevation, the balloon employed must be a very large one."

Mr. Coxwell, eager to facilitate the meteorological observations of Mr. Glaisher, constructed a balloon which would hold 100,000 feet of gas, or 15,000 feet more than the one with which Mr. Green had crossed the Channel. The leading objects to be gained were a knowledge, first of the law of the decrease of temperature in proportion to the elevation; and, secondly, of the distribution of moisture throughout the atmosphere.

"A start was made from Wolverhampton, the balloon only containing 66,000 feet of gas. An altitude was reached of nearly five miles; the temperature being 16 degrees, the air very dry and electricity positive. Another ascent was made in September the same year. At an elevation of one mile and three-quarters the *aërostat*, which was only two-thirds full of gas at starting, was quite filled. At three miles a pigeon was thrown out of the car; the air was so light that the bird could not fly, but fell like a stone. A second and third experiment of a similar kind were tried, but with the same result. Two other pigeons were in the car; one died, the other nearly so. When five miles high symptoms of blindness were felt by Mr. Glaisher, whose last entry was 37 degrees below freezing-point; he subsequently saw, but was unable to register, the barometer at 10 inches, which would indicate a height of five and a quarter miles. Mr. Glaisher then became unconscious; the balloon continued rising rapidly, and Mr. Coxwell's reading, subsequently calculated by Mr. Glaisher's aneroid barometer, gave a height of six miles. Mr. Coxwell now felt faint, and on attempting to open the valve found that his hands were paralyzed, and had to pull the string with his teeth. Terrestrial sounds were heard at an altitude of three miles. We thus see that Mr. Coxwell has demonstrated that it is possible to exist up to the height of six miles. At the same time it must be remembered that both he and his companion had previously made somewhat similar ascents, and had accustomed themselves to the rarefaction of air met with at such an altitude. It must also be considered whether Mr. Glaisher's fainting fit was caused by the attenuation of the atmosphere he was inhaling, or by the diminished pressure of the air upon his body."

Thirteen years after this ascent M. M. Tissandier, Spinelli, and Sivel started from La Villette to make similar experiments.

"The *aéronauts* carried with them three small bags filled with oxygen and air to inhale, so as to sustain life at high altitudes, whilst an aspirator, filled with essence of petroleum, which would not solidify owing to the fall of temperature, was suspended outside the car. This was to be set up vertically at an height of about 10,000 feet, for the purpose of injecting air into tubes of potassium intended for the determination of carbonic acid. Spinelli took with him his spectroscope, and in a sealed box, carefully packed in sawdust, were eight barometric test tubes to record the greatest height attained. A mistake was committed

in filling the *aërostat* too full at starting, the result being that an elevation of 10,500 feet gas escaped with force from its neck. At a height of 23,000 feet Sivel felt oppressed and inhaled a moisture of air and oxygen. More ballast was thrown out. The *aéronauts*, soaring higher, gradually became drowsy. At 25,000 feet, M. Tissandier says, the condition of stupefaction which ensues is extraordinary; the mind and body weaken by degrees and imperceptibly; although conscious of it, no suffering is experienced. The vertigo of the upper regions is not an idle word; vertigo appears, and at the last moment annihilation. Suddenly the three *aéronauts* became insensible; a few minutes later M. Tissandier partly recovered, and found his two companions dead in the bottom of the car. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, his mouth open and full of blood; Spinelli's eyes were half closed, and his mouth was also bleeding. The question that now arises is, what caused the death of these two men? Did they perish owing to not being able to breathe the rarefied air, or owing to the diminished pressure on their bodies at so great an elevation? Was their death the result of a combination of these causes, or effected by their inhaling the gas which constantly streamed from the neck of the balloon?"

It is impossible to say which hypothesis is correct, but Colonel Burnaby inclines to the belief that the inhalation of the gas which escaped from the balloon was the cause of the disaster. He considers that with the aid of modern science an ascent might be made to a much greater altitude than the six miles already reached, and that meteorological experiments might be then conducted with comparative safety to the *aéronauts*.

"A short time ago a helmet was invented by M. Fleuss containing oxygen and some purifying substances; with this helmet he can remain several hours under water without having communication with air. This invention would settle the question as to respiration at high altitudes. The diminution of pressure on the body would be another difficulty, but that might be obviated by a dress containing air impervious to the atmosphere, and which could be contracted at the will of the wearer, so as to make up for the diminution of atmospherical pressure. Should such appliances be used, we firmly believed that, with a very large balloon having a capacity of 200,000 feet of gas, and which would be only a quarter full when leaving the ground, an altitude of from ten to twelve miles might be gained. The experiment needs a certain outlay. The balloon and apparatus would cost at least £1,500. In these days of enterprise and thirst for knowledge, how long will it be before one of our great scientific associations determines to make the trial?"

As to the use of balloons in time of war, up to the present only stationary captive balloons have been employed, and that chiefly at the siege of Richmond, when a telegraph wire was connected with the car, and the President, though many miles distant, knew what was going on at the scene of operations at the same moment as his general on the field of battle.

"In the last century it was shown that a captive balloon could be easily transported from place to place by means of ropes attached to infantry soldiers

who marched on each side of the road towing the *aërostat*, which was suspended at an altitude of a few hundred feet. This mode of moving captive balloons might, we believe, be still further developed, particularly in unenclosed countries, and where there is little wind. Twelve well-trained horsemen could easily convey a balloon holding 25,000 feet of pure hydrogen, and floating at a considerable altitude above them, at a rate of from seven to eight miles an hour. A staff officer in the car could sweep the horizon with his field-glass for many miles, and obtain much important information in the shortest space of time. Had such a machine been employed at Tel-el-Kebir, the general in command would have known that there was a detached fort some distance in front of the enemy's lines, and the mistake made by the officer who surveyed the position a few days before the battle could not have occurred. Again at Teb, only the other day, a balloon reconnaissance would have been very useful. It was important to know whether the Arabs had entrenched themselves, mounted the guns taken from the Egyptians. This could easily have been ascertained by an *aéronaut* at an elevation of 700 feet above Fort Baker or even Trinkitat. At the same time he would have informed his general that rifle pits had been constructed by the enemy, and could have told him their exact position. Since writing these lines we are glad to learn that owing to the exertions of Captain Templar and Major Elsdale the Woolwich authorities have determined to establish a balloon corps. Better late than never, and should an autumn expedition leave these shores to relieve Gordon, a captive balloon manœuvred from the bank, or from a flat-bottomed boat, on the lowlying region along the valley of the Nile between Korosko and Khartoum, would enable an officer to scan the horizon for a considerable distance, to signal to stations in the rear, and would also diminish the employment of cavalry. In still weather a light Gardner gun might be used with effect from the car. It may be said that the position of the men directing the piece would be somewhat precarious, but it must always be remembered that a balloon is a very difficult object to hit, owing to the *aéronaut* who manipulates it being able at any moment to increase or diminish his distance from the earth. At the bombardment of Alexandria an *aërostat* might have been the means of the admiral learning the movement of the enemy's troops from the forts. This would at once have been detected by an officer in the car, whilst on a calm day it would be as easy to manage a captive *aërostat* from the deck of an ironclad as on land."

Colonel Burnaby is no believer in the recent schemes for reaching the North Pole in a balloon, as he has no faith in the ability to direct an *aërostat*, claimed in numerous letters he receives on the subject from various inventors. His reply to such communications is, that he will be very glad to make the gentlemen in question a present of £100, if they will select two places, twenty miles apart, go in a free *aërostat* from one spot to the other, and return without anchoring the balloon or recharging it with gas, provided that they on failing to do this will give him £5 to assist a charity. This sporting offer does not seem to have been accepted.

So far as the solution of the problem how to navigate the air is concerned, Colonel Burnaby believes that balloons have done more harm than good :

"The attention of inventors has been diverted from what is probably the only feasible way to obtain the desired end—namely, the construction of a machine which, itself heavier than the atmosphere, will be able to strike a blow on the air in excess of its own weight. Machinery worked by steam is much too heavy for this purpose ; electricity some day, perhaps, will be available. An engineer who has made electricity his study recently informed an assembly of gentlemen that, in the course of the next ten years, he believed it would be possible to compress enough electricity in a substance the size of an eggshell to drive an express train from London to Liverpool. Science has not arrived at this point yet, but who can tell, after the telephone, phonograph, and the other marvellous discoveries of Edison, what it may do in the future? Inventors should never forget that a bird is heavier than the air, and that the bird flies because its strength enables it to overcome the difference between its weight and that of the atmosphere it displaces. To put the case in a nutshell, aerial navigation is a mere question of lightness and force."

TEMPLE BAR.

MAY, 1884.

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THE COURTS OF THREE PRESIDENTS : THIERS, MACMAHON, GREVY.—Presidents are not all alike. In their views as to the functions of a republic, in their opinions as to the amount of authority which a Republican ruler may exercise over his Ministers, as to the more or less pomp in which he should live, as to the etiquette which he should enforce, and as to the relations which he should personally maintain with the rulers of other countries, M. Grévy and his predecessors have all differed from one another.

"M Thiers was seventy-four years old when he became supreme ruler of France, after the Siege of Paris. At the general election held during the Armistice he was returned to the National Assembly by twenty-seven constituencies out of eighty-nine, and the majority of those who voted for him certainly did so in the belief that he would bring about the restoration of constitutional monarchy. The thorough-going Republicans had everywhere joined with the extreme Bonapartists in voting against him. The quasi-national *plébiscite* given in his favour came from his having been placed on the *listes de conciliation* drawn up by the Legitimists, Orleanists, and that mass of unclassified electors who like a strong government, and rally hopefully round the foremost man of the day whoever he may be. For eighteen years these electors had been the mainstay of the Empire ; but as there could be no question of restoring Napoleon III., they accepted M. Thiers as the most experienced of living statesmen ; and the only one who seemed to have firmness and prestige enough to cope with the revolutionary forces. M. Thiers also had the support of those moderate Liberals who were Republicans in theory, but who, with the fear of Gambetta and of the impending Commune before their eyes, would have been quite willing in the winter of 1871 to welcome a constitutional monarchy under Louis Philippe II., as the best of Republics.

"The National Assembly met at Bordeaux, whither M. Gambetta had transferred the seat of government after leaving Tours. The Grand Théâtre was

prepared for the reception of the deputies ; and M. Thiers, after the first vote of the Assembly, which appointed him Chief of the Executive, took up his residence at the Préfecture in the apartments which M. Gambetta had vacated.

" 'Pah ! what a smell of tabacco !' he exclaimed, when he strutted into the ex-dictator's study ; and presently Madame Thiers, her sister Mdle. Dosne, and the solemn M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, added their lamentations to his. They had been going the round of the house, and found all the rooms tenanted by hangers-on of M. Gambetta's government, who had not yet received notice to quit, and who hoped perhaps that they might retain their posts under the new administration. All these gentlemen smoked, read Radical newspapers, refreshed themselves with absinthe, or beer, while transacting the business of the State ; and played billiards in their leisure moments. They were dismissed in a pack before the day was over ; but Madame Thiers decided that it would require several days to set the house straight ; and so M. Thiers' removal to the Archbishop's palace, where Monseigneur Guibert (now Cardinal), whom he afterwards raised to the see of Paris, offered him hospitality.

" When M. Thiers returned to the Prefectoral Mansion, it had been swept and garnished, and there was a guard of honour on duty to see that no intruders forced their way into the Chief's presence, as in the free and easy days of the proconsulate. Napoleon-like, M. Thiers at once went to inspect this guard, and entered into conversation with the private soldiers.

" 'Have you been under fire ?' he inquired of one. The soldier drew himself up, and not liking to say 'Sir,' which might not be respectful enough, nor, 'Monsieur le Président,' since the great little man before him was not officially President, he answered :

" 'Oui, mon Exécutif'

" Thiers laughed. 'Why not that title as well as another ?' Repeating the story at dinner the same evening, and alluding to the 'Avenue de l'Impératrice in Paris, which had been called Avenue Urich during the siege, he observed : 'In view of dynastic and other changes, it would be simpler to call it once and for all, *Avenue of the nearest female relative to the Chief of the Executive power.*' "

At this time there was no suspicion among politicians that M. Thiers had any serious thoughts of founding a Republic. His Government was composed mostly of Royalists who were anxious for a fusion between Henri V. and the Orleans Princes. M. Thiers never spoke of the Republic at Bordeaux, and he went counter to the Republicans on the two points which they considered of vital importance to their party ; that is, he refused to move that the assembly should be dissolved after the peace with Germany had been voted, and he would not hear of Paris becoming again the seat of the Government and legislature. He was opposed to Versailles, as a political capital, because of the reactionary significance that would be attached to the establishment of the Government in the city of Louis XIV. ; Versailles, however, was obviously the most convenient place, and the Royalists were powerful enough to enlist public opinion in favour of it.

"Then, to the great indignation of Madame Thiers, these Royalists at once took measures to prevent M. Thiers from sleeping in the Grand Monarch's bedroom. The château, they said, was to become the abode of the legislature; the state-rooms must be devoted to the use of members; and the private apartments should be occupied by the President of the Assembly, M. Grévy.

"M. Thiers would, no doubt, have liked very much to sleep in Louis XIV's bed, and to have for his study that fine room with the balcony, on which the heralds used to announce the death of one king and the accession of another in the same breath. His secretary and faithful admirer, M. Barthélemy St. Halaire, went about saying that it was fitting the 'national historian' should be lodged in the apartments of the greatest of the kings; but this idea did not make its way at all. M. Thiers ended by saying that the rooms were too large, while Madame Thiers despised them for being full of draughts and having chimneys which smoked. Nevertheless, M. Thiers was nettled at seeing that the Republicans objected quite as much as the Royalists to see him occupy the royal apartments. 'Stupid fellows!' he exclaimed on seeing a caricature which represented him as a ridiculous pigmy, crowned with a cotton nightcap, and lying in an enormous bed surrounded by the majestic ghosts of the Bourbon kings. Then half-angry, half-amused, he ejaculated with his usual vivacity: 'Louis XIV. was not taller than I, and as to his other greatness I doubt whether he would ever have had a chance of sleeping in the best bed of Versailles if he had begun life as I did.' Shortly after this, M. Mignet meeting Victor Hugo spoke to him in a deprecating way about the fuss which had been made over this question of the royal apartments. 'I don't know,' answered the poet—'*Des idées de dictature doivent germer sous ce ciel-là.*' (Ideas of dictatorship would be likely to sprout under that tester.) This was reported to Thiers, who at once cried: 'I like that! If Victor Hugo were in my place, he would sleep in the king's bed, but he would think the daïs too low and have it raised.'

"M. Thiers went to reside at the Préfecture of Versailles; and soon the outbreak of the Communist rebellion caused the château to be filled with a very motley collection of lodgers. For weeks the superb Galerie des Glaces, where the kings had held their revels and where latterly William I. of Prussia had been proclaimed Emperor of Germany, was used as a dormitory for deputies who could not afford to pay the high prices that were then being asked for rooms in Versailles. Some of the lower apartments were converted into ambulance wards, M. Grévy, appropriating only a small suite for his own use, left Louis XIV's bedroom to the sittings of the Finance Committee. Versailles so overflowed with refugees from Paris that every spare room in every house was requisitioned. M. Thiers lodged more than twenty of his own friends at the Préfecture, and gave them a daily breakfast of *café au lait* or chocolate. For their other meals they had to go to hotels, as Madame Thiers would not be put to the trouble and expense of providing a *table d'hôte* for her lodgers, while on the other hand she could not with propriety ask them to pay for their board."

M. Thiers had done not a little to aggravate the communistic outbreak by his obstinate blundering in dealing with the first demands of the insurgents, and afterwards by his error in abandoning some of the best forts round Paris. He actually signed the order for the evacuation of Mont Valérien, and was with difficulty per-

suaded to withdraw it. Had the insurgents obtained possession of this fortress Versailles would have lain under their guns, and it is impossible to say how the rebellion would have ended. However, the rapidity with which he organised an army for the attack on Paris was certainly admirable. It must not be forgotten that he kept his place at the head of the Government only by appealing to the support of Conservatives of all shades, and while doing so he played a double game. He gave the Conservatives to understand that when he had put down the Communist insurrection he would join in setting up such a Government as might be desired by the majority of the Assembly; meantime he assured the emissaries of the Commune that he would not suffer the Monarchist factions to overthrow the republic.

"There is this much to be said, that if he had not proffered this pledge to the Communists, he would have left them the appearance of a justification for their rebellion: while on the other hand, if he had not misled the Conservatives, they would have forced him to resign, and setting an avowed Royalist—probably General Changarnier—in his place, they would have arrayed the whole of the Republican party on the side of the Commune, and widening the issues of the civil war would have made it spread all over France. General Changarnier was deeply disgusted at not being appointed to the command of the Versailles Army. A vain little coxcomb and intriguer, who on the strength of a few Algerian victories, was not ashamed to brag of his victorious sword,* he brought to bear on Thiers all the weight of lobby plots and drawing-room influence, and it is a wonder how Thiers resisted this formidable pressure. He did so by giving the supreme command to Marshal MacMahon, and the hero of Magenta was deeply touched at this proof of confidence. MacMahon had been taken prisoner at Sedan, but fortunately for his fame he had been severely wounded, and he had also the splendid charge of the Cuirassiers at Reichshofen to his credit. Nevertheless he had come back from Germany, limping, haggard, and almost heart-broken to think that all the reputation he had won as a soldier in his earlier years was gone; so that when Thiers sent for him and made him Commander-in-Chief, he burst into tears. Thiers himself was much affected. 'I thank you from the depth of my heart,' said MacMahon, 'for giving me this opportunity of retrieving my military honor.'

"The appointment of MacMahon, who, though a Marshal of the Second Empire, was an ex-Royal Guardsman of Charles X., and a Legitimist by education and family connections, both on his own and his wife's side—this appointment was satisfactory to all sections of the Conservative party. It moreover rallied the entire army, and from the moment when it was made, the doom of the Commune was settled. But, relieved of his fears as to the possible triumph of the crew of ruffians and madmen who had got possession of Paris, M. Thiers became distracted by personal anxieties about the fate of his mansion in the Place St. Georges, and all the books and art treasures which he had collected in it. Those who saw him at this period will remember his pathetic

* He said more than once: "*Mon épée habituée à vaincre.*"

consternation when the Commune issued its decree for the demolition of his favourite house, and the dispersal of its collections. As for Madame Thiers and Middle, Dosne, they tried everything that feminine energy and despair could suggest to avert the threatened calamity. All persons who were believed to hold any title of influence over members of the Commune, were adjured to bestir themselves, to prevent an act of vandalism which these devoted ladies feared might shorten M. Thiers' life. Nothing came of this activity, for the house was razed to the ground, its contents were stolen and scattered right and left; but when the mischief had been consummated, M. Thiers bore his loss with a stoicism which had hardly been expected."

M. Thiers's collections were very fine, and it is to be noted that he had always been most chary of showing them to strangers. The painter Courbet, who acted as Fine Arts Minister to the Commune, was astounded when he made his first survey of M. Thiers's treasures, and he valued the bronzes alone at £60,000. After the overthrow of the Commune Madame Thiers and her sister spent months in driving to all the bric-a-brac shops in Paris, identifying the curiosities which had been looked from their house. As they prudently paid all that the dealers demanded, and asked no questions, they were pretty successful in their searches, and most of the stolen articles gradually found their way back to M. Thiers's new mansion, which was built at a cost of £40,000, voted by the National Assembly.

"The horrible year 1871 was followed by one of perfect peace and great prosperity. The Royalists by their divisions—and thanks, also, to the Comte de Chambord's obduracy—had lost the chance of restoring the Throne, which presented itself to them after the Commune, when the whole country was sick of civil war. The Republic remained standing because its enemies could not agree as to how it should be suppressed. M. Thiers assumed the title of President; he was the undisputed master of France, and to those who had no knowledge of his restless character and incapacity for governing quietly, it looked as if he would maintain his ascendancy to his life's end. In that year 1872, the enormous war indemnity exacted by Germany was paid off by the raising of a loan which might have been covered ten times over if all the applications for scrip had been accepted. Money seemed to gush from every pocket. The Germans who commenced their evacuation of the French territory left behind them a nation that was re-flourishing like a huge plantation in the spring which follows a hard winter. Trade revived. The traces of war and civil strife were effaced with amazing promptness from the street of Paris; the army and all the public services were reorganized, and to crown these blessings, the land yielded such a harvest as had not been seen for half a century. M. Thiers was never much addicted to religious emotion, but when on a Sunday in July the news came to him by telegram of the glorious gathering in of corn throughout the south of France, he was quite overcome. '*Remercions Dieu !*' he cried, clasping his hands. '*Il nous a entendus, notre deuil est fini.*'"

M. Thiers was *bourgeois* to the finger-tips. His character is described as a curious effervescing mixture of talent, learning, vanity, childish petulance, inquisitiveness, sagacity, ecstatic patriotism, and self-seeking ambition. He was a splendid orator, with the shrill voice of an old costerwoman; a *savant*, with the presumption of a cockney; a masterly administrator with that irresistible tendency to meddle with everything which worries subordinates and makes good administration impossible. He was most charming with women, understood their power, yet took so little account of it in his serious calculations that he often offended, by his Napoleonic brusqueness, ladies who were in a position to do him harm and did it.

"M. Feuillet de Conches had to give up M. Thiers as hopeless. What was to be done with a President who, at a ceremonious dinner to Ambassadors and Ministers, would get up from table after the first course and walk round the room, discussing politics, pictures, the art of war, or the dishes on the *menu*? M. Thiers' own dinner always consisted of a little clear soup, a plate of roast meat—veal was that which he preferred—some white beans, peas, or lentils, and a glass saucer of jam—generally apricot. He got through this repast, with two glasses of Bordeaux, in about a quarter of an hour, and then would grow sidgety. '*Est-ce bon ce que vous mangez là ?*' he would say to one of his guests, and thence start off on to a disquisition about cookery. Telegrams were brought to him at table, and he would open them, saying, 'I beg your pardon gentlemen, but the affairs of France must pass before everything.' If he got disquieting news he would sit pensive for a few moments, then call for a sheet of paper and scribble off instructions to somebody, whispering directions to his major-domo about the destination of the missive.

"But if he received glad tidings, he would start from his chair and frisk about, making jokes, his bright grey eyes twinkling merrily as lamps through his gold-rimmed spectacles. After dinner there was always a discussion, *coram hospitibus*, between him and Madame Thiers as to whether he might take some black coffee. Permission to excite his nerves being invariably refused, he would wink, laughing, to his friends, to call their attention to the state of uxorious bondage in which he lived, and then retire to a high arm-chair near the fire where he soon dropped off to sleep. Upon this Madame Thiers would lay a forefinger on her lips, saying, '*Monsieur Thiers dort*;' and with the help of her sister she would clear the guests into the next room, where they conversed in whispers while the President dozed—a droll little figure with his chin resting on the broad red riband of his Legion of Honour, and his short legs dangling about an inch above the floor. It was always very touching to see the care with which M. Thiers' wife and sister-in-law ministered to him. The story has been often told of how M. Thiers having been forbidden by doctors to eat his favourite Provencal dish of *brandade* (fish cooked with garlic), M. Mignet, the historian, used to smuggle some of this mess enclosed in a tin box into his friend's study, and what a pretty scene there was one day when Madame Thiers detected these two *frères provençaux* enjoying the contraband dainty together."

M. Thiers had naturally a great notion of his dignity as President of the Republic, and he was anxious to appear impressively on all State occasions; but the arrangements made to hedge him about with majesty were always being disconcerted by his doing whatever it came into his head to do. His servants were dressed in black and he had a major-domo, who wore a silver chain and tried to usher morning visitors into the President's room in the order of their rank; but every now and then M. Thiers used to pop out of his room, take stock of his visitors for himself, and make his choice of those whom he wished to see first.

"Precedence was always given by M. Thiers to journalists, however obscure they might be. Ambassadors had to wait while these favoured ones walked in. A journalist himself, the quondam leader-writer of the *National*, extended the most generous recognition to the brethren of his craft, but he also did this because he was wideawake to the power of the Press, and had generally some service to ask of those whom he addressed as *mes chers collègues*. He had such a facility for writing that when a journalist came to him 'for inspiration' he would often sit down and dash off in a quarter of an hour the essential paragraph of a leader which he wished to see inserted. At the time of the Paris election of April 1873, when his friend the Comte de Rémusat, then Foreign Secretary, was the Government candidate with the insignificant M. Barodet opposing him a writer on the *Figaro* called at the Elysée and M. Thiers wrote a whole article of a column's length for him. It was printed as a letter in leaded type with the signature *Un vieux bourgeois de Paris*; and a very sprightly letter it was, which put the issues lying between M. de Rémusat and his Radical adversary in the clearest light. However, the electors of Paris acted with their usual foolishness in preferring an upstart to a man of note, and within a month of this M. Thiers resigned in disgust."

If M. Thiers had been a *bourgeois* President, the Marshal Duke of Magenta was a *grand seigneur*. He established his household at once on a semi-royal footing as though he intended there should be at least a temporary Court to remind French noblemen of old times, and to give them a foretaste of the pomps that were coming under Henri V. Under Madame Thiers's frugal management the £36,000 a year allowed to the President sufficed to cover all expenses; under the Duchess of Magenta's management the presidential income did not go half way towards defraying outlay.

"The first signs of returning splendour at the Elysée were seen in the livrées of the new President's servants. Instead of black they were grey and silver, with scarlet plush, hair-powder, and on gala occasions wigs. M. Thiers, when he went to a public ceremony, drove in a substantial landau, with mounted escort of the Republican Guard, and his friends—he never called them a suite—followed behind in vehicles according to their liking or means. Marshal MacMahon with the Duchess and their suite were always enough to fill three dashing landaus. These were painted in three or four shades of green, and lined with pearl grey satin;

each would be drawn by four greys with postilions in grey jackets and red velvet caps ; and the whole cavalcade was preceded and followed by outriders. Going to reviews, however, the Marshal of course rode, and this enabled him to make a grand display with his staff of *aides-de-camp*. M. Thiers had a military household of which his cousin General Charlemagne was the head ; but this warrior never had much to do, and it was no part of his business to receive visitors. Anybody who had business with M. Thiers could see him without a letter of audience by simply sending up a card to M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire. Marshal MacMahon, on the contrary, was as inaccessible as any king. Visitors to the Elysée in his time were passed from one resplendent officer to another till they entered the smiling presence of Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt, the President's secretary, and this was the *ne plus ultra*. Against journalists in particular the Marshal's doors were inexorably locked. So far as a man of his good-natured temper could be said to hate anybody, the Duke of Magenta hated persons connected with the Press. For all that, he did not object altogether to newspaper tattle, for whilst he read the *Journal des Débats* every evening from a feeling of duty, he perused the *Figaro* every morning for his own pleasure."

"Throughout the autumn of 1873 the restoration of Henri V. seemed so imminent that the Republican weavers of Lyons were employed in executing immense orders from Parisian mercers, for silks with lilies embroidered on them ; and a famous carriage builder was commissioned to make three state coaches that were to be used for the new King's triumphant entry into Paris. A day came when the royal orb lay like a ball at the Comte de Chambord's feet. His friends had decided, after long plotting, that the best thing he could do would be to present himself in the hall of the Assembly and be there saluted King by acclamation. Everything was to be in readiness for this *coup de théâtre*. The Minister of War, the Prefect of Police, the President himself, were all privy to the scheme. There would be guards on duty to crush any Republican resistance ; and a whole army of bill-stickers would be sent forth to placard the King's proclamations on the walls of Paris. The Comte de Chambord had come privately to Versailles, and one evening he paced in mental agony to and fro in the dining-room of his friend M. de la Rochette, asking himself whether he should do what his friends desired. But he was always Henry the Unready. He took flight in the night, and three days later issued that queer manifesto in which, boasting of his attachment to his faith and flag, he called the White Flag '*le drapeau d'Arques et d'Ivry*'—forgetting that these battles were Protestant victories.

"When Henri V had committed political suicide, there was no more chance of a Royalist restoration ; and Marshal MacMahon had to ask the Assembly to confirm him in the Presidency for a fixed term of seven years. He was not a happy man after this, for between the Republicans who abused him for never mentioning the word 'Republic' in his speeches and messages, and the Royalists who reproached him for not striking a *coup d'état* on their behalf, he was sorely harassed. He hated politics, and his perceptions as to political necessities were always hazy. For instance, he declared that happen what might he would never accept M. Gambetta for his Minister ; and this vow naturally forced the leader of the Opportunists into a position of irreconcilable enmity. Gambetta, nevertheless, evinced considerable tact in never agitating for the Marshal's overthrow. When he pronounced his famous ultimatum, *Il faut se soumettre ou*

se démettre just before the general election of 1877, he was only laying down the constitutional proposition that an elected President must yield to the wishes of the nation or retire; but he was not anxious that the Marshal should retire. He often said that it was highly desirable that the first Republican President should serve out his full term so that there might be a regular constitutional transmission of power to his successor; and when the Marshal had, after all, surrendered to the Liberal party by accepting M. Dufaure as his Prime Minister, M. Gambetta testified his approval by attending a party at the Elysée. But this did little good. The Duchess of Magenta made her stateliest courtesy to the Republican leader; the Marshal gave him a civil but smileless bow, and Gambetta was glad to make a rapid exit from a house where he perceived that his presence caused more astonishment than pleasure.

"The Marshal was asked after this, whether he still persisted in refusing any political alliance with Gambetta. 'Unquestionably,' he said, 'we should not agree for an hour, then why meet at all?' On another occasion he said: 'I don't expect my Ministers to go to Mass with me, or even to shoot with me—but they must be men with whom I can have some common ground of conversation, and I shall have none with *ce monsieur*.'"

The Marshal eventually resigned in consequence of a disagreement with his Liberal Ministers on the subject of military appointments. Throughout his presidentship there were two points on which he had always been intractable—army questions, and the granting of decorations to Civilians. During his cabinet councils he generally sat at the head of the table, saying nothing whilst his ministers talked. But whenever they touched on the army, he took the leading part in the discussions, expressing his opinions in the most peremptory language, and he did the same as regards decorations. He did not object to let Civilians have the Cross of the Legion of Honour, but he was determined to know all about the antecedents of the gentlemen recommended for this distinction. It was of no use to ask his signature for the decoration of any man known to be a free-thinker. His never-failing reply was: "A man who is not a Christian does not want a Cross."

M. Grévy won reputation and money as a barrister by defending journalists in state prosecutions, and upon the downfall of Louis Philippe was immediately appointed to something equivalent to a Prefecture, by the Provisional Government of the second Republic. Next his countrymen in the Jura sent him to sit in the Constituent Assembly, and here M. Grévy distinguished himself by proposing that the new Republic, which this Assembly was deputed to found, should have no President, or rather that the President should be a mere Prime Minister, liable to be dismissed at any moment. He has since learnt to think that it is good for a Republic to have a President not amenable to sudden dismissal.

"M. Grévy is a man of talent and great moral courage, but he owes his rise to an uncommon faculty for holding his tongue at the right moment. 'I kept silent, and it was grief to me,' says the Psalmist. M. Grévy may have felt like other people at times, an almost incomparable longing to say foolish things; but having bridled his tongue he was accounted wiser than many who had spoken wisely. Under the Empire he practised at the Bar, continued to make money, was elected in his turn *bâtonnier*, or Chief Benchman as we might say, to the Order of Advocates, and in 1868 was returned to the Corps Législatif by his old electors of the Jura—in which department he had by this time acquired a pretty large landed estate.* A neat, creaseless sort of man, with a bald head, a shaven chin and closely trimmed whiskers, he looked eminently respectable. The only reprehensible things about him were his hat and his hands. He always wore a wide-awake instead of the orthodox chimney-pot, and he eschewed gloves. If his hands were cold he put them into the pockets of his pantaloons. Some pretended to descry astuteness in this contempt for the usages of civilized man, for the wide-awake is more of a Radical head-dress than a silk hat. But it never occurred to M. Grévy at any time since he first achieved success in life to regulate his apparel, his general conduct, or his words, in view of pleasing the Radicals. At the Revolution of the 4th September, 1870, he was requested to become a member of the National Defence. No, he said; the Government must be elected by the nation before he could recognise it as a lawful one. Throughout the Siege of Paris he kept repeating the same thing. Nothing that was being done was constitutional. 'You are one of those men who would make an omelette without breaking eggs,' said Gambetta impatiently to him at Tours. 'You are not making omelettes, but a hash,' replied M. Grévy calmly. 'All revolutions would be unjustifiable from your point of view,' continued Gambetta. 'You will die in the skin of an insurgent,' was all M. Grévy deigned to answer.

"The Assembly elected after the war at once chose M. Grévy for its Speaker, and he took up his abode in the Royal Palace, from which party jealousies had debarred M. Thiers. But he did not alter his manner of life one whit on that account. In Paris and Versailles he was to be seen sauntering about the streets looking in at shop windows, dining in restaurants, or sitting outside a café smoking a cigar and sipping iced coffee out of a glass. He had a brougham, but would only use it when obliged to go long distances. It often happened that setting out for a drive he would alight from his carriage and order his coachman to follow, and for hours the puzzled and disgusted coachman would drive at a walking pace behind his indefatigable master, who took easy strides as if he were not in the slightest hurry. M. Grévy's favourite evening pastime in those days was billiards, and it is so still. He is a first-rate player of the cannon game on those small French tables which have no pockets. He has been known to make more than one hundred cannons at a break, and he is sufficiently enthusiastic at the game to care not a button with whom he plays. Whilst he was President of the Assembly the man who came to play with him most often upon the private table of the Palace was M. Paul de Cassagnac, the Bonapartist."

M. Grévy made an irreproachable Speaker. Without fear or favour he performed his task of keeping order in the unruly legis-

* At Mont-sous-Vaudrey.

lature coldly and firmly, and nobody could ever accuse him of unfairness. His character for justice became so well established that Marshal MacMahon once rendered homage to it in a way most honourable to them both.

"This was in 1877 after the General Election, which drove the Duc de Broglie's last Ministry from office. A make-shift Cabinet had been formed, but Marshal MacMahon was being advised by some of his Conservative friends to dissolve the newly elected Chamber, and call the Duc de Broglie again to office to prepare another general election. He sent for Mr. Grévy and asked him point-blank: 'Do you want to become President of the Republic?'

"'I'm not in the least ambitious of the honour,' answered M. Grévy.

"'If I were sure you would be elected in my stead I would retire,' continued the Marshal, 'but I don't know what would happen if I were to go.'

"'My strong advice to you is not to resign,' said M. Grévy, 'only bring an end to this crisis by choosing your Ministers out of the Republican majority, and you will be pleased with yourself afterwards in having done your duty.'

"'Well, you are an honest man, and I wish there were more like you,' observed the Marshal, and, having shaken hands with M. Grévy, he dismissed him without promising to follow his advice. But he did follow it the same day.

"There is one point of resemblance between M. Grévy and the Marshal, for M. Grévy is a keen sportsman; but in most other things the two differ, though in some M. Grévy differs more from M. Thiers than he does from the Marshal. His manner of living at the Elysée is dignified without ostentation. His servants do not wear grey and scarlet liveries; but the arrangements of his household are more orderly than those of M. Thiers could ever be. His servants in black know well how to keep intruders at a distance. No mob of journalists, inventors and place-hunters calls to see M. Grévy in the morning. On the other hand, three or four times a week a great number of deputies, artists, journalists and officers may be seen going into the Elysée as freely as if they were entering a club. They do not ask to see the President or the latter's secretary, M. Fourneret, but they make straight for a magnificent room on the ground-floor overlooking the garden, which has been converted into a fencing saloon, and there they find M. Daniel Wilson, *le fils de la maison*. All these *habitués*, who form the Court of the Third Republic, keep their masks, foils and flannels at the Elysée, and set to work fencing with each other as if they were at the Gâtchair's or Paz's. Presently a door opens and the President walks in. For a moment the fencing stops, the combatants all turn and salute with their foils, whilst the other visitors stand up. But, with a pleasant smile and a wave of the hand, M. Grévy bids the jousts to go on, and then he walks round the room, saying something to everybody, and inviting about half a dozen of the guests to stay with him to breakfast."

M. Grévy is the same unassuming man and as ever takes life very easily. Occasionally the Cabinet meets at the Elysée in the Salle des Souverains, and he presides over it. It is worth observing that in this Salle there are the portraits of a dozen sovereigns of the nineteenth century, including Queen Victoria, but not a symbol of any kind to remind one that it is a Republican Government that sits in

this room. Even the master of the house has more in him of the constitutional monarch, than of the President. The constitution has conferred on him large powers which he never uses. When the ministers, disperse, the President makes his way to his private apartments, where he finds his daughter and his grandchild, in whose company he somehow takes more delight than in that of statesmen.

"Now and then there is a dinner at the Elysée, twice a week at least there are evening receptions, and about twice in the winter there are grand balls. On all these occasions everything is done in the best possible style, and the President discharges his functions of host with a serenity which disarms all criticism. He says nothing much to anybody, but he is the same to all. If by chance he falls into deep conversation with any particular guest, nobody need suspect that state matters are being discussed. The probabilities are that the President will be talking about his last score at billiards and the next performance of his new breech-loader at Mont-sous-Vaudrey. Moreover, what makes M. Grévy more puzzling and interesting at once to those who behold him so simple in his palace, is the knowledge which all have, that when his time comes for leaving the Elysée he will walk out of it as coolly as he went in, without wishing that his tenancy had been longer, and certainly without doing anything to prolong it. His only anxieties will be to see that his favourite cues and his gun-case suffer no damage at the door."

FRENCH LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

PARIS, 3rd May 1884.

EGYPT is the all-absorbing question. The French feel that "England's difficulty is France's opportunity," and will press for some clear and binding statement from English Ministers as to their intentions on the Nile, before attending Congress. It is thus that the French hope to regain what they lost by not joining England in her attack on Arabi Pasha. The French cannot be blamed for insisting on an explanation, which the English also stand very much in need of; at the same time the difficulties that block the efforts of England will come to light.

By her conduct towards Gordon Pasha, and by the mess and muddle in the Land of Goshen, England enters the Congress, for her a Court, with no small prejudices against her. It is the spirit of Old Pam that ought to be invoked just now.

The *Recidiviste* Bill, which the Australians are resolved to check-mate, will find its solution in that of Egypt. France declines to consider the moral-and-international-polity side of the question the only one to be considered, and that aspect of the case the Australians would do well to keep to the front. France has plenty of facilities for consuming at home her home-produced crime, and at Cayenne she has limitless means to guard her social pollutions. The French believe, that once in possession of new islands, they, like the Duke of Newcastle, can do what they like with their own.

It would not be surprising if China, which has cut up so badly, has to pay for the complete understanding between England and France. France has her heart set upon an Oriental Empire, as a counterbalance to that of British India. If England gives free leave to France to walk into the bowels of the Flowery Land, everything can be arranged.

History will record that the most important literary manifestation of the present epoch, consists of Naturalistic Romances and Histories of the Revolution. And these two forms, so widely different, of intellectual activity, are due to the perfect liberty which

reigns to love what is low and to rehabilitate what is inferior. Formerly public taste would have arrested this contemporary programme. However, in an artistic point of view, the result has not been important. One has quickly perceived that when man looks upwards there is no limit in the infinite, but he arrives very quickly at the bottom, when he plunges downwards. Naturalism authorizes daring in everything, but it gives nothing in exchange. It is of the earth, earthy. And it is quite independent of morality.

The history of the Revolution has really only commenced within the last ten years. The writings of Thiers, Lamartine, Mignet even, are full of errors which the works of Taine, d'Héncault, Camille Rousset, Duruyse, have corrected.

It was the spectacle of the Commune, that enabled us to comprehend the Revolution. It was indifference that produced both intolerable fanaticisms. One drifted to the Commune, as one did to the Terror, without any person wishing for or pushing on either. Messrs. Forneron and Bardoux in their "Histories," paint the Revolution from different standpoints, but arrive at the same conclusions. The former shows us the *émigrés*, or royalists, wandering across Europe, seeking an asylum and demanding a morsel of bread, ascending the stairs of strangers which Dante found so hard. The latter concentrates his attention on one figure, Pauline de Beaumont, the unfortunate daughter of Montmorin. M. Forneron has no style, he writes familiarly; he interests; he avoids accumulating documents which suffocate the recital, like Taine; he adheres to a few typical facts, and groups round them the anecdotes and the "sensibilities" of the epoch.

M. Bardoux promenades in the same *couches* of society, but records his observations differently. He introduces us to Chénier Trudaine, Pange. That society is full of magnanimous candour, of love for humanity, of pity for those who suffer. Suddenly the sky darkens, the thunder rolls, victims scream, and the crowd responds with yells of joy. The revenge was cannibal, as in the case of Guillon, who was cut up into morsels and devoured before the eyes of his wife. There were men who dined before the guillotine installed under their windows; who rose from table to see the heads of children, aged fifteen, and of men arrived at three score and ten, fall into the basket. Some of the lookers-on, like Robespierre, wrote against capital punishment, so sensitive was their nature.

Montmorin, the father of Pauline de Beaumont, refused to fly from Paris. At the moment when the executioner arrived, he resisted, and bit his hand. An assistant headsmen cut off the vic-

tion's fingers, with a hatchet, and put them in his pocket, to exhibit them in the neighbouring *cafés*. The body of Montmorin, all palpitating, was then carried on spears to the entrance of the Assembly. The friendship of Joubert saved Pauline, but the other members of her family perished the same evening that Madame Elisabeth was executed. She returned later to Paris, after the Terror. The state of the capital at this period has been wonderfully described by the Brothers de Goncourt.

Madagascar, though somewhat eclipsed by the events at Tonkin, receives much attention; the Rev. P. de la Vaissière, of the Society of Jesus, and M. d'Escamps, of the Admiralty, both contribute bulky *Histoires*: M. Charles Buet gives the result of a *Six Mois* on the island, and M. Macquaire furnishes an account of his *Voyage*, with illustrations. All the writers recall the injunctions of Richelieu, Colbert, and Louis XVI, for France to become a commercial nation. Richelieu, almost on his death-bed, it appears, "ordered" the occupation of the great African island. The authors explain that the reasons for not permanently occupying Madagascar are due to the bad seasons at which the colonists landed; their inability to stand the climate; its "distance from the mother country," the Suez Canal not having been constructed; and finally to the quarrellings of French officials. Madagascar was then baptized "France Orientale." Father de la Vaissière says England gained a footing on the island a century ago by *ruse*, by arming, and instructing, and making alliances with the Hovas. These are conclusive arguments that she ought to remain there, and not relax her grip. Protestantism, it seems, has been declared by the Malagasys to be the religion of the State. France and Catholicism are expunged. The work of M. d'Escamps is a compilation from all travellers' notes, arranged in the interests of France, to expose the doings of the Protestant Missionaries, whose grand crime seems to be their success. M. Buet is remarkably weak in geography; thus he claims Massouah and the small town of Zullah as French. The work is all jumble. M. Macquaire's volume is an imaginary voyage; the illustrations are unworthy of French art. Two Creoles open a conversation on things in general, and the book finishes with a treatise on the *boomerang*, which the author regards as a "find."

La Veuve, by Octave Feuillet, merits attention because its author is an Academician. His novels are in repute in high society; but the present one is inferior in talent, style, and dramatic action to *Monsieur de Camors*, and *Julia de Treceœur*. Nor is it a whit more moral. Robert and Maurice are two friends; they have sworn an

eternal friendship, at the foot of a crucifix on a cross road, to be loyal to each other through life. Robert enters the navy, Maurice, the artillery ; the former in due time marries Marianne d' Epinoy and quits the service. Maurice dislikes all this. The Franco-German war reconciles them ; on the battle-field, Robert is mortally wounded ; he makes his dying declaration to Maurice, namely that he has left all his fortune to his wife ; that she must never remarry ; and he makes Maurice swear that he will shoot himself if he ever proves unfaithful to the trust. As might be expected, Maurice in due course falls in love with the widow. But his oath interferes with his going further. The widow feels she is likely to lose him, and commences to flirt with one Gerard, a notorious libertine, and Maurice's passion gets the better of his oath. He marries the widow. While the guests are enjoying the wedding banquets, Maurice rises, puts on his hat, lights a cigar, proceeds to the cross where he swore, when a lad, to be faithful to Robert, and blows out his brains. A corpse, not a bridegroom, occupies the nuptial chamber. Christianity cannot excuse this suicide on the score of honour. Strange that in M. Feuille's other novels, *Julia de Trecœur* and *Monsieur de Camors*, the key of the *dénouement* is the same—suicide. The plot is unreal ; the personages have nothing natural, and all appear to have been created after the types of a keepsake, or a series of fashion plates. It comes rather within the sphere of a Nana and Zola for an educated widow to conceive a feigned passion for that society-waif Gerard. There are many pages of fine writing, full of penetrating observation.

L' Evolution Naturaliste, by Louis Desprez, is a study upon that group of descendants of Balzac,—the progeny is far behind the progenitor—N. Flaubert, the Goncourts, Alphonse Daudet, and Zola. The author appears to attribute all the literary misfortunes of France to the influences of America. Uncle Sam is the chief offender, only his sins are neither designated nor catalogued ; M. Desprez wants everything simple ; he desires the age to go back to Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Balzac even. He loves Musset ; esteems de Vigny ; and admires Jean Richepin. The author objects to fanciful creations, in a word to romanticism, yet he blames the Goncourts for putting in relief vices and moral deformities. He falls foul of Daudet, but can afford absolution to the arch offender, Zola, under certain conditions.

La Vie Publique en Angleterre, by P. Daryl, has the fault of all this class of writing by distinguished foreigners. They describe English society without having been admitted into it ; they view the inner life of *perfidia Albion* from bars and restaurants, and conclude:

that the physiology of "*John Bull et son île*" is concentrated in the purlieus of Leicester Square. He has a cantering acquaintance with Londoners, and has been allowed to rub coats with certain individualities ; anything in *pantoufles* is a god-send for him.

In the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, Dr. Rey resumes some of the notes of the late Paul Broca, on the weight of the brain. Broca weighed 432 brains, of which 140 were those of females. In the case of men, the weight generally was uniform, but in women the variations were remarkable. Both indicated a tendency to diminish. The mean weight for men was 1,358 grammes, and for women 1,179. The relative weight of the brain rises regularly with the stature till the height $59\frac{1}{8}$ to $63\frac{1}{8}$ inches is reached, after which the variation is but slight.

In the same periodical M. Elie Reclus continues his remarkable studies on the *Cafres*, but more especially the *Zoulous*. To make a prince valiant, he must be rubbed with the blood and the fat of one of his maternal near relatives, a grandfather or grand-uncle for example. And to ensure the prince a double life, or a second soul, as well as the goods and chattels of the victim, the parent ought to be killed before the prince's eyes. The army, as well as the heir apparent, is also physicked into courage by the priests.

The latter feed a bull on certain herbs reputed to have a charm ; the animal is led into the middle of the camp ; powder is sprinkled on it and in the fire ; a slight incision is next made in the arm and thigh of the warrior, and is dusted with the powder. The bull is then knocked over, and skinned alive, strips of its flesh being cut off and roasted. The virtue consists in each *brave* being able to obtain a bite of the quivering flesh before the animal has expired. The efficacy of this physic to promote bravery will prove of no avail if any woman touches a morsel of the steak. The Greeks marched to battle, headed by the phantoms of ancestors, Theseus at Marathon for example. The warriors of Hayti, when going to combat, wear doll-images of their grandsires strung round their foreheads. The priests of Nicaragua placed the old men at the head of a fighting column ; in France, the revolutionists range the women and children in front. The Chikchas of Columbia, when out on the war-path, are preceded by the skeletons of their kings and the mummies of their ancient heroes ; in Africa, the Somalis defile before the graves of their forefathers, saluting and addressing vows to their remains. An ancient custom of Bantona consisted in cutting off the head of an enemy, and burying the trunk under the principal entrance to the camp.

It was considered his ghost hovered round, and acted as a watch-dog, by warning his friends of a like fate if they approached.

The Kaffirs, when they took Hottentot prisoners, cut off the tips of their fingers, sucked the flowing blood, and pressed the victim's arm to make the fluid ooze copiously. Ugolino devoured his children in order to preserve a father. There have been many modes of extorting confessions, but the Kaffir priests are original in their cruelty: they seek an ant-hill; open it out, sprinkle water thereon; the culprit is placed on the site, and soon the ants enter his nose, ears, eyes, and devour him; to add to the torture, he is stoned with red hot stones, while pincers at a white heat are used to titillate the soles of his feet. Despite this hideous cruelty, Kaffirs have suffered to the bitter end, asserting their innocence. Could an early martyr in his shroud of fire do more?

The Dutch word "kraal" signifies either a cattle-pen, a stable, or a residence covered with clay and having but one aperture. A confederation of these kraals is ruled by a king, and the latter is held to be infallible and incapable of doing wrong—so long as he keeps on good terms with the chief proprietors. Royalty has its responsibilities, and the drain on the civil list must be excessive. If a subject be reduced to misery, he calls on the king, and demands a milch-cow on whose milk he can subsist, or an ox to roast; if Majesty be not in a position to concede the prayer of the applicant, he must board and lodge him till good times set in. He will have to provide clothing also; if there be orphans, he must be a father to them, and in the case of girls, must secure them husbands. The latter are found to repay his Majesty for all the expenses of bringing up the bride. Kaffraria, according to M. Reclus, is a dependency of the enormous Britannic agglomeration, of which the Zulu empire is but a souvenir. He believes there is a future and an important rôle in that future, for the Kaffir: he is the kernel of a new population, the representative of the birth of a new people.

M. Charpy, in his study on the "Kalmouks," points out that the few who do not lead a nomadic life, have the tendency to return thereto. They are superior to the Mongols in intelligence, and Buddhism has less influence upon them. Some tribes of the Kalmouks have attained a certain degree of superior civilisation, as those of the Volga. Their camels, sheep, horses, and black-cattle supply them with all the food and ornament they require. The excrements of the animals, when dried, furnish the fuel. But the Kalmouks are doomed to disappear before the fatal march of events, as the aborigines of Australia and America have vanished. Mutton

and mare's milk constitute the principal diet of the Volga Kalmouks, while those of Zaïdam eat no animal food ; only grilled flour and milk are allowed. Besides mutton, the Volga Kalmouks eat the flesh of animals that have died a natural death. The milk is either consumed fresh or in the form of a curd, and can be converted into a dozen preparations at least,—cheese, milk-dust, &c. Tea is a necessity ; it consists of tea-leaves mixed with blood or gelatine, and made into bricks, eight by twelve by three inches in size. This tea is made into a soup, with milk, butter, and salt. The "bricks" are imported from China, or Han-Keon. The Chinese and Russian merchants supply *cau-de-vie*. Smoking is a necessity also : the men always have the pipe in the mouth, and, "infants smoke even before they have ceased to suckle," that is to say, at three and four years of age. The Kalmouks have no crockery ware ; their cups, &c., are composed of wood and leather. Each member of the family carries his own cup or goblet, in his pocket, enveloped in a rag ; he does the same with his knife ; fingers replace forks,—as with the first Napoleon. The young animals are reared, for shelter, in the tent with the family, and the furniture is limited to a chest or altar and a bed ; next there are leather sacks for *etceteras*, and wooden boxes for provisions ; carpets are plentiful. The costume now approaches that of the Cossack peasantry. The favorite colour is red. Unmarried females wear their hair very short ; when wedded, it is allowed to grow and form two plaits ; single ladies wear only a ring in the right ear ; when matrons, they can sport two ; the men have a ring in the left ear. The nomadic Kalmouks "never wash their chemises ; they wear them till they drop off by morsels." Those of the Volga, however, patronize the wash tub occasionally.

M. de Prejseussé has brought out a new edition, almost an original work, so numerous are the changes and additions, of his *Jésus-Christ, son temps, sa vie, et son œuvre*, which appeared twenty years ago, and which met with such a brilliant welcome. It was not exactly a reply to Renan's *Vie de Jesus*, but a protest against the negation of the divinity of Jesus Christ which was the result, or sum, of Renan's roundabout "conclusions." Does Renan, it may be fairly asked, ever indulge in conclusions that can be seized and handled ?

M. de Bizemont's *Tongking, &c.*, is a pleading "to have and to hold" all Annam, as a compensation for the loss of Hindustan to France. It is not Annam which is the objective of the French, but the breaking up of the Celestial Empire, and the appropriation of some of the *débris*.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

TO say that the political record of the past five weeks in England is unimportant would be as far from the truth as to say that it is interesting.

As the session wears on, it grows daily more evident that the main lines of the Government programme have been laid wide of popular sympathies. That Ministers should be supported by a majority at once so overwhelming in numbers and so subservient in temper that they can depend on passing through the House of Commons almost any measure they may choose to introduce, is, no doubt, in itself, a fact which possesses a certain interest; but it is an interest of an unpleasant kind to all thinking men who are not partisans in the worst sense of the term, and one which has a depressing effect on the feelings and energies of the nation.

In the Franchise Bill Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are seeking to thrust upon the country a measure of the most momentous import which, while it inspires one section of the community with grave apprehension for the future, appeals to no commensurate hopes or sympathies in the other. The London Government Bill furnishes another instance of the morbid itching of the Government to associate their reputations with wholesale organic changes in the institutions of the country which find no justification in popular demand.

The Franchise Bill was read a second time on the 7th ultimo after a prolonged debate, the amendment of Lord John Manners having been rejected by a majority larger than even the most sanguine supporters of the Ministry could have expected, the entire Irish party voting with the Government.

In his speech on the occasion Mr. Gladstone, while unjustly taunting the Conservatives with opposition to the enfranchisement of the peasantry, and thus raising a false issue, wholly failed to meet their real objections to the ministerial measure. These objections were, on the one hand, that the extension of the county franchise, unaccompanied by an impartial scheme of redistribution, would

swamp the vote of the peasantry by that of the artisans enfranchised with them, and thus place it in the power of the Ministry, by appealing to the constituencies so constituted, to redistribute seats in such a way as to effect a permanent transfer of political power ; and, on the other hand, that, while in the absence of some effective provision for the protection of minorities, the Bill would add largely to the power of the disloyal section of the Irish population, the Government had not only given no indication of any intention to introduce such a provision, but actually proposed to raise the proportionate representation of Ireland at the expense of England.

In justification of the latter proposal, all Mr. Gladstone could urge was that Ireland, being further from Westminster than England, required a larger share of representation to counteract the effect of distance ; that, as she got less than her fair share of representation in 1832, she ought to be compensated by getting more than her fair share now, and that the probability was that the disparity which already existed, and which would be aggravated by the Bill, would be diminished in the future by an increase in her population.

Not one of these arguments will stand examination ; but the fallacy of the last is transparent. For whatever reason there may be for expecting that the population of Ireland, which has for a long time past been steadily diminishing, will increase in the future, there is probably much greater, and certainly not less reason for expecting that the population of England will also increase in at least an equal ratio.

Though the Bill excites widespread distrust among the moderate Liberals, the only member of the party of any standing who was independent enough to vote with the minority, was Mr. Gordon, who concluded an admirable speech in defence of the course adopted by him with the expression of a fervent hope that the democracy to which the majority of the House was content to confide the future destinies of the country, would stand out in splendid contrast to the democracies of other countries, and, by its superior fairness and greater moderation, prove that history did not always repeat itself, and that evil examples did not always teach an evil lesson.

In the order for going into Committee on the Bill, Mr. Raikes moved to instruct the Committee that they have power to make provision for the redistribution of seats between the existing constituencies and for the representation of populous urban sanitary districts at present unrepresented. This, after being opposed in a heated speech by Mr. Gladstone, who accused the mover of deliberate

obstruction, was defeated by a narrow majority of 174 to 147, after which the debate was adjourned to the 1st instant, when the House went into Committee on the Bill, Mr. Chaplin having withdrawn his amendment, to the effect that it was unwise, under existing circumstances, to include Ireland in the extension.

Some fifty notices of amendments stand for consideration in Committee, that most likely to command a majority being one from the Liberal side, to be moved by Mr. Albert Grey, for the insertion of a clause providing that, up to the 1st January 1887, when the present Parliament will expire by effluxion of time, all elections shall take place in the same manner as if no alteration had been made by this Act in the franchise.

Such a clause, while leaving untouched the ostensible object of the Government in separating extension from redistribution, would effectually obviate the possibility of redistribution being settled by a Parliament elected by virtually packed constituencies. If the Government are acting without any *arrière pensée* in the matter, it is difficult to see how they can oppose it, and if they declare their insincerity by opposing it, it is difficult to see how the moderate Liberals can support them.

On the 8th April Sir W. Harcourt moved for and obtained leave to introduce his London Government Bill, which went through the formal process of a first reading.

Taking it as conceded that the Metropolis should have one great Municipal Government, he explained that the foundation of his plan was to adopt the Corporation of London as the basis of the central municipal body. With regard to the question of area, it proposed to incorporate into the existing Corporation the whole of the citizens within the area of the Metropolis Management Act of 1855 whose qualification was the same as in other Municipal boroughs. The measure would transfer to the Corporation the existing powers of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the Vestries, the powers under the Metropolis Management Act, and the administrative powers of the Justices of the Peace in the Metropolitan counties, but would not interfere with the administration of the poor, education, or the police. London would be divided into thirty-nine Municipal districts or wards, which would be identical with those in the Metropolis Management Act. The Common Council to be elected by them would consist of two hundred and forty members, the number of representatives for each district in the ratio of the population and rateable value of each. By this body the Lord Mayor would be annually chosen. There would also be

a paid Deputy Mayor to take the place of the Lord Mayor when absent. With regard to the aldermen, he proposed to transfer their magisterial authority to stipendiary magistrates, and the other functions of the Court of Aldermen to the Common Council. In addition to the central authority, the Bill proposed to establish a Local Council in each Municipal district; possessing only a derivative authority, delegated by the Common Council. Each of them would have a budget of its own, and furnish estimates of what its work would cost, and the Common Council would assign the work to be done. The work which the local bodies did, the localities would pay for; and the work of the central authority would be paid for out of the general rate. The District Councillors would be elected at the same time and in the same manner as the members of the Common Council, who would also be members of the District Council. At the first election of the Common Council one hundred and fifty members only would be chosen by the citizens, the remaining ninety to be made up of the forty-six members of the Metropolitan Board of Works and their Chairman, and forty-four members of the existing Common Council.

The Bill is thus, in its constructive aspect, mainly a centralising measure, and appears to challenge the fatal objection that, while the Local Councils, being deprived of their independence, would work with less zeal and consequently less efficiency and economy, the amount of work and responsibility thrown on the Central Council would be such as no single body could effectively discharge.

But it is in its destructive aspect that the Bill will encounter most opposition. While dealing a severe blow at vested interests and offending existing Municipal bodies, it contains nothing to enlist the sympathies of the electors. They will, it is true, send representatives to the Central Council, but the power they will wield there will be infinitesimally small; and though there will still be Local Councils, they will, in parting with their authority, lose such dignity as they at present possess.

The Bill has been called for by no large section of the people, and is warmly opposed by every official body connected in any way with Municipal administration. The present Common Council are, with one solitary exception, fiercely hostile to it; the Vestries are all passing Resolutions against it by overwhelming majorities; the Metropolitan Board of Works has condemned it, and, while every one admits the necessity of some reform, the bulk of the citizens of greater London would probably prefer putting up with existing abuses.

which they know, to accepting the unknown ills of a scheme which presents on the face of it so little to recommend it.

The Cattle Disease Bill was taken up in Committee on the 22nd ultimo, when the Government suffered a serious defeat on Mr. Dodson's amendment to restore the bill in effect to the state in which it had been sent up to the Lords, which was defeated by a majority of 185 to 161.

Mr. Dodson thereupon moved to report progress, with the view of giving the Government time to reconsider its position ; and, on the following Friday, he announced that he would propose a fresh amendment in consonance with the decision of the House.

This amendment, which provides that, if only a part of the exporting country is affected by the disease, the prohibition proposed by the House of Lords shall be confined to that part, was brought forward on the 29th ultimo, and accepted by a large majority.

On the 24th ultimo the Chancellor of the Exchequer introduced the Annual Budget, which shows an estimated revenue of £85,555,000, against an estimated expenditure of £85,292,000, thus leaving a small balance of £263,000.

In justification of the revenue totals, which are less, by more than a million and a half, than the actual receipts of the past year, Mr. Childers pointed out that the present condition of the country was such as to make it more than usually difficult to forecast what the result might be. On the one hand, trade, in many of its branches, was in a state of great depression ; profits generally were low ; the income from land was still unsatisfactory, and diminished railway receipts had, for some time past, testified to diminution in the resources of the people. On the other hand, there were circumstances which showed that the artisans and labourers of the country were doing well. Prices of bread and the ordinary articles of consumption were low ; there was a steady decrease of pauperism, and the growth of the income tax from year to year showed that the accumulations of the country were increasing.

In illustration of the latter fact, he pointed out that, while in 1880-81 the income tax produced £1,850,000 ; in 1881-82, £1,900,000 ; in 1882-83, £1,950,000 ; and in 1883-84, £1,970,000, per penny—it was estimated to yield, in the present year, in round figures, £2,000,000.

In the case of one minor item of receipt, official expectation had been signally disappointed by the result. The newly introduced parcel post, which had been in operation for eight months of the year, had been estimated to produce during that period £340,000,

but it had actually brought in less than half that sum, or only £155,000. In view of this discouraging circumstance it had been determined to postpone, to the 1st August 1885, the introduction of the six-penny telegram service which it was originally proposed to commence from the 1st October next.

The only remission of taxation proposed is a reduction of the duty on four-wheel carriages from two guineas to fifteen shillings.

In the absence of important fiscal changes the chief interest of the Budget Statement lies in the important change which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to make in the gold currency.

The condition of the coinage, which, owing to the practical inefficacy of existing arrangements for the withdrawal of light pieces, has been steadily declining during the past forty years, has proved a source of anxiety to successive Governments, and the necessity of taking early steps to restore it has long been recognised. To such dimensions has the evil grown with neglect, that it is estimated that more than half the existing sovereigns and half-sovereigns have already, from loss by wear, ceased to be legal tender, and what might, if taken in time, have been easily corrected, could now be effectually remedied only at a cost which it would require considerable courage for any English Government to incur.

The present Government apparently lacks this courage; and, though it has resolved to grapple with the question, what it proposes to do is not to make up the deficiency, but to legalise, and so perpetuate it, in an altered form.

Mr. Childers estimates that there are at present, in circulation in the United Kingdom, ninety million sovereigns and forty million half-sovereigns, fifty-five per cent. of which are deficient in weight to an average extent of $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ each in the case of the former, and $2\frac{1}{4}d.$ each in that of the latter, below legal tender limit. In other words, he estimates that in addition to the wear and tear down to legal tender limit, there is an aggregate deficiency of metal of £510,000 in the case of the sovereigns, and of £200,000 in the case of the half-sovereigns, or £710,000 in all.

To meet this state of things, he proposes to substitute for the existing half-sovereigns, and to issue instead of similar half-sovereigns in future, ten-shilling pieces, containing only nine-tenths of the present quantity of gold. With the gold thus abstracted from the half-sovereigns he proposes—*1st*, to restore to full legal tender weight the existing light sovereigns and other light sovereigns

that may be withdrawn during the next twenty years ; and *2nd*, with the interest on the balance, which will be held in reserve, to maintain the gold coinage in what he considers a "satisfactory condition."

The value of the gold that will be abstracted from the half-sovereigns he puts down at two millions and a half sterling, less the existing deficiency in weight below and above legal tender, calculated at £220,000, or £2,280,000 net.

The deficiency to be made good in the existing light sovereigns he estimates, as above, at £510,000 ; the deficiency in sovereigns to be withdrawn during the next twenty years at £320,000 ; the cost of re-coinage at £70,000 ; and contingencies at £50,000, or a gross total expenditure of £950,000.

There would thus be a net balance of £1,330,000, besides accumulated interest, available to meet the cost of maintaining the coinage in the future, estimated at £40,000 a year.

Assuming the accuracy of these calculations, the so-called "gain" from the half-sovereigns would be entirely employed in restoring and maintaining the sovereigns. It is, therefore, obvious that the aggregate purchasing power of the gold coinage would be unaffected by the proposed operation. The operation amounts, in short, merely to a process of robbing Peter to pay Paul, the deficiency of gold in one portion of the currency being transferred bodily to another portion ; and it follows that, except in so far as this transfer might prove a source of additional convenience, the belief that the actual degradation of the coinage by wear and tear would be remedied by the proposed plan is illusory.

The question of convenience stands as follows. As regards foreign exchanges, the evidence collected by Mr. Childers shows that the existing sovereigns and half-sovereigns do not stand on precisely the same footing: For, while the sovereigns are largely used for the purposes of foreign payments, and are so far international coins, the half-sovereigns are not so used, or are so used only to a comparatively slight extent, and are thus wholly, or almost wholly, domestic coins. Viewed, therefore, in the light of this fact, the effect of the proposed operation would be to transfer all deficiency of weight below legal tender limit, from a coin which is largely used for the purposes of foreign exchange to one which is not so used at all, or is so used only in a slight degree.

This, it must be admitted, would be a distinct gain ; and, even if Mr. Childers should have underrated the extent to which the half-sovereign is used for the purpose of foreign payments, any inconvenience which would arise from its complete disqualification for

such a purpose would probably be more than counterbalanced by the practically absolute fixity of intrinsic value with which the sovereign would be invested.

For domestic purposes, too, assuming the existing deficiency in the coinage to be an irremediable fact, it would be a distinct advantage that it should be confined, along with the risk and uncertainty attendant on it, to one portion of the coinage, instead of being, as at present, spread indiscriminately over the whole of it.

At present the sovereign and half-sovereigns contain, in the aggregate, less gold, by a certain amount, than they ought to contain, in order to fulfil legal requirements, and no one knows in practice, in what particular coins the deficiency resides. Should Mr. Childers's proposal be carried out, the sovereigns and half-sovereigns will, in the aggregate, contain no more gold than before; but people will be practically assured that, when they receive a sovereign, it is up to legal tender, while the liability of the half-sovereigns to loss by wear will be no greater than before.

The ten-shilling pieces under the new scheme would, however, be legal tender only up to five pounds; and it follows that the effect of the scheme will be to transfer the deficiency in the intrinsic value of the currency from a coin available for payments of any amount to one available for small payments only.

It therefore becomes essential to provide that the number of ten-shilling pieces (really nine-shilling pieces) in circulation shall not exceed the requirements of the public for the purpose of such payments. For otherwise the result of the depreciation they would undergo would be to saddle the lower classes with the main share of a loss of purchasing power at present spread over the whole community. The upper classes, receiving their payments in sums which would enable them to claim the greater proportion in sovereigns, would be in a position to protect themselves by refusing to take more ten-shilling pieces than they required. The lower classes, on the other hand, when they receive gold at all, receive it in sums which would render them liable to have ten-shilling pieces, or a large proportion of such pieces, forced upon them. Retail tradesmen, especially in certain localities, would consequently receive from these classes a greater number of ten-shilling pieces than they could dispose of as change; and, in the absence of any provision for getting rid of the excess, the only way in which they could recoup themselves for the loss and inconvenience incurred would be by raising their prices.

Such a result would, of course, be intolerable, and Mr. Childers accordingly proposes to make arrangements with the Bank of Eng-

land to receive redundant ten-shilling pieces free of charge. This arrangement may be sufficient to protect the public. But is it compatible with the success of the scheme as a financial operation?

Mr. Childers's calculations, it will be observed, assume that the number of ten-shilling pieces required by the public will be as great as the number of half-sovereigns they at present employ. But it is inconceivable that a coin available only for small payments should circulate as freely as one which is legal tender to any amount. Unless, therefore, option is given to the public, in the first instance, to exchange existing half-sovereigns for their equivalent weight in sovereigns, instead of for ten-shilling pieces, the probability is that a considerable proportion of the ten-shilling pieces will find their way to the Bank of England.

In that case what becomes of Mr. Childers's assumed "gain" of two millions and a half; and what of the undertaking to restore and maintain the sovereign, for the fulfilment of which it is required?

Another objection to the scheme is the temptation which the difference of more than eleven per cent. will hold out to private coiners, who will be able to make a handsome profit by coining ten-shilling pieces indistinguishable from, and intrinsically as good as, those issued from Her Majesty's Mint.

In introducing the Budget Mr. Childers made another important announcement, and one that has caused something like a scare among the holders of three per cent. stocks.

Certain of these stocks, aggregating more than £400,000,000, are redeemable at par, at one year's notice, in quantities of not less than £500,000; and, as they are at present at a premium, it would be to the advantage of the revenue to pay them off. The Government propose to avail themselves of their power of compulsory redemption, after a certain reasonable time, to be named hereafter, unless, in the meanwhile, the holders choose to convert them into two-and-a-half per cent. stock at the rate of £108, or new two-and-three-quarters per cent. stock, at the rate of £102, for each £100, the dividends in either of the cases being quarterly instead of half-yearly.

The saving of interest to the tax-payer by the operation will, it is estimated, be in the one case £1,750, and in the other £2,200 per annum per million of three per cent. stock converted.

On the 30th April the House of Commons rejected, by a large majority, Dr. Cameron's Bill for the regulation of cremation, thus showing that they prefer leaving untouched the existing risk of serious abuses to lending their sanction to a practice which, though

not prohibited by law, is opposed to the feelings of the great mass of the public; which is at present seldom resorted to; and which, should necessity arise, the Legislature is free to prohibit.

Several important captures of suspected Fenian conspirators have been made since I last wrote, including one of a man named Fitzgerald, who was arrested in London, and who is charged with being concerned in the late Turbercurry murder; another of one Daley, or Denman, who was arrested, the following day, at Birkenhead, with three nitro-glycerine bombs and materials for exploding them in his possession; and a third of a man named Egan with whom Daley lodged, and on whose premises a quantity of documents have been found, which are considered to show that he has been for many years an active member of the Fenian brotherhood, and that he has further conspired with Daley for treasonable purposes.

A man named M'Donnel has also been arrested on the strength of evidence furnished by these documents.

No definite proof has apparently been obtained either of the precise nature of Daley's immediate object in the manufacture of the bombs, or of the connexion of any of the prisoners with the late dynamite outrages. But the trial is still proceeding, and the Crown has, no doubt, abstained from producing more evidence than is necessary to obtain their remand from time to time pending the completion of the enquiry.

The occurrence of a violent earthquake in parts of the counties of Essex and Suffolk on the 22nd April rudely dissipated the belief, founded on the uniform experience of three centuries, that Great Britain is exempt from the liability to such visitations. The shock which took place at twenty minutes past nine in the morning spent its chief force in the immediate neighbourhood of Colchester, and was sufficiently severe to cause serious injury to masonry buildings.

The spire of the Congregational Church at Colchester was thrown down; the turrets of a fine old Norman Church at Wyvenhoe, four miles to the south of that place, were overthrown; and the Parish Church of Langenhoe in the same neighbourhood was entirely destroyed.

In the two places last named and in the neighbouring village of Geldon scarcely a chimney stack was left standing, and most of the houses were so seriously damaged as to be rendered untenable, while in Colchester itself, where the earthquake was less severe, many chimneys were destroyed.

The shock extended as far as Leicester to the north, and Bristol to the west, and was distinctly felt in the metropolis.

Since the withdrawal of General Graham's force from Suakim the state of affairs in the Soudan has gone steadily from bad to worse. The chance of General Gordon being able to effect the object of his mission to Khartoum by mere persuasion alone, unsupported by either the presence, or the promise of an adequate force, was from the first so infinitesimally small that it is difficult to believe that the Government placed any dependence upon his success. But whatever that chance may have been, it was effectually destroyed when, by the operations in the neighbourhood of Suakim, the Government gave the lie to its pacific professions. In sanctioning those operations, it adopted the only course consistent with the retention of the Red Sea littorals, but the necessary corollary of its action, unless it was to be worse than abortive for every other purpose, was the opening of communications with Khartoum by an advance on Berber. The necessity of such advance for the safety of Khartoum was strongly pressed on the Government by Gordon himself, who, in a despatch to Sir Evelyn Baring, dated 9th March, stated in the plainest terms that there was otherwise no hope of the people rallying round him, or paying any attention to his proclamations, and no advantage in his remaining any longer at Khartoum, whence his retreat would, in a few days, become a matter of extreme difficulty. This view of the matter was supported by Sir Evelyn Baring, while Generals Wood and Stephenson both reported in favour of the feasibility of the movement. Yet the Government, in the face of this evidence, not only refused to sanction the advance, but withdrew the troops to a distance at which their presence could exercise no moral effect, while, at the same time, they did not hesitate, when questioned, to deny that General Gordon had asked for troops, and to declare that there was no evidence that Khartoum was in danger.

The withdrawal of the expedition gave, as might have been expected, a fresh impetus to the rebellion. The road to Berber, which had been momentarily opened by General Graham's last victory over Qsman Digma, and which the friendly tribes would probably have kept open had their confidence in the intentions and power of the British not been destroyed, was at once closed; the doubtful tribes, more than one of which had shown a strong disposition to come to terms, went over to the enemy, and in a few days Berber itself was closely invested.

On the 16th April Sir Evelyn Baring telegraphed to Lord Granville to the effect that urgent appeals for assistance were coming in from that place; and on the 20th he again telegraphed, stating

that there was a panic at Berber, and that, if any message was to go to General Gordon, it should be sent at once, as the telegraph clerks were leaving. But all the Government could bring itself to do was to telegraph to Mr. Egerton—Sir Evelyn Baring having then left for London—to report, after consultation, whether any steps, by negotiation or otherwise, could be taken to relieve the place.

The consultation was held, the Governor of Berber having in the meanwhile reported his inability to hold out any longer unless troops were sent, and the result was that Meher Pasha and the Generals, with the support of the Khedive and the whole weight of Egyptian official opinion, strongly urged that steps should at once be taken to despatch an Anglo-Egyptian force to relieve that place at the earliest possible moment.

The Government, however, refused to send English troops at such a season, or to employ Indian troops for the purpose, or to allow Egyptian troops to go alone, and instructed Mr. Egerton to inform the Governor that no immediate assistance could be given him.

On the receipt of this information, the Governor proclaimed the decision to the people of the town, who at once sought safety in flight, and a large portion of the garrison at the same time went over to the enemy. The latest report is that the place surrendered last week to the Mahdi.

By this event Khartoum, which, since Gordon's defeat in the middle of March, has been more or less surrounded by rebels, is completely isolated; and, in the absence of communications, it is quite impossible to conjecture what at the present moment may be the position of General Gordon. No news has been received from him since the 16th ultimo, when he was shut up behind his fortifications, with a garrison of proved cowardice and doubtful fidelity, in the face of an enemy flushed with success and daily increasing in numbers and boldness.

Up to that date no material change would seem to have taken place in his actual position since the defeat just referred to. But his communications, official and private, betray a growing conviction of the hopelessness of the prospect before him, and a deepening sense of indignation and disgust at his heartless abandonment.

From the 24th to the 31st March there appear from despatches received at Cairo on the 9th ultimo to have been almost daily skirmishes with the rebels, who were reported to have suffered considerably from the fire of the Krupp gun. On the other hand, a body of Bashi Bazouks, who, on the 30th, made a sortie against the enemy,

were repulsed and compelled to retreat into Khartoum, while a few days previously two hundred and fifty of the garrison had displayed such symptoms of insubordination that General Gordon had found it necessary to disarm them.

On the 16th April, Zebehr Pasha suddenly received a telegram from General Gordon, appointing him Assistant Governor of the Soudan, and urging him to push on without delay to Khartoum. This telegram, which, it subsequently appeared, was despatched in the belief that Zebehr was at Korosko, and which contained no reference to the refusal of the Government to sanction Gordon's choice of Zebehr as his successor, was dated 7th April.

Zebehr refused the appointment on the ground that, as his property was still in the hands of the Government, he could not leave Cairo.

About the same time official intimation of the final refusal of the Government to send troops to Berber would appear to have reached Gordon, and, in reply, he sent a telegram to Sir Evelyn Baring, the contents of which have not been published, but in which he is reported to have notified to the Government that in consequence of the difficulties and great delay in communications, he intended thenceforth to act on his own responsibility.

Sir Evelyn Baring possibly refers to this telegram when, in a message to Lord Granville, dated April 18th, speaking of a short message of the 8th idem from General Gordon, he says: "He evidently thinks that he is to be abandoned, and is very indignant."

On being apprised of the decision of the Government not to send troops, General Gordon offered Colonel Stewart, and Mr. Power the option of retreating with him by the equator or trying to reach Berber; and these officials both telegraphed to Sir Evelyn Baring to say that they preferred the former course as the less dangerous of the two.

On the same date he addressed the following piteous telegram to Sir Samuel Baker:—

"I have received a meagre telegram from Sir Evelyn Baring, stating that the British Government do not intend to send British troops to open the road to Berber, but that negotiations are proceeding with the Arabs for opening the road. You will be able to judge of the value of these negotiations, and also of the time such arrangements will last after the withdrawal of the British troops from Suakim. Our position is as follows: We are provisioned for five months, but are hemmed in by some five hundred determined and two thousand rag-tag Arabs. Our position will be much better with the rising of the Nile. Sennaar, Kassala, Dongola, and Berber are quite safe for the present. Do you think if an appeal were made to the million-

aires of England and the United States two hundred thousand pounds would be available? Herewith you might obtain the permission of the Sultan of Turkey to lend us two thousand or three thousand Nizams, and send them to Berber. With these we could not only settle our affairs here, but we could also do for the False Prophet, in whose collapse the Sultan is necessarily interested. I would put Zebehr in command. If the loyal way in which the troops and townspeople here have held to me under these circumstances of great difficulty were known, and the way in which my lot is involved in theirs, I am sure this appeal would be considered to be fully justified. I should be mean indeed if I neglected any steps for their safety. Rumour says that Zebehr is at Korosko, but no official confirmation has yet been received from Cairo. It is remarkable that I am not informed."

In a despatch dated the 11th ultimo, Sir Evelyn Baring referred to a telegram from General Gordon, the substance of which he had forwarded on the 9th idem, and in which the General asked that Turkish troops might be sent to his assistance.

No such telegram appears in the despatches, but they include a telegram from Gordon to Sir Evelyn Baring, dated the 8th April, in which he mentions the fact of his having sent the telegram to Baker just referred to, and expresses a belief that Sir Evelyn Baring would agree with him, and which runs as follows:—

"The man who brought letters from Berber states Zebehr is at Korosko; if so, you did not tell me this important fact. Scarcely a day passes without our inflicting losses on rebels, which losses are quite unnecessary if we are eventually to succumb. Cuzzi sent me copy of his telegram to you, and I quite concur in what he says of the futility of negotiations respecting road to Berber. I have telegraphed to Baker to make an appeal to British and American millionaires to give me 300,000*l.* to engage 3,000 Turkish troops from Sultan and send them here. This would settle the Soudan and Mahdi for ever; for my part, I think you would agree with me.

"I do not see the fun of being caught here to walk about the streets for years as a Dervish, with sandaled feet, not that (D.V.) I will ever be taken alive. It would be the climax of meanness, after I have borrowed money from the people here, have called on them to sell their grain at a low price, &c., to go and abandon them without using every effort to relieve them, whether those efforts are diplomatically correct or not; and I feel sure, whatever you may feel diplomatically, I have your support—and of every man professing himself a gentleman—in private.

"Nothing could be more meagre than your telegram—'Osman Digna's followers have been dispersed.' Surely something more than this was required by me."

In the telegram of the 16th April Gordon states very plainly what he thinks of the conduct of the Government. He says:—

"As far as I can understand, the situation is this: you state your

intention of not sending any relief up here, or to Berber, and you refuse me Zebehr.

"I consider myself free to act according to circumstances. I shall hold on here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so. If I cannot I shall retire to the Equator, and leave you indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Senaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola, with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under great difficulties, if you would retain peace in Egypt."

At the same time the following two telegrams were received by Sir Evelyn Baring from Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power, announcing the determination to stand by Gordon already referred to :—

LIEUT.-COLONEL STEWART TO SIR E. BARING.

(Telegraphic.)

Khartoum April, 1884.

General Gordon has acquainted me with your intention of not relieving Khartoum, and proposes I should go to Berber and trust to success of your negotiations for opening road from Suakim to Berber. General Gordon has given you his decision as to what he himself intends doing, and weighing all circumstances and doubting the success of your opening the road to Berber, unless by advancing troops, I am inclined to think my retreat will be perhaps safer by the Equator. I shall, therefore, follow the fortunes of General Gordon.

MR. POWER TO SIR E. BARING.

(Telegraphic.)

Khartoum April, 1884.

General Gordon, in view of the present critical situation here, has made the following intimation to me :—

"As soon as it is possible I propose you should go to Berber. If you do not so elect, then justify me to British Minister."

General Gordon of course does not like responsibility of taking English Consul to Equator, but at present I do not see how it is possible for any but an Arab to get to Berber. I would elect to take the less risky route, and go *via* Equator. We are quite blocked on the north, east, and west.

On the same date on which Lord Granville instructed Mr. Egerton to communicate to the Governor of Berber the decision of the Government not to send troops to that place, he sent that official a second telegram, which was to the following effect :—

"Gordon should be at once informed, in cypher, by several messengers at some interval between each, through Dongola as well as Berber, or in such other way as may on the spot be deemed most prompt and certain, that he should keep us informed, to the best of his ability, not only as to immediate, but as to any prospective danger at Khartoum; that to be prepared for any such danger he advise us as to the force necessary in order to secure his

removal, its amount, character, route for access to Khartoum, and time of operation ; that we do not propose to supply him with Turkish or other force for the purpose of undertaking military expeditions, such being beyond the scope of the commission he holds, and at variance with the pacific policy which was the purpose of his mission to the Soudan ; that if with this knowledge he continues at Khartoum, he should state to us the cause and intention with which he so continues."

"Add expressions both of respect and gratitude for his gallant and self-sacrificing conduct, and for the good he has achieved."

That these instructions will ever reach General Gordon, or will serve any useful purpose if they should reach him, is, of course, in the highest degree improbable.

The publication of General Gordon's telegram to Sir Samuel Baker was followed by numerous offers of subscriptions for his rescue ; but Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a question on the subject, stated, in the House on the 28th ultimo, that the Government, "having expressed an opinion that the safety of General Gordon was a matter involving an obligation upon them, they did not see how they could devolve that responsibility on voluntary agency."

Although, however, the Government have grudgingly made the singularly vague admission thus described, they have up to the present time taken no active steps to fulfil, or to place themselves in a position for fulfilling the responsibility accepted by them, in the sense in which it is understood by the public. Should General Gordon be abandoned, the public will be able to point to a series of acts calculated to create a strong suspicion not only that they never intended to rescue him, but that they regarded his safety with the most cynical unconcern.

On the 1st instant a series of despatches relating to the Soudan, and including a portion of those above referred to, were laid on the table of the House. Though they were obviously incomplete, the facts disclosed in them were so manifestly at variance with the repeated declarations of the Government that Gordon was in no danger, and that he had never asked for troops, that a most painful sensation was created on the public mind.

The opposition would have been guilty not merely of a grave dereliction of duty, but of criminal indifference to the honour of the country had it allowed the conduct of the Government, as exhibited in the light of these new revelations, to pass unchallenged ; and on Friday last Sir M. Beach gave notice of a Resolution expressing regret that the course pursued by the Government had not tended to promote the success of General Gordon's mission, and that even

such steps as might be necessary for his personal safety were still delayed. On Monday last a supplementary batch of despatches, including Gordon's telegrams of the 8th and 16th April, were laid on the table. These have tended to intensify, rather than diminish, the mingled astonishment and indignation which is felt at the conduct and utterances of the Ministry, and which is but inadequately expressed by the terms of Sir M. Beach's proposed Resolution.

Monday next has been set apart for the debate, and it is hard to believe that the Government can command a majority on the occasion.

The antagonism of policy and personal motive inevitable under a system which aims at substituting English for Egyptian ideals of Government through the medium of Egyptian ministers who are not only more than semi-independent in theory but to a great extent masters of the situation in practice, has exhibited itself at Cairo, since I last wrote, in the shape of a fresh ministerial crisis.

Though willing to be the instrument of British policy within certain definite limits, Nubar Pasha has shown an unexpected determination to be neither set aside nor made a subservient agent of others. As Under-Secretary, Mr. Clifford Lloyd is theoretically subordinate to Nubar, but in practice he has been in the habit on occasion of carrying out his schemes of reform without consulting the Egyptian Premier, and in some cases these schemes have been of a kind of which the latter disapproved. The irritation thus produced seems to have been wrought to a climax by Mr. Lloyd's publishing a new Municipal Bill without reference to Nubar, and by his instructing the police inspectors to report directly to him any complaints they might have to make against the Mudies.

Having protested ineffectually against this course of action, Nubar, early last month, threatened to resign unless guaranteed against its continuance; and, on the 11th, he wrote to Sir Evelyn Baring, announcing his fixed determination to retire into private life.

In this letter he stated that he had accepted office under certain conditions and restrictions, which he had always sought to fulfil, but that the encroachments on his prerogative as Egyptian Prime Minister had so increased that he felt it was no longer possible consistently with his own dignity for him to hold the post, whilst the English Under-Secretary, though often consulting him, frequently undertook the sole execution of administrative measures. The question, he added, was not a personal one between him and

Mr. Clifford Lloyd, but one of principle, and, therefore, he begged Sir Evelyn Baring to facilitate his resignation, which he intended to hand in forthwith.

At the present juncture, such a *contretemps* as the resignation of Nubar Pasha would have been productive of intolerable inconvenience; and, as he declined to yield, it was arranged that Mr. Clifford Lloyd's functions should be defined for the future in a way more compatible with the prerogative of his high office.

The triumph thus obtained, instead of satisfying Nubar, appears to have had the effect of feeding his ambition and inspiring him with an increased sense of his own power; and, a few days later, he made a fresh attempt to assert himself and strengthen his control over the executive, by demanding that Abdel Kadir, who had shown himself too amenable to English influence, and especially to Mr. Lloyd, should be replaced by Omar Lutfi, an obstructive of the old Turkish school, on whom Nubar could depend to carry out any designs opposed to foreign ideas. Such a change would have placed Nubar in a position to thwart in practice, while appearing to accept in principle, every project of English reform which did not accord with his views, and Sir Evelyn Baring at once refused to comply with it.

The British Government, having decided to consult with the other great powers concerned as to the best means of dealing with the financial crisis referred to in my last retrospect, has submitted proposals for the assembling of a conference for the purpose. These have, it is understood, been accepted by all the Powers, except France, who has asked for further explanations before coming to a decision, and Turkey, who is apparently debating whether she can enter such an assembly without injury to her sovereign dignity.

Though the financial situation is the only subject actually referred to in the British note, there is nothing in its terms to prevent the discussion of other matters; and as the programme to be submitted by England includes a proposal to modify the existing law of liquidation, the consent of the Powers to which would presuppose a certain degree of confidence in the political future, it seems almost inevitable that the general question of the position of England in Egypt, actual and prospective, should be raised.

Such an extension of the scope of the discussion could hardly fail, under existing circumstances, to prove fertile of embarrassment to the Ministry. In calling a conference, in fact, the Government is virtually challenging the verdict of Europe on its conduct of Egyptian affairs,—a course which must seem to impartial observers to

argue either astounding blindness or extraordinary hardihood on the part of those responsible for it, and which, should the conference be held, is not unlikely to land the Cabinet in difficulties more formidable than any they have yet encountered.

An insurrectionary movement of insignificant dimensions which has been promptly suppressed in Spain, and the rejection of the Bill for the prolongation of the Socialist Law by the Committee appointed to investigate it, in Germany, have been the most important political events on the Continent.

The elections for the new Cortes in the former country have been attended by the usual result of an enormous majority for the Government of the day.

The defeat of the German Government in the case of the Socialist Bill, which was due to the action of the clerical party, is not likely to be tamely submitted to by Prince Bismarck. In the course of the discussion on Herr Windthorst's amendments, most of which were passed by the Committee, the Minister of the Interior declared that the Federal Governments could under no circumstances be expected to accept them; and, as this announcement was made after the question of the Government action in case of the rejection of the Bill had formed the subject of a private consultation between Prince Bismarck and the Emperor, it is unlikely to prove an idle threat.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

May 1884.

INDIA.

The failure of the Oriental Banking Corporation has been the event of the month over a larger area in Indian Society than that comprised within "Commercial Circles," though it is not in India proper that the blow will fall heaviest. In Ceylon, though the local public had been for some time more or less aware of the precarious position of the Bank, they were unable to protect themselves against the catastrophe. The years of disaster from leaf disease have ended, in the case of many a large coffee estate, once reckoned as a mine of wealth, in its being thrown entirely out of cultivation, and property now almost valueless has come into the possession of the Bank as security for loans readily granted in more prosperous times. Many a deeply-mortgaged plantation has been kept from a like fate merely by the Bank's forbearance, and the present collapse must involve the immediate ruin of many a worthy and hard-working planter who had been struggling on with the

Bank's support through year after year of ill-luck, in the hope that the "one old-fashioned season" that never came would set him on his legs once more. The value of the Bank's Ceylon properties was, it was believed, at about its lowest possible point when the suspension came; in fact, no price whatever could be obtained for most of them; the only hope lay in depositors and shareholders being willing to allow the Corporation to invest some more of its capital in the conversion, now so extensively going on, of coffee plantations into tea gardens, and waiting a few years until the estates became productive. As matters have turned out, ruin is widespread over the island. The local Government, itself deeply involved, having in some treasuries little beyond Oriental Bank paper to meet immediate requirements, has decided to guarantee the payment of all the local issue of the Bank's promissory notes, amounting to some thirty-four lakhs of rupees, and they are now received at par at all the Government treasuries.

In Madras no very serious consequences, beyond temporary inconvenience to depositors, are anticipated. During recent months the Bank's local agency had so much declined that the whole deposits do not exceed about ten lakhs, to meet which ample provision had been made. Nor will Bombay suffer more, as the public there has lately shown its loss of confidence in the Oriental by withdrawing deposits and declining to buy any other than its telegraphic transfer bills. In business circles in Calcutta the infirm position of the Bank seems to have been known for a considerable time, and though the actual catastrophe came much quicker than had been anticipated, its approach had been foreseen and its effect on trade discounted. Private depositors will, it is expected, suffer eventually but a slight loss, two annas in the rupee, and the inconvenience to which they would otherwise have been subjected has been considerably mitigated by the ready proffer of advances by other banks against credit balances so suddenly locked up. Various reports have been current of a new corporation to be built on the foundations of the ruined Oriental, but in many quarters the impression seems to be prevalent, that India is "banked sufficiently." News has, however, reached India by cable that the New Oriental Bank scheme is progressing favourably in London, very strong support having been offered it from influential quarters. Some comfort may, perhaps, be afforded to shareholders in the defunct Oriental by a recollection of the precedent of the Agra and Masterman's Bank, which failed in 1866. That Bank's shares were of the value of £50 each, with £25 called up, and a contingent liability for another £25 per share. It was

feared at the time that the second £25 per share would be required in the liquidation. However, hopeless as the task at first seemed, owing to the diversion and diffusion of the closed Bank's influence, the present Agra Bank was started with a view to getting together again its predecessor's business. The result was that not only was no call made for the second £25 per share, but the shareholders received back nearly 20 per cent. of their original payment. May a like success on the part of the newly projected scheme for resuscitating the Oriental Bank temper the wind to its shorn shareholders.

The Bengal Tenancy Bill has formed the subject of a lengthy communication from the Government of India to that of Bengal, calling the attention of the latter to the special points on which the Select Committee at Simla require additional information. Some further matters are mentioned as being those on which either the opinion of the Bengal Government is particularly required or an expression of the views of the Government of India seems desirable. These questions include enquiries on such points as the following: The sufficiency of the Bengal Revenue Establishments to discharge the additional numerous duties which under the Bill will devolve upon them; the definitions in the Bill as to what holdings are, and what are not, "tenure-holdings;" the conversion of occupancy ryots who sublet more than half their holdings into tenure-holders; the means of facilitating the claim to occupancy rights by the ryots; the most feasible check on rack-renting,—which, in the Government of India's opinion, would consist in limiting the percentage of increase obtainable at any one time on the existing rents; the registration of landlord's improvements; the appointment of special judges to hear appeals from revenue officers; the objections to the provision that the rent recorded by the settlement officers is not to be enhanced for fifteen years, except on grounds of the landlord's improvement or alteration in the area or holding; the improvement or cheapening the procedure for distraint. On most other points the Government of India agrees with the views of that of Bengal as embodied in the draft of the Bill. The letter concludes by pointing out that the Government of India has refrained from re-opening the question of the expediency of conferring the right of transfer on occupancy ryots.

Another letter of the same date invites the attention of the Judges of the High Court of Calcutta to the report of the Select Committee and requests the advice of the Judges upon certain points. Some portion of the profane public professes to doubt whether the Supreme Court, in remembrance of the scant attention

paid by the Government of India to the reply to a similar request for its opinion a few months back, will be willing to offer the other cheek to the smiter by submitting the opinion now asked for. There can be little doubt, however, that the High Court will best consult its own dignity and duty by forgetting any previous petulance from those who asked it to bless but found that it cursed utterly.

It is not without malicious satisfaction that the public have read in the recently published despatch on the Church Disestablishment question in India, the decided snub administered by Lord Kimberley to the three radical members of the Supreme Government who had sent home as the opinion of the "Governor-General in Council" a statement from which their colleagues, forming a majority of that Council, entirely dissented. "The Despatch which purports to be that of the Governor-General in Council is in reality that of your lordship and two members of the Council," says the Secretary of State, and curtly requests that the irregularity may be set right and not repeated. Men's minds were hardly prepared even by the wire-pulling in high places on the Ilbert Bill controversy for finding in the Supreme Council so exact a parallel to the action of the three petitionary tailors immortalized by Canning.

The position taken by the trio, which consisted of the Viceroy, Sir E. Baring and Mr. Ilbert, was that it was incumbent on Government to supply Christian Ministers only to the Army, the Civil Service and the Europe-born staff of Government Railways, and that the Church Establishment should be gradually cut down to this limit. In view, however, of the dissent of the remaining members of Council, and of the fact that the question is not a pressing one, the Secretary of State has referred the matter back to India for the opinion of the Governments of Madras and Bombay, which means, it is to be presumed, that the matter is shelved for at least another year or two. Archdeacon Baly's able statement of the case on behalf of the Establishment contributed greatly to this result.

Lord Kimberley is singularly infelicitous in the accounts that get abroad of his official reception of deputations. His brusque discourtesy to the protestants against the Ilbert Bill, the unseemly correspondence that resulted from his unstatesman-like game of brag with Mr. Atkins, the Railway Delegate, are now paralleled by his shifty reply to the Indian Réform Association regarding the admission of Natives of India to the Civil Service. The Secretary of State endeavours to make political capital out of the late Viceroy's scheme for remodelling the constitution of the Civil Service by which certain posts in it would be reserved exclusively for Natives,

and accuses Lord Lytton of an endeavour to get an Act passed, to prevent Natives becoming Civil Servants or to lower the ages for passing the examinations, which would practically have the same effect. These categorical statements are met by a flat contradiction from Lord Lytton, who gives in a letter to the *Times* a very different account of his long and elaborate despatch on the subject. It is to be hoped that this despatch may see the light. It is only fair, however, to state that some doubt has been thrown on the accuracy of the *Times* report of Lord Kimberley's answer; the remarks on Lord Lytton's policy are thought to have really proceeded from one of the members of the deputation.

The subject of lowering the age for candidates for the Civil Service examination in England is exercising with considerable force the minds of the "patriotic" party of native politicians, and a systematic series of "agitation" meetings is being got up in various parts of the country, the delegate from Bengal being no less a person than the redoubtable head centre and orator-in-chief of the "young Bengal" party of progress. Some indignant speculation has found vent in the Anglo-Indian press as to the personality of an "honoured English friend," letters from whom have been printed and circulated by the promoters of these meetings as an incentive to widespread and strenuous agitation. This wire-puller professes to be well-informed both as to the intentions of the Secretary of State and the wishes of the Viceroy, and is "quite certain that Lord Ripon will continue to do all in his power to induce Lord Kimberley to reconsider the matter," but fears that the Viceroy in doing so will not have the unanimous support of his Council. People have been found malicious enough to remember in this connection the rumours prevalent during a late controversy as to the meeting in Bombay in favour of the Ilbert Bill, a meeting which is said to have owed its origin to the suggestion of an "English friend" whose high official position should certainly have barred him from any such instigation. Mr. Baxter's famous exhortation to the young Madrassees to "agitate, agitate, agitate" for the disestablishment of the English Church in India was the first example of the stirring up of strife by "English friends." This course of action is mischievous and impolitic; a prelude to the evils it is likely to produce is already shown in the endeavour made in one at least of the speeches to infer that the Russians would be readier than the English are to recognise the sterling merits of the Bengali Baboo, and to provide him with a worthy career in the service of the State. We do not believe this oratorical froth represents any real opinion even on the

part of the ready speaker who is stumping the provinces as the delegate of the Indian Association. But it is thus that the poison of discontent and disloyalty is instilled into ignorant minds and harm done for which our "honoured English friend" cannot be held blameless.

The series of rain-storms at the beginning of the month has done much towards expelling the small-pox and cholera epidemics from Calcutta and the death-rate has suddenly fallen to little above its normal figure. Mr. Rivers Thompson has earned the gratitude of the community by his prompt attention to the report of the absence of decent hospital accommodation for small-pox patients, especially for Europeans. This report was made by the head of an important mercantile firm, one of whose assistants had been unfortunate enough to experience the insanitary arrangements of the Medical Department. It is hardly creditable to that department that such miserably deficient provision for patients who are, above others, unable to be helped by their friends outside, should have been passed over as sufficient until a report from a quarter too influential to be ignored called the attention of Government to the matter.

Mr. Rivers Thompson has shown himself equally mindful of the interests of another class of helpless sufferers. Native women, it is well known, are often debarred by caste rules from obtaining competent medical advice. By the creation of an unlimited number of Government scholarships, tenable at recognised medical schools by female students who have passed the First Arts Examination, the Lieutenant-Governor has taken an important step towards supplying one of India's greatest needs—a staff of duly qualified female doctors for women.

The usual meteoric shower of stars and crosses, of C. I. E.-ships and Rai Bahadurships, fell in India on the Queen's birthday. Dr. W. W. Hunter is of course decorated, this time with a C. S. I., as President of the Education Commission, of which some of the other more conspicuous members have also been added to the list of *homines trium literarum*, receiving the milder distinction indicated by the letters C. I. E.

To the surprise of the Calcutta public the names of the gentlemen who bore the main burden of the establishment and conduct of their great Exhibition are conspicuous by their absence from the illustrious roll. We look in vain for any recognition of the great work of supervision performed by Colonel Trevor, and the perhaps equally arduous and certainly more thankless labours of Colonel Colohan as President of the Jury Committees. Had the Exhibition been

held in Simla what a copious fall of decorations would have been outpoured ! But the provincial labourer seems not to be deemed worthy of Imperial hire.

A Memorandum on the Himalayan Snow-fall by the Meteorological Reporter to the Government of India declares an increase of the confidence that Mr. Blandford has for some time felt in the theory of a connection existing between the extent of the snow-covered area and the rainfall in the plains. Should further investigation confirm this view, a decided advance will have been made towards more trustworthy forecasts of the amount of the monsoon rains.

The Indian Review

No. 10.—JULY, 1884.

A NOBLE LIFE.

The Light of Asia: or the Great Renunciation. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., &c.

Short Chapters on Buddhism, Past and Present. By the Right Rev. J. H. Titcomb, first Bishop of Rangoon.

A LIFE passed in preaching the renunciation of passions and sins at a time when the Hindu world was steeped in depravity, and winning in a mendicant's robe more followers than were gained by the sword of Mahomet or the divinity of Christ, was surely well worthy a poet's song. In immortalising in verse the great renunciation of the world and the flesh by Gaudama, Mr. Arnold has given to us a poem of surpassing power and beauty, which for picturesqueness of language, vigour of expression, and rich Oriental colouring has not been equalled since Moore and Byron sung. We can afford to forgive the liberties taken by the poet with minor historical truths, for in engrafting on his subject the mythical legends and exaggeration of Buddhist writers, he has transformed the plain historical narration into a gorgeous picture, till we can fancy it a poetical chapter from the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

Given to the world at a time when the doctrine of Gaudama is engrossing much of human thought and human enquiry, not only by reason of the purity of his moral code, but on account of the discussions as to the meaning of a portion of his creed, this poem has

won a name and a fame amongst all creeds and races that will outlive the present generation. Recently we have read of European converts to Buddhism, and again we hear of an English lady obtaining permission from the French Government to erect a Buddhist place of worship, with the usual adjuncts of statues and paintings, in the heart of Paris. This may not have a wide significance, but at any rate it points to the greater interest now being taken in this remarkable doctrine.

For the better setting forth of his poetic power the author chose for his second title the earliest but most romantic episode in the hero's life, the "renunciation" of all worldly goods and ties, leaving the work of his life, the "great deliverance" of mankind from evil, for secondary treatment as affording less scope for dramatic effect.

Nothing could be more natural than that a period of the life of Gaudama Buddha, done into richly picturesque and elegant verse, should impart a glamour to the teachings of the yellow-robed mendicant, and will soon be the means of elevating his philosophy to the status of a religion. Mr. Arnold has so woven the historical with the mythical into one artistic whole, that it needs some amount of careful analysis to separate the true from the false; had he not drawn freely upon the highly coloured works of Buddhist writers, there would perhaps have been but scant room for the exercise of the poetic fancy.

Without doubt some of the interest which of late years has attached to the study of Buddhism is to be found in certain points of resemblance which it bears to Christianity. The message sent forth by Gaudama was called the "Great Deliverance," and this not to a nation but to the whole world. Buddha is also spoken of in the sacred writings of that creed as the Lord and Saviour of man, yet though his followers outnumber those of the Christian and Mahomedan religions, they are geographically inferior, never having passed beyond the limits of Asia. But there is an attractiveness about the simple heroism of the "renunciator" which even when viewed by the plain light of historic truth cannot fail to win the admiration of mankind; for it must be remembered that Gaudama, were he prince or peasant, preached against the errors and vanities of man's ways at a time when the Hindu mind was utterly steeped in depravity. Look at it how we may, it is indeed the record of a noble life, a life which according to its means of enlightenment stands forth in the world as unique: a life which it is impossible otherwise to regard than as an epitome of the longing of humanity for deliverance from

sin and misery, and of the struggle of the human heart which, even apart from divine revelation, takes place between good and evil.*

The simple story of his life is this. Born of noble but not royal parents, whose domicile was in a district of Oudh in Northern India, young Gaudama was early taught all that was then the knowledge of the wise. Gifted with much goodness, he was cherished by his father and carefully sheltered from all knowledge of evil. Wedded as he was to a wife of much beauty and many graces, his life appeared destined to flow on in an unbroken stream of happiness. But a chance visit to the world outside, contact with some phases of human misery and suffering, let in a flood of light upon his young mind, and with that came many days and nights of searching enquiry, ending in a conviction of the utter vanity of human nature. After long struggles between vanity, affection, and self-imposed conscientious duty, he resolved to go forth in the world and seek the truth and, when found, preach it to mankind. Exchanging his garments for those of a mendicant, he turned his back upon his father's home and bade adieu to all he loved therein. He sought the forest solitude and there for six long years in silence, fast, and contemplation he sought the truth but found it not. Then he went forth resolved to make wider search amidst mankind until he found the needed secret, and resting for many days and nights beneath a favourite Bo-tree, Gaudama suddenly awoke to the conception of a new philosophy—which many call a religion. This newly found philosophy was founded on lofty and ennobling ideas capable of producing living fruit had they not been blended and choked with fatal error. At first sight his teaching was beautiful. Universal love and benevolence, temperance, self-denial and virtue, and the effacement of all corrupt passions and worldly desires were the groundwork of his doctrine, but all this was blended with teachings of metaphysics altogether at variance with the notions of creation and a Creator, by denying the eternity of sensual life, whilst admitting the eternity of matter. How he lived as preacher and teacher, how he travelled, and how he converted, is but briefly touched upon by Mr. Arnold, who dwells with more fulness upon the home-glory of his early days, and the mighty sacrifice he made, when still so young, of all the things most dear to men.

In the "Light of Asia" we have a long recital of the fabled feats of wondrous strength performed by the young Gaudama before claiming his lovely bride, told with all the exaggeration of Eastern writers and taken over by Mr. Arnold in their entirety. However

overdrawn, his description of the lordly father's house and grounds converted into a royal palace with brazen gates, is a masterpiece of Oriental colouring.

Here is no novice sketch :—

By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White the pink veins ; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling ;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains—fringed
With lotus and nelumbo—danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses ; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms ; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices ;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendours of their trains, sedately watched
By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.

Such were the surroundings of our hero's early home. We can only glance at the elaborate account of the glories within those noble walls sheltering Gaudama and his bride Yasôdhara :—

Beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet ; a wonder of the world !
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell
Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendour of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright
Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's ;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath ;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm

Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings ; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara ; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting.

That nothing of mortal frailty or worldly suffering should mar the unsullied beauty of this fair young life, the watchful father gave word that within those happy walls no mention should be made of age or death, sorrow or sickness. If an attendant showed signs of aught like sickness she was banished. As every day dawned, the dying rose was plucked, the dead leaves hid. And the fond father hoped that thus within that pleasant prison-house his son might never know the world of misery without !

But this was not to be. We read how the son had yearnings to see something of the life outside, something of the people who made up the world, and how at length the king gave orders it should be so, but that when Gaudama went forth, the aged, sick, and lame should be put aside, the streets kept clean and fresh and naught unpleasant seen. The prince, after looking upon many streets and people's faces, came upon an old decrepid man bowed down with age and sickness. Struck by the novel sight, he asks if all will in the end come to that state and when told yes, his gladness is turned to sorrow. But for all that he yearns to see and know more of the outer world. His heart has been touched, and once more he asks permission to go forth and see what human life is like.

He sallies forth in disguise so that none know him, to see the sad and glad things of the town, down streets all painted and alive with the busy time of noon, the traders and the money-changers in their marts, the housewives bearing water from the wells with black-eyed babes athwart their hips :—

The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armourer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sākya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods ;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green ;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,

The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
 The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
 The humble toiling Sūdra ; here a throng
 Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
 Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
 Of *asp* and *nāg*, or charm the hooded death
 To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd ;
 There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
 With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
 To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife
 Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
 To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
 Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths
 Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
 For lamps and lotas.

In this sketch of city scenes and life Mr. Arnold is as happy and almost as picturesque as when describing the palace grounds and bridal chamber. Reality is all there, drawn by the hand of one who must often have looked upon such spots to paint so well and truly as he has done these busy haunts of Orientals. Before Gaudama had threaded many streets which first charmed, then shocked his gentle nature, he came on sights he had not dreamed of, the sick unto death, the palsied, the dead placed on the funeral pile and there mingled with the earth. Until that day he had seen nothing of human woe or suffering, only its brighter, happier phase, and now he learns for the first time the common destiny of flesh—"the high and low, the good and bad must die."

With the knowledge of all this evil strong in his mind, the whole tenor of his thoughts is changed, and with it the purpose of his life. It does not need long argument with himself ; though the struggle is sharp it is decisive. He sees "the vastness of the agony of earth, the vainness of its joys, the mockery of its best, the anguish of its error." The veil which blinded him is rudely rent asunder and his purpose is taken, to go forth and strive to save the world.

Nowhere in this poem is scene more deftly sketched with softest tenderest hues than in the passage describing the ante-chamber of the prince as it was tenanted on the night of the "great renunciation."

Within—

Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone,
 Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
 Paved with veined marble—softly fell her beams
 On such rare company of Indian girls,
 It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise—

• • • • •
 Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
 That you had said "This is the pearl of all!"
 Save that beside her or beyond her lay
 Fairer and fairer, till the pleased gaze
 Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
 From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,
 Caught by each colour till the next is seen.

* * * * * Here one lay full length,
 Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
 The little fingers still all interlaced,
 As when the last notes of her light song played
 Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.
 Another slumbered folding in her arms
 A desert-antelope, its slender head
 Buried with back sloped horns between her breasts
 Soft nestling; it was eating—when both drowsed—
 Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
 A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
 Between the deer's lips.

Strange and distressing dreams awoke Yasôdhara; turning to Gaudama then preparing for the renunciation, she told him all her fears and fancies. He chides but comforts her, bidding her take heart, for that what he seeks for all he seeks most for her. He watches her tenderly as she sleeps in tears. His course is clear. He seeks no victory save over sin and sorrow, for the cry—the woeful cry—of all living flesh had gone up to him and his soul is full of pity for the sickness of the world.

There is a lofty strain of pathos in the passage telling how he gazed and fled:

'Oh, mournful earth!

For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
 My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
 My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet queen,
 Harder to put aside than all the rest!
 Yet thee too I shall save, saving this earth:
 And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
 My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
 Whom if I wait to bless, my mind will fail.
 Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
 A little while the anguish of this hour,
 That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.
 Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
 Never to come again till what I seek
 Be found—if fervent search and strife avail.'

So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
 The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,

Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears ;
 And thrice around the bed in reverence,
 As though it were an altar, softly stepped
 With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
 'For never,' spake he, 'lie I there again !'
 And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
 So strong her beauty was, so large his love :
 Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
 And raised the purdah's edge.

We know not of any Buddhist legend which marks the birth of Gaudama's son after his departure from home, nor is it easy to understand why the poet should have rendered the story otherwise. Up to this point in the life of the new teacher there is but little divergence in the stories ; all are thus far agreed as to the course of occurrence ; it is from this time forward that the recitals, drawn up fully two centuries later, show oftentimes wide discrepancies. Of Gaudama's wanderings, of his temptation, his visions, his conflicts with evil spirits, we read the most vivid but exaggerated accounts, penned in the favourite style of Eastern writers. It is evidence from all these interpolations of evil spirits in the Buddhist history, that the writers of that day had already departed from the stern simplicity of his teachings, erroneous though these were, which forbade any belief in such beings of a world inconsistent with the true theory of future non-existence.

Riding from the city he takes leave, at some distance, of his trusty attendant by whose hands he sends back his sword and steed and messages for his father, who is told to forget him till he comes, ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom, which if he wins all the world is his, and he adds the significant line which so truly defines the distinction between the Christian's trusting faith and that of the self-sufficient Buddhist—

Since there is hope for man only in man.

Gaudama thenceforth is found buried in the silent solitude of the forest, where he passes six years of lonely self-denial and meditation. Here, whilst pondering over man's hard lot of many woes, he sees in contrast the beauty and the rich wealth of nature spread lavishly before him. Whilst he was gazing forth upon the sleeping earth ere day had woke over the fields, a murmur moves—

Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands
 And in the east that miracle of Day
 Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
 Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
 But soon—before the jungle-cock crows twice—
 A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,

High as the herald-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the King
Of Life and Glory cometh !

In the forest solitudes of the mountains the seeker after the truth and the Way continued his meditation, and at times wandered into villages and homesteads scattered along the fields and hillsides. He visits in his pilgrimages the cave abodes of certain Hindu devotees, stern ascetics, faquirs in fact, who, a gaunt and mournful band, had tortured their bodies in many cruel ways: some with arms uplifted for years from which all sense and motion had departed, others through whose clenched hands their finger nails had grown festering: some with gashed bodies and some self-maimed, eyeless and tongueless.

With these senseless devotees, these mistaken victims of delusive piety, Gaudama held long converse on the error of this life of cruel self-sacrifice, useless as it was hideous. He points to nature above them ever beautiful, ever graceful, as a living witness against them and their horrid practices,—but his voice was raised in vain and he passed onwards, thus warning the holy madmen :—

‘ Oh, flowerets of the field ! ’ Siddārtha said,
‘ Who turn your tender faces to the sun—
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned,
Silver and gold and purple—none of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil
Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms ! which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
What secret know ye that ye grow content,
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,
Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns ?
Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees—
Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bulbuls, doves,—
None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs !
But man, who slays ye—being lord—is wise,
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth
In self-tormentings ! ’

In his earlier days Gaudama had received instruction in the Hindu tenets as they were then known and practised ; a Brahmin

of the Brahmins, he had been taught the importance of an hereditary priesthood, of winning grace which should hereafter entitle the faithful to absorption into the essence of divinity, and above all of the virtues of ritualistic observances and even of austerities as leading to merit. At this period of his life, although still a searcher for that truth which was to prove the great deliverance of the world, he had already rejected the hollow mockeries of religious practices as seen in the austerities of a faquir's life. He went through the world proclaiming universal peace and love and equality, overlapped by universal charity. No doubt he won thousands to his following by the word "equality,"—all, even the meanest, were eligible for the priesthood, in strong contrast with the Hindu system which elevated the sacred calling to a *caste*, exalted above all others.

The earlier teachings of the founder of this new form of philosophy gave no countenance to caste distinctions, yet, strange to say, save in the matter of the priesthood, caste has lived on and flourished, an after-growth or perhaps we should rather say an under-growth too deeply rooted for complete eradication.

A beautiful little parable is placed on record, relating to the early ministration of Gaudama, in which he conveys a touching lesson to a poor Hindu mother with her dead babe on her arm, who seeks from him some medicine that may bring the dead child back to life. He bids her take a measure of black mustard seed, but tells her that if it is to have any virtue it must not come from any hand or house whose father, mother, child, or slave had died. The weeping mother seeks, but in vain. At every threshold she encounters the same sad story of death within that home: not one but had known its bitterness: not one but had bowed before the victory of the grave. She returns to the teacher and beseeches him to tell her where she may find that seed yet find no death.

'My sister! thou hast found,' the Master said,
 'Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
 I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
 Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
 The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
 Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
 Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
 Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
 O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
 As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
 I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!'

In a pine wood beneath the snow-clad Himalayas, in sylvan solitudes, month after month, the seeker after wisdom dwelt, still meditating on the secrets of the silence, whence all come, the secrets of the glories whereto all go, and on the life that lies between, like some wide arch spanning the azure sky from cloud to cloud,

Mists for its masonry and vapoury piers.

Here it was that he was to achieve the great final victory over all human passion and subdue the heart of man to wisdom. Under the shadow of the spreading Bo-tree, revered to this day, the thinker sat, until the hour had come—the night that ages waited for. Then, according to the legends of those far-off days, the tempters came, and the poet takes occasion to make much of what the mythic books have in them as to the way and fashion of the tempting. Terrors are tried in vain ; then pleasant scenes equally in vain, and lastly a phantasy of his own wife, Yasôdhara, with outstretched arms pleads earnestly with one who is not moved by such devices. The tempters scatter, and left alone, the seeker after truth sees all before him : the way of life, still linked and bound to sorrow as its shadow ; sees that only when life ceases will it cease, and that thus the only freedom is when the aching craze to live ends and life glides to nameless quiet, nameless joy—

Blessed Nirwana, sinless, stirless rest,
That change which never changes.

This portion of the poem, though clogged with subtle metaphysics which weigh down much verse that otherwise were bright, can still be read at times with pleasure ; there are in it touches of happy thoughts and pleasant imagery which redeem the heavy ruggedness of many pages. Thus the calm beauty of the morning after that glorious night of victory is told in glowing words : how, far and near, in homes of men was spread an unknown peace : how evil hearts grew gentle, and kind hearts gentler, whilst golden splendours flooded the skies. We are told too how a sudden friendship grew up amongst the creatures of the flood and field :

Spotted deer

Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks ;
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing ;
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam,
With deadly fangs in sheath ; the shrike let pass
The nestling-finch ; the emerald halcyons
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—

Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick
 Around his perch ; the Spirit of our Lord
 Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
 Even while he mused under that Bodhi-tree,
 Glorified with the Conquest gained for all
 And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

The visit of the Buddha to the scenes of his early life, to see his Rajah father once again and hold converse with her, the widowed mother of his child, though transmuted into heroics in the poem, was, according to Pali records whose accuracy there is no reason for doubting, a very simple matter. As he drew near the town, clad in yellow robes, shaven, with begging bowl in hand, his father and uncles with many followers went forth to meet and greet him, but there is no mention of the son then fully seven years old, whilst Yasôdhara, we are told, remained within to see if he would ask for her or show any signs of former affection. As he entered the house, she drew near and seeing him for the first time as a mendicant, so changed from his former self and yet so calm, so gracious, she flung herself at his feet and wept as she embraced them. The records to which we refer however are silent as to what passed between them ; all we are told is that, later on, the father and the wife became his followers in faith, and how Yasôdhara ultimately became the head of the first Buddhist monastery established by Gaudama.

In the poem which deals with these incidents the preacher's return home is related with much circumstance, and descriptions are given of his approach and of the messengers who proclaim his coming from afar. Two traders having seen him on his way tell of it to the people of the house and these relate it to the widowed wife :

Then—while the glad blood bounded in her veins
 As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows
 Melt at her springs—uprose Yasôdhara
 And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming tears
 Beading her lashes. 'Oh ! call quick,' she cried,
 "These merchants to my purdah, for mine ears
 Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.
 Go bring them in,—but if their tale be true,
 Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,
 With gems that kings shall envy : come ye too,
 My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this
 If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart.'

The king, as Gaudama's father is always styled, sent forth nine nobles to bid his son welcome ; the princess sent a like number with many loving messages. How he is received, how welcomed by the princess in her litter at the city walls, is prettily told, and, still

more touchingly, how the teacher walking between his wife and father expounds to them the new-found treasure by which all are saved. And finally we read :—

The y came
Into the palace-porch, Suddhōdana
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes
Of sweet Yasōdhara and sunned her tears ;
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

The poem is written as though coming from a follower of the yellow-robed prophet, who is made to speak of him as "our lord and our master," and on whose lips therefore warm words of worshipful devotion are appropriate ; in this sense the story is consistent ; it is consistent moreover in this, that the books handed down for many generations in Pali and Sanskrit say little of the teacher's life and work after his home-coming. After that we read of little else than scattered stories embodying his creed and precepts. Mr. Arnold makes the teller of this story of a noble life say in the last portion of the poem, that being a late-come scribe he has not wit to speak beyond the books, and that time has blurred them and their sense which once was new and mighty. But this cannot be truly said. The books we know are as they ever were and learned scholars who have compared them one with another know that this is so.

The poem concludes with an address by Buddha to his father, wife, and son, dealing with the teachings of his new-found faith in universal love and world-wide pity. Going over the various paths of duty which lead up to the blessed state, he ends by pointing out the rich blessedness of "Nirvana," of the winner of which we are told in one line—

Him the Gods envy from their lower seats.

It is difficult to reconcile the allusion to "the gods" on their lower seats, in dealing with a creed which denies, as Buddhism certainly does, all eternal existences ; for, as we read further on,—

If any teach NIRVANA is to cease,
Say unto such they lie,
If any teach NIRVANA is to live,
Say unto such they err.

The teacher brought his address to a close by bidding his hearers study the *first rules* of life aright :—

Kill not—for Pity's sake and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force, or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie ;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse ;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

Touch not thy neighbour's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

All this is told with many poetical accessories of language, but there need be no reason to doubt what we read as to the final result—that father, wife and son joined the great company of believers, as well they might ; for, apart from the metaphysical portion of his teaching and from his own personal influence, there was that in his doctrine which could not fail to win admiration from a world hitherto accustomed to the coarse voluptuousness of degenerated Hinduism.

The death of the prophet, who by his teaching had given light to Asia, is told in few and simple words. It is touched upon as lightly as possible, without reference to the progress of his mission, which there is reason for believing was far greater shortly after his death than it had been previously. The concluding lines of this remarkable poem make reference to the final passing away according to Buddha's teaching.

The dew is on the lotus ! Rise, good sun !
And lift my leaf and mix me with the wave.

..... The sunrise comes !

The dewdrop slips into the shining sea !

So passed away one of the most remarkable teachers the world has known, a teacher who, with the most simple means at his command, won by his own earnest words and through the faithful steadfast teachings of his disciples millions upon millions of the human race. How all this came to pass, how the new faith spread to the utmost parts of Asia and in time became extinct or nearly so in the place where it first saw light ; how in the course of years it lost its first simplicity and purity and became a tissue of superstition and idolatry ; how too it has exercised some influence on the western world of thought ; all this is well worth a few brief notes in illustration of the strikingly beautiful poem from which we have been quoting.

Buddhism, though very widely differing from Brahmanism, was but an evolution from it ; the two hold many things in common. But the faith and truth as inculcated by their founder have undergone great changes, for, there is this in Buddhism, that it has ever adapted itself to the customs and observances of the country to which it

made its way. Thus in Ceylon, it became allied to devil-worship and many forms of Hinduism, which though not adopted in practice by the priesthood, were not discouraged by them but rather connived at. In China it became allied to the worship of deceased ancestors; in Burmah to that of good and evil spirits; whilst, in regard to caste observances, these have always been tacitly admitted, though not to the same extent as with Brahmanism. So far from intending to found a new creed or religion, Buddha had in view only to purify and elevate the old faith. The chief novelty in his teachings lay in the repudiation of all reliance on sacrificial rites and self-inflicted austerities, and in the enforcement only of moral and intellectual culture. That his doctrine of universal religious equality, and the elevation of women should have acted as a charm with a people so simple as the Hindus was but natural: A dozen years after the commencement of his public ministry his doctrines are said to have spread over sixteen kingdoms or countries in Hindoostan. During every dry season he journeyed from city to city proclaiming the law and the paths. During the rainy season he occupied himself partly in meditation, partly in holding converse with his disciples, instructing them in his doctrines and hearing them repeat the lessons of wisdom.

The various Buddhist scriptures in the countries to which that teaching spread, have all their records of the date and manner of its introduction, and there is this noteworthy fact in connection with the Buddhist propaganda, that wherever it was proclaimed it became, within a short space of time, the belief of that country; it took root and spread from village to village, from district to district.

How it came about that in the course of not many centuries the faith became extinct within the lands where it was first taught, is not recorded. Of its gradual degeneracy amongst the nations there can be no doubt. The first council of its followers, held shortly after the death of the Buddha, consisted of five hundred. It was held in a cave, and if proof were needed of the profuse extravagance of many of the Buddhist records, we might cite what they tell us of the preparation made for the meeting of the simple disciples of a simple teacher: how it was adorned with gold, silver, and gems, curtains of many colours being hung around it; also that the seats were covered with cloth and that seven circles of guards, some of whom were on horses and elephants, acted as their attendants outside the cave; all this is entirely opposed to the rules and orders which that assembly was then convened to consider.

The use of images has sprung up since the Buddha's death ; at the same time it should be noted that no offerings of prayer are ever made to these nor does prayer properly so called form any part of the Buddhist ritual ; the praying-wheel of the Thibetans is used not for prayer as we mean it, but as a religious exercise. The Buddhist writings indeed say : " It is bootless to worship the Buddha : it is only necessary to revere him. Statues are useful only in so far as they refresh the memory. He is revered in this way in recognition of his blameless life, the supreme wisdom which enabled him to teach the law, and the great compassion and benevolence with which he regarded all living things."

As Buddhism has received a colouring in process of time from the faiths of lands whither it has gone, so in its turn it has indirectly exercised an unseen influence in various parts of the world, in its earliest days as well as in its latest. There is so much in the teachings of the Divine Founder of our own religion closely allied to Buddhist wisdom, that it is easy to believe in the transmission of such learning by "wise men from the East" travelling in the company of those great trading caravans, which at the time made their slow way across India reaching Europe by way of Palestine. Can we not imagine the Son of Joseph up to his years of manhood, holding converse with some of those who brought from the far off East not only the muslins of Dacca, the inlaid work of Delhi, and the rich porcelain ware of China, but the sermons of Buddha and the lessons of Confucius who two hundred years before had first spoken those marvellous words—"Love others as thyself."

Having dwelt upon the bright side of Buddhism, we propose, before bringing this paper to a close, to say a few words as to its dark side. To begin, it denies the existence of a supreme being whose power is only equalled by his love for suffering humanity ; it recognises no eternity and therefore no hope of everlasting happiness ; and where there is no hope of such, there can be no real consolation for man, who is told his only refuge is in "Buddha and the law," or self-help derived from personal merit. The attainment of "Nirwana" which is the Buddhist miserable substitute for eternity, can only be achieved by the exercise of an entire abandonment of the World, possible only for the priesthood. The Buddha inculcated the creed that "from love comes grief, from love comes fear. He who is free from love knows neither grief nor fear." This implies that in order to become entitled to the highest gift held out by Buddhism, the votary must renounce all kindly affections, all those sympathies which bind together Christian men whose idea of a

Saviour is that of the eternal incarnation of love, the perpetuation of holy affections in this world and in the world to come.

Look where we will in the Buddhist work, we find only degeneration and decay blended with the foulest superstition. It contains within it no element of regeneration. In Ceylon, so neglected are the temples of the towns and villages that the Government has been solicited by the Buddhist laity to introduce some legislation to compel the priesthood to rightly expend the rents derived from temple lands. Not only is this so with the Buddhist buildings, but the people are devoid of those aspirations which help to elevate a nation. It is a faith that is fatal to all effort. As Brahmanism was the childhood of the Eastern religious mind absorbed only in worldly pleasures, so Buddhism grew from a time of youth and enquiry; the manhood of the East, rendering the people capable of attaining a position of nationality, will be Christianity.

Spencer Hardy in his work on Buddhism tells us that its sacred books contain a prophecy of its extinction five thousand years after the death of the Buddha. The prophecy in question declares that this extinction will take place at five distinct periods of decay :—

1. An epoch when attainment of the paths which lead to Nirwana will be no longer possible.
2. An epoch when observation of the precepts by the priesthood will cease.
3. An epoch when all understanding of Pali, which is the language of the sacred books, will cease.
4. An epoch when the priesthood will cease.
5. An epoch when all the relics of Buddha will disappear.

Much of the above prophecy has been already realized; the remaining portion will follow as it is following.

There have been and are to-day in Ceylon Buddhist revivals, but they lack vitality and will not endure.

JOHN CAPPER.

THE NEW CRITICISM.

NO reader, howsoever unaccustomed he may be to the survey of wide horizons, can have failed to notice the remarkable change which has passed over our literature of criticism during a period which may be roughly defined as the last half century. What could possibly be more different from Lord Macaulay's *Edinburgh Review* estimate of Byron, which touched the highest tide-mark of the criticism of fifty years ago; than such an essay as that on the same great poet, from the pen of Mr. Swinburne, which exhibits very clearly some of the most characteristic qualities of the criticism of our own day? The change is not one of mere externals of style, though even in these the transformation is noteworthy enough; it lies in the adoption of a new method, the assumption of a new attitude. From the days of Johnson to those of Macaulay the critic regarded himself, and was regarded by others, mainly as a judge; though the functions he performed often bore a stronger resemblance to those of a policeman or at the best of a special pleader. His supposed duty was to preserve good order in the republic of letters, by investigating the characters of new claimants to citizenship therein, and occasionally by a re-examination of the pretensions of those who had long been naturalised on qualifications of doubtful sufficiency. The method employed was the application of certain tests which were susceptible of easy statement and comprehension, and the result of the ordeal was the acceptance or rejection of the candidate. The tests undoubtedly varied from time to time: in the essay of Lord Macaulay just mentioned the writer, for example, contends that the eighteenth century standards of correctness in poetry were themselves incorrect and untrustworthy; but he never doubts that there *are* standards, and he applies them with a confidence quite equal to that of his erring predecessors.

What these standards were is not now a matter of much consequence, for it has come to be seen that as poetry like all art is, an imaginative record of vision, or expression of thought, or utterance of emotion, no set of rules or array of

precedents can ever furnish adequate measurements of it; but that it can only be judged, because it can only be truly known, by a sympathetic entrance into the mood, transient or constant, of which it is the outcome, the bright consummate flower. The spiritual things of art, as of religion, can only be spiritually discerned, and it is the recognition of this fact which has given to the New Criticism its special character; which is the secret of its strength and of what often seems to be, and sometimes is, its counterbalancing weakness. "On the whole," says Professor Dowden in the preface to his *Studies in Literature*, "I have cared more to understand than to object; I have tried rather to interpret than to judge;" and I doubt whether it would be possible to indicate more briefly, and at the same time more fully, the essential difference between the attitudes of the old and the new schools of criticism.

Critics like Johnson and Macaulay took their understanding of an author for granted, considering the due apportionment of praise and blame as their special business; and they would have regarded as either an insanity or an impertinence, possibly as both, an estimate of their office which assigned to it an interpretative rather than a judicial function. They did good work in their day, work which we could ill afford to lose; but they failed to perceive that the most ambitious achievement is not necessarily the most valuable, and that the patient enquiry which enables us to see what any object of criticism really is must be of more permanent worth than an authoritative declaration of what, in the critic's opinion, it ought to be.

And as the former task is the more desirable, so is it, in spite of superficial appearances to the contrary, also the more difficult. Provide any literary hack of fair intelligence with a set of the critical axioms which happen to be temporarily in favour, and he will provide an unimpeachable estimate of Shakspeare; but to interpret Shakspeare, to precipitate the essential but volatile essence which every page of the plays and the poems holds in solution, is work which demands a something Shaksperian in the man who undertakes it. The clown can judge the philosopher, and his verdict will doubtless be acceptable to his brother clowns, but the philosopher can only be interpreted by some fellow-lover of wisdom. Indeed this task of interpretation makes such large demands that the younger generation of critics implicitly confess that it is an ideal which can never be realised, though it must never be lost sight of; and some of the most fruitful criticism of this generation aims less at giving an exhaustive account of its subjects than at recording the purely individual impressions made by them on the mind of some one

person who, though drawn to his task by a measure of appreciative sympathy, makes no claim to that identity of spirit which alone could produce absolutely faithful spiritual portraiture. Abandoning the attempt to sit above the artist and pronounce judgment upon him, presuming not even to stand upon a level with him and raise the veil which covers the secrets of personality, the disciple of the new criticism is content to look upward from below, and simply to set down what he sees and feels, without any assumption that his record exhausts all that is to be seen and felt.

The work of the latter-day critic, therefore, in the very spirit and essence of it, has a certain vital affinity to the work of the original artist; indeed, were it possible to compress into any one formula the real nature of the change which has passed over criticism, one might say that it has ceased to be a mock science and has become a real art. The man who broods over a book or muses before a picture, and who then sets himself to record his vision in such wise that it may become visible to those for whom he writes, is—unless we use words in some technical and non-natural sense—as truly a creator as the poet or painter who takes some bit of landscape, or situation in history, or immemorial legend, and reproduces it in ordered words or in lines and colours, not caring so much for the thing in itself (though no great artist is ever consciously unveracious), but for the thing as it mirrors itself in the still depths of his receptive imagination, and therefore striving to make others see as he sees, feel as he feels, and know as he knows.

To any who contend that the original creator deals with the natural while the critic deals with the artificial, the only reply must be that such a contention makes words our tyrants instead of our servants. Man is a part of nature, and the results of his spontaneous activity—the *Paradise Lost*, the *Laocoon*, the *Old Time-travellers*—are, in the last analysis, as truly natural products as the dam of the beaver and the nest of the robin. The criticism of *Hamlet* in *Wilhelm Meister* is, in its degree, as genuine a creation as *Hamlet* itself, for it is an addition to the world's stock of imaginative possessions; and indeed the prevalent conception of criticism as something entirely different from and lower than creation is a survival from a time when the former was an altogether mechanical process—the mere application of a foot-rule, the use of which might be acquired by any soulless journeyman of literature. A prosaic summing-up of the alleged merits and defects of a work of art, followed by a judicial striking of the balance, will probably be an

unedifying and certainly a sterile performance; an imaginative rendering of the secret of a great artist is as stimulating and fruitful as the great artist's own rendering of his chosen theme. If we owe much to Shelley for his immortal interpretation of the song of the skylark, we owe a similar debt to the critic who can interpret Shelley; and the poet, like the bird, can be interpreted only by a faithful reproduction of the stamp struck by his spirit on some other spirit made yielding and impressible by subtle sympathies.

Of course the interpretation will be partial, but on any theory of criticism save one which assumes the omniscience of the critic, this is inevitable, and its partialness does not hinder it from being veracious as far as it goes. How perfect, how satisfying is Shelley's *Skylark* of which I have just spoken, but then how equally perfect and satisfying is the *Skylark* of Wordsworth, a poem in every way so far removed from it, pitched in so different a key and leaving the reader in such a diverse mood. And the partial interpretation of criticism is in its way as precious as the partial interpretation of poetry; indeed neither is really partial when considered as it ought to be considered, less as a presentation of the object itself than of its reflection in the mind of the poet or the critic. Often too the value of these reflections is exalted not by literal veracity of duplication, but by what may be called, though foolishly, its unverity;—by some subtle modulation of line or heightening of expression which does not falsify but transfigures, giving us as a result something which with all its gracious newness has the inexplicable charm of things old and long familiar.

I said just now that criticism had ceased to be a mock science, and in so saying spoke perhaps too unreservedly, for there are doubtless those who still maintain its quasi-scientific pretensions. Many readers yet in early middle age remember the appearance, in their years of budding manhood and leafage of thought, of a book by that suggestive and pleasant writer, the late Mr. E. S. Dallas, written to expound and defend the thesis that criticism is a true science, and that it can have any value only when it follows a scientific method. The title of the work, *The Gay Science*, had old associations which rendered it at first sight somewhat enigmatical, but its significance and its relevance were soon made apparent. Accepting the theory, which he had little difficulty in showing to be absolutely unassailable, that though art may have various methods it has but one universal end—pleasure, Mr. Dallas went on to contend that criticism must concern itself with a scientific examination of the nature of pleasure in the abstract, and of the various concrete forms of it.

proceeding then to judge of the rank of any work of art by the comparative dignity of the kind of pleasure which it aims to produce, and then by the success with which it produces it.

Never perhaps was there a better illustration of the head of gold and the feet of clay than this curious conception of the office of criticism. That the object of all art is pleasure is indeed a most pregnant truth, and Mr. Dallas's pages are admirably calculated to effect the conversion of those who reject or doubt it, but just because it is a truth a science of criticism is for ever impossible. With much constant skill and occasional subtlety of dialectic Mr. Dallas combats the more ingenious and recondite objections to his theory; but he misses, as even the acutest of special pleaders are wont to miss, a difficulty which is as obvious as it is insurmountable. Science deals, and can only deal with things constant, definite, and measureable; and the laws which deal with the relations and successions of these things, having been once discovered, can be applied by any one who has ever grasped their meaning and their range. But pleasure is neither constant, definite, nor measureable; it is frail and fleet—

More frail than the shadows on glasses,

More fleet than a wave or a rhyme;

It is shapeless and nameless, for, while laborious metaphysics may construct some definition of pleasure as a mere abstraction, each actual thrill is unspeakable and undefinable, a something which can be hinted in symbols but never formulated in propositions; and lastly it is elusive and incalculable, for who can give an account of the generation of the delight which he receives from a sentence of Sir Thomas Browne or a song of Herrick in the same way that he can describe the genesis of a salt from the union of an acid and an alkali? Were criticism a science it might be taught like chemistry in a course of lectures or in a five-year's apprenticeship; but how are we to teach the recognition of the natural magic of De Quincey's noblest prose or of Blake's most aerial verse; how communicate that added sense which takes knowledge not merely of broad differences between art and art, but of varying semitones of sentiment and faint accentuations of emotion? The method of science is classification; but it is not possible, and, were it possible, the achievement would be altogether devoid of edification, to label the pleasure derived from the sublimities of the *Inferno*, the subtleties of *Hamlet*, the quaint delicacies of the *Essays of Elia*, and assign to each its rank in the kingdom of joy.

Every reader must by necessity of nature distribute his honours as he will, and the critic who distributes them in public

searches in vain for external rule or precedent to be his guide, and has to resign himself to the free impulses of the spirit. In the region of criticism we come under the domination of a law of relativity: not of thought so much as of emotional apprehension: the critic cannot say what this or that poem or picture is in itself, but simply what it is to him, and his judgment is judged, and can only be judged, by the reader's instinctive feeling of the presence or the absence of the true sympathetic and interpretative sensibility.

The recognition, therefore, of the fact that the end of all art is pleasure, so far from leading the critic of our time to regard criticism as a science, compels him positively to deny its scientific pretensions, and to admit that he is not the exponent of any code of eternal and immutable laws, but a mere recorder of personal impressions. The value of the record will, of course, depend partly upon the truth and sharpness of the impressions themselves, and partly upon the fidelity of their translation into language. The ideal critic must have the swift keenness of sensibility which makes him alive to those faint and all but impalpable *nuances* which differentiate tone from tone, style from style, and which are often more essential notes of distinction than the broad dissimilarities which are obvious to all the world. Of course he must also have thorough command of his vehicle of expression, that supreme command which confers on style the quality of distinction; but it is this fine æsthesia, this cultured sensibility, which is the one thing needful; for wherever it exists it may generally be trusted to find for itself all fitting expressional forms. A living writer touches the very heart of the matter when he says that of every artist, pictorial, plastic, or literary, the chief question which a critic has to ask and answer is simply this—"What is the peculiar sensation, what is the peculiar quality of pleasure which his work has the property of exciting in us and which we cannot get elsewhere?"

It is unnecessary to point out the distinguishing worth of criticism which fulfils these conditions. Expatiation talk about the merits and defects of a writer, the rules to which he conforms, and the school to which he belongs, may be interesting, and in its way instructive; but it leaves our knowledge of him a purely external thing—a matter of report and rumour instead of a vital intimacy. Lord Macaulay's estimate of Byron is, like everything else of his, an able production, full of intelligence which, if somewhat hard, is always bright and keen; but if, before reading it, we know nothing of Byron's work, how vague, inconsistent, and altogether false would be

our impression of its "peculiar quality." If we turn from it to Mr. Swinburne's essay we breathe at once a different atmosphere, and experience an altogether new set of sensations. I am no fanatical or indiscriminating admirer of Mr. Swinburne's critical work; his thought and feeling, as I must show later on, often lack proportion and moderation, and his style too frequently tends to become extravagant and incoherent—to degenerate into a mere torrent of words in which not merely the body but the finer spirit of thought is drowned; but it is certain that in this essay one does get something which is not to be found in the earlier critic's business-like and balanced summing-up. With the truth or falsehood of Macaulay's opinions I have nothing now to do: my contention is that what Mr. Swinburne gives or strives to give is of more value and significance than any opinions, howsoever true they may be. One is disquisition; the other is at the least an endeavour after portraiture; and the former bears the same relation to the latter that the daisy of a botanical treatise bears to the daisy which blooms in the verse of Chaucer and Burns and Wordsworth, or the *signalement* of a passport to a pictured canvas of Mr. Watts. In one we see costume or, at most, feature; in the other, expression and soul.

It need hardly be said that as this latter-day criticism has its distinguishing virtues so it has also its peculiar weaknesses. It has qualities for the most part external rather than central, which lend themselves readily to caricature, and the caricaturists have assuredly not neglected them. There happen to be many people in the world who can appreciate the humour of a travesty much more fully than they can appreciate the real worth of the thing travestied, and consequently there is a widely prevalent opinion that the criticism of the new school is an affected, unintelligible, and on the whole rather silly thing. Nothing, for example, has ever provided finer material for the laughter of Philistine coteries than the habit of using in one sphere of artistic criticism terms imported from another; as when a writer speaks of the *light* and *shade* of musical instrumentation, of the *modelling* of a poem, or of the *key* of colour in which a picture is painted. The use of language in such a manner is undoubtedly hazardous; it may easily become extravagant and absurd; but only by taking the risk of absolute failure can some of the most splendid successes of expression be achieved, and the embodiment in words of the finer shades of sensation demands all the available resources of language. It is a matter of universal consciousness that the same sensibilities are reached through very different avenues of sensuous approach, and if we are affected

emotionally by a movement in a sonata in the same way that we are affected by the tender colour of some pictorial masterpiece, it is difficult to see why an identical sensation should not be interpreted by identical symbols. These transferences of phrase may easily become a trick and degenerate into cant, but this cannot be regarded as their final condemnation, for no cant was always cant; there was doubtless a time when even the "Correggiosity of Correggio" had its meaning, and when it was a mark of insight to "praise the pictures of Pietro Perugino."

Nor is there much more real force in the objection frequently brought against the critics of the new school that they are often obscure and occasionally unintelligible. In all ages unconventionality in literary work has been called obscurity, but the verdict of indolent readers who took it for granted that an unfamiliar form of expression must necessarily be meaningless has often been reversed by the judgment of posterity. To readers of the present day it seems impossible to believe that by many of his contemporaries Gray was considered a very obscure poet, and our children will wonder with a great amazement what it was in the writings of such men as Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Carlyle that their earlier critics could possibly consider difficult to be understood. I would not say that the objection is absolutely destitute of any foundation in fact. In the noblest literary works—take for example Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*—there are passages which are absolutely unintelligible in the sense that it is impossible to find in them any thought whose outlines are sharp enough to allow of its being expressed in the explicit prose of a leading article, but these very passages are the fullest of significance to those readers whose emotional sensibilities are most keenly impressed not by the mere meaning of words and phrases, but by what may be called their atmosphere of spiritual suggestion. Still, an employment of language which may be legitimate in verse may be less legitimate in prose, where we want body as well as bouquet, and I am inclined to think that one or two of our later critics occasionally put to an undue strain the possibilities of their chosen vehicle. Not the less, however, should those who condemn them bear in mind that even in prose the rendering of impressions demands a wider expressional gamut than the rendering of ideas, that fewer and more familiar words will suffice to tell what we think than to describe what we feel, and that the language of figure and symbol, by which alone complexities of emotional sensation can ever be expressed, must be less universally intelligible, must stand in greater need of sympathy

tic interpretation, than the hackneyed and prosaic forms of the market-place and the forum.

There is more insight in the estimate (which is doubtless oftener a vague feeling than a recorded judgment) of the new criticism as a form of literature that is somewhat wanting in robustness and virility. Most thoughtful men will admit that our national tendency is to exaggerate the value of these qualities, but they certainly have a value; and no literary work from which they are absent has the promise and potency of permanent vitality. They are not absent from the pages of our later critics, but one cannot help feeling that a little more of them would give to our present day criticism a solidity and a momentum which it does not always possess. In striving after subtlety nothing is more fatally easy than to fall into limp diffuseness and long-drawn expatiation; to saunter round a theme instead of making directly for the heart of its mystery; to elaborate until in the midst of the elaboration we lose all apprehension of the quality whose peculiar difference it is the aim of the critic to show forth. Who dare say that these dangers have been altogether escaped? Certainly not the writer of these pages, though he must in honesty confess against himself that he has frequently drawn the most poignant immediate pleasure from passages which, in spite of their haunting, evanescent, exotic beauty, have struck him upon a second perusal as wanting in grip, in relevance, in what Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in speaking of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, calls "the core of common sense."

Mr. Swinburne in that very essay on Byron of which I have spoken has a passage which illustrates this particular weakness of the new method. He has been impressed, as every true appreciator of Byron must be impressed, by the pre-eminent greatness of *Don Juan*, and not merely by the fact, but by the peculiar quality of its sovereignty,—its resemblance to the sea in its vitality, its variousness, its salt, bracing atmosphere, with its perennial power of excitement and stimulation. Now this is a finely interpretative simile: it compels us to recognise what we may not have recognised before, the curiously oceanic character of Byron's masterpiece; but Mr. Swinburne falls in love, or seems to fall in love with his own figure, and follows the comparison out into far fetched intricacies of correspondence, in the midst of which we lose sight of *Don Juan* altogether, and are conscious of nothing but an overwhelming splendour of affluent rhetoric. Nor is this an exceptional passage. Its literary power and beauty, apart from any merits or defects as mere criticism, impress it upon the memory, but other illustrations may be found in plenty by him who seeks them. It does not necessarily suffice

for criticism that a critic should feel vividly and exquisitely the informing virtue of the work concerning which he discourses; it does not suffice that he should utter this vivid and exquisite sensation daintily or eloquently; he must express it adequately, never allowing the outlines of thought to be lost in a haze of emotion, but leaving them sufficiently distinct to be impressed on the perception and not merely guessed at by the imagination. That our new critics should at times fail in this respect may be inevitable; for we all have the defects of our virtues; but they are defects none the less, and are dangerously liable to be confounded with the virtues of which they are the shadow.

Perhaps the greatest real weakness of the new criticism is one from which, at first thought, we should suppose it must of necessity be free. When a man has no critical rules to enforce, but only certain individual impressions to record, it may to some seem impossible that he should come under the bondage of the dogmatic narrowness of the earlier criticism. His implicit admission that he can only take cognizance of the stamp struck on his own consciousness ought surely, they think, to save him from the magisterial tone of those who considered themselves the exponents of hoary traditions which had hardened into immutable laws.

Nor can it be doubted that in this respect one most beneficial change has been effected. Men do not now suffer disenfranchisement in the commonwealth of letters, because they lack some special qualifications which have been approved by the wisdom of the ancients. There are now no standards nonconformity to which is counted a crime; nay, nonconformity is recognised as a merit whenever the nonconformist can show that his particular differentia is an addition to the world's precious things of thought and emotion. A new work of literature or art has to justify itself, to prove its right to exist, not by its likeness to things at present existing but rather by some strange and subtle individuality, by its affecting us in some new and delightful way, and thrilling some chord with an unfamiliar touch.

It need hardly be said that this is a gain, and one which it is not easy to over-estimate; but it is not a gain which is altogether without alloy. There is a dogmatism of taste as well as a dogmatism of opinion, and the former is really more perilous than the latter, because it does not admit of the tempering and correction of debate. Discordant sensations differ from opposed thoughts in having no common ground: *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and the authoritative

character of the impression whose existence is the only evidence of its right to exist, is enforced with greater strenuousness and even virulence than that of the opinion which rests upon facts and reasons, and, if necessary, can be supported by them.

It is not really a surprising but rather a necessary thing that one who refines his sensibilities until they realize their full possibilities of keen poignancy, and who does this in order that he may receive from every object a thrill so exquisitely modulated as to interpret to him its secret, should assign to these vibrations of these nerves of the spirit a measure of absolute authority to which they have no real claim. It was said of Southey by the great critic who has been more than once mentioned as a representative of the older school, that what he called his opinions were in reality only his tastes; but Southey's political and social conclusions were probably held more instead of less firmly because they were reached by an æsthetic rather than by a logical pathway; and in the critical work of some writers of our own day—notably I think in the work of Mr. Matthew Arnold—we sometimes see individual taste, which does not even take the trouble to disguise itself as opinion, pronouncing judgments in a court where its only right is to give evidence or at the most to plead.

We cannot, as Goethe reminds us, jump off our shadow, and perhaps, it is not in human nature always to refrain from identifying our impressions of things with the things themselves, of assigning to views which are an outcome of associated sensations the authority of universal prescriptions of reason. Still it is clear that the most pressing duty of the present day critic is to be on his guard against this tendency, to order himself in such a manner that he may not sin against the law under which he has chosen to live and work, the law of restraint, and of silence even from wise words if they seem to claim any right beyond the right to testify of things seen and felt.

What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? What boon has the method of the new criticism? What is it likely to do for us in the way of permanent benefit? Of some of its peculiar qualities I have already spoken, but I am inclined to think that its best gift is the stimulation of our desire for things desirable, and the quickening of our delight in things delightful. The older criticism tried to illustrate the art of judging; the new criticism strives to initiate us into the noble art of enjoying. A friend of mine declares that it always makes him thirsty to read Mr. D. G. Rossetti's sonnet

For a Venetian Pastoral by Giorgione, or those lines in Keats's Ode to a Nightingale, which begin—

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth ;

and criticism does its best for us when it excites in us the constant thirst for things which, in virtue of their beauty or of some other precious quality, are for ever refreshing and satisfying ; when it points out to us wells, full and deep, of unfailing delight. The moment it sits down by any one spring, and disregards the currents which flow from other sources, the moment its high celebrations of one wine of the spirit are mixed with depreciations of some other vintage—it forsakes its calling. For this thirst of the soul is too insatiate to be quenched from any one little rill, or even from any one great river of the world of joy ; it must fill its goblet from the pool in the meadow, from the mountain torrent, from the fountain which runs with wine in the courtyard of some king's palace. To it a satire of Pope is in its way as welcome as a sonnet of Milton, a song of Burns as a novel of Balzac, a caricature of Hogarth as a cartoon of Raphael. It does not disdain Wordsworth because it prizes Shelley, nor turn from the wild humour of Rabelais because it delights in the tender pieties of George Herbert. For each of these touches us as no other can ; and the true criticism whether new or old, is that which makes the life of the spirit complete by quickening every nerve of sensation,—which helps us to see how much we lose when we think of any product of high human energy as common or unclean. Strength is the gift of the wheat, but even in the joy of harvest it is not well to forget that the grape has its boon of gladness and the poppy of sleep.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SUMMER AND THE CHILD.

(From the French of Victor Hugo).

O Summer, Summer sweet !
 For thee the poor man's hymn
 Rises ; he loves thy fervent heat,
 Thy gentle dews, thy mornings fresh and dim,
 ; Thou smile of God for him !

Thy gladsome rays awaken
 A little child to pray ;
 Homeless, unmothered, yet not forsaken,
 Since now he hears thee, Summer, softly say
 " Come out, my child, to play."

" Lost father and lost mother,
 I knew them, little child,
 Never to them have I been other
 Than true and tender. Cheered by me they smiled ;
 If life was cruel, I was mild.

" I planted on their grave the grasses
 Which keep it green and warm ;
 If any one beside it passes,
 They are quite safe. Thee, too, shall no one harm,
 My little one, sheltered by Mother's arm.

" I was their mother. I am thine. Thou hearest
 Often my name—'tis Nature. I have posies
 And pretty golden apples for thee, dearest,
 And I will heap thy little hands with roses,
 And thou shalt laugh for joy at all that Summer's
 breath discloses.

“ For I would see thee smiling,
My pretty wistful one ;
And so, thy little heart to glee beguiling,
Would whisper soft to her whose work is done—
Who lies so quiet—‘ See thy happy son ! ’ ”

The child who hears the tender voice
Of Summer, straight forgets all ills,
All hardships. Urged by dreams that bid rejoice,
He hastens forth, and wanders where he wills
Through silent valleys, up the fir-crowned hills.

At night no hard-faced woman bars
Him, chilled and weary, from the measured space
Of straw till fee be paid ; but kindly stars
Look down and smile on his uplifted face ;
He smiles back sleepy from his nest—a mossy
leaf-strewn place.

Oh happy sleeper, whom no ills oppress,
And in thy waking happy ! God is near,
He will be with thee, now he sends, to bless
Thy sleep, the Lady-Moon, and silver-clear
And gentler than the sun’s, her rays enfold thee, dear.

And she hath spells beside. Such has not he.
All care and travail vanish quite away
At her sweet bidding, for the sun may be
Of flowers creator, but the moon can say
“ Flower forth, sweet dreams—’tis time ; ” and they obey.

DANIEL C. ANGUS.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

GUJARAT AND THE GUJARATIS: *Pictures of men and manners taken from life.* 2nd edition. By Behrámji M. Malabári. Bombay: Education Society's Press. 1884.—This is an entertaining book. The humour is a little flippant (as the writer half confesses) at times, and the statements made are occasionally somewhat sweeping (what, for instance, does Mr. Malabári mean by calling Lord Bacon's fine stanzas—the few there are of them—a “glum atrocity?”); but the style is easy and attractive, the sketches themselves are lifelike and amusing, and the English is, on the whole, excellent for one who is not to the manner born. Of course there are occasional slips. We came, for example, in the course of our pleasant passage through the book, upon a chapter headed “Native Abuses: Symptoms, Causes, and Treatment thereof,” a title which opened before our mind's eye a vista of all kinds of Native misdemeanours, including, possibly, we thought, the “abuse” of the Freedom of the Press; though we were, notwithstanding, hardly prepared for the munificence of the opening sentence which declares “Native abuses are as numerous as the hair on one's head.” However, we were relieved, further on, to find that it was *terms of abuse*, and not “abuses” at all, that formed the subject of the chapter; which includes a variety and display of resource in the way of vituperation that a London cabman might envy, and before which the Billingsgate fish-wife pales her ineffectual fire.

The introduction is as entertaining as anything in the volume, and the author's adventures while on the staff of a cheap weekly newspaper are quite delightful—what with the refreshing vagaries of the capitalist partner, Mr. N., who *would* enter his corrections in the body instead of in the margin of the proof-sheets, and the editorial consultation on the meaning of that mysterious expression “the Porte.”

I explained ‘the Porte’ might be the Sultan of Turkey's principal wife. P thought it was only the European title of the Khedive of Egypt. We often thought and wrote in that curious way.

The subsequent *fracas* between Mr. N. and Mr. P., during which the former gentleman's new turban was torn from his head and thrown out of the window by the latter (reminding us somewhat of the altercation between Mr. Noddy and Mr. Gunter in the *Pickwick Papers*), and which resulted in these once intimate friends and college chums "tugging and lugging," and "tearing each other's hair and clothes"—is conceived in an equally pleasant vein. It is gratifying to find that even newspaper editors have their little human weaknesses.

The writer proceeds to the subject of "Travel and Study," and here he well remarks upon the advantage of *slow* travelling, on foot, if possible, and with the eyes open. He bids fair to become the "Walking Stewart" of the East, since he hopes, he tells us, one day to finish India from end to end. By the way, if we may judge from a passage on page 15, Mr. Malabári apparently regards Windsor Castle as a modern structure, compared with the Taj, whereas, of course, Edward III's palace was in building three centuries before the magnificent Agra mausoleum was ever heard of.

Surat, its local celebrities, its sights, its floods and fires—Broach, where "the science of *henpeckery* is carried to perfection," and where the methods of promoting digestion employed by the natives are strange indeed—Baroda, apostrophised by the author as the "land of his birth," though he has little that is good to tell us of it, city of dogs and wrestlers and unutterable dulness—are next disposed of, till we are landed in Ahmedabad, and so reach the close of this part of the volume. Next follows the section entitled "The People," describing the different inhabitants of Gujerát—Hindus, Mahomedans, Parsis, and Boras—ac companied by several character sketches. It is here that the writer seems to be most at home; the sketch of the Márwári is really excellent, combining a strain of sarcastic humour with evident sincerity of feeling. Here are some of the closing sentences:—

Thus lives the Márwári, buying and selling, lending and recovering, scheming, bullying, and going to Court. His life is a continued struggle with his better part. But so successfully does he wrestle with himself, that before thirty he has ceased to be a human being. Before thirty he is a money-grubbing machine. * * * * The Márwári seldom smiles under Rs. 100, but the loss of a pie will bring tears into his eyes. He has not much religion in him; and though as an orthodox Hindoo he is bound to visit his temple, he seldom does so, unless under inducement of a dinner or a loan. * * * * There is hope for the wildest scapegrace buried in debt, if he has not gone to the Márwári; but once in the Márwári's clutches, not the wealthiest and the goutiest uncle can save him. The man who has escaped the Márwári's grip with a whole coat on, has the making of a Finance Minister in him.

"The Missionary in the Mofussil" is a curious and, on the whole, a sympathetic sketch, and is interesting as giving us some glimpse of Native feeling or, at any rate, of Parsi feeling towards this class of Europeans in India. The Missionary, Mr. Malabári tells us, has taken deep root in the soil, and has a firmer hold on the people's hearts than any earlier growth. "The Collector may go, the Engineer may be turned out, the Governor may be recalled, ay, the very Government of the country may change; but the Missionary will remain." The sketch winds up with a warm tribute of praise to the "Missionary's Wife." "Home Life in Gujarát" is also a highly interesting section of this kaleidoscopic volume. "An Aryan Idyl" mournfully and pathetically illustrates the sad possibilities resulting from a "marriage in *embryo*," a strange form of marriage obtaining among the Kudwá Kunbis of Gujarát, in which the mothers expectant undergo the preliminaries, the marriages naturally only holding good in case of one of the births being a boy, the other a girl.

In his remarks on widow marriage, which he says is making head in India, the author demands that Government should move in the matter.

The only remedy is to dispossess caste of its power of excommunicating the widow who marries again. Government sanctions remarriage and caste opposes it. What a position for the Government of an Empire !
And again—

It is really surprising that the enlightened British Government, which considers it a paramount duty to put down any practise tending to conflict with public interests, should hang back in a matter like the prevention of widow marriage, which leads directly to heinous offences against society and against nature, culminating in almost daily murders.

It is action taken by the authorities, Mr. Malabári acutely remarks, that tells upon Hindu society. "Had not Lord Bentinck boldly legislated against Suttee, threatening offenders with capital punishment, that national crime would not have disappeared." The same is the case with widow marriage; and it is folly, declares the writer, to expect the Hindus to work out the reform for themselves.

But we must conclude our brief account of this interesting and instructive volume. The book is well got up, and printed in a delightfully clear type. One absurd misprint (the only one we have noticed) occurs on page 245, where a "grand old doctrine" is represented as becoming forgotten day by day, and "in its stead we have a *grocer* (*sic*), an unreal substitute (!)."

This edition of Mr. Malabári's work contains five new chapters, and is illustrated by seven wood-engravings which, if roughly exe-

cuted, are amusing and characteristic. It is dedicated to "The true reformers of the country, as distinguished from the false."

A JAUNT IN A JUNK: A TEN DAYS' CRUISE IN INDIAN SEAS. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1884.—The handsome exterior of this volume and its clear and pleasant type are enough at first sight to prepossess a reviewer in its favour. And a perusal of the first few pages, disclosing as they do the writer's evident youthfulness, in authorship if not in years, discounts any severity of criticism by plainly foreshadowing to the reader the crudities of thought and expression he may expect to find. But with the strongest desire to deal tenderly with the work of a budding author, we cannot say that we have found in this book much that we can honestly praise: *Sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.*

The voyagers are two brothers, Kinioch and Uven, of whom the former writes the book. They charter a native boat and crew at Bombay and coast along southwards for ten days, landing at various points, until off Mangalore they come across a steamer bound for Bombay, in which Kinioch returns, while Uven is left in the junk, presumably to make the best of his way to Ceylon. This younger brother strikes us as being an unpleasant person; his great idea is to show his delight in the untrammelled life of a junk by wearing nothing but a night-gown all day, and by conveying cutlets to his mouth grasped in his fingers. The voyage is not distinguished by any surprising adventures, though, as might be expected, the plain accounts given of the few incidents that did occur, form the best part of the book. These, however, are buried and lost in a setting of reflection and digression so ponderous and disproportionate that the book might as fitly have been called "A youthful officer's views on Theology, Biography, Matrimony, Primogeniture, Poetry, Strategy, Politics and Christianity." Kinioch, the author, is fond of apostrophising himself, thus: "Forward, then, Kinioch—," but we give the whole passage, which is a type of some of the heavy padding which serves to fill up the pages.

Conceive, readers * * * why does the pen fall so limp and dead on the virgin page, making those three darkly blotted stars instead of three intelligible words? Why? Because a sudden mortal fear pierced like a sharp pointed icicle into the penman's heart, and more than half paralysed him. Down the tingling nerves ran the deadly chill, numbing with an especial insensibility the scrivener's muscle, and so, the pen fell. And the reason? The reason was a thought—a rankling thought, which was born at that instant. Conceive, readers—Ha! Ha! very good; but suppose you have no readers, my fine fellow—what then? What right have you to presume that you will have any readers? How dare you say, 'Conceive, readers!'

—and so on. This is poor stuff, and there is a great deal of it. A whole chapter is devoted to a criticism of Sir Garnet Wolseley's tactics at Tel-el-Kebir and to general reflections on the dull-wittedness of the military powers that be. A footnote takes up half a page in describing that Kinioch's hats are purchased from Mr. Lock and not from Lincoln and Bennet and in praising "the medicinal globules" prepared by the "molluscous" Mr. Cockle. We hope the writer is drawing freely on his imagination in his account of his cowardly assault on a babu, impertinent though that babu may have been, and we think we are justified in believing in the mythical character of the incident when our author goes on to describe "Mr. Benson of the Madras Civil Service" as talking of the beaten babu as "a miscreant, who obstructs the public highway in this disgraceful way," and ordering his "couple of superb peons" to "sweep" him out of the path.

The best part of the book is, as we have said, the descriptions of the one or two small adventures that befell the voyagers. As a sample we quote part of the account of the capture or attempted capture of a shark; the whole of this incident is narrated in a bright and vivid style, though the grammar is not always above suspicion.

It now seemed practicable to lash the animal right on to the boat's side, and the attempt was made. Hauling gently, the tip of its nose was lifted out of the water; the end of the fishing line was then untied from the halliard and was passed through a running bowline of stout rope, which latter was dropped on to the shark's head. So still did the monster lie, that it would have passed for dead, had it not been for its eyes, which were still animated by a cruel ferocity of expression; the body, however, lay still enough, and taking a stick Kinioch helped the noose to pass over its fins. Once the loop settled over them, the tindal and three of the crew hauled it taut, and, Uven simultaneously pulling at his line, the head and shoulders of their captive were drawn up out of the water until the snout projected over the gunwale. The extraordinary proceedings of the pilot fish now attracted every one's attention, so that even Ramaswamy, usually the most unobservant and apathetic of men, declared they must be the children of the devil. As their sanctuary, their food provider, the shark's head, round which they were wont to swim, was raised into the air, they crowded round the body, and lifting their noses out of the water seemed inclined to follow their master's fortunes. Our voyagers often afterwards regretted that they had not seized the opportunity of scooping up several of these pretty faithful little fish in a bucket; but, indeed, they had not much time given them to observe the behaviour of such small fry, for, without any warning, the monster who was now being pressed to the junk's side by the united strength of four men gave a struggle and a furious lash with its tail, which made every plank and rivet on board creak and groan to the sudden strain.

A knife! quick, cried Uven to Ramaswamy, who with considerable presence of mind, made no moment's delay, but instantly handed him one off the table which he plunged to the hilt into one of the shark's eyes. Another convulsive

struggle was the immediate sequence ; and really this time the boat very nearly did upset, and actually did ship a considerable quantity of water over the side. With the rapidity of thought, Uven disengaged his carving knife and passing behind Kinioch, who now held the fishing line, he drove it into the other eye. The effect was instantaneous ; for one instant the junk rocked and swung to the frantic struggles of the fish, and then the tindal and his three men, terrified, let go the slip rope, whilst the frayed fishing lines, parting like packthread at the sudden strain which was thus thrown entirely on to them, the grim brute was seen swimming not clear away as might have been expected, but still in its habitual slow and stately manner, round and round its human enemies, trailing behind it some five or six yards of rope.

How the blinded shark was pounced upon by its own cannibal kith and kin and eaten piecemeal, "until at last the battered remnant of its body and the huge head from which the frayed ends of the fishing rope still protruded, gave one heavy lurch" and disappeared, is told in language which, if somewhat gruesome, is at any rate lively and natural. *O si sic omnia !* The author has evidently a genuine love for a free and breezy life, and when describing incidents like the above has at command a certain frank and open-air style very suitable to his subject. But in his next work, which he promises at some future day, he will be wise to avoid the digressions and reflections on all subjects, human and divine, which form so large and heavy a part of this book, and to use the gift of vivid description that he undoubtedly possesses on the more concrete subjects of incident and adventure.

THE BRITISH JUGERNATH. FREE TRADE ! FAIR TRADE !! RECIPROCITY !!! RETALIATION !!!! By G. L. M. *Calcutta : Thacker, Spink, & Co.*, 1884.—The title of this work is sufficient to indicate the sensational style in which it is written. Its pages are strewn with appeals to "My Idolatrous Compatriot" and "My Fanatical Friend", terms in which the writer addresses the unhappy free-trader who may have the patience to read his book ; and to show how much in earnest he is in his warnings against "the serious danger into which, through the suicidal policy of our rulers, we are rapidly drifting," our Protectionist stump-orator gives vent to his feelings in stuff like this :—

See how the procession goes on ! Scranch goes Ireland under its wheels, Whoop !! Shabash !! Never mind !! Cover up the ghastly object with a Land Act, which only increases its torture and hastens its end. Hurrah for Jugernath ! Hi ! Look out !! A narrow escape for a colony !! Halloo !! India is getting under her wheels !! Never mind—Perish India !! Vive Jugernath ! And so the ghastly procession goes on.

G. L. M.'s arguments are about on a par with his style. There is in them a tone of flashiness and assumption which, while perhaps

calculated to mislead the unwary, at once rouse the suspicion of the thoughtful and discerning reader.

Not that there is much here that is novel in either form or treatment. The old objections to Free Trade are once more dished up with the view of tempting our sadly disordered appetites, and are not made more savoury by the process. These "warnings" are set forth in such a flimsy fashion, and there is such a want of method, and argumentative gravity about the book, that the "destructive fiend" Free Trade will, we fear, but laugh at so *brutum a fulmen*, and his "car of Jugernath" move gaily on, possibly even "scranching" G. L. M. himself beneath its victorious wheels. *Non tali auxilio*—

The main arguments employed by the author are, as we have said, the old stock ones so much in favour with the advocates of Protection; and these have been so frequently refuted already that we have no intention of doing so again here, even had space permitted. One point however, may be briefly noticed, which will suffice as a specimen of the writer's method of reasoning.

Chapter IV is headed with the title "A few Ugly Facts." Now, if the writer had substituted the word "assumptions" for "facts," he would have been nearer the mark. As it is, let us take No. 12 of his so-called facts, which is as follows:—

The colony of Victoria, which has departed furthest from the principles of Free Trade, is the most prosperous of the Australian colonies.

To begin with, this affords us an excellent example of the author's dialectics. Put syllogistically, the argument runs thus:—

1. Victoria is the most Protectionist of the Australian colonies.
2. But Victoria is also the most prosperous among them.
3. Therefore, for the Australian colonies, a Protectionist policy involves the greatest prosperity.

This is, in short, nothing but the old *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* style of reasoning, upon which we need not waste our reader's time further. But what about the "fact" itself? Turning to Mr. Baden Powell's paper in the *Fortnightly Review* for January 1882 on the comparative progress of Victoria, the Protectionist, and New South Wales, the Free Trade colony, during the previous decade, we find an array of statistics which tells a very different tale. The following short *résumé** will best give our readers a notion of the *real* "facts" of the case:—

* Vide Mr. T. H. Farrer's "Free Trade versus Fair Trade," p. 111.

	Victoria.	New South Wales.
Population	Has increased from 726,000 to 860,000, or 18 per cent.	Has increased from 502,000 to 770,000, or 53 per cent.
Excess of Immigrants over Emigrants ...	Stationary	Has increased from 4,000 to 19,000.
The value of Rateable Property	Has increased by less than one-half.	Has more than doubled.
Customs Revenue ...	Stationary	Has increased by nearly one-half.
Imports	Have increased from 12½ to 14½ millions, or 17 per cent.	Have increased from 7½ to 14 millions, or 80 per cent.
Exports	Have increased from 12½ to 16 millions, or 28 per cent.	Have increased from 8 to 15½ millions, or 94 per cent.

This instance will, perhaps, be sufficient to illustrate the misleading character of the so-called arguments so flippantly set in array by G. L. M. against the Protectionist doctrines. Chapter XXVI, entitled "The Pagoda Tree," a chapter which he specially commends to his Indian readers in his Preface, is a tissue of self-contradictory argumentation, which the "Idolatrous Friend" to whom it is addressed will have little difficulty in seeing through for himself. For ourselves, we have had enough.

THE WITNESS OF GOD AND FAITH: *Two lay sermons by the late T. H. GREEN, M.A., LL.D., Fellow of Balliol College and Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford.* Edited with an introductory notice by the late Arnold Toynbee, M.A., Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford. Longmans, Green and Co., London.

The circumstances attending the delivery of the first of the two sermons composing this volume, in the early part of 1870, were somewhat remarkable. Mr. Green was the first lay tutor of Balliol College and had not long entered on his office. He resolved not to break through the practice of former clerical tutors, of religious conversation with their pupils on the evening before the celebration of Holy Communion, and read, in a College lecture-room, the sermon entitled "The Witness of God" to undergraduate members of the College. Eight years afterwards the second sermon was read to all the senior members. The little volume now published for the first time, with its unfinished preface and note from the hand of another, marks the sad path of death.

"Like more than one famous book of the present epoch," says the preface in conclusion, "these sermons have for their aim the separation of the spiritual from the supernatural. Mr. Green sought to establish in them an intellectual position for the

Christian faith which should not be called in question by every advance in historical evidence and in physical science. It is with no eagerness to impair the existing religious creeds that he insists on the incorrectness of the theories on which they are professedly based: other thinkers have assailed the orthodox foundations of religion to overthrow it, Mr. Green assailed them to save it." The metaphysical element in these sermons was intended to meet the speculative difficulties of the audience first addressed—those doubts that lurk and will not be laid in the minds of young men entering on a study of philosophy and historical criticism. Hegelian in spirit, it points through reason to this truth of the Christian's faith that "all things work together for good," and to the realisation, however partial and imperfect, of this truth in the actual work-a-day world. It is, however, the practical character of this volume that will come home to older men who, living under a wider and sterner discipline, unsatisfied by doubt and wearied, perhaps, by its unrest, are making for that ideal Best which is God—are striving to lead the life of faith. Here the spiritual walk with its many trials is retraced for those of us who will to make it our own—and by a teacher, who, ever fearful of "that most fatal scepticism which attends the reaction from an ideal found to be hollow," spoke seldom and in measured terms. When the ideal seems hopelessly distant (this will happen to the best of men at times) vice and sin regain their power. Then comes the "foppery of men who want new excuses for old sins," who "talk, perhaps, half-sorrowfully, half-complacently of the demoralising or unchristianising tendencies of modern life. Opinion, it is said, is fundamentally unsettled; science keeps encroaching on the old faith; the lineaments of the God whom our fathers worshipped are blurred by philosophy; and meanwhile an enlightened Hedonism seems competent to answer all practical questions. It is no fault of the individual if, amid such influences, he loses the thought of God's presence and the consciousness of His love, which indeed can only be retained by taking refuge in mysteries or going out of the world."

Another and perhaps the most pitiful form of self-conceit is that isolation which is the refuge of men estranged (or thinking themselves so) from Christian society by the narrowness of dogma and the utterances of an anthropomorphic theology. Whence strength then, it may be asked, to war with sin; whence comfort in the hour of need? From the life of self-renunciation and charity and prayer.

Not through that abstract, mystical self-surrender, extolled in Eastern philosophies and familiarised to us in the selfish apathy

of the Indian Yogi. Not through an overzealous, fretful charity, impatient of the limits to action that a humble sphere of life imposes. Not through prayer that demands evidence and waits for an external answer.

But "amid a world of forgetfulness and decay, in the sight of his own shortcomings and limitations, or on the edge of the tomb, he alone who has found his soul in losing it, who in singleness of mind has lived in order to love and understand, will find that the God who is near to him as his own conscience has a face of light and love."

THE SANITARY PAST AND PRESENT OF CALCUTTA: A Lecture. By Kenneth McLeod, A.M., M.D., F.R.C.S., &c. Calcutta Thacker, Spink, & Co. 1884.

THE WATER SUPPLY OF CALCUTTA: A Lecture. By H. L. Harrison, Esq, C. S.

Most of our Calcutta readers have probably already made some acquaintance with the contents of the above pamphlets, having either heard them delivered as lectures, or seen them discussed in the pages of the daily papers.

Were it not well known how earnestly both Dr. McLeod and Mr. Harrison have worked and talked in the interests of improved sanitary measures for the metropolis of India, one might be inclined, considering the notoriously insanitary condition of the town and the late dearth of water, to think scorn of them with their lectures on Calcutta's needs. *Quis tulit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*—Who, remembering how cholera and small-pox have just ceased to rage with almost unparalleled virulence, and how the water-supply was scantiest when need was the sorest, would have patience with the Health Officer's account of how much has been done for sanitation, or with the Chairman of the Corporation's lucid explanation of why taps would not run? But the endeavours these two responsible Municipal authorities have constantly made to have the Health Officer's Department put on a proper footing, and to obtain adequate grants for filling up cess-pool tanks, and cleansing busties that are little better than huge latrines, are known to all. The practical advice they give in these lectures, whether regarding the heavy burden of sanitary reformation still in store for Calcutta, or the necessity of economy in the use of filtered water, deserves the attention of the Corporation and the public. Mr. Harrison's well-earned tribute to the successful, though unobtrusive work of the Engineering Department of the Municipality, should be some consolation to the officers of that department for the unworthy attempts made not long ago to cast discredit on their honesty and skill.

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

JUNE, 1884.

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THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.—Notwithstanding the amount of public speaking in England, oratory, says Mr. Aïdé, is the one art which there meets with signal neglect. Some speakers, it is true, having splendid natural gifts, have been successful with little preparation; but most of the orators of all times and countries, from Demosthenes downwards, are men who have triumphed over physical defects and who, otherwise, would have remained mute and inglorious. The fact that a distinguished writer (Mr. Matthew Arnold clearly is alluded to) desiring lately to lecture to large assemblies, found that he was absolutely inaudible, should be instructive to those who forget that *nascuntur pœtæ, fiunt oratores*.

The fact is the human voice is a delicate instrument, and he alone who has obtained complete mastery over all its various "stops" can do full justice to the theme on which he discourses. It has been well

said that the ear is the most exacting of our senses. The eye resigns itself to behold a false gesture, but the ear does not forgive a false note or a wrong intonation.

And on intonation, as well as on distinctness of utterance, how much depends! The *animus* of the speaker colours his utterance, even of a single word. By the one exclamation "Indeed!" what an infinitude of meaning—horror, pity, incredulity, sarcasm, indifference—can be suggested, according to its intonation.

In spite of all this, we English are the most indistinct speaking of all the nations of the earth. We slur our words into one another, and strike no consonant, if we can avoid it.

A friend asked me gravely the other day if I did not say 'Gover'ment,' hinting that the pronunciation more familiar to well-educated ears was pedantic. I replied that, much as the Government was abused, I did not know that fashion went the length of wishing to deprive it of its *n*. Certainly no foreigner who is not very familiar with English can follow a conversation carried on with this sort of slip-slop delivery. A great French actor told me lately that he had been taken to one of our theatres, where he witnessed a comedy, of which he did not comprehend a word (such was the indistinctness of utterance), until a lady appeared upon the scene; when he turned, delighted, to his companion, and exclaimed: 'Ah! well, at last I can understand! At last there is some one who speaks clearly!' His friend laughed; the actress was a foreigner. No doubt she spoke with an accent, no doubt her vowels were more open, and that she emphasized them more than we approve; but I know that she struck her consonants: I feel certain that her words were not all melted into one jelly.

One of the faults most fatal to an effective delivery is wrong or excessive emphasis. It gives the same impression of weakness that the frequent use of italics does in a book. Yet even on the stage we find intelligent artists missing the point of a line by a wrong accent.

I have rarely heard a Portia who did not say of mercy, that 'It bleaseth him that gives, and him that *takes*:' where clearly the only stress should be on '*gives*,' the '*takes*' being a self-evident proposition.

Gesticulation is foreign to our nation; yet the man who would be an orator must learn what to do, and what not to do, with his arms and hands. Talma has told us that "the gesture, the attitude, the look, should precede the words, as the flash of lightning precedes the thunder." Yet, if you watch an uncultivated speaker, you will find that his action follows, not precedes his words.

In public speaking it is of primary importance that the voice be not pitched too high or too low, but that the keynote be struck in the middle of the register.

Many persons become exhausted in reading, or in addressing an audience, from ignorance of the art of respiration, and from an erroneous notion that it is necessary to employ some non-natural tone. Neither is it essential to shout in

order that the speaker's words may be carried to the furthest extremity of a large hall. There can be no greater mistakes than these. As in singing, so in oratory, the most natural emission of the voice, if combined with a distinct articulation, will 'tell' more at a great distance than all the bellowing in the world.

* * * * *

Talma says admirably: 'A voice, however powerful it may be, should be inferior to the power that animates it.' It is not because his vocal organs are weak, but because he is ignorant of the first principles of articulation and delivery, that we so frequently read 'the right honourable gentleman was totally inaudible in the gallery.'

Again, attention to punctuation is very important. The speaker should mark carefully the relative value of a comma, a semicolon, a full stop. Attention to this prevents a hurried, and so a confused, delivery. An important element connected with this point is the right management of respiration.

We pass now to the accomplishment of reading aloud, the neglect of which has, the writer believes, had a moral, as well as intellectual, influence upon the present generation.

If you ask eight people out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it; or used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the *Arabian Nights* of half their charm. The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening, absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her novel, or knits in silence. If he read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family pass the hours between dinner and bed-time, 'each one with his book or work, afraid to speak above his breath, because it would disturb Papa.' Is this cheerful, or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? I cannot blame them, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance.

And yet in the last century reading aloud was regarded as worth cultivation, and often enlivened the domestic circle. Shakspere and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now, mainly because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud.

None but books written in the very best style should be read aloud, for there is no test to which an author can be subjected so severe as this. Whether serious or light, the composition must be in well-balanced English; otherwise, the halting phrase, the meagre vocabulary, which might be passed over if read in silence, will offend us past forgiveness when subjected to the trial of the human voice. On the other hand, there are subtle beauties in a finely modulated piece of prose

which only reveal themselves in the actual sound of the words. The structure seems to be clothed with new life, and to breathe a spirit of music which the dead letters before our eyes never can possess. Reading aloud, therefore, renders both reader and listener more critical as to the literary value of a book (of course I do not refer to its intrinsic excellence) than the same persons would otherwise be."

As regards reading aloud—

The first and most important rule is that the position of the reader should not impede the action of the pectoral muscles, and should leave the respiratory organs perfectly free.

The reader who leans over his book, instead of holding it up at a sufficient distance to enable the voice to travel unhindered, can never be effective, and will be more tired at the end of half an hour than he would be at the end of two, in an attitude befitting the exertion. If called upon to read standing, as is often the case in the lecture-room, let him be upright, and not slouch, or rest entirely on one leg.

* * * * *

If, on the other hand, the lecturer be in a chair, it should be rather a high one, if possible. Let him be perfectly at his ease, with his back supported; and if shortsighted, let him wear spectacles honestly astride upon his nose—not what Thackeray called 'spectacles in disguise,' which are apt to become unscated. It is not in reading as in recitation, where the expression of the eye is of value; the reader's sole concern should be that his visual apparatus for following the text before him be complete and well adjusted."

Another point to remember is to distinguish sufficiently between reading and recitation. The delivery of words which the eye follows should be different in tone, in quality, in passion, from that of words learnt by heart, and which may be supposed to flow spontaneously from our lips.

I once heard a clergyman read the lessons in a fashion which convulsed half the church with laughter. The good man had been told that his voice and his declamation were fine; and it was evident that he was proud of the amount of expression and individuality with which he found himself capable of charging the sacred narrative. His countenance, like his tone, varied with every speaker; he was wrathful, or sarcastic, or jubilant, according as the text warranted a change of sentiment. In short, it was no longer reading; it was acting.

The voice should be sustained to the end of the sentence, without those rises and falls and final collapse, which the French call the "chant."

It would seem unnecessary to observe that the style of reading should depend upon the nature of the text, were it not that those who are most accustomed to read—notably clergymen—often acquire habits of delivery which apparently they regard as unalterable, whatever the subject may be. There can be no error more offensive to good taste than this. That which is addressed to our argumentative powers should be differently conveyed to us from that which appeals to our imagination. The wild music of Shelley, the polished wit of Sheridan, the exuberant prose of Ruskin, the castigated prose of Macaulay, the

humour and pathos of Dickens, the scathing satire of some speech of Mr. Gladstone's—each of these requires a separate and individual method of delivery, which only study and thought, directed by that sympathy of intelligence which is the finest reading-master in the world, can give.

We should remember that the voice is far more tractable than most people imagine. Some of the greatest singers have had *made* voices; and the modulation of a refractory organ is only an affair of time; and of a sensitive ear. The writer concludes—

I believe that most of us would find a fresh element of happiness, a new sphere of usefulness, a keen implement of power, if we cultivated, to the utmost of our ability, an art which at present, in England, is brought to perfection by few.

WITH BAKER AND GRAHAM IN THE SOUDAN.—This forms a complete and highly interesting sketch of the late campaigning in the Soudan, written by one who was actually present.

It was in the summer of 1878 that an Arab trader and slave-dealer of Suakin, by name Osman Ali Digna, held a secret meeting of Suakin notables two miles from the town, and in an excited speech called upon them to help in organising a tribal crescentade against their Egyptian oppressors.

His hearers admitted the justice of Osman's cause and the force of his reasoning, but they refused to act with him. 'Perish in your cowardice!' exclaimed Osman, and, disdaining to return with them, he left them there and journeyed to Erkowit, a village high among the hills, twenty-five miles from Suakin. It was from Erkowit that, five years after, Osman proclaimed his divine mission, and directed the first assaults of the insurgents against Tewfik Bey at Sinkat. In Erkowit dwelt most of his kindred, and to it he owes his nationality. Osman is the grandson of a pure Turk through an irregular marriage with a woman of the Hadendowa tribe. In accordance with tribal custom he is regarded as a Hadendowa *pur sang*.

The next stage of the insurrectional development was marked by the accession of Sheikh Tahir who had sometimes joined Osman in his slave speculations, and sometimes lost by them. The ignominious execution of a representative of the house of Tahir eighteen years ago, in Khartoum, left Sheikh Tahir an obligation of revenge. It only remained for him and Osman Digna to seize some opportunity of quickening the vague unrest of their fellow-countrymen into clearly purposeful hostility against the Cairo régime.

For sixty years, almost since the conquest of the Nile kingdoms by Mehemet Ali, had the Soudan been ripening towards revolution. It had become the Botany Bay of the criminals of Lower Egypt; and other criminals, in the form of Egyptian administrators, had cruelly and systematically preyed upon the people. There were governors who had succeeded in introducing some rudiments of civilisation, and had ruled honestly and well. But in the general corruption

and mismanagement their efforts came to nought, so that even Said Pasha, when he visited Khartoum, threw his guns into the river and exclaimed in horror that he must not be responsible for the misery which he saw. To use a chemical analogy, the elements of disaffection existed in solution; at any moment the slightest concussion might precipitate them into definite crystalline shape.

The shock was at last imparted by the appearance of the new Messiah, lately known only as a hermit, but now as a conqueror and as head of a theocratic kingdom in Kordofan. Osman seized his opportunity. Abandoning trade, in the spring of 1883, he set forth from the Suakin hills on his journey of 800 miles to the Mahdi's camp. There, after a brief initiation into the Prophet's stern rule of poverty and discipline, Osman was proclaimed 'Ameer' or Lieutenant of the Mahdi in the eastern country, and was furnished with letters and manifestos to every leading tribal Sheikh between the Nile and the Red Sea.

Thus this half-fanatic, half-charlatan now found his career, and at Erkowit in last July raised the standard of revolt, and at Sinkat on the 5th of August the first battle was fought.

The country, which for the next eight months became the scene of some of the most obstinate fights and hideous massacres recorded in recent history, may be roughly described as a quadrilateral, with a coast line of forty-two miles from Suakin in the north to the Trinkitat sands in the south. The marches, sieges, battles, and massacres occurred along two routes—the southern route, stretching inland from Trinkitat to Tokar, sixteen miles as the crow flies; the northern route, from Suakin westwards to Sinkat, forty miles. On the southern, or Tokar line, occurred the Moncrieff massacre (November 4), the Baker massacre (February 4), and Graham's victory (February 29). All three events happened at or close to the same spot—the wells of El Teb, about halfway between Tokar and the coast. The last act on this line was the 'Relief of Tokar' (March 1). It was called a relief, although the Egyptian garrison and the village had deliberately gone over to the enemy a week before Sir Gerald landed at Suakin, and although there was reason to suppose that one half at least of the gallant defenders whom the general rescued and carried off would have been glad to stay there. In Tokar, 'the garden of the eastern Soudan,' the gallant defenders had little to do and plenty to eat; in Lower Egypt they may starve, or swell the ranks of the new class of brigands. On the northern route there happened two petty successes of Tewfik Bey's, in the Sinkat locality, during August and September; the Arab massacre of Khilil Bey's reinforcement in October; of Kassim Effendi's black contingent, on the 2nd of December, on the way to Tamanieb, between Suakin and Sinkat; and lastly, Graham's victory of the 13th of March, at Tamanieb, or, as it is also called, Tamai.

A curious evolution of feeling took place during the pre-English portion of the campaign.

Before the war, a whole Arab encampment would have trembled at the sight of a single Egyptian Bashi-Bazouk. Long before the end of it a whole Egyptian encampment would have gone into fits at the sight of a single Arab.

The notion of Egyptian strength, resulting from the genius of Mehemet Ali, acted as a kind of spell, and the first band of insurgents rallied round Osman Digna with some misgivings.

When Tewfik repulsed their first assault on Sinkat, wounded Osman himself in two places, killed Osman's brother, and fifty or sixty tribesmen besides, the rebels began to desert to their homes. After Tewfik had again beaten Osman at Ghabbat, Osman's original three hundred dwindled down to less than seventy. But with Osman's first success on the Suakin-Sinkat road—that is, the annihilation of Khilil's reinforcement for Tewfik—came the turn of the tide. The news of this massacre produced the first rising in Tokar; and Osman, leaving Sinkat, to be besieged by the tribesmen, who were joining his holy cause day by day, moved down to Tamanieb, nineteen miles from Suakin.

Then came the massacre of Governor Tahir's force, accompanied by Consul Moncrieff, and the Arabs began to feel reassured as to the reality of Osman's divine mission. The overthrow of the Khedives best troops at Tamanieb followed; and thus, in three encounters, in which they had hardly lost a man, the Hadendawas had exterminated 1,200 of their foes. After this Osman introduced his theocratic communism into his head-quarters in Tamanieb. All were to share alike. There were to be no rich and no poor. He expounded the Koran, and preached his holy war every morning before the assembled multitudes. Even their favourite tobacco was forbidden the Arabs.

The conduct of the Egyptian authorities, who persisted in thinking to stop the rebellion by diplomacy, strengthened the growing impression of the Arabs that they were invincible, and only Baker Pasha's expedition was wanted to confirm it.

Of the 4,000 men whom the Pasha had assembled by the 2nd of February on the Trinkitat sands, for the relief of the Tokar garrison, more than a third were policemen, who had scarcely been initiated into the barest rudiments of military drill; the remainder consisted principally of farm-labourers dragged, with weeping and wailing, from their water-wheels and ditches, of slaves borrowed from his friends and admirers by Zebehr Pasha, and of negro cooks, sweepers, slipper-bearers, cow-keepers, seduced by recruiting touts to forsake their domestic service, or kidnapped amid much scuffling and bellowing in the open streets, or, in urgent cases, on the very premises. One of the funniest of daily sights in Cairo was to see Zebehr's grinning blacks struggling into their white canvas uniforms, and fumbling, in admiration, their brand-new Remingtons. The sense of novelty did not die away even on board ship, and the 'volunteers' used to examine their rifles curiously, from stock to muzzle, with the wise inquisitive air of monkeys handling an unfamiliar object. The officers were as disappointing as the men; I have more than once watched a colonel, or major, as he pleaded, and roared, and gesticulated, down in the ship's hold, through a half-hour's dispute with an argumentative private, about some trifle like a yard of string, or nine ounces of chopped straw. Unpromising material out of which to organise Valentine Baker Pasha's Army of

Retribution. Had the force been collected early, and *en bloc*, Baker might have turned it into a fighting machine during his four weeks' encampment at Suakin and his eight days' waiting on the seashore at Trinkitat. But Baker had no chance. During those weeks the battalions were arriving, at long intervals and in dribblets, and sometimes badly equipped. The very enthusiasm of the army of retribution presaged disaster, as when the men danced, half naked, round the first gun dragged across the Trinkitat lagoon; and when, at Suakin, the whole camp turned out under arms, and all the Turkish brass bands in the place brayed their loudest and vilest, to give Generals Baker and Sartorius a triumphal entry in honour of a cavalry raid which resulted in the capture of a few sheep and camels—the proudest moment of the Baker campaign. I remember our last parade on the Trinkitat sands. Some hundreds of the men were tested in rifle-shooting. They just knew how to load, and pull the trigger. '*C'est ridicule*,' exclaimed the General, addressing Abdul Rasac, his chief of the staff, and with that expression of hopelessness and disgust, Baker rode off to his tent. It was 'ridiculous';—and pathetic, when, amid the rain and the sunshine of the second daybreak after, Baker's battalions marched away to their doom.

One of the first results of Osman's victory was the formation of a nomad confederacy, in which every tribe, from Suakin to remote Kassala, was represented. Another was the surrender of the Tokar garrison, whose artillery-men helped to construct the El Teb entrenchments which gave General Graham so much trouble. In their own barbarous fashion the Arabs were evolving a military system. Meanwhile the English troopships, passing Suakin, arrived at Trinkitat, whose sands were white with tents and alive with movement.

Never had the Arabs, watching us from the ridges of their sandhills, witnessed such a wonderful spectacle. But though they knew that it was the English who had come, they were not afraid. They were only impatient for more plunder. They were of the same mind with Osman Digna, who, in reply to proclamations and offers of pardon, had just been threatening to treat the English as he had treated Baker's Egyptians. Allah had delivered us English into Osman's hands, and Osman would 'drink the blood' of one-half of us, and drive the other half into the sea. Osman, the Arabs implicitly believed, was invincible and infallible. But a few days before, an astonishing ceremony had taken place in Osman's camp. This was the blessing of the sticks. Every Arab carries a club, besides his spear, and Osman had endowed each club with miraculous power to kill so many men, or break so many horses' legs—five, ten, twelve, or twenty, any number—according to the reputed faith of each owner, or the extent of his liberality to the communal fund. Every Arab felt sure of victory.

El Teb, the scene of Baker's defeat and of Graham's first victory, is eight miles south-west of Trinkitat and about seven from the seashore. Its works comprised a long semicircular shallow entrenchment, protected by three redoubts. The plan was to attack the entrenchments in the rear. At eight in the morning of the 29th,

continues the writer, we marched out with a total force of about 3,000 infantry, 700 cavalry, and 14 guns, the infantry being disposed in square formation.

Gradually receding from the sea our huge square glided in a diagonal direction across the plain. It passed along the front of the Arab entrenchments: in other words, with El Teb on its left flank. The line of Baker's route lay between it and the Arab position. Thus our infantry were spared an unpleasant infliction, but the Hussars, with whom I rode for some distance, passed over the hideous scene of the carnage. One turned almost sick with an atmosphere polluted by the hundreds of rotting bodies, which lay everywhere in every attitude of painful contortion. About half-past ten o'clock the square reached a point half a mile due west of the Arab lines, and right opposite the redoubt, which I have already indicated as protecting the northern or Trinkitat side of the entrenchments. The Arabs instantly opened a brisk fire of musketry and Krupp artillery. Without replying to or taking any notice of the enemy, Graham moved off still in the westerly direction: in about an hour more, he reached a point right opposite the southern, or Tokar side, redoubt, 800 to 900 yards off. This was the point at which it was resolved to enter and sweep clean through the Arab lines. Then the infantry lay down, and the day's work began in earnest. The blue-jackets of the left half battery and part of the camel-battery poured a well-directed fire at and around the redoubt. The enemy's gunners quickly found our range and plied the British square splendidly with two Krupp guns. Think of the absurdity of the situation! Those smart gunners who knocked over our blue-jackets and infantry, and at a critical moment in the fight threw even the 'Old Sixty-fifth' into temporary disorder, were the very men whom we were trying hard to relieve at Tokar! In less than half an hour the enemy's two guns were silenced. Then the square advanced upon the redoubt.

As the action developed, the infantry formation grew rather irregular, so that the Black Watch and portion of the 75th were exposed, equally with the 65th, to the desperate onslaught of the Arabs, who, waiting until their opponents had approached the entrenchments, charged right through the smoke and upon the bristling line of steel.

It was during the pause which followed the capture of this redoubt that our cavalry, apparently under the impression that the infantry had finished their work, executed their brilliant charge. But the Arabs were not in flight, and, while the Hussars were engaged elsewhere, the infantry were head and ears in their stiffest and hottest task. This task was the capture of the second redoubt, to effect which the infantry must force their way across the entrenchments, from the southern extremity, where they now were, to the northern.

The Arabs defended themselves with extraordinary bravery. A party of them in a red brick building which lay about half distance between the two redoubts held their ground until the seven pounders had burst three shells in it, and the Gatlings—with their harsh, deadly organ-grind—had bored a hole in its walls; all this at the short range of about 120 yards. The brick building

was choked with dead bodies, most of them fearfully mangled; a few yards off, round about a huge, rusty old boiler (a relic, perhaps, of Ismail Pasha's civilising zeal), 160 Arabs lay dead. Onwards, slowly but surely, swept the English line,—the Arabs, springing out of their rabbit-warren-looking rifle-pits, savagely contesting every inch. At two o'clock the Highlanders stormed the second redoubt, the infantry swarmed over the Wells, the Arabs disappeared, and the hard-fought fight of El Teb was won.

A question afterwards arose as to whether the cavalry charge was a mistake or not, a charge which the writer thus graphically describes :—

After the storming of the first redoubt the cavalry were massed behind the left rear of the square—that is to say, what was *then* the rear—at a distance of 500 yards from the corner formed by the Black Watch and the Irish Fusiliers. Moving along the line of the Fusiliers, they formed, right shoulders up, and swept, at full gallop, past the Gordon Highlanders, who raised a tremendous cheer, and waved their helmets on their bayonet points. 'There go the Old Tenth?' exclaimed an officer who was posted inside the square. It was their Old Colonel—Valentine Baker—who was observing them with one eye, his other eye, under which a shrapnel ball had buried itself, being hidden under an ungainly bandage covered all over with dust and blood. Wood, with his three squadrons of the 'Old Tenth,' led; Barrow with two squadrons of the 19th followed; the rear line, consisting of three squadrons of the 19th, was under Webster. They went straight ahead, and in a few moments they were out of sight. Suddenly, away on Colonel Webster's right, and out of the dense lofty brushwood, appeared a body of Arabs. A hundred of them—according to one authoritative estimate, more nearly two hundred—were mounted. They carried two-handed swords, and rode barebacked. In the rear of them were numbers of spearmen, on foot. Colonel Webster wheeled his squadrons to the right and in a moment was engaged with the enemy. Of this sudden change in the situation, Colonels Wood and Barrow knew nothing; they were pushing on ahead. Soon, however, an orderly overtook them and informed them that Colonel Webster was being 'cut up.' The word was instantly given, 'Right about wheel.' Barrow's two squadrons thus became the front line, and the 10th Hussars became the rear. As the two lines rode back to Webster's assistance, they were pounced upon by hundreds of Arabs who darted here, there, and every where out of the scrub and from behind the mimosa bushes. The Arabs threw their spears. Lying flat on the ground, they would nimbly jump up, and with their sharp knives, attempt to hamstring the horses as they galloped past. They threw their boomerang-looking clubs of tough mimosa branch at the horses' legs. The clubs rattled on the hard bones like—to quote Colonel Taylor's graphic comparison—'like a boy's stick when he runs with it, drawing it along somebody's iron railings.'

These mimosa clubs brought many a fast horse upon his knees. Down came Colonel Barrow's horse, throwing his rider, and he was only saved by Sergeant Marshall, who, at deadly risk to his own life, dragged him through the scattered groups of Arabs.

Pigot, who knows what Indian sport is, used his twelve-foot hog-spear to excellent purpose, in the saving as well as the taking of life. If all the hussars

had had twelve-foot hog-spears instead of the toasting-forks with which they vainly tried to prod their agile foes, the 'Johnnies,' as the Arabs were familiarly called in camp, would have suffered more seriously than they did. What sabres failed to accomplish, powder and shot effected to some extent. After the 10th and the 19th had charged again and again right through the provokingly scattered groups of Arabs, each line dismounted one of its squadrons. Volley after volley was poured into the enemy; and having, to say the least of it, given to the Arabs as good a shock and surprise as they themselves had received, the hussars rode back to El Teb. In the 19th Hussars alone, the proportion of casualties was over one in eight.

The Arabs were soundly beaten, and the losses they had sustained might have cowed a less determined foe. The total number killed must have amounted to 2,500, but very many must have found their way, wounded, to the hills. But, as the days passed, it appeared certain that Osman had gathered at least five or six thousand fresh tribesmen about him. Twenty-one of the Sheikhs, invited to abandon him, returned a contemptuously threatening answer.

Thus, on the 11th of March, after a few days' rest at Suakin, General Sir Gerald Graham's force was again on the march. The troops halted for the night at Baker Pasha's *zereba*, or square breast-work of prickly bush, over which at intervals all night the Arab bullets flew. At 6-30, leaving the *zereba*, our two infantry squares, Davis's leading at an interval of some hundreds of yards from Butler's, resumed their line of march across the plateau. In about 20 minutes Davis's square halted, and, reforming, moved slowly towards the slope of the plateau.

The Arabs, whatever their plans of concealment may have been, took care to make themselves heard. They opened upon the second brigade with a terrific fire which lasted a minute or two. But their hailstorm of bullets flew, for the most part, quite harmlessly right over our heads. Out from the din rang the order, 'Forty-second, charge!' and the left-half face of the square broke away with the wild war-cry of the Black Watch. Colonel Byam heard no order given to himself, but when he saw the Highlanders dash ahead, he, too, rushed on with his front-half battalion. There was a brief pause, followed by an outburst of musketry fire from the companies of the 65th, and the harsh grating rattle of the Gatling guns near the front end of the right flank. Then the firing ceased, and there arose a hoarse, vast murmur of voices, above which sounded, loud and quick, words of command in tones of anger, remonstrance, encouragement. It was the Arabs rushing. Our square was wrecked; and its fragments were driven hither and thither before the wild tide of triumphant savagery.

Swarming out of the ravine close to our right front and right flank, and swiftly running, like so many packs of hounds, the Arabs fell upon the right front and right flank of the square. On they dashed, in spite of the fire which

mowed them down by scores. Their myriad spear-blades glittered amid the smoke and the dust. I sat on horseback near the front line, behind the half-battalion of the Highlanders. Viewed from that point the recoil of the 42nd half-front somewhat resembled the slow swing of a door on its hinges. If I may take the liberty of speaking of my own impressions, the feeling which that wonderful scene evoked was one of intense fascination, mingled with a certain kind of curiosity, and of surprise that the most renowned regiment in the British army should be handled in this manner by naked barbarians. There was one man in particular who riveted my attention. He stood out, alone, at some little distance from his comrades, who, with obstinate slowness, were retiring with their faces to the enemy. The easy, graceful attitude of that handsome Highlander, as with left leg extended, head turned slightly rightwards, and levelled rifle, he picked out his victims! Six yards in front of him a tall Arab, with upraised arm, was poising his spear, about to throw or rush. A puff of blue smoke, and the Arab, bounding into the air, fell forward on his face, as if he had been shot through the heart. In a moment or two down went another by a bullet from the same weapon. Unfortunately it was not every Highlander or 'Old Sixty-fifth' man who could use his rifle or ply his bayonet. There was no elbow-room. The number and weight of the Arabs was so great, and the fatal 'rush' through the heavy curtain of smoke so sudden, that our brave fellows were sorely puzzled how to act even in bare self-defence. A 65th officer very appropriately compared the appearance presented by his own part of the yielding line to that of the scramble in a game of football. A good instance in point occurred in the company of the 42nd commanded by Captain Scott-Stevenson. That officer was suddenly seized about the legs by some Arabs who were crawling or sprawling on the ground. One of them dragged at the frogs of his kilt, and then at his 'sporrán.' The trick of kicking one's enemy hardly enters into the training of a British officer or soldier, but in such a crisis one need not be squeamish about formalities, and Stevenson, who is as strong as a horse, kicked out like one, and made a quick clearance. It happens that Captain Scott-Stevenson is one of the best boxers in the army and now he found some use for the noble art. His claymore was too long a weapon for such close quarters, but he sent its steel 'basket' crashing upon the nose and inquiring eyes of one assailant, and then with his left fist he capsized a second. In this way were the Highlanders swept back.

But, even before this occurred, the 65th were driven in from the front and right flank. One-half at least of the square was being crushed inwards and rearwards upon the line of marines, who, hitherto, stood as steady as a stone wall. Numbers of the men of the 65th were knocked off their legs in the Arab rush. The colonel, with four of his officers—Ford, Dalgetty, Ethelstone, Sinythe—were thrown down. Soldiers and savages alike went trampling over them. Gallant Ford was killed; Dalgetty fainted from loss of blood, and was rescued by one of his men; the others escaped by miracle. If Stevenson of the 42nd is known as a first-rate boxer, Colonel Byam of the York and Lancaster regiment is equally well known—and especially, perhaps, in India—as a first-rate revolver-shooter. As he lay on the ground he was assailed by four or five spearmen. Crack! crack! crack! went Byam's weapon, dropping, or sufficiently maiming an Arab at each touch of the trigger. The colonel rose up, and,

while the main body of his regiment was breaking into pieces, some thirty of his men rallied round him. There they stood, those true heroes, back to back, repelling, with bayonet thrust, the repeated onslaughts of the Arabs who encircled them. Fifteen of Colonel Byam's men fell where they stood—their names are given in one of General Graham's despatches. All the thirty were very old soldiers—among the oldest in the regiment—and every man of the fifteen who perished bore three or four badges. This, however, was not the only example of a group isolating itself from the retiring mass. The Highlanders formed one or two such groups. The same thing happened in Tuson's splendid battalion, and these groups materially assisted to bring about the general rally which very soon followed. But for the anachronism of rifles and bayonets, these and other episodes of the fight might very well be compared to Homer's battles. Some of the Arabs, having hurled their spears at the English soldiers, took to stone-throwing. Colonel Green of the Black Watch was struck. Colonel Byam had his helmet knocked off, and was half-stunned by a boulder. Having lost his hat, he went bareheaded for the next hour and more, defying sunstroke.

But an aid to recovery now manifested itself—an aid without which General Davis's square *might* have been "wiped out."

Suddenly, from the left flank of General Buller's square, came a volley of musketry, enfilading the victorious Arabs. Round by the left of General Davis's brigade came the cavalry, who, dismounting their men, poured another volley into the enemy's right flank. The Arabs were between two fires. The Highlanders, the 65th, and the marines re-formed, and, after a brief interval of time, advanced once more, driving the Arabs before them over the old ground where many hundreds of their foes now lay dead. The Arabs attempted a second charge, but the attempt failed, and was short-lived. With the recapture of the guns, the second brigade wound up its share of the day's task.

The fortunes of Buller's brigade were very different. The breadth of the space between it and the slope of the plateau prevented the Arabs from rushing the square. The men had time to fire volley after volley, and the charging Arabs never had a chance. Scarcely one who ran nearer than 80 yards to Buller's lines lived to tell the tale.

The good-humour of the Gordon Highlanders was as conspicuous as their steadiness. 'Now, lads, do what I tell you,' shouted Captain Woodward to his company, 'and you'll each have an extra pint when we return.' The lads laughed and cheered, and when they went back their captain scrupulously kept his promise. One of the neatest shots ever fired proceeded from a corner in the right flank of General Buller's square. A band of Arabs—some twenty-two or twenty-five of them—rushed to within seventy yards of the square. They halted behind a big, tall bush, as if to take breath, peering now and again round the branches, as if to see what the English were about. A shell was fired; the tall, thick bush shook from top to bottom, and after the battle was over all the Arabs were found dead on the spot.

As to the cause of the repulse of General Davis's square—

The story of the break-up is brief and simple. The front line doubled, while the flanks and rear followed only in quick time. The lid was taken off the box. The Arabs made for the gaps, which, however, very few of them succeeded in entering. What they did do, was to crush in the front (the 'lid') and the sides; and this the extreme shortness of the space over which they charged enabled them to do. The front line charged over a space of about a hundred yards, and halted, as already said, twenty yards from the edge of the slope. As Colonel Green and his officers expressed it, 'We charged at nothing;' but they saw their comrades on the right—that is the 65th—and the blue-jackets 'blazing away.' In a minute or two the Arabs plunged through the smoke upon the right flank and right front face and corner of the square, and then upon the Highlanders on the left half front. Machine-guns in good hands can make dreadful havoc at ranges of from 300 to 2,000 yards; but in the hands even of the blue-jackets they speedily became useless at a range of twenty. So in the fearful rush, the blue-jackets, who had no supports, were swept away, but not before they had locked their guns, thus preventing them from being turned upon ourselves by the Arabs. There was no such thing as a stampede. Speaking of the 42nd Highlanders in particular—for I stood close to a group of them, and certainly within fifteen yards of the nearest Arab—all I can say is that they fought like demons; they retreated backward; they never turned an inch except to thrust at the Arabs who were trying to surround them. Confused and broken as the British recoil was, it would have been far worse with troops of less sterling quality than the 1st Royal Highlanders and the York and Lancasters. No other troops could have emerged with fewer disasters from the mad onset of those savages.

As regards the future conduct of African wars, it is clear that English cavalry should not be employed. Indian cavalry regiments are most admirably fitted for the work.

In many respects there are no finer cavalry in the world than the Indian *sowars*, the crack regiments of which are raised exclusively from races and tribes of born warriors. An English cavalry man is, ordinarily, more muscular, 'stronger,' in the common, rough sense of the term, than the Sikh, or Pathan (Indo-Afghan of the Punjab Frontier). But he has a great many more wants; while in a hot country like the Soudan—hot at most seasons of the year—the Sikh or Pathan would beat him in enduring the discomforts of thirst and of exposure to the sun. Of the two, the Indian would be the last to suffer from the ordinary ailments of campaigning, such as fever, diarrhoea, and dysentery. There is a great difference in the case of infantry. But here, also, native Indian infantry might be employed with advantage. No one need now be reminded of the supreme importance of steady, well-directed firing in checking the series of 'rushes' in which the tactics of the Soudan Arabs chiefly consist. A comparison of the shooting scores of native infantry regiments with those of our English battalions in India would surprise a good many people. As regards cold steel, one would with easy confidence back a regiment of Ghoorkhas against their own number, at least, of Arab spearmen. A Ghoorkha, with his bayonet and *kookrie*—huge, curved knife, to which the Soudani Arab knife is a mere toy—is about as unpleasant an enemy to encounter as can well be found in the old world.

* * * * *

Supposing Admiral Hewett and King John agree together, what would there

be to prevent an Indian contingent from landing, in twenty-four days, at Mas-sowah, and reaching, in seventeen or eighteen days, the Atbara river, which they could follow towards Berber, or from which they might strike across to Khartoum?

General Graham's campaign has taught the Arabs at least one good lesson—respect for the English, a more pleasant feeling for them to harbour than their contempt and inextinguishable hate for the Egyptians. The kindness which their prisoners received undoubtedly gave these fearless barbarians some glimmering of a new world of ideas; the English, they understand, are as merciful as they are brave. "But why, then, do you come to fight us?" asked one of the prisoners. The questioner was not well up in politics.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1884.

The Sins of Legislators. II. By HERBERT SPENCER
The Historical Assumptions of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Commission. By EDWIN HATCH, D.D.
London Centralized. By EDWIN CHADWICK, C.B.
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THE SINS OF LEGISLATORS. II.—It is vain to urge in defence of our present system that nothing better can be had—that the select men of the nation, led by a re-selected few, bring their best powers to bear upon the matters before them.

The knowledge acquired by our legislators is, for the most part, obviously irrelevant. What is really needed is a systematic study of natural causation as displayed among human being socially aggregated. In our days—as distinguished from the times when, for instance, the flight of a spear was thought of as guided by a god, and when epidemics were habitually regarded as of supernatural origin—the existence of such causal relations has become clear enough to force upon all who think the inference that, before meddling with them, they should be diligently studied.

It should be inferred that among social causes, those initiated by legislation, similarly operating with an average regularity, must not only change men's actions, but, by consequence, change their natures—probably in ways not intended. There should be recognition of the fact that social causation, more than all other causation, is a fructifying causation; and it should be seen that indirect and remote effects are no less inevitable than proximate effects.

No one denies that each human being is in a certain degree modifiable both physically and mentally. All education and dis-

cipline implies this belief. No one, again, denies that modifications of nature are inheritable, and that a process of adaptation (as that of man to climate, for instance) is everywhere and always going on ; and if so, it is a manifest implication that adaptive modifications must be set up by every change of social conditions.

To which there comes the undeniable corollary that every law which serves to alter men's modes of action—compelling, or restraining, or aiding, in new ways—so affects them as to cause in course of time adjustments of their natures. Beyond any immediate effect wrought, there is the remote effect—wholly ignored by most—a re-moulding of the average character: a re-moulding which may be of a desirable kind or of an undesirable kind, but which in any case is the most important of the results to be considered.

Social activities are, again, the results of the desires of individuals who are severally seeking satisfactions, and pursuing the ways which seem the easiest—following the lines of least resistance : the truths of political economy being so many sequences. Hence it follows that those desires of men which have prompted their private activities have done much more towards social development than those which have worked through Governmental agencies.

Beginning with traffic at gatherings on occasions of religious festivals, the trading organization, now so extensive and complex, has been produced entirely by men's efforts to achieve their private ends. Perpetually Governments have thwarted and deranged the growth, but have in no way furthered it ; save by partially discharging their proper function and maintaining social order. So, too, with those advances of knowledge and those improvements of appliances, by which these structural changes and these increasing activities have been made possible. It is not to the State that we owe the multitudinous useful inventions from the plough to the telephone ; it is not the State which made possible extended navigation by a developed astronomy ; it is not the State which made the discoveries in physics, chemistry, and the rest, which guide modern manufacturers ; it is not the State which devised the machinery for producing fabrics of every kind, for transferring men and things from place to place, and for ministering in a thousand ways to our comforts.

This truth next introduces us to another truth, *viz.*, that this spontaneously formed social organization is so bound together that you cannot act on one part without acting more or less on all parts.

We see this unmistakably when a cotton-famine, first paralyzing certain manufacturing districts and then affecting the doings of wholesale and retail distributors throughout the kingdom, as well as the people they supply, goes on to affect the makers and distributors, as well as the wearers, of other fabrics—woollen, linen, &c.

And manifestly, Acts of Parliament are among those factors which, beyond the effects directly produced, have countless other effects. Let us now present somewhat more fully one of these broad truths.

The continuance of every higher species depends on conformity to two radically opposed principles ; one being in action during the early lives, and the other during the adult lives of its members.

During the early life, the gratuitous parental aid must be great in proportion as the young one is of little worth, either to itself or to others. Clearly if during this first part of life benefits were proportioned to merits, or rewards to deserts, the species would disappear in a generation.

But, in the case of the adult members of a species, a principle just the reverse of that above described comes into play. Placed, now, in competition with members of its own species, it dwindles or thrives according as it is ill-endowed or well-endowed. An opposite *régime* would, manifestly, be fatal to the species, for if the benefits received by each member of it were proportionate to its inferiority—if, as a consequence, multiplication of the inferior was furthered and multiplication of the superior hindered, progressive degradation would result ; and eventually the species would fail to hold its ground in presence of antagonistic and competing species.

Does any one think that the like does not hold of the human species ? He cannot deny that within the human family, as within any inferior family, it would be fatal to proportion benefits to merits. Can he assert that, outside the family, among adults, there should not be a proportioning of benefits to merits ? Will he contend that no mischief will result if the lowly endowed are enabled to thrive and multiply as much as, or more than, the highly endowed ? A society of men standing towards other societies in relations of either antagonism or competition, may be considered as a species, or, more literally, as a variety of a species ; and it must be true of it as of other species or varieties, that it will be unable to hold its own in the struggle with other societies, if it disadvantages its superior units that it may advantage its inferior units. Surely none can fail to see that were the principle of family life to be adopted and fully carried out in social life—were reward always great in proportion as desert was small, fatal results to the society would quickly follow ; and if so, then even a partial intrusion of the family *régime* into the *régime* of the State, will be slowly followed by fatal results.

And yet, notwithstanding the conspicuousness of these truths, the intrusion of family ethics into the ethics of State—the demand for a great deal more paternal Government—instead of being regarded as socially injurious, is more and more regarded as the only efficient means to social benefit.

The reply will probably be made—" I care nothing for your natural-history arguments, built upon ' natural selection ' and ' survival of the fittest ' ; every man with sympathy in him must feel that hunger and pain must be prevented, and if private agencies do not suffice, then public agencies must be established."

Such will be the response of many who, while claiming to regard the hardships of the poor as intolerable to them, think little of sending out some thousands of men to be partially destroyed, while destroying other thousands of men, in order to maintain the national "prestige." Nay, you may hear these tender-hearted (!) persons contend that in the interests of humanity at large, it is well that inferior races should be exterminated by superior races.

So that, marvellous to relate, though they cannot think with calmness of the evils accompanying the struggle for existence as it is carried on without violence among individuals in their own society, they contemplate with contented equanimity such evils in their intense and wholesale forms when inflicted by fire and sword on entire communities. Not worthy of much respect then, as it seems to me, is this generous consideration of the inferior at home which is accompanied by unscrupulous sacrifice of the inferior abroad.

Still less respectable is this extreme concern when we observe its methods. Did it prompt personal effort to relieve the suffering, it would rightly receive approving recognition.

But the immense majority of the persons who wish to mitigate by law the miseries of the unsuccessful and the reckless, propose to do this in small measure at their own cost and mainly at the cost of others—sometimes with their assent but mostly without. More than this is true; for those who are to be forced to do so much for the distressed, often equally or more require something doing for them. The deserving poor are among those who are burdened to pay the costs of caring for the undeserving poor. As, under the old Poor Law, the diligent and provident labourer had to pay that the good-for-nothings might not suffer, until frequently under this extra burden he broke down and himself took refuge in the workhouse—as at present it is admitted that the total rates levied in large towns for all public purposes, have now reached such a height that they 'cannot be exceeded without inflicting great hardship on the small shopkeepers and artisans, who already find it difficult enough to keep themselves free from the pauper taint;* so in all cases, the policy is one which intensifies the pains of those most deserving of pity, that the pains of those least deserving of pity may be mitigated. In short, men who are so sympathetic that they cannot allow the struggle for existence to bring on the unworthy the sufferings consequent on their incapacity or misconduct, are so unsympathetic that they can, without hesitation, make the struggle for existence harder for the worthy, and inflict on them and their children artificial evils in addition to the natural evils they have to bear!

And here we are brought round to our original topic—the sins of legislators. Here we see that Government, begotten of aggression and by aggression, ever continues to betray its original nature by its aggressiveness—its kindness at the cost of cruelty. For is it not cruel to increase the sufferings of the better that the sufferings of the worse may be decreased?

It is, indeed, marvellous how readily we let ourselves be deceived by words and phrases which suggest one aspect of the facts while leaving the opposite

* Mr. Chamberlain in *Fortnightly Review*, December, 1883, p. 772.

aspect unsuggested. A good illustration of this, and one germane to the immediate question, is seen in the use of the words 'protection' and 'protectionist' by the antagonists of free-trade, and in the tacit admission of its propriety by free-traders. While the one party has habitually ignored, the other party has habitually failed to emphasize, the truth that this so-called protection always involves aggression; and that the name aggressionist ought to be substituted for the name protectionist. For nothing can be more certain than that if to maintain A's profits B is forbidden to buy of C, or is fined to the extent of the duty if he buys of C, B is aggressed upon that A may be 'protected.' Nay, 'aggressionists' is a title doubly more applicable to the anti-free-traders than the euphemistic title 'protectionists,' since, that one producer may gain, ten consumers are fleeced.

The same confusion of ideas may be traced throughout all the legislation which forcibly takes the property of this man for the purpose of giving gratis benefits to that man.

Money is exacted (either directly or through raised rent) from the huckster who only by extreme pinching can pay her way, from the mason thrown out of work by a strike, from the mechanic whose savings are melting away during an illness, from the widow who washes or sews from dawn to dark to feed her fatherless little ones; and all that the dissolute may be saved from hunger, that the children of less impoverished neighbours may learn lessons, and that various people, mostly better off, may read newspapers and novels for nothing! The error of nomenclature is, in one respect, more misleading than that which, as we see allows aggressionists to be called protectionists; for, as just shown, protection of the vicious poor involves aggression on the virtuous poor.

And now we see the Nemesis which is threatening to follow this chronic sin of legislators. The tacit assumption of these confiscating Acts of Parliament is that no man has a claim to his property save by the permission of the community, and now this doctrine, which has been tacitly assumed, is being openly proclaimed. Mr. George and his friends are pushing the theory to its logical issue, and are for over-riding individual rights altogether.

The fact is the communist thinks of the body politic as a plastic mass, that may be shaped at will, instead of as an organized body; and the tacit implication of many Acts of Parliament is that aggregated men, twisted into this or that arrangement, will remain as intended. Why, to the citizen and to the legislator, home-experiences daily supply proof that the conduct of human beings baulks calculation.

Children on whom he has tried now reprimand, now punishment, now suasion, now reward, do not respond satisfactorily to any method; and no expostulation prevents their mother from treating them in ways he thinks mischievous. So, too, his dealings with his servants, whether by reasoning or by scolding, rarely succeed for long: the falling short of attention, or punctuality, or cleanliness, or sobriety, leads to constant changes. Yet, difficult as he finds it to deal with humanity in detail, he is confident of his ability to deal with embodied humanity. Citizens, not one-thousandth of whom he knows,

not one-hundredth of whom he ever saw, and the great mass of whom belong to classes having habits and modes of thought of which he has but dim notions, he has no doubt will act in certain ways he foresees, and fulfil ends he wishes. Is there not a marvellous incongruity between premises and conclusion ?

Summing up the results of this discussion, there lie before the legislator several open secrets, which ought to remain secrets to him no longer.

There is first of all the undeniable truth, conspicuous and yet absolutely ignored, that there are no phenomena which a society presents but what have their origins in the phenomena of individual human life, which again have their roots in vital phenomena at large. And there is the inevitable implication that unless these vital phenomena, bodily and mental, are chaotic in their relations (a supposition excluded by the very maintenance of life) the resulting phenomena cannot be wholly chaotic : there must be some kind of order in the phenomena which grow out of them when associated human beings have to co-operate. Evidently, then, when one who has not studied such resulting phenomena of social order, undertakes to regulate society, he is pretty certain to work mischiefs.

In the second place, apart from *à priori* reasoning, this conclusion should be forced on the legislator by comparisons of societies. It ought to be sufficiently manifest that before meddling with the details of social organization, inquiry should be made whether social organization has a natural history ; and that to answer this inquiry, it would be well, setting out with the simplest societies, to see in what respects social structures agree. Such comparative sociology, pursued to a very small extent, shows a substantial uniformity of genesis. The habitual existence of chieftainship, and the establishment of chiefly authority by war ; the rise everywhere of the medicine man and priest ; the presence of a cult having in all places the same fundamental traits ; the traces of division of labour, early displayed, which gradually become more marked ; and the various complications, political, ecclesiastical, industrial, which arise as groups are compounded and re-compounded by war ; quickly prove to any who compares them that, apart from all their special differences, societies have general resemblances in their modes of origin and development. They present traits of structure showing that social organization has laws which over-ride individual wills ; and laws the disregard of which must be fraught with disaster.

And then, in the third place, there is that mass of guiding information yielded by the records of legislation in our own country and in other countries, which still more obviously demands attention. Here and elsewhere, attempts of multitudinous kinds, made by kings and statesmen, have failed to do the good intended and have worked unexpected evils. Century after century new measures like the old ones, and other measures akin in principle, have again disappointed hopes and again brought disaster. And yet it is thought neither by electors nor by those they elect, that there is any need for systematic study of that law-making which in bygone ages went on working the ill-being of the people when it tried to achieve their well-being. Surely there can be no fitness for legislative functions without wide knowledge of those legislative experiences which the past has bequeathed.

What we maintain, then, in conclusion, is that the legislator is morally blameless or morally blameworthy according as he has or has not acquainted himself with these several classes of facts.

THE PRINCESS ALICE'S LETTERS.—This graceful and sympathetic paper is introduced by the verses—

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death.

In these letters we are admitted into the innermost life of the Royal Family. These pages overflow with touches that appeal to our most human sympathies, and few can read this book without being the better for it; to many it will bring the best kind of help.

It may certainly be thought a mistake that where so much is withheld relating to politics, public men and public affairs generally, there should appear here and there an expression of opinion of startling crudeness on subjects of large and wide-spreading interest. Either, it will be said, there should have been more or nothing at all. When there is no indication to show by what process of reasoning certain conclusions were reached, is it altogether fair to the Princess to publish these fragmentary expressions of her opinion? This, however, I will leave to the judgment of the public at large, contenting myself with dwelling on those aspects of the letters about which there can be no difference of opinion.

The childhood and girlhood of Princess Alice were passed much as the lives of other children and girls are passed in England, sheltered, careless, blissful years, looked back upon in after life with wistful eyes, as being marked by no forebodings of anything that is not good and happy. Her engagement to Prince Louis of Hesse was one that gave entire satisfaction to the Queen and the Prince Consort, founded as it was on full love and trust. During this engagement the first great sorrow came upon the Queen in the death of the Duchess of Kent. This seems to have been a landmark in the Princess's life.

'I thought of you so much on the 16th,' she writes some years afterwards; 'from that day dated the commencement of so much grief and sorrow; yet in those days you had one, darling Mama, whose first and deepest thought was to comfort and help you, and I saw and understood only then how he watched over you. I see his dear face—so pale, so full of tears—when he led me to you early that morning after all was over, and said, 'Comfort Mama;' as if those words were a presage of what was to come. In those days, I think he knew how deep my love was for you, and that, as long as I was left in my home, my first and only thought should be you and you alone! This I held as my holiest and dearest duty until I had to leave you, my beloved Mother. But that bond of love, though I can no more be near you, is as strong as ever.

Only a few months after fell the unexpected and crushing blow which for so long shrouded the throne of England in gloom. In those

first dark days the Princess Alice took into her hands everything that was necessary, to save the Queen.

All communications between the Government and the Household and he Queen had to pass through her hands. 'Princess Alice is an angel in the house,' it was said in a private letter from Windsor to Lady Lyttelton. Young and inexperienced as she was, it must indeed have been to her a severe school, and it seemed to transform her from a light-hearted girl into a mature woman. Her marriage, which took place in the shadow of this grief, must have brought with it a strange mixture of conflicting feelings, her adoration for her lost Father, intense sympathy and love for the desolate Mother she was leaving, devotion to her husband, and all the thousand new emotions to which her marriage and untried life gave birth. It is one of the strongest proofs of her unselfish nature that in the letters that follow her arrival at her husband's home, there is little about her own feelings of joy, and through them breathes constantly the yearning to do something to assuage her Mother's grief. 'If I could relinquish part of my present happiness to restore to you some of yours, with a full heart would I do it.'

In the meantime she neglected no home duty.

'You tell me to speak of my happiness—our happiness,' she writes to the Queen. 'If I say I love my dear husband, that is scarcely enough: it is a love and esteem which increases daily, hourly. What was life before to what it has become now? There is such blessed peace being at his side, being his wife; there is such a feeling of security, and we two have a world of our own when we are together, which *nothing* can touch or intrude upon. My lot is indeed a blessed one, and yet what have I done to deserve that warm, ardent love which my darling Louis ever shows me?' And again, in 1869: 'To possess a heart like his and to call it my own, I am ever prouder of and more grateful for from year to year. Once more, close to the end: 'Our home-life is always pleasant—never dull, however quiet'

During the next few years, she threw herself into her new life with the brightest and keenest ardour and interest. The days are marked by every variety of occupation. Reading, music, and painting are kept up as if there were no babies to be born and thought of, with all kinds of social and political duties to be done.

'We always continue reading together . . . have read 'Hypatia'—a most beautiful, most interesting, and very learned and clever book.' Macaulay, Lanfrey's 'Napoleon,' Froude, Paoli's 'History of England,' &c., are casually mentioned and commented upon. Italian she learned in 1873, to enable her more thoroughly to enjoy and profit by her visits to Florence and Rome. Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Brahms were her special favourites in music, and of their works she was no mean performer. Many subjects which are now only beginning to engross public attention occupied and interested her:—such things as the higher education and employment of women, the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, sanitary questions generally, hospitals, refuges, and penitentiaries of all kinds. We easily forget who are the pioneers of great social reforms, when we have once got accustomed to them. She held opinions about women, which ten years ago

must have been considered 'advanced.' She believed that women should be brought up to be more independent of men—*i. e.*, to have independent interests and objects—not, in short, to make marriage as such the aim and end of life. 'What a fault it is of parents to bring up their daughters with the main object of marrying them,' she says. 'I want to strive to bring up the girls without *seeking* this as the sole object for the future—to feel they can fill up their lives so well otherwise. . . . A marriage for the *sake* of marriage is surely the greatest mistake a woman can make.' These ideas are now filling the air we breathe; this generation is born into them. Princess Alice found much out for herself, and by vivid interest and practical co-operation gave zest and form to the various movements.

She herself translated into German Miss Octavia Hill's Essays on the Homes of the London Poor, hoping that their principles might be successfully applied to Germany. She personally visited the worst slums in Mayence, making plans for sanitary improvements. She founded the "Women's Union" to assist in the nursing and supporting of the troops in time of war, which spread all over the country. She established the Alice Society for the education and employment of women, out of which grew the Alice Lyceum, for the culture of women of the higher classes. She frequently visited the poor in their homes as well as in the hospitals.

'All cases are reported to me. The other day I went to one *incog.* in the old part of the town—and the trouble we had to find the house! At length through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder, into one little room, where lay the poor woman and her baby. I sent Christa down with the children, then with the husband cooked something for the woman; arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes . . . and did odds and ends. . . . If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of Court people, one's good feelings dry up.'

The events of her daily life are recorded with much freshness and *naïveté*. She adapted herself with great readiness to the simple surroundings of her German home, a great contrast to what she had been accustomed to in England.

'I have made all the summer out-walking dresses, seven in number, with paletôts for the girls—not embroidered, but entirely made from beginning to end: likewise the new necessary flannel shawls for the expected. I manage all the nursery accounts and everything myself, which gives me plenty to do.' Many women occupying far less distinguished positions in life, and with much more time at their disposal, would do well to learn a lesson of industry from Princess Alice.

It was in 1866 that Princess Alice at her own desire became acquainted with the famous David Frederick Strauss. He lived at Darmstadt for four years, during which period he had frequent intercourse with the Princess. Much as the influence of Strauss may be

regretted, no one can help admiring the courage with which she faced opinions which must have caused her much distress, in sharp conflict as they were with the most sacred traditions of her youth. She had to wrestle heart and soul with theoretical doubts ; and it was not till the spring of 1873 that light came back to her through darkness.

She had just returned from her Italian trip, into which she had thrown herself with true enjoyment, and was still resting after the fatigue of the long journey. The two little Princes had been playing by her sofa ; Prince Ernest ran into the next room followed by the Princess, and in her brief absence Prince Fritz fell out of the window upon the stone pavement below. One moment in the most vivid, radiant life and health, the next he lay senseless and crushed. He died a few hours later in his mother's arms. In her agone she sounded, as it were for the first time, the depths of scepticism. She searched in vain through the various systems of philosophy, but found no foothold.

She did not speak of the transformation that was going on within ; but slowly, silently, and surely faith returned to her, never again to falter. 'The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had built up for myself, I find to have no foundation whatever—nothing of it is left—it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith—if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world and each single one of us ?'

We will not dwell upon the harrowing tale of her last days on earth. In this supreme hour of suffering, her character reached its climax ; and when, wearied out with nursing, anxiety, and grief, she laid down her head to die, we feel that her life on earth received its crown.

Above all things let us learn this lesson from the example of Princess Alice—the quickening, purifying, bracing power of pain. In every trial that she had to undergo—and perhaps these trials were more than ordinarily severe and frequent—we see how her character developed and strengthened. To her each trial was as an April storm to a young plant or tree, lending new vigour to the roots, new power to its growth, so that when the sun shines the buds are seen to expand and blossom—those same buds which without the rain-cloud would have shrivelled and died. Every time she was called upon to give up what she most deeply cherished, she counted with faith and gratitude the blessings that remained to her. 'Thus do we learn humility,' she said with quivering lip. 'God has called for one life, and has given me back four. How then should we mourn?' These words she pronounced when she lost her darling little 'Sunshine' as she called her, her sweet 'May-blossom,' little guessing that in a few short weeks she would be called upon to enter the same Valley of the Shadow of Death.

It has been well pointed out that life generally includes for us three kinds of love—the ascending, as seen in filial affection ; the equal love, as seen in marriage ; and the descending love, as seen in the parent's relation with the child.

'Then, and not till then, love enters upon its highest stage, and puts on the crown of sacrifice.' In Princess Alice's life we see the three kinds—the love of the daughter, of the wife, and of the mother ; the three elements which make up perfect love—reverence, equivalence, and sacrifice, in full bloom at once : 'the trinity in unity of love.'

It is well for us that at the hour of death the mistakes and shortcomings which necessarily belong to our human frailty are lost in a mist of tears ; that our graces and virtues, our highest aspirations, should live on after us, softening sorrow, kindling hope, strengthening faith, inspiring those who are left behind, stimulating them on to ever nobler efforts and higher aims.

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

‘TEMPLE BAR.

JULY, 1884.

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HAYWARD'S ESSAYS.—It is asserted that Lord Beaconsfield's sneering definition of critics as "men who have failed in literature and art" was really aimed at Abraham Hayward who, when a writer in the *Morning Chronicle*, had given him cause for great uneasiness.

Lord Beaconsfield, in his memorable speech on the Duke of Wellington's death, had cribbed from M. Thiers a considerable part of his eulogium. Mr. Hayward was very busy in making this fact public. We recollect the sensation made when the discovery was first unfolded in the *Globe*. Mrs. Disraeli, unconscious of the coming storm, went out to a party that night, and entering the room, announced in loud tones, proud of her lord's new honour, 'I left the Chancellor of the Exchequer reading the evening paper.' 'Oh, what delightful reading he will find in it!' responded a malicious Whig peer.

Mr. Hayward received great assistance in his social career from the kind encouragement of Lord Lyndhurst who, if not constant in politics, seems to have been so in friendship. The following is an extract from the unpublished memoirs of Sir John Rolt; it is a good reply to unworthy sneers recently made even at the judicial merits of Lord Lyndhurst by rancorous partisans.

Lord Justice Rolt writes :

'A great merit of Lyndhurst was his manner of hearing a cause. It was better calculated than the manner of any other judge I have ever seen, to get at the truth and justice of the case. He always made me feel (and seemed to wish to do so) that he and I were engaged on the same work—the administration of justice. He treated me as a person who was to be heard and understood, and not wrangled with. He did not sit absolutely quiet during the argument,

but indulged in no interruption that could ruffle the temper of counsel. At the end of an argument, or at the end of any separate branch of it, he would sum up what had been said, telling us that of course he gave no opinion upon it, but that he wished to see if he rightly understood the speaker's view of the case, and never, or scarcely ever, had I to add a word to his summary of what I had said or argued. It was full, round, and complete, and perfectly fair. All that remained to be done, was to say, 'That is my exact case, my lord,' and to sit down, or to proceed to the next branch of the case. The value of this in the administration of justice is very great. The contrary practice of answering, or sneering at and pooh-poohing, a weak argument (often the best the case will afford), is the almost universal habit of judges. This serves to irritate the counsel, and prevents him from attempting the calm conduct of a cause becoming one who has a duty, not only to his client, but a duty to assist the judge in getting at truth and justice; it tends to make the counsel unscrupulous, and anxious to snatch a victory—if he can by any means—from his antagonist, the judge. At the same time it makes a partisan of the judge; when the case is concluded he has been counsel on one side, and carries the feeling of counsel into his judgment, and if he has served every counsel in the cause the same way, as is sometimes done, he has destroyed the judicial moderation and temper necessary in all cases, but especially so in causes in the Court of Chancery, where frequently no party to the cause is absolutely right in every point, and the decree consequently requires unprejudiced judgment on a variety of points. Now, Lyndhurst was wholly free from any kind of partisanship. As I have said, he impressed counsel (or at least he did me) with the notion that we were all engaged in one common labour. He always seemed to tell me, 'It is your duty to assist me by telling me truly all that can be said on one side of the question, it will be your opponent's duty to do the same on the other, and mine to judge between you. I cannot do my duty efficiently without your help.'

Mr. Hayward's career as a lawyer was not a successful one, and Lord Lyndhurst incurred great obloquy when he made him a Queen's Counsel. But Mr. Hayward quickly found that his true mission in life was not at the Bar, and from the time when his first articles in the *Edinburgh Review* were received with unbounded favour, he began to contribute regularly to the amusement of mankind in the pages of that *Review* and also in *Frazer's Magazine* and the *Quarterly*. His knowledge of the memoirs of the eighteenth century was great. A few amusing extracts may be made from the correspondence of George Selwyn and his contemporaries, which supplied Hayward with the subject of one of his best articles.

We have been lately suffering from the effects of an earthquake; let us see what the gay people of a former time thought on the subject.

Horace Walpole writes:

'You will not wonder so much at the earthquakes as at the effects they have had. All the women in the town have taken them upon the foot of *Judgments*; and the clergy, who have had no windfalls for a long season, have driven horse and foot into this opinion. There has been a shower of

sermons and exhortations; Secker, the Jesuitical Bishop of Oxford, began the mode. He heard the women were all going out of town to avoid the shock, and so, for fear of losing his Easter offerings, he set himself to advise them to await God's pleasure in fear and trembling. But what is more astonishing, Sherlock, who has much better sense and much less of the Popish confessor, has been running a race with him for the old ladies, and has written a pastoral letter of which ten thousand were sold in two days; and fifty thousand have been subscribed for, since the two first editions.

It was not only the old ladies who were frightened—indeed frantic terror prevailed, and seven hundred and thirty carriages were seen passing Hyde Park Corner with whole parties, flying into the country.

'What will you think,' writes Horace Walpole, 'of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel, and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town where they are to play at brag till five in the morning, and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?'

The gamblers at White's Club seem, like Horace Walpole, to have treated the whole affair lightly, as a parson going in there on the morning of the earthquake the first heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, and went out scandalised, saying, 'I protest, they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppetshow against judgment' Warm dresses were made for the ladies, called 'earthquake gowns,' in order that they might sit out of doors at night without suffering. Fast young gentlemen returning home from parties knocked at people's doors, crying out in a watchman's voice, 'Past four o'clock, and a dreadful earthquake!' All this, of course, was very absurd, to say the least of it; but we solemnly believe that if in this virtuous times there happened to be earthquake the first and earthquake the second, with a prophecy of earthquake the third, 'the fools and idiots of society,' as they are benignly called by Mr. Charles Greville, would perform the same vagaries as their predecessors in the gay reign of George II.

In 1779 society was full of discussions about the state of the weather, and the change it occasioned in the temperaments of mankind. Shakspeare tells us that when the moon comes near the earth, it makes men mad. In 1779 the moon brought this calamity in its train. The murder of Lord Sandwich's mistress, Mrs. Ray, by a clergyman was the commencement of a fever which raged in London. Lady Ossory, the favourite correspondent of Horace Walpole, gives in a letter to George Selwyn an amusing description of the eccentricities of these victims of the sun.

'This Asiatic weather has certainly affected our cold constitutions. The Duchess of B—is afraid of being shot wherever she goes. A man has followed Miss Clavering *on foot* from the East Indies, is quite mad; and scenes are daily expected even in the drawing-room. Another man has sworn to shoot a Miss Something, *n'importe*, if she did not run away with him from the opera. Sir Joshua Reynolds has a niece who is troubled with one of these passionate admirers, to whom she has refused her hand, and her door. He came a few days

since to Sir Joshua's, asked if she was at home, and on being answered in the negative, he desired the footman to tell her to take care, for he was determined to ravish her (pardon the word) whenever he met her. Keep our little friend (Mie Mie) at Paris whilst this mania lasts, for no age will be spared to be in fashion, and I am sure Mie Mie is quite as much in danger as the person I quoted in my first page.'

It is singular that Sydney Smith always maintained that virtue was a question of weather, and that if we had a torrid climate the manners and morals of England would be changed.

We give an extract from a notebook :

'On a very sultry day in June, as Sydney Smith was sitting on Miss Rogers's balcony after a breakfast there, he observed, 'If this weather were to last it would change the whole moral economy of the country ; we should give up port wine and marriage, and addict ourselves to sherbet and polygamy.'

Mr. Hayward writes :

'In addition to Selwyn's other places, the voice of his contemporaries conferred on him that of Receiver-General of Waif-and-Stray Jokes ; for as D'Alembert sarcastically observed to the Abbé Voisenon, who complained that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others, '*Monsieur l'Abbé, on ne prête qu'aux riches.*'

Waif-and-stray jokes are the legitimate property of the great wits of the day, but it has ever been the fashion of certain sayers of good things to father their progeny on established authorities, and we have heard that the accomplished Henry Lord de Ros commenced some keen jests of his own with 'As Alvanley says.' Lord Alvanley seems to have acquired the position once occupied by George Selwyn in the great world. He was ready on every occasion. Once, when travelling with Berkeley Craven in a postchaise and four, he was upset. They were naturally very indignant at the catastrophe. Berkeley Craven went up to the first postboy to punish him, but finding him an old man, he said, 'Your *age* protects you.' Lord Alvanley went for postboy the second, but finding him a young and determined-looking fellow, wisely declined the combat, saying, 'Your *youth* protects you.'

Any one who reads Mr. Hayward's " Pearls and Mock Pearls of History," must see how difficult it is to apportion correctly the reported sayings of great men. The following *bon mot*, ascribed to himself by James Smith, is put down to Lord Lyndhurst's credit by Mr. Hayward. James Smith writes :—

'Our dinner party yesterday at H——'s chambers was very lively. Mrs.—— was dressed in pink, with a black lace veil, her hair smooth. H—— was the lion of the dinner-table, whereupon I, like Addison, did 'maintain my dignity by a stiff silence.' An opportunity for a *bon mot* occurred which I had not virtue sufficient to resist. Lord L—— mentioned that an old lady, an acquaintance of his, kept her books in detached book-cases, the male authors in one, and the female in another. I said, 'I suppose her reason was, she did not wish to increase her library.' Altogether the conversation, considering the presence of ladies, was too mannish. As Pepys says, in his memoirs, 'Pleasant, but wrong.'

In his essay on "the British Parliament," Mr. Hayward gives the prize of eloquence to Mr. Gladstone. *Apropos* of this a remark of Lord Palmerston's concerning Mr. Gladstone is quoted. Once, when there was a conversation about the marriage of Garibaldi with a rich English widow who had taken a fancy to him, somebody said, "This cannot be; Garibaldi has a wife already." "That does not signify" said Lord Palmerston; "we will send Gladstone to explain her away."

Mr. Hayward, in the article on Canning, gives several extracts from his speeches. The following is one from a speech of his which Mr. Pitt said was the finest speech ever heard on any occasion. It was delivered just after the battle of the Nile, when Nelson swooped on the French fleet like a hawk on its prey.

'Let us recollect the days and months of anxiety we passed before the intelligence of that memorable event reached us. It was an anxiety not of apprehension, but of impatience. Our prayers were put up not for success, but for an opportunity of deserving it. We asked, not that Nelson should conquer Buonaparte, but that Buonaparte should not have the triumph of deceiving and escaping him; not that we might gain the battle, but that we might find the enemy; for the rest we had nothing to fear.

'Concurrant pariter cum ratibus rates,
Spectent Numina Ponti, et
Palman qui meruit ferat.'

"Palman qui Meruit ferat" was chosen as Lord Nelson's motto.

Mr. Hayward was a "Universal Provider" of articles on every imaginable subject. The one on "British Field Sports" is delightful reading. Mr. Hayward writes:—

We have occasionally risked our lives in a *battue*, wetted a line in the Tweed, walked ourselves to a downright stand-still across a country at 'Mr. Stubbs's' pace—that master of foxhounds who seldom went faster than nine miles an hour, and never took a fence, yet almost invariably contrived to make his appearance at the end of the run.

We also rode behind 'Mr. Stubbs,' who mounted on a horse which it would have been a compliment to call a 'screw,' used by his knowledge of roads and lanes to be always in at the death. Yet in listening to his account of the run, any one would have imagined that no bullfinch or brook would have been able to stop him in his reckless career. Anybody hearing his conversation would have thought that he could have given two stone to the Wild Huntsman. We recollect that once he confronted a hurdle and what seemed to be a small ditch. 'Is that a ditch?' he called out to a boy standing near. 'No, sir.' 'Then pull down the hurdle and let me go at it.' He was not to be denied. He once came to grief in presence of illustrious strangers, who found him leading his horse over a small fence, but his ready invention came to his aid. 'I have lost my nerve to-day,' said Mr. Stubbs. 'I had sausages for breakfast; I never can ride after eating sausages.' Mr. Stubbs's horn, like the horn in 'Hernani,' was a terror to his huntsman when it sounded from a distant lane whilst the

huntsman was making a cast, and caused a divided attention. He could not take his master's horn away from him, so he contented himself with saying, 'Noisy fellow! noisy fellow.' Oh, if Mr. Stubbs had ever heard that! Mr. Stubbs is no more; peace to his *manes*. In spite of his delusions, a better hearted creature never existed.

In olden times hunting was a recognised episcopal amusement.

The grandfather of our present Home Secretary, the Archbishop of York, before his elevation to the bench, kept a pack of foxhounds. After his elevation, taking a ride in the country where he thought it not unlikely he might see something of the hounds, he met the fox. His lordship put his finger under his wig and gave one of his beautiful view halloos. 'Hark! halloo!' said some of the field. The huntsman listened, and the halloo was repeated. 'That will do,' said he, listening to his old master's voice, '*That's gospel, by G—d!*'

Here is an anecdote of a sporting parson given by Mr. Hayward:

'A Bishop in Dorsetshire drove over one Sunday morning from a neighbouring seat to attend divine service at a parish church. Seeing a gentleman in black entering the vestry door, he requested to know at what hour the service commenced: 'We throw off at eleven,' was the reply. Rather taken aback, his lordship asked, 'Pray, sir, are you the officiating clergyman?' 'Why, yes, I tip them the word.'

Boxing too was looked on with much greater favour by "authorities" than it is now. Mr. Barnes, the great editor of the *Times*, who was so instrumental in carrying the Reform Bill, relates the following story of himself in Crabb Robinson's Diary.

December 7th.—Met Thomas Barnes at a party at Collier's and chatted with him till late. He related that, at Cambridge, having had lessons from a boxer, he gave himself airs, and meeting with a fellow sitting on a stile in a field, who did not make way for him as he expected, and as he thought due to a gownsman, he asked him what he meant, and said he had a great mind to thrash him. 'The man smiled,' said Barnes, 'put his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Young man, I'm Cribb.' I was delighted; gave him my hand; took him to my room, where I had a wine party, and he was the lion.' Cribb was at that time the champion of England.

Mr. Hayward tells us that once Sir Robert Peel went to witness a boxing-match at Willis's Rooms, and expressed great admiration for the combatants. Prize-fighting was the one subject on which Lord Althorp became eloquent. When that best of men so eulogised the contests of athletes, we must not be too hard on the divines who sympathised with those opinions.

Mr. Evelyn Denison, once speaker of the House of Commons, thus relates Lord Althorp's eulogium on the noble science:

The pros and cons of boxing were discussed. Lord Spencer became eloquent. He said his conviction of the advantages of boxing was so strong, that he had been seriously considering whether it was not a duty he owed to the public to go and attend every prize-fight which took place, and so encourage the noble science to the extent of his power. I have said, he became eloquent. It was the one time in my life, in the House of Commons, or out of it, that I heard him speak with eagerness, and almost with passion. He gave us an account of prize-fights which he had attended, how he had seen Mendoza

knocked down for the first five or six rounds by Humphreys, and seeming almost beat, till the jews got their money on ; when a hint being given him, he began in earnest and soon turned the tables.

He described the fight between Gully and the Chicken. How he rode down to Brickhill—how he was loitering about the inn door, when a barouche-and-four drove up with Lord Byron and a party, and Jackson the trainer,—how they all dined together, and how pleasant it had been. Then the fight the next day ; the men stripping, the intense excitement, the sparring, then the first round, the attitude of the men—it was really worthy of Homer.

In Gunning's "Reminiscences of Cambridge" there is a curious account of the "way they lived then." The picture of Dr. Farmer, Master of Emmanuel, may be taken as representative of a former generation of clergymen.

For many years before he was elected to the Mastership he had the Curacy of Swavesey (about nine miles distant), where he made a point of attending in all weathers. He began the service punctually at the appointed time, and gave a plain practical sermon, strongly enforcing some moral duty. After service he chatted most affably with his congregation, and never failed to send some small present to such of his poor parishioners as had been kept from church through illness. After morning service he repaired to the public-house, where a mutton chop and potatoes were soon set before him ; these were quickly dispatched, and immediately after the removal of the cloth, Mr. Dobson (his churchwarden) and one or two of the principal farmers made their appearance, to whom he invariably said, 'I am going to read prayers, but shall be back by the time you have made the punch.' Occasionally another farmer accompanied him from church, when pipes and tobacco were in requisition until six o'clock. *Taffy* was then led to the door, and he conveyed his master to his rooms by half-past seven.

Dr. Farmer was the intimate friend of Mr. Pitt, who then represented the University, and who consulted him on all occasions with respect to its affairs. Dr. Farmer was twice offered a bishopric. Fancy what would be the uproar in these virtuous days if a divine who on a Sunday had drunk punch in a pothouse with his churchwarden and parishioners was promoted to the episcopal throne. All the other Dons at Cambridge, Mr. Gunning informs us, were constrained and timid in presence of Mr. Pitt, Dr. Farmer alone remained his own simple self ; when he was absent all was chill and solemn, directly he joined the party cheerfulness and hilarity prevailed. He was just the same man with Mr. Pitt as with his own Fellows. The reason of the difference between Dr. Farmer and his brother Dons was, we think, because Dr. Farmer wanted nothing from Mr. Pitt, whilst they expected everything. Dr. Farmer in the pulpit was, we fancy, like Mrs. Poyser's description of Mr. Irving, 'a good meal of victual, you were the better for him without thinking of it,' and he did not in the least resemble some preachers of the present, who, 'like a dose of physic, gripe and worrit you and leave you much the same.'

There is an anecdote respecting Dr. Farmer and his hair-dresser, which Mr. Gunning hopes will not offend 'ears polite.'

One morning when the barber was performing his accustomed office, he said in reply to Farmer's remark, 'Well ! what news?' 'I saw Tom yesterday,

and he made such a bad remark about you !' 'What was it ?' asked the Doctor. 'Indeed, sir, I could not tell you ; for it was too bad to repeat !' Farmer still urged the point, when the barber (having first obtained a promise that his master would not be angry) replied with *much apparent reluctance*, 'Why, sir, he said you wasn't fit to carry guts to a bear !' 'And what did you say ?' asked Farmer. The barber replied with much energy and seeming satisfaction, '*I said, sir, that you was !*'

Mr. Hayward in his celebrated article on "Whist" was writing about his own favourite pursuit. It was his common custom of an afternoon to play at the Athenæum, where his voice used to be *occasionally* heard reproving his miserable partner for his unutterable delinquencies. He writes :—

The want of a proper grounding and training, far from being confined to the idle and superficial, is frequently detected or avowed in the higher orders of intellect, in the most accomplished and cultivated minds. 'Lady Donegal and I,' writes Miss Berry, 'played whist with Lord Ellenborough^h and Lord Erskine ; I doubt which of the four played worst.' Lord Thurlow declared late in life that he would give half his fortune to play well. Why did he not set about it ? Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Wensleydale were on a par with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine, yet they were both very fond of the game, and both would eagerly have confirmed the justice of Talleyrand's well-known remark to the youngster who rather boastingly declared his ignorance of it : '*Quelle triste vieillesse vous vous préparez !*' It is an invaluable resource to men of studious habits, whose eyes and mental faculties equally require relief in the evening of life or after the grave labours of the day ; and the interest rises with the growing consciousness of skill.

The best whist players of the last generation were Lord Granville, General Anson, Lord Henry Bentinck, and Henry Lord de Ros. Mr. Hayward states that great whist players are like rival beauties. Rarely will one admit the distinguished merit of another. Lord Henry Bentinck, when asked about the players at the Portland (Mr. Clay was one of them), answered, 'They none of them know anything about it except young Jones (Cavendish),' who, he admitted, had some ideas on the subject.

Mr. Hayward gives a curious instance of the late Lord Granville's devotion to whist :

Intending to set out in the course of the afternoon for Paris he ordered his carriage and four posters to be at Graham's at four. They were kept waiting till ten, when he said he should not be ready for another hour or two, and that the horses had better be changed. When the party rose they were up to the ankles in cards, and the ambassador (it was reported) was a loser to the tune of eight or ten thousand pounds.

We have defended to the best of our ability the hunting parsons of a former generation, but we have nothing to say in defence of such an outrage as some clergymen were guilty of, according to Mr. Hayward, whose uncle, Mr. Abraham, seems to have been one of the party.

Mr. Hayward writes :

The clergy in the west of England were formerly devoted to whist. About the beginning of the century there was a whist club in a country town of

Somersetshire composed mostly of clergymen that met every Sunday evening in the back parlour of a barber's. Four of these were acting as pall bearers at the funeral of a reverend brother, when a delay occurred from the grave not being ready, and the coffin was put down in the chancel. By way of whiling away their time one of them produced a pack of cards from his pocket and proposed a rubber.

When the sexton came to announce the preparations were complete, he found these clerical worthies deep in their game, using the coffin as their table. We hope the sexton surprised them as much as another sexton did a curate at his first funeral, when he walked up to him with the appalling announcement, 'Please, sir, the corpse's father wishes to speak to you.'

Whist was formerly a well-known clerical amusement. Good Bishop Bathurst of Norwich always had his nightly rubber. So in the last years of his life did Keble, the author of "The Christian Year." Mr. Hayward gives an amusing account of the sufferings of the Bishop of Exeter when coupled with a partner ignorant of the sublime laws of whist.

We have seen short whist played by a member of the episcopal body, and a very eminent one, the venerable Bishop of Exeter (Phillpotts); our adversary being the late Dean of St. Paul's (Milman); the other an American diplomatist (Mason), and his partner, a distinguished foreigner (Strzelecki) whose whist was hardly on a par with his scientific acquirements and social popularity. The two church dignitaries played a steady, sound, orthodox game. The Bishop bore a run of ill-luck like a Christian and a bishop, but when (after the diplomatist had puzzled him by a false card) the Count lost the game by not returning his trump, the excellent prelate looked as if about to bring the rubber to a conclusion as he once brought a controversy with an Archbishop, namely, by the bestowal of his blessing; which the Archbishop, apparently apprehensive of its acting by the rule of contraries, earnestly entreated him to take back.

The Bishop was sometimes apt not only to bless but to pray for his adversaries, and the boldest of his enemies trembled when he went metaphorically on his knees with 'Let us pray for our erring brother.' The Bishop was rather formidable. Once, after dinner, he kept glancing at Mrs. Phillpotts as a signal for retiring, but the moment she saw and began to move, the Bishop gallantly rushed to the door and opened it, with a tender remonstrance, 'What, so soon, love?'

The Athenæum is thought, by some of its irreverent members, to be rather too full of the episcopal element. Some philosopher had a theory that night is occasioned, not by the absence of light, but by the presence of certain black stars. So the ecclesiastical element imparts a rather sombre atmosphere to the club. When the United Service Club is under repair, its members sometimes seek refuge in the Athenæum, and then, we are told, the Club is filled with hirsute warriors cursing short service, and speaking most irreverently of the 'Grand old man.' When the Athenæum visits the United Service, it imparts an ecclesiastical character to the Club. Once, the first night that the Athenæum members arrived there, an aged warrior descended the stairs at

midnight and went to the stand for his umbrella. It had vanished, and a thunderstorm was going on. 'Gone,' roared out the ferocious veteran, 'of course it is gone ; this comes of letting in those d—d bishops.'

There are some good stories preserved in these essays which will bear repetition.

Mr. Hayward never attempts fine writing, but there is the most solid information to be derived from some of his articles. His essays are filled with good stories, and the perusers of them will be delighted to read how Sydney Smith said if Lady Davy, who was very brown, had tumbled into a pond, she would have changed it into toast and water ; how the shrewd Duke of Queensberry said, '*I tremble for every event where women are concerned, they are all so excessively wrong-headed.*' How Mrs. Beecher-Stowe when, after her unfounded attack on Lord Byron, she returned the money she received for her book to her publishers, an American editor observed that as she had begun an imitation of Judas Iscariot, he hoped *she would complete the parallel.* How Sydney Smith's favourite story, which haunted him for weeks, was the account of the tame magpie flying into a church, alighting on the desk, seizing hold of the sermon ; the parson resisting, a terrific combat ensued, all the congregation being in favour of the magpie. A judge once told a law student if he wished for success in his profession he must read Coke on Littleton once—twice—thrice in a year. There are many young aspirants to magazine writing, and we really think if they wish for improvement they cannot do better than read over again and again the pleasant essays of Abraham Hayward.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1884.

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SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. VII.—It was in 1856 that Mr. Payn first made the personal acquaintance of Charles Dickens, who had ever been the chief figure in his literary Pantheon.

Calverley, when lecturer of Christ College, Cambridge, issued a paper on, *Pickwick* after the model of the usual examination papers, and obliged his friend, the writer, with a copy of it, with the permission to make use of it in these reminiscences. Of Calverley himself, Mr. Payn says :—

We were neighbours at Grasmere for a whole summer, when I saw a great deal of him. His classical attainments were of course far beyond me, but not more so than his physical gifts. He was the best runner and jumper I ever knew; but my admiration never led me to imitate him. Nevertheless in company with W. and S., his almost equally athletic friends, and himself, I was once persuaded to climb Scawfell from Westwater. They went up it like mountain cats, while I (like panting Time) toiled after them in vain. 'The labour we delight in *physics* Payn,' was his appropriate quotation.

Whenever I think of Calverley I think of fun and good fellowship; of the 'wild joys of living; the leaping from rock up to rock; the cool silver shock of the plunge in the pool's living water;' of health and youth and strength. Alas; alas!

Then follow some extracts from the famous examination paper (the whole of which by the way, the curious reader may find printed at the close of C.S.C.'s *Fly Leaves*). We select four from among those here quoted, as good parodies of questions set for the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos :—

State the component parts of Dog's-nose; and simplify the expression 'taking a grinder.'

On finding his principal in the Pound, Mr. Weller and the town-beadle varied directly. Show that the latter was ultimately eliminated, and state the number of rounds in the square which is not described.

'She's a swelling wisely.' When did the same phenomenon occur again, and what fluid caused the pressure on the body in the latter case?

"How did Mr. Weller, senior, define the Funds; and what view did he take of Reduced Consols? In what terms is his elastic force described when he assaulted Mr. Stiggins at the Meeting? Write down the name of the Meeting.

The prizes were a 'first edition of *Pickwick*,' and the two prize-men were Walter Besant and Professor Skeat.

When Dickens came to Edinburgh to give his public readings for the first time, he proposed a meeting with the writer on the evening after his arrival.

'The hours and days,' he writes, 'run away, while I am thus occupied, so imperceptibly that I do nothing that I propose to myself to do. I thought we should have walked ten miles together by this time. To-morrow morning I am going to take my daughters out to Hawthornden, and it occurs to me to ask if you could spare time to go with us on the expedition.'

Needless to say, Mr. Payn went, and never met a man more natural or more charming.

He never wasted time in commonplaces—though a lively talker, he never uttered a platitude—and what he had to say he said as if he meant it. On an occasion, which many of my readers will call to mind, he once spoke of himself as 'very human': he did so, of course, in a depreciatory sense; he was the last person in the world to affect to possess any other nature than that of his fellows. When some one said, 'How wicked the world is!' he answered, 'True; and what a satisfaction it is that neither you nor I belong to it.' But the fact is, it was this very humanity which was his charm. Whatever there was of him was real without padding; and whatever was genuine in others had a sympathetic attraction for him.

The mind of Dickens, which most of his readers picture to themselves as revelling in sunshine, was in fact more attracted to the darker side of life, and hence Hablot Browne was for him so acceptable an illustrator, who, when indulging his own taste, was not humourous, but sombre and eerie. Witness his old Roman looking down on dead Mr. Tulkinghorn, and the Ghost Walk at Chesney Wold.

When Mr. Payn first saw him, however, Dickens was full of fun and brightness. It was not one of the days when Hawthornden was open to the public, and they had much difficulty in obtaining admittance.

I went within doors and expostulated, but for a long time without success the inmates, I am sorry to say, did not seem to be acquainted with Dickens's name—a circumstance which, though it would only have made him laugh the more, I did not venture to disclose. The fancy picture which he drew of my detention in that feudal abode, and of the mediæval tortures which had probably been inflicted upon me, made ample amends, however, for what I had suffered on behalf of the party. In the end, we saw all that was to be seen; and never shall I forget the face of the hereditary guide and gatekeeper when Dickens tipped him in his usual lavish manner. This retainer had not thought much of him before—indeed have obviously never heard of him—but his salute at

parting could not have been more deferential had the author of *Pickwick* been the Lord of the Isles.

In the following year the writer published his first book, a collection of "Stories and Sketches" from *Household Words* and *Chambers's Journal*. Such republications do not, he says, pay pecuniarily, but they are indirectly very remunerative, as introducing a young author not only to the public, but to editors in general, who thus obtain a good specimen of his powers.

My next book was a narrative of school and college life, called the *Foster Brothers*, which had a very fair success, and was republished, as everything I subsequently wrote has been, in America. They have also been translated into various languages. Perhaps nothing gives a young author so much pleasure as to see the product of his brain in a foreign tongue, even though (as in my case) he cannot read it. To the satisfaction I derived from the *Foster Brothers* there was, however, a terrible drawback, in the form of a most scathing notice in the *Saturday Review*. It was headed—on account of certain democratic opinions the volume had displayed—the 'Bloated Aristocracy,' and made me most thoroughly miserable. The writer, now one of her Majesty's judges, has laughed with me since about it, but I am never so tickled with the reminiscence as he is. I have a great personal regard for him, but note with pleasure that the newspapers describe him as 'a hanging judge.'

Mr. Payn's aspirations now began to be more ambitious, and he thought he would attempt a novel. Now the proper construction of a novel comes by experience, and never by intuition. A young writer at best composes a narrative, not a novel; he takes a character and describes his career from the cradle to the altar (the novelist's grave.) The only chance of its success is that the incidents in the hero's life should be of a striking kind.

Fortune was so good as to favour me with quite a pattern hero for this purpose, in a gentleman who had achieved a reputation as a tamer of wild beasts. What his real name was I never knew, but his professional one was, if not romantic, at least remarkable. It was Tickerocandua. I made his acquaintance when visiting a travelling menagerie of which he was the pride and ornament, and we became very friendly. His life up to the time he had entered upon his present dangerous calling had been uneventful enough; but I perceived in him the materials of excellent 'copy.' I thought that he would make a capital example of a family scapegrace, of pluck and spirit, who, more sinned against than sinning, had run away from his friends and taken to tiger-taming. On every lawful day, as the Scotch phrase runs, he was engaged with his animals—witching the world with feats compared with which the noblest horsemanship sank into insignificance. So he came to supper with me on a Sunday. Our little servant-maid's difficulty in announcing him as 'Mr. Tickerocandua' was considerable; and when he began to talk of his tooth-and-claw experiences, I thought her eyes would have come out of her head. He was the politest person I ever met with, for, having helped himself to oil (thinking it to be white vinegar) with his oysters, he consumed them without a syllable of complaint, and even with apparent relish.

This gentleman was so good as to show me his left shoulder scarred in a hundred places by the claws of the leopards as they 'took off' it every day in their leaps, during the 'unparalleled performance of the wild leopard hunt.' He had the mark of a bite on his arm which cost a lion its life, and his proprietor three hundred pounds. 'It was a case of which was to go,' he said—'the lion or me—and I struck him over the nose with my loaded whip handle.' There is only one principle by which the wild beast world can be ruled, he told me—that of fear; and should one of them once cease to fear him, he added, his life would not have been worth an hour's purchase. He had been twice dragged off insensible from an abortive performance of 'the Tiger King,' and only preserved from being torn to pieces by the interposition of a red-hot bar; yet directly he recovered himself in he went again, whip in hand, and subdued the beasts. 'It was simply a question of showing myself their master then and there, or of giving up my situation.'

Mr. Payn based his first novel, *The Family Scapegrace*, in which he scored a success, on the experiences of Mr. Tickerocandua, who, sad to relate, was afterwards, killed by a stroke of a lion's paw, though not, it was believed, given in malice. The novel originally appeared in serial form in the columns of the *Journal*, and was well received.

Mr. William Chambers, however, objected to it upon the ground of its 'lightness.' He would have preferred the subject of wild beasts to have been more 'intelligently treated'; their various habitats to be described, and some sort of moral to be deduced from them; but Robert stuck loyally to his young friend and his story.

After a year or two, the climate of Edinburgh proving too vigorous for his family, Mr. Payn was compelled to announce his intention of going south.

Robert Chambers was so good as to express himself much concerned at this resolve, and characteristically endeavoured to combat it, upon the firm ground of science. 'You talk of cold, my dear sir, but let me tell you that the thermal line is precisely the same in Edinburgh as it is in London.' I replied, with as great truth as modesty, that I knew nothing about the thermal line, but that so far as I was aware the east wind had never blown a four-wheeled cab over in London—a circumstance which happened to have just taken place opposite our house in Edinburgh. As he saw my resolution was quite fixed, he presently said with a kind smile, 'I am thinking of going to live in London myself; suppose we go together, and you shall edit the *Journal* there instead of here.' Which struck me as a most excellent arrangement.

The only drawback was an undertaking he now entered into to confine his contributions to the *Journal* only. This requirement was not unreasonable, but he regretted that he was no longer to serve under the banner of "The Master."

I wrote, of course, to tell him of the arrangement. 'I have received your letter,' he replied, 'with mingled regret and pleasure. I am heartily sorry to have lost you as a fellow-workman, but heartily glad to have gained you as a friend. . . . I hope that you will both [my wife and myself] come and see us at Gadshill, and compare the Kentish hops and cherries with the Scottish peachings.'

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

JUNE 1884.

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ENGLAND'S FOREIGN POLICY.—There has never perhaps been a time more favorable than the present for a consideration of the momentous subject of this brief article. The negotiations on foot for a conference of the European Powers ; the closer contact into which England's position in Egypt has brought her with Continental States; the multitude of points at which the paths of England and France are crossing and recrossing each other ; the issues raised, the questions opened, the collisions possible, though, it is earnestly to be trusted not probable, between these two countries— here, surely, is a group of circumstances whose cumulative force renders it not so much opportune as imperative that Englishmen should examine their position and see the facts as they are.

We have entered upon a new order of things. Our international relations and responsibilities ; the obligations imposed on us by our Empire ; the part which we ought to play and can play in the government of the world, have not only changed since Palmerston's death, but had undergone a material alteration some years before that astute statesman had passed away. Traditions, to the credit of the people which holds them, die hard. But sooner or later there comes in the history of every nation a period when fidelity to tradition must be tested by circumstances—when the feasibility and reasonableness of aspirations must be gauged by the capacity to translate them into achievement. The comity of European peoples is a hackneyed phrase. If it be more than a phrase, it means the association of States upon terms which are honorable to each of the peoples concerned, and which admit of practical observance. What is the place now occupied by England in that system of international intercourse? What are

the objects at which she should aim? What is the course which it is consistent with her resources, as compared with the resources of her neighbours, to adopt? To such inquiries an answer will be soon peremptorily demanded. The more democratic we become, the stronger and clearer will be the resolution on the part of the tax-payers, who make and unmake ministries, to be informed of the principles on which the most costly department of national administration, foreign policy, is directed. It is because this problem has now acquired more than a speculative interest; because, too, as I believe, the lines of its true solution—whatever the difficulties and complications which the solution itself involves—are simple, that I now trespass upon the patience of my readers.

As to the real nature of the interests of England abroad, there is one definition of them which will command nearly unanimous assent. The vast empire that England has created for itself must be maintained intact.

Our colonies and our Indian possessions supply a genuine and growing national want. In the case of other European countries this requirement is either unknown or is else artificially exaggerated. With England, the existence of qualified colonists has always been the antecedent condition of the planting of a colony. Can this be affirmed of France or of any other European State? Those who think that there is something unworthy of our greatness and of the glory of our past annals in confining our exertions to the duty of protecting and strengthening our own Imperial dwelling, will do well to reflect how heavy, vast and ubiquitous are the responsibilities of this homely mission. Leaving China and Madagascar on one side, there are at issue, on the West Coast of Africa, questions of the highest importance to the commercial greatness of England, and every point of vantage is eagerly disputed by rival powers. In Australasia, the Recidivist question and the intelligible reluctance of our Australian fellow-subjects to turn their country into an asylum for French convicts, has involved us in negotiations of the most critical importance with the Government of the French Republic. These are only a few specimens of the onerous functions with which our energies will be taxed, however much we may withdraw from the European arena where we once played a leading part. A European Power, indeed, we must in any case continue to be. Will it not be well that we should be satisfied to have our relations with other European Powers regulated by our Imperial necessities, instead of courting the complications that may arise from a policy of adventurous interference in quarters where only the shadow of authority remains to us?

"Oh, that Palmerston were alive!" is the exclamation which often arises to the lips of despondent, but not on that account the less blustering, patriots.

But if a second Palmerston were to come to the birth, what is the state of things in Europe that he would find? What, in other words, are the materials of policy that would be at his disposal?

The dominant characteristic of Palmerston's policy was common sense—the shrewd and practical recognition of existing facts. His ideas were ever regulated by experience; his ambition always limited by opportunity. If Palmerston were with us to-day he would see from his place in Downing Street Europe an armed

camp ; the great European powers equipped with a military machinery which it is an impossibility for England to rival ; the practical control of European politics vested in Germany. Two years before he died Palmerston made a vigorous and final attempt to exercise the same kind of influence in the regulation of European affairs as England possessed in the earlier decades of the century. But the action of his own supporters taught him the futility of the endeavour, and the minister abstained from any further intervention in the relations between Denmark and Germany. No one can predict what schemes, what commotions, what calamities may be evolved from the forces now at work in Europe. Whatever the sequel in store, is it not desirable that England should be as far as possible untrammelled, uncommitted, clear of all compromising entanglements ; that she should accept the logic of facts, and that where she is impotent to control she should discreetly scruple to intermeddle ?

The German Chancellor has recently paid England some polite and gratifying compliments. He has made a courteous show on several occasions of following her lead, and those who have watched the spectacle may be pardoned if they have involuntarily compared it with that of a gentleman who, bowing to a lady, gives her precedence in entering a room. But no one can have been deceived as to Prince Bismarck's motions. If England has been the recipient of his ceremonious attentions, Germany is the object of his first and paramount regard.

When he has urbanely permitted us to take the initiative in a settlement of the affairs of Greece and Montenegro, and to follow our own course in Egypt, he has done so, we may be sure, from other motives than those of mere civility—because, that is to say, he has been convinced that no supreme German interests were concerned, and because it suited his purpose, although his was the really determining influence in these questions, to leave to us the invidious solution of conflicting claims while he posed to the Porte and the other powers as the honest broker. To put the matter somewhat differently, the German Chancellor has been deferential to this country exactly in proportion as he saw he could manipulate our simplicity and respect for international ethics to his own advantage. He has, in fact, played upon our honesty with the object of making us his cat's paw.

Before stating the motives that ought to guide England in the foreign policy, it will be well to glance at our relations with the different great Powers of Europe.

With Germany and Austria it cannot be said that we have any direct interest in common save the maintenance of peace. For the present Germany is, as France once was, the arbiter of Europe. It would seem therefore prudent on our part cordially to co-operate with Germany for this object, to raise our voice whenever opportunity offers on the side of peace, and to return to all proposals or overtures made to us the same kind of reply that we ourselves have already on several occasions received from Prince Bismarck, *viz.*, that we will be true to the principle of the European concert, and that when the other powers are prepared to move we will move also. So far as Italy is concerned, the feeling

of England must be always one of cordial good-will and attachment. But England's interest in Italy is and must remain more or less sentimental. She has made great improvements, and has shown that she inherits from her remote ancestors the aptitude for government. But it would be affectation to pretend that she is a power of the first magnitude. There remain France and Russia. With each of these countries we have intimate and diversified relations. But they are not European; they are mainly Asiatic and African. French and English interests march side by side, elbow each other, meet each other face to face in every part of the world, in Newfoundland and Madagascar, in the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. Our relations with Russia affect the future and may even touch the very existence of our Indian Empire. The maintenance on a satisfactory footing of our relations with the most Western and Eastern Powers of the European Continent should, therefore, be the main end and object of our foreign policy.

The writer shares the opinion that seems to be every day gaining stronger ground in England that the attitude of the British Cabinet towards the Government of St. Petersburg must undergo a radical change. For more than forty years England has regarded Russia as her natural enemy.

We engaged in war against her ourselves thirty years ago; we openly sympathised with her enemies in a war twenty-three years later, and when she proved victorious we took the initiative in restricting her enjoyment of the fruits of her triumph. What good have we derived from either of these episodes? The sequel of the Crimean war was the Indian mutiny; the sequel of the Russo-Turkish war was the Afghan war. A quarter of a century ago our antagonism to Russia in Eastern Europe was at least intelligible; many of our statesmen were firmly persuaded that the road to India lay through Turkey, and that the Ottoman Empire was a bulwark of our Indian Empire against the aggressive Muscovite. Only a few alarmists affect to-day to think that the advance of Russia in those quarters would endanger our hold of Hindoostan. As a matter of fact England might perhaps better afford to witness the establishment of Russia at Constantinople with equanimity than could some other nations. If such a contingency is never fulfilled, it will be less because England has declared against it, than because the States which have the power to prevent it, Germany and Austria, will not allow it. As matters are, England habitually irritates Russia, by affecting to exercise over her a check which is really exercised not by England, but by the German Empire. It may have been the movement of England which six years ago stopped the Russian advance upon Stamboul, but that action could not have been taken without the tacit approval and concurrence of Prince Bismarck, who, failing our action, would doubtless have found other means of preventing an accession of power to Russia that would have been obviously detrimental to the interests of Germany and Austria.

The same considerations that should induce the English Government to disarm the hostility of Russia, should make it unsparing in its efforts to arrive at an amicable understanding with France. No doubt there is much which is antipathetic to the English people in

the French nature. The two nations are too near to each other and see too much of each other, independently of the conflict of their idiosyncracies, to feel a strong mutual attachment. The typical Gaul is as unlike the typical Briton as it is possible for the representatives of two nationalities to be. Palmerston, it may be urged, recognised this incompatibility of character when he treated France as England's natural enemy, and devoted all his energies to thwarting the policy of France in its various developments. But, as subsequent experience showed, this was only because the chance of securing French friendship had not arrived. Palmerston no sooner saw this opportunity than he entirely changed his course.

He risked, he lost, his seat in the Cabinet; he incurred the severest reprimand ever administered in our time to a statesman, by the alacrity with which he recognised Napoleon III as the lawful sovereign of the country. The reason is not far to seek. Palmerston knew from experience the illimitable power which France has and must have of increasing the difficulties of the transaction of her Imperial business by England. He foresaw, too, that Napoleon was likely to continue on the throne he had seized, and, therefore, reversing his previous tactics he became and remained to the end of his life the friend of France. Henceforth the alliance between France and England was closer than had ever existed between the two countries. Thanks to a judicious mixture of friendliness and firmness on our part, things in the main went smoothly, and difficulties were minimised, because the two Governments, in spite of minor differences, made the *Entente cordiale* the cardinal point of their policy.

The appearance in France, for the first time since her misfortunes, of a minister with settled and definite aims, gives an opportunity for the establishment of an understanding with France like that which Palmerston, when the occasion came, lost not a moment in instituting, and which will help England, as nothing else can, in the management of her foreign relations.

While defending our interests in Egypt, let us recollect that France too has interests in the valley of the Nile, which will be rendered more substantial and legitimate in consequence of the growth of her Colonial Empire. To the extension of this empire we need surely show no hostility, so long as it is not made at our expense. It is enough for us to be firm and determined where our possessions or interests are menaced. Provided we can avoid misapprehension with the only two European peoples with whom we are brought perpetually into close and critical contact, we may regard with comparative indifference the movements of continental diplomatists and strategists. Is there anything either unreasonable or unworthy in such a proposal? Let us see exactly what it means. It will be found upon examination to signify nothing more than the practical recognition of existing facts. As a European power we can scarcely take a leading part. Is there not, therefore, an absurdity in pretending to occupy a position which does not and can not belong to us? and what advantage do we gain from the attempts? We may drag ourselves into difficulties, as we

shall certainly incur obloquy. We may move others to indignation or laughter, but so far as we are concerned, we shall have done ourselves only mischief. We shall be gratuitously assuming responsibilities for which we are unprepared and encountering perils which we might have just as well avoided. We shall be paying, in other words, the maximum cost for a policy of intervention and scarcely securing the minimum of benefit.

But, it may be asked, if to some extent England abnegates her position as a European power, does it not therefore follow that she will destroy her influence? The writer answers the question in the negative; and quotes in proof the example of America. The policy of the Republic on the other side of the Atlantic has always been one of the strictest non-intervention outside the limits of the American Continent. But this does not prevent the Government at Washington from eagerly and persistently asserting the Munroe doctrine—that no European power shall interfere in the affairs of any country adjacent to the territories of the United States. The American Government had no sooner intimated their determination that France should depart from Mexico than the departure was effected.

The period has now arrived at which England may with advantage study and even reproduce, in some of its most characteristic aspects, the foreign policy of the United States. I ask, I suggest nothing more, than that we should give up what we all know is a game of make-believe, and that we should realise the immense advantage to ourselves of acting on such a hint. Instead of dissipating our energy let us economise and concentrate our force, and instead of endeavouring to play a part which does not in the nature of things belong to us, let us learn the possibilities of our true rôle, and act up to them. The attempt to fill a position which is as unsuitable to us as it is profoundly to be deprecated, is the parent of humiliating failure, and the cause of innumerable perils. Our neighbours are our critics, and we may be sure that they are not slow to note the absurdities of our misconceptions. The path of duty and expediency lies clear and open before us. We are under an obligation to preserve our empire unimpaired, and in the foregoing pages I have attempted to indicate the way in which we can best perform that task.

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.—That the initials C. S. C. should be better known to the public than the full name of the brilliant author of *Verses and Translations* may be thought to typify the sad fact that such rare powers were never employed on any *magnum opus*, and have left no memorial to posterity more solid than a few pages of polished and epigrammatic verse. The article before us is a professedly slight sketch of the personality which lay behind those familiar initials; the writer, Mr. Sendall, was a college friend of Calverley's and this description is to him a labour of love.

C. S. C.'s boyhood was bright and sunny, fearless and careless; his youth full of brilliant promise and studded with intellectual

triumphs, his manhood marked by no stirring incidents, no ambitious struggles, but darkened in later years, and brought to an untimely close by the ravages of a fatal and insidious malady. But if the incidents of Calverley's life were thus trite and commonplace, yet his own bearing amongst them and the physical and intellectual personality which marked each successive stage might be made to present a striking and interesting picture. From childhood up there never was a time when he failed to impress in some enduring manner those amongst whom he moved. His boyhood was distinguished by feats of physical activity and daring which almost eclipsed his marvellous precocity of mind.

At a later period, though he was still remarkable for bodily strength and agility, it was the exceptional quality of his intellect which fascinated and enchained his associates. And as to this, there can be but one verdict amongst all who were even slightly acquainted with him. As an intellectual organism of the rarest and subtlest fibre, he stood altogether apart from his contemporaries. And this not by virtue of any predominant excellence in one or other of the acknowledged lines in which men of talent or of genius show themselves above their fellows. Brilliant and incisive in speech, sparkling with epigrams, he was still neither a great talker nor a professed wit; capable of reasoning closely, he neither sought nor achieved reputation in debate; nor could he at any time have claimed precedence upon the score of acquired knowledge. Yet those who consorted with him derived from his conversation an impression which the most accomplished and encyclopædic of talkers might fail to produce. I do not know how better to express this phenomenon than by describing it as due to the spontaneous action of pure intellect. Without conscious effort, without the semblance of a desire for display, his mind appeared to act upon the matter in hand like a solvent upon a substance. The effect of this was often as the revelation of an unknown force. A few words of casually spoken became, as it were, a *fiat lux*, an act of creation. Let those who knew him at his best endeavour to account to themselves for the sense of power with which his conversation affected them, and they will, I think, be compelled to admit, that though his talk was often witty, always scholarly, and not seldom wise, yet what they marvelled at in him was neither the wit, nor the wisdom, nor the scholarship, but the exhibition of sheer native mind.

It is in this originality that those who knew Calverley will find the explanation of that nameless excellence which all agree to discover in his writings, and which constitutes the keystone of his reputation. About his most trifling as about his most serious work, there is an inimitable and indescribable quality which is neither gracefulness only, nor is it merely finish, or polish, or refinement, while at the same time it is each and all of these, and still defies analysis as securely as the scent and hue of a flower.

But Calverley's personal qualities gave him an unique place in the estimation and affections of his friends; he was fully as much and as deservedly loved as he was admired.

That he was absolutely free from all taint of littleness or double-mindedness, was manifest, it may be assumed, to the most careless observer ; that he was a sincere lover of and seeker after truth for its own sake, was discernible by whosoever had eyes to see behind the very ill-fitting mask of seeming recklessness and indifference with which it sometimes pleased him to disguise himself for the mystification of the overwise. There was yet more in him than this, and to the few who penetrated into the inmost recesses of his nature, there was revealed a depth of tenderness, humility, and trust, the existence of which, even those who had a right to think they knew him well, might be pardoned if they never had suspected. Endowed, however, as he was, with infinite capacities of faith, in the matter of beliefs he was an incarnation of the principle of private judgment ; and to mere dogmatic teaching, always and for ever impervious. 'Unsanctified intellect,' was, I believe, the term applied to him by a certain school at the University : unsophisticated intellect, would, I think, more fitly have expressed the fact, if it wanted to be expressed by an epithet.

That Calverley had important defects of character no one was more sensible than himself ; and amongst these was an infirmity of will, which may account for his failure to produce any work really worthy of his genius.

In his undergraduate days, though capable of the intensest application, he was somewhat prone to self-indulgence, and was at that time, though in after life he entirely overcame the habit, a grievous sinner in the matter of lying late in bed. During the months when he was (or ought to have been) reading for his degree, it became the daily task of one or two faithful friends to effect his dislodgment from his couch before the precious morning hours should be wholly lost. Upon these occasions his chamber became the scene of a conflict which reduced it to a condition resembling that of a ship's cabin at sea in a hurricane. He, with his sturdy frame and resolute countenance, clinging, like 'Barbary's nimble son'—

By the teeth, or tail, or eyelid,

to each successive covering, as one by one they were ruthlessly torn from him, amid volleys of good-humoured objurgation—so the battle raged, until, having conscientiously removed every portable article of bed-clothing, his assailants retired victorious, only to return in half an hour and find him peacefully sleeping between the mattresses.

He was born at Martley in Worcestershire on the 22nd December 1831. C. S. C. came of a good old English stock. His father, then known as the Rev. Henry Blayds, removed afterwards to the Vicarage of South Stoke near Bath. The family had borne the name of Blayds from the beginning of the century, and in 1852 resumed their proper name of Calverley, under which they had flourished for many generations in their native county of York. It was as Blayds that Charles Stuart won his reputation at Harrow and Oxford ; at Cambridge he was known as Calverley.

He entered Harrow in the summer of 1846. He is described as a

curly-haired, bright-eyed boy, with a sunny smile and a frank, open countenance; a general favourite for his manliness and good nature. He exhibited to an unique degree just that mixture of *insouciance*, reckless, daring, and brilliancy, which never fails to win the unbounded applause and admiration of every genuine schoolboy.

The place is still pointed out where he once leaped down the entire flight of what are known as the school steps, being a clear spring of seventeen feet with a drop of nearly nine, on to hard gravel; and having been unsuccessful in this attempt to break his leg or his neck, he on another occasion sprang over the wall separating the school yard from the 'milling ground,' an ugly enough fall of some nine or ten feet, accomplishing this latter exploit with his hands in his pockets, and alighting (so the story goes) squarely on to the top of his head; a result with which he was so little satisfied that he at once returned and repeated the jump, reaching ground this time, normally, upon his feet.

These and other similar anecdotes, illustrative of his physical daring, have already been given to the public in various forms; the following, which bears witness to his extraordinary readiness and aptitude in classical composition, is, I think, new, and rests upon unimpeachable authority. He was out walking with a lad who had upon his mind, as a school exercise, a certain passage from *The Prophecy of Cypys*, to be done into longs and shorts, and who propounded to his companion the following couplet, asking him how he would do it into Latin:—

Raging beast and raging flood,

Alike have spared their prey.

Calverley appeared to take no notice, and continued for several minutes talking upon indifferent subjects; when all at once he stopped, and said, 'How would *this* do?'—

Sospes uterque manet, talem quia lædere prædam

Nec furor æquoreus nec valet ira feræ.

It may be admitted that many a ripe and practised scholar has spent hours in turning out less satisfactory work than this, the *impromptu* of a sixth-form boy.

Calverley's career at Oxford, though a failure for academic purposes, was distinguished by a series of *tours de force*, intellectual and physical, sufficient to have furnished forth a dozen ordinary reputations. One of them is worth repeating.

Having, in common with the other students, to prepare a Latin theme, to be submitted on a given day at a *viva voce* lecture, Calverley appeared in the lecture-room provided like the rest with a neat manuscript book, the pages of which were, however, entirely blank. He had trusted to luck, and hoped that he might escape being 'put on.' Luck failed him, and in due course the examiner called upon 'Mr. Blayds.' Whereupon he stood up and, to the amazement of those who knew the real state of the case, proceeded without the least hesitation, and in calm, fluent tones, to read from his book the exercise which he had not written, and of which not a word had up to that moment been composed.

During his second year of residence his connection with Balliol and with Oxford was brought to an abrupt termination. His biographer maintains that though he justly suffered for his offences against discipline, they were due to an exuberance of animal spirits rather than to any graver form of delinquency.

The following incident is related rather on account of the punning verses to which it gave rise than for its own intrinsic interest.

The election to scholarships at Balliol took place upon St. Catharine's day (November 25), and on the evening of the same day the newly-elected scholars received formal admission, in the college chapel, at the hands of the Master and fellows. When Calverley's turn came to be presented to the Master, for the purpose of taking the customary oath upon admission to the privileges of a scholar, the fact that he had quite recently been indulging in a pipe forced itself upon the attention of Dr. Jenkyns, who had the strongest dislike to tobacco. On withdrawing from the chapel, the Master turned to the fellows who accompanied him, and said, 'Why, the young man is *redolent of the weed*, even now !' It was no doubt this remark of the famous old Master of Balliol which afterwards suggested to their unknown author the following lines, which, like the *Sic vos non vobis* of Virgil, received their first publication in the form of a mural inscription :—

Ofreshman, running fast to seed,
O scholar, redolent of weed,
This motto in thy meerschaum put,
The sharpest *Blades* will soonest cut.

To which Calverley at once replied :—

Your wit is tolerable, but
The case you understand ill ;
For though the Dons want *Blayds* to cut,
They'll never find a handle.

He enhanced at Oxford the reputation he had brought with him from Harrow, of being one of the best writers of Latin verse of his time ; the hexameters, with which he obtained the Chancellor's prize in 1851, still remain one of the most beautiful of his many beautiful compositions. It is customary for these prize poems to be printed and published, with the author's name and that of his college attached. When Calverley's manuscript was sent to the press, it bore, in anticipation of his impending doom, the following signature :—

CAROLUS STUART BLAYDS,
e COLL. BALLIOL.
prope ejectus.

It was actually so printed, and it was only through the opportune interference of one of the college tutors that it was not so given to the world. When called upon for an explanation, Calverley is said to have declared that "those tiresome printers would do *anything*."

Calverley quitted Oxford in the beginning of 1852, and in the following October was admitted as a freshman at Christ's College, Cambridge. Mr. Sendall thus describes his appearance, and the impression he made on his college coevals.

"Short of stature, with a powerful head of the Greek type, covered thickly with crisp, curling masses of dark brown hair, and closely set upon a frame whose supple joints and well built proportions betokened both speed and endurance—he presented a picture of health, strength, and activity. In disposition he was unselfish, and generous to a fault ; without a trace of vanity or self-esteem ; somewhat reserved amongst strangers, though bearing himself at all times with a charming simplicity and frankness of demeanour ; slow to form friendships, but most loyal and constant to them when formed ; a faithful, affectionate, whole-hearted, thoroughly loveable human soul ; with an intellect as keen, swift, and subtle as any that ever tenanted a human body.

"It is not at all easy, indeed it is hardly possible, to convey by description an adequate idea of the singular charm of his conversation. It must always be understood that though he said many good things, he was by no means an inventor and utterer of *bons mots*. Instead of expending itself in a succession of flashes, his wit was, as it were, a luminous glow, pervading and informing his entire speech, investing the thing spoken of with a novel and peculiar interest, and not seldom placing it in a vivid light, at once wholly unexpected and wholly appropriate. There was also in him a great quickness both of sympathy and of apprehension, enabling him to seize upon your point of view with rapidity and precision ; and when to this is added a perfect honesty of intellect, free from any warpings of prejudice, egotism, or other pregnant source of self-mystification, the result is a set of conditions for rational intercourse of a rare and very special kind, the pervading feature of which is a wholesome atmosphere of security, an almost physical sense of comfort and *bien-être*—like the feeling of warmth and good cheer—which those who have experienced it will acknowledge to be as attractive as it is uncommon.

Cambridge discipline is said to be of a more liberal and less coercive character than that which obtains at the sister University, and Calverley, who moreover had gathered wisdom from experience, fell readily enough into the ways of conformity and obedience to rules. Though not, perhaps, exactly a favourite with the older and severer type of Don, who never quite knew how to take him, he was cordially appreciated by the authorities of his own college, themselves mostly men of a younger generation than the academic petrifications of an earlier school. Calverley was not a mere unprofitable idler ; and if not what is usually termed a reading man—that, namely, and nothing else—he was emphatically a man of reading ; a genuine lover of literature and with a considerable knowledge of books.

Composition in Latin and Greek was his favourite intellectual exercise ; the famous *Carmen Sæculare*, the translation of Milton's *Lycidas* into Latin hexameters, a beautiful version (unpublished) of "John Anderson" in Greek Anacreontics and several other of his most successful efforts date from this period. At this time, too, he was developing that incomparable vein of humour, that inimitable

compound of serious irony and pure fun, blended with subtle and delicate banter, by which afterwards in *Verses and Translations*, and still more decisively in *Fly Leaves* he took the town by storm.

His famous *Pickwick Examination Paper* (who does not recall the question "On what occasion was the fat boy *not* found asleep?") deserves a passing mention.

Probably no one amongst the Cambridge men of that day (excepting, perhaps, the late James Lempriere Hammond) equalled Calverley in close and comprehensive familiarity with the writings of Dickens. The notion (conceived at first as a pure joke) of making a great living author the subject of a competitive examination, would suggest itself naturally enough to one who had all his life been winning prizes for proficiency in the lore of ancient bards and sages, some of whom, perchance, held a far lower place in his affections than did the creator of the immortal Weller. The ingenious syllabus of questions which has attracted so much attention, is not, however, interesting only as a measure of Calverley's curiously minute acquaintance with the masterpiece of Dickens; it deserves also to be noticed on account of the winners of the two prizes which were offered to the successful candidates. The first prize in the competition, which was open to all members of Christ's College, was taken by Mr. Walter Besant, the second by Mr. (now Professor) Skeat.

Calverley's appetite for humour, and his faculty of extracting it even from the most unpromising material, are oddly illustrated by the following, 'Notes'—taken after he became a fellow of his college, and accidentally preserved amongst his papers:—

Notes taken at College Meetings.

At Meeting, February 28th, 11½—2.

Remarked by the Master.—That no people give you so much trouble, if you try to extract money from them, as solicitors.

By the Jun. Dean.—Except, perhaps, parsons.

By the Senior Dean.—The latter possibly because they have not got the money.

By Mr. A.—That a ton weight is a great deal of books.

By Mr. B.—That it is just one o'clock.

By Mr. C.—That that is likely, and that in an hour it will be just two.

Mr. Sendall gives an amusing description of a memorable outbreak amongst the younger members of the University that took place in Calverley's time, Christ's College being the scene of one stirring episode.

The contest for the representation of the University was keenly watched and debated in undergraduate circles, by reason chiefly of the extraordinary popularity enjoyed by the Liberal candidate, Mr. (now Mr. Justice) Denman. So great was the excitement and so noisy were the demonstrations with which, in those days of open voting, the supporters of either party were greeted from the thronging galleries, that the Vice Chancellor (Dr. Whewell) deemed it prudent to order the exclusion of all undergraduates from the Senate House during the hours of polling. This invasion of their ancient privileges was indignantly and violently resented by the youthful champions of Liberalism. A bonfire was made of the hustings in front of the schools. The intrepid and despotic Vice Chancellor was himself threatened, and had to

he escorted to his residence in Trinity by a strong bodyguard composed of Masters of Arts. On the morning following these events a decree was issued, directing that in every college the gates should be closed at an early hour, all persons *in statu pupillari* being required to keep themselves within. The effect of this sweeping and somewhat ill-advised measure was, that when the appointed hour arrived almost the entire undergraduate population was found to be in the streets. Forming themselves into a compact body, four or five abreast, they marched from college to college, demanding that the gates should be thrown open. In not a few instances the demand, through the undisguised sympathy of the garrison with the cause of the besiegers, was at once complied with. Service was proceeding within the college chapel when the wave of rebellion reached the massive oaken gates of Christ's, and thundered for admission. The sudden appearance of the college porter, pale and trembling, apprised the congregation, consisting of the fellows and a few scholars, of what was taking place. The Master stopped the service, and putting himself at the head of his forces, marched in an imposing procession of some ten or twelve surpliced figures to the scene of action. Arrived at the inner side of the barred and bolted gate, the Master, having obtained a brief silence, proceeded to remonstrate with the insurgents, desiring, in tones of authority, to be informed whether they knew 'who he was !' This display of vigour elicited a storm of uncomplimentary replies, for, to speak truth, the late Dr. Cartmell, though in every way a most admirable Master of his college, was not so generally popular in the University as he no doubt deserved to be. Meanwhile an unexpected diversion was being effected by the enemy. Flanking one side of the college buildings was Christ's Lane, a private road belonging to the Society, into which is a side door opening from the college kitchens. Once in the year this road is closed to the public by means of strong oaken bar, which at other times is hinged back and padlocked to a post. Whilst the main body were parleying at the gates, a strong force, guided by members of the college, hastened round to the lane, unshipped the bar, and employed it as a battering-ram against the kitchen door. News of this second attack was speedily conveyed to the Master. Taken thus in the rear, Dr. Cartmell wheeled gallantly round, passed rapidly across the quadrangle, and traversing the kitchens between grinning rows of scouts and cooks, arrived at the precise moment when, its panels battered in, the door flew violently open, the victorious mob rushed by, bearing back Master, fellows, scholars, and cooks in one undistinguishable mass, swept irresistibly through the court, and overwhelming the bewildered porter, opened the gates, and vanished from the citadel almost before its discomfited defenders had time to realise what had happened. This incident brought hostilities to a close. Owing chiefly to the good sense and forbearance of the several college authorities, the ebullition everywhere subsided as quickly as it had arisen ; the door in Christ's Lane was rebuilt more strongly, and the University resumed the even tenor of its way.

Calverley's list of University honours was not unworthy of his reputation and his abilities. He gained the Craven Scholarship, the blue ribbon of undergraduate distinction, in his second year ; the Camden medal for Latin hexameters fell to him twice, the Greek

Ode (Browne's medals) once, and he also took the Members' Prize for Latin prose. He finally came out second in the first class of the Classical Tripos of 1856, being just beaten for first place by Brown, who soon afterwards died, and being followed by Rowe, the present Head Master of Tunbridge School. He was elected fellow of Christ's in 1858, and resided for a year or two, taking private pupils and sharing in the work of the college; in 1862 he made his first appearance in public with *Verses and Translations*. Three years afterwards he was admitted to the bar as a member of the Inner Temple, and joined the Northern Circuit; having in the meantime vacated his fellowship by his marriage with his first cousin. He now took up his abode permanently in London, and applied himself to the work of his profession, attending circuit regularly until his active career was interrupted by an accident which, though little was thought of it at the time, was destined to have far-reaching consequences.

Calverley was skating at Oulton Hall, near Leeds (the residence of his father-in-law), when he tripped and was pitched heavily on his head, inflicting a severe blow over the right eye. Although the injury was sufficiently serious to need surgical treatment, no other attention was paid to it, and no permanent mischief was perceived or anticipated. When, however, he was induced, by symptoms which some time afterwards supervened, to consult an eminent London physician, he was declared to have sustained a concussion of the brain, the effects of which, though they might have been alleviated, and possibly altogether counteracted, by a short period of absolute rest taken at the time of the accident, were then such as to render it necessary for him to forego the strain of body and mind inseparable from the work of his profession.

"From this time it may be said that for all the active business of life Calverley was practically laid upon the shelf. He had indeed still before him some years of tranquil happiness and enjoyment, in the society of wife, children, and friends; nor was he debarred from the pursuit of his favourite studies; still he chafed under the restriction from active work laid upon him by his physical condition, and, as has already been hinted, he was without the all-mastering strength of will through which a sterner or a more ambitious nature, if gifted with equal intellectual endowments, might have found in a forced period of leisure and retirement the path to solid and enduring fame. Thus it has happened that although the work which he has left behind him is indeed exquisite of its kind, it is, as to much of it, unpurposed and fragmentary; reaching nowhere to the full height of his genius, and leaving almost wholly unevincenced his deeper qualities of mind and heart.

Mr. Sendall is satisfied, as must be all who knew C. S. C., that his published works very imperfectly manifest the full depth and extent of his powers. As regards his classical compositions and translations, as to the superlative goodness of which all are agreed, it may be remarked that in all such work his professed aim and object were

faithfully to represent, not the sense merely of his author, but also the form and expression. Wherever this path is ventured on by an unskilled or incompetent workman, it is apt to lead him, down a perilous incline of merely verbal resemblance, into a bathos of doggerel and sheer nonsense; just as on the other hand, a given version may correctly enough represent the bare meaning of the original, and yet be in itself a mere tasteless paraphrase of the Tate and Brady order of merit. There is also this danger that in working on the method above indicated, the ingenuity of the operator may be too apparent and the work show too clearly the mark of the tool.

Calverley's own measure of success in translating upon his own method, is, I venture to think, almost if not quite unrivalled, and constitutes the distinctive mark of his performances in this department. The better to illustrate my meaning, I will cite two short specimens of his translation, one from Latin into English, and one from English into Latin. A very few lines will suffice, and our first example shall be the following stanza from an ode of Horace:—

Audivere, Lyce, di mea vota, di
Audivere, Lyce. Fis anus, et tamen
Vis formosa videri,
Ludisque et bibis impudens; &c.

which Calverley thus translates:—

Lyce, the gods have listened to my prayer :
The gods have listened, Lyce. Thou art grey,
And still wouldst thou seem fair ;
Still unshamed drink, and play, &c. "

Upon this translation it is to be observed, in the first place, that it is pitched in the precise key of the original—neither higher, nor lower, nor other, and that besides adhering closely to the meaning of the Latin, it also indicates with fidelity the swing and rhythm, not merely of the particular metre, but of the particular passage; reproducing with wonderful exactness a certain effect of intensity and compressed denunciatory force—partly the result of a skilful arrangement of words—which is not more apparent in Horace's Latin than in Calverley's English. There is indeed in the latter nothing at all of the endeavour (ambitiously aimed at by some translators), conjecturally to represent the manner or the phrase in which Horace, had he been an Englishman writing in English, might have been expected to satirize the modern *Lyce*; but it is a conscientious and supremely intelligent attempt to recast in English both the sense and the form of Horace's Latin words.

"For our other example, we will select a single couplet from the *Lycidas* :—

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

There are before the world more than one Latin version of these lines, by scholars of acknowledged reputation; that of Calverley is as follows:—

Uno namque jugo duo nutribamur, eosdem
Pavit uterque greges ad fontem et rivulum et umbram.

Without claiming for the latter any special superiority upon the ground

of its perfect fidelity to the meaning, I would venture to assert that no other version that can be quoted approaches it in the exquisite precision with which it follows the cadence and movement of Milton's stately measures.

The truth is that for work of this kind Calverley was magnificently equipped, both by nature and (so to speak) by art. He was saturated with Virgil before he had left school; he had a most retentive memory, an inexhaustible command of language, and a faultless ear; and owning kinship, as he did, with all forms of genius, his imagination readily took fire at its touch, and burned with a corresponding flame.

Common consent seems to have decided that C. S. C. is to be reckoned the first of English parodists. The element which chiefly distinguishes his work of this class is the element of mastery and strength.

Lovers, and a Reflection, inimitable and unutterable nonsense though it be, is an extremely powerful piece of writing; while of *The Cock and the Bull* I venture to say that it will stand for all time a monument of vigorous, effective, and most justifiable satire.

The first named of these two celebrated burlesques is, indeed, little else beside pure fun. It is too absurd to be satire, too ridiculous even to be ridicule. If it is to be taken in the light of an admonition, it is truly a loving correction, so empty of censure, and so replete with kindly mirth, that the accomplished authoress herself, who is its object, may (and indeed does) enjoy it and laugh at it as heartily as all the rest of the world. What moved Calverley to the perpetration of it I do not know, but it was probably written without much premeditation. He has been reading (we may conjecture) a well-known and deservedly popular volume of poems; his sense of humour is tickled by certain seeming incoherencies of thought and expression, observable in the first poem of the series, called '*Divided*'; he 'spots' here and there, with the eye of experience, sharpened by long practice on his own account, a too palpable sacrifice of sense to the exigencies of sound; and while he is musing upon these things a gentle *afflatus* steals upon him, and the thing is done; he thoughtfully takes up his pen, and in a moment.

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter,
and all the rest of the inspired nonsense, is rattled off without an outward symptom of emotion stronger than a pensive chuckle.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the cordial intercourse already subsisting between poetess and poet was in no way disturbed by the appearance of *Lovers, and a Reflection*; and that, to the last, the brilliant scholar and man of letters possessed a valued and appreciative friend in this variously gifted lady, with the creations of whose graceful and womanly fancy such liberties had been taken by his audacious muse.

* * * * *

Of Calverley's parodies of Browning, and the so-called mystical school, a somewhat different account must, I think, be given. He here strikes in earnest, and with a purpose. The present writer, who is himself a humble and sincere, though often a sorely puzzled, admirer of Browning, feeling at the first a little scandalised by the uncompromising directness of Calverley's attack upon *The Ring and the Book*, once ventured to suggest remonstrance,

and, with a view of convincing him of the error of his way, repeated to him those noble lines, beginning—'O lyric Love, half angel and half bird!—which form the conclusion to the opening chapter of the story. Calverley said little, but his face flushed, and his eye lit up, and it was easy to see that no want of appreciation of the strength and beauty of Browning's verse had prompted his assault upon those mannerisms and obscurities of style, which he looked upon as a grave literary offence. His own clearness and, so to speak, point-blank directness of mental vision, rendered him especially impatient of all the crooked and nebulous antics and vagaries of thought or speech in which writers of the modern transcendental school are pleased to indulge; and his parodies of this class must be regarded as a genuine and out-spoken expression of resentment that so much genius should seem to take so much pains to be unintelligible.

The question has often been asked whether Calverley has left behind him any posthumous writings which may hereafter be given to the world. To this the reply must be in the negative. A few humorous poems scattered about in various magazines may properly be collected and included in future editions of his works, to which may be added some beautiful versions in English of sacred Latin poems, executed by him at the request of the editors for *The Hymnary*; but of original unpublished matter there is little or nothing beyond a few isolated fragments. From among the latter Mr. Sendall selects the following sonnet, in which the lines seem to flow with a quiet strength very characteristic of Calverley's more serious moods.

When o'er the world night spreads her mantle dun,
In dreams, my love, I see those stars thine eyes
Lighting the dark; but when the royal sun
Looks o'er the pines and fires the orient skies,
I bask no longer in thy beauty's ray,
And lo! my world is bankrupt of delight
Murk night seemed lately fair-complexioned day:
Hope-bringing day seems now most doleful night.
End, weary day, that art no day to me!
Return, fair night, to me the best of days!
But oh, my rose, whom in my dreams I see,
Enkindle with like bliss my waking gaze!
Replete with thee, e'en hideous night grows fair,
Then what would sweet morn be, if thou wert there!

At what period were sown the seeds of the cruel and treacherous malady (Bright's disease), which ultimately caused his death in the very prime of manhood, can now only be a matter of conjecture.

For some years his health had been gradually declining; and though his mental powers remained almost to the last intrinsically bright and clear and the charm of his society never ceased to delight the few who had opportunities of enjoying it—such opportunities grew year by year rarer and rarer, giving place to intervals of physical uneasiness and mental depression, which slowly led to his more and more complete withdrawal from work and from the world. When at length the hopeless and incurable character of his disorder became fully apparent, his affectionate nature busied itself almost exclusively with thoughts of those whom he was leaving behind. A few short

days before his death, in a conversation with the writer about the future of his boys, his mind suddenly recurring to those fields of classic lore from which it was never long absent, he exclaimed, in tones rendered more pathetic by an increasing difficulty of utterance,—

ὦ παῖ, γένοιτο πατὴρ εὐτυχέστερος !

In their name we may accept, and reverently repeat the aspiration embodied in this line, but we may surely also complete the prayer, by adding, τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ὅμοιος !

To pass through life, if so it may be, untouched by the shadow of that melancholy destiny, which clouded his days and brought his years to an end as a tale that is told ; not hoping, for that may hardly be, to rival him in powers of mind and intellect ; but in other respects—in manliness and native worth, in truthfulness, uprightness, and simplicity of character—to be even such as he was!

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ITALIA REDENTA.—The clamorous cry of the *irredentist* party in Italian politics is apt to turn men's attention from the work of "redemption" that has already been accomplished and is still going on in United Italy. Mr. Alfred Austin here gives his impressions of the progress of that work, of the incongruities which it introduces, *vaporetti* mixed with gondolas, the Palatine turned into a museum, and locomotives snorting almost up to the Sacred Way.

To lovers of Florence—and who that has stood under the campanile, or even merely read Romola, does not love Florence?—the opening paragraphs of Mr. Austin's pleasant article will have a charm of their own.

There are few people, I suppose, who have not experienced a feeling of reluctance to revisit places where, once upon a time, they were not happy. Like horses, men 'shy' when they are expected to pass spots where they have been maltreated. It was no such feeling, but very much the reverse, that deterred me, for many years, from revisiting Florence. But at last, taking my courage in my two hands, I found myself, not many weeks ago, standing once again in the spring sunshine in the *Piazza della Signoria*, gazing with renewed wonder at the Tower of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, the work conceived by the human mind and fashioned by human hands, that produces, it seems to me, the most

sublime of impressions by the simplest of expedients. Smiling at *Marzocco*—for who can fail to do so that remembers the truly Florentine purpose to which he was put in the year of Our Lord 1364?—and instinctively looking up, by way of precaution, as I ascended the steps of the palace, to make sure that another Senator was not being thrown out of the window, like to him who, in his fall, broke the arm of Michael Angelo's 'David,' I paused a moment or two partly for the beauty of it, and partly for 'auld lang syne,' to watch the gambols of the boy and the dolphin out of whom Verocchio composed his fanciful bronze fountain, and then ascended with solemn steps and slow, as befits the sanctity of the place, by stair after stair, to the vast *Sala dei Cinquecento*, constructed in the year 1495, at the inspiration of Savonarola, to accommodate the *Consiglio Grande*, after Piero de' Medici had been expelled from Florence. Suddenly I was there, and lo! he was there too, in massive marble, thundering celestial menaces across the vast vacant space.

A

Girolamo Savonarola
Dopo
Trecentottantaquattro Anni
L' Italia Redenta
XXV. Giugno
1882.

After three hundred and eighty-four years! So long! So little! At the further end of the hall still sits Leo X., son of Lorenzo, whom Savonarola refused, even at the point of death, to shrive, because he would not surrender the Government of One, and give back her liberties to Florence. Between these two figures there stretches a distance of 170 feet—nothing else! There they confront each other; the Pontiff, fat, sleek, placid, and splendidly attired; the Friar, lean, wan, clad in shapeless serge.

You have only to go to the window, and look out upon the spot where he was burnt. You have only to ascend a flight of steps to find yourself in the most daintily-proportioned and most exquisitely-decorated little chapel in the world, the *Capella di San Bernardo*, where he administered the Sacrament, first to Frà Domenico and Frà Silvestro, and then to himself, before it was announced to them that 'they must go down to the Piazza' and be executed.

It was a tender and characteristic thought that led these Florentines of to-day to place the statue of Savonarola in the Hall where "three hundred and eighty-four years," after the disappearance of the *Consiglio Grande*, the first King of United Italy opened his first Parliament in Florence. Equally tender and characteristic is it of them to have inscribed on its pedestal that it is erected to Girolamo Savonarola by "*L'Italia Redenta*." But there is redemption, and redemption; and could Savonarola revisit the city and the land he loved so passionately, would he, with his sombre soul and his anti-mundane aspirations, endorse or accept the phrase "*Italia Redenta*?" It is true that neither a lustful Borgia nor a luxurious Medici occupies the Chair of St. Peter. The Pontifical Throne is occupied, and has long been occupied, by a Pope of simple life, blameless manners, and profound convictions. The Church of Rome may

possibly be out of harmony with the spirit of the age. But he who feels himself most obliged to dissent from its intellectual conclusions must avow, if he be candid, that it exhibits its antagonism to the spirit of the age in no respect more signally than in this : that it is virtuous and austere, while the world around is luxurious beyond precedent and sensual beyond example.

With the Rome of to-day, therefore, I think Savonarola would have no quarrel. But what would be his attitude towards Florence, and towards *L' Italia Redenta*, the Italy that the Florentines would assure him has been redeemed? I descend, and once more stand in the *Piazza della Signoria*, possibly on the very spot where, in reply to the declaration of the Bishop of Vasona, as instructed by the Pope, 'I separate you from the Church, militant and triumphant,' Savonarola uttered his last words on earth :

. . . There, you trip.

Militant, yes ! Triumphant ? 'Tis not yours.

How pleasant it is ! All the senses are satisfied. The sun shines, as alone it knows how to shine in Italy. The picturesque people come and go. What you can hence see of the *Bargello* and the *Badia* are grateful to look upon. The Loggia of Orcagna has lost none of its charm. Walk a few paces, and you may sate your eyes upon Giotto's *Campanile*, upon the Baptistery, upon *Santa Maria del Fiore* itself. Wander where you will, you will be satisfied, and more than satisfied, or you are indeed difficult to please. Hence to *San Marco*, if you like, as the *Ariabbiati* and *Compagnacci* did, when they were baulked by Savonarola of the Ordeal of Fire. But you will find there no one in the garb of Dominick, no hairshirts, no rosaries, no missals, no crucifixes, save those of Frà Girolamo himself, kept in a glass case as obsolete curiosities and which, with more of the same sort, you may see on paying the sum of tenpence. The frescoes of *Frà Angelico* are still upon the walls of the various cells ; but no one is praying before them. They are being copied, and photographs of them are for sale, which are bought and will be framed, and hung up in their houses on their return home, by people who like the æsthetic but not the austere side of Monasticism and the Dark Ages. If you want to apprise yourself how far Italy or Florence has been 'redeemed' in the sense in which Savonarola understood redemption, come along to the *Lungo L'Arno* and the *Cascine*. Very crowded, and very bright in every way, is the *Via de' Cerretani* ; if possible, still more crowded and more agreeable the *Via Tornabuoni*. The shop windows are dight with gauds of every kind ; every vivid stuff, every glittering silk, every ingenious gewgaw modern industry produces. There are photographs of many fair and some brazen women. I do not observe any notification of a Sermon, or an 'Exposition of the Psalms,' by any *Frate* of *San Marco*, or any other rigid Confraternity ; but invitations, in very large letters, to the Opera at the *Pergola*, to French and Italian Comedies at this Theatre and that, to Concerts at the *Sala Filarmonica*, to the drolleries of *Stenfiorello* in the *Ognissanti*, and to the Ballet and *Birrerie*, everywhere. How the flowers abound, and no thorns anywhere, along the marble seats outside the stately palaces ! People tastefully dressed are eating ices or crunching bonbons at *Jocosa's*. They are doing the same at *Doney's*. Men faultlessly

attired, and suprême artists in the southern craft of *dolce far niente*, are standing outside the *Circolo* or Club, and make *occhiate* at all the pretty, and some of the not pretty women, that pass. At the *Ponte Trinità*, the *frustini*—an old Florentine word very familiar to me twenty years ago, and for which, I suppose, the modern English equivalent is ‘mashers’—are sitting and dangling their legs on the balustrade of the embankment of the Arno, waiting for the Beatrice that is to enchain them for all time with a glance. They were doing this yesterday at the same hour; they will be doing it again to-morrow, they will continue to do it till other *frustini* push them from their stools. It is the thing to do. It is the only thing to do.”

Mr. Austin is severe on the modern Florentines for deserting the *Viale dei Colli*, “the most beautiful carriage drive in the world,” the construction of which contributed so largely to the financial embarrassments of the *Municipio* when they fondly thought that the capital would abide with them at least for a goodly spell of time. “All Florence” haunts one little section of the flat and interesting *Cascine* in preference to the *Viale dei Colli* with its unrivalled views of *Fiesole*, of *Monte Morello*, and of the towers and belfries of the City of Flowers itself.

And why? Because the fine ladies and the *frustini* want to look at one another and not at wooded heights or delicate architecture, and they can pass and repass perpetually in that crowded ‘Row.’ Not that the Florentines’ ways are worse than those of Londoners or Parisians; but when one sees scenes of such surpassing loveliness as the neighbourhood of Florence boasts, deserted, one feels inclined to moralize over the hardened indifference of the modern dwellers in modern cities to anything but horses and carriages, shop-windows, nods, becks and smiles, and interludes of conversation of immemorial triteness.

The modern Florentines are no worse than other moderns, all the world over. But they are no better: no more serious, no more austere, no more like what Savonarola wanted them to be. They have erected a monument to him after ‘three hundred and eighty-four’ years; but in formal marble, not in reformed manners. The delicious villa and gardens of *Careggi*, whither Savonarola was summoned by Lorenzo, when he was dying are maintained in their pristine condition. There is a bed, and a *priedicu*, and a portrait of Savonarola, in the room in which Lorenzo ‘turned his face to the wall’ when the Friar of Saint Mark exclaimed, ‘Die, by my voice unshriven,’ and went back to Florence. There is nothing else, save your own reflections, if you happen to have any. Everywhere there is homage, in marble, on canvas, in inscription, to the ‘*Hieronymus Ferrariensis Ordinis Predicatorum*,’ whose tragic life has been so admirably written by Professor *Pasquale Villari*, than whom Italy contains no truer member of that Aristocracy of Letters for which I recently ventured to plead. But I fear the service is lip-service only. Sometimes, after catching glimpses of the elegant splendour of the denizens of Florence, I used to stand and wait thinking that,

perhaps, down one of its side streets would come young boys and girls, dressed like angels, and singing—

Vanities ! Vanities ! Bring out your Vanities,
 Rouge-pots and scented girdles, spices, gums,
 Snares of the Evil One. Give up your drugs,
 Intoxicating perfumes, subtle scents
 That lull the soul to slumber and arouse
 The sleeping senses in their swinish sty,
 And make them nose for garbage. Give them all up,
 Lascivious fripperies, corsets, and the bait
 Of perforated sandals !
 Vanities ! Vanities ! Bring out your Vanities !
 All of your Vanities bring out to burn !

What a bonfire there would be ! But no boys nor maidens in celestial garb made their appearance ; but only more fripperies, more

Unguents and patches, tresses false, and tricks
 Of meretricious beauty, specious dyes,
 Henna, vermilion, all of them Vanities.

Could Savonarola once again visit Florence, he would have to confess that though 'Rome' has mended its manners, Florence has not, and that Lorenzo the Magnificent is still Master of the Revels. He would have to return to the other world with the despairing cry, 'Thou hast conquered, Medicean !'

The inscription then, "*A Girolamo Savonarola L'Italia Redenta, 1832,*" must have an unconscious irony for even those who longed and strove for, and now heartily rejoice over a United Italy. What Savonarola himself would say to it can be surmised only by those who may have read the series of sermons he delivered in the Lent of A. D. 1497 upon Ezechiel. Would he not again thunder out, as he thundered out then : *Io mi maraviglio come per li peccatti vostri non si apre la terra e non vi assorbe.* "I am lost in amazement that for your sins the earth does not open and swallow you all up."

Florence then—and the same may be said of Italy generally—is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age and cherishes ideals, such as they are, of the century in which we find ourselves. If railways, tramways, telephones, and every material convenience can redeem a nation, then no one need be anxious about the redemption of Italy. The Italians are the most practical people in the world, and have as profound an admiration for English looms and English iron-works as English people, or some of them, have for Italian palaces and Italian mountains. Milan, Florence, Rome are intersected with tramways ; and, as every body knows, *vaporetti* or little steamboats ply on the Grand Canal at Venice.

Giorgio Tagliapietra, the good-looking *gondoliere* who was recently my guide, philosopher, and friend, reminding me of much that I had forgotten since 1863, and telling me much that I never knew, speaking in that gentle dialect from which all the consonants seem to have fallen out, as the bits of hard marble had fallen out of the mosaics of St. Mark's, till they were recently repaired, leaving only the gold ground-work, joined his laments to mine over the obtusion of the noise and bustle of steam upon the stately silence of the

wheelless ways of Venice. 'And to think,' said Giorgio, 'that permission was given to the *vaporetti* to ply by a Venetian noble, a family that had produced Doges!' But I am forced to add that it was made clear to me, in pursuing the conversation, that Giorgio would have been of a somewhat different opinion had the *vaporetti* belonged to himself. He is a gondolier, and the steamboat interferes with the profits of the gondola. Naturally, I would rather the *vaporetti* were not there, or, shall I say, that their traffic was suspended for my special behoof when I happen to be in Venice, by a decree issued by another descendant of the Doges? That would be a truly British demand, and one that is, to all intents and purposes, advanced by those persons who wish Italy to preserve its Roman, mediæval, or *Renaissance* aspect intact, in order that when they are good enough to leave Holland Park or Chelsea Embankment for a little time, and cross the Alps, their æsthetic sensibilities may not be offended or their holiday enjoyment interfered with. I am conscious of sharing their exquisite selfishness; and what anguish the two chimneys at each end of the point of vision on the *Arno* in Florence have cost me, I should not like to say. But, short of condemning chimneys altogether—which would be as useless as 'screaming against the calm facts of creation'—I do not see how Florence is to be deprived of them for my occasional delectation. They are horrible to look upon, no doubt; afflicting eye-sores that used not to be there before Italy was 'redeemed.' Italy was a Sleeping Beauty in those days. The Coliseum was at once a ruin and a forest; the buffaloes blinked in the Forum; the Palatine was a verdurous sepulchre, not a labelled museum; Venice sighed and sang, always in the minor key; and Florence was not only fair, but faultlessly fair. It was a world of charm and enchantment for a sojourning artist or a vagrant poet. But the Sleeping Beauty has awoken; and the hammer rings on her anvil; the bellows are at work by the furnace; the locomotive puffs and snorts; the safety-valves whistle; anthracite has become more prized than marble; everybody is astir; there is a coming and a going; the words *pronti* and *partenza* ring through the land; and Rome is angry and mortified because Turin has succeeded in having a Great Exhibition while Rome for the present has failed. But *pazienza!* and the Forum will yet be covered in with glass and with iron girders, and Manchester shirtings will take the first prize in an 'exhibit' on the spot where Horace was button-holed upon the Sacred Way. *Italia farà da se* was prophesied truly; and this is what the modern Italians propose to make of Italy. In other words, they intend to 'redeem' themselves from the reproach of possessing only 'ruins and a garden.' They have grown rather tired of the 'fatal gift of beauty,' and they propose to be useful instead. Again, let me say, I am not 'taking sides,' any more than I intended to take sides with Savonarola against Lorenzo de' Medici, or with Lorenzo de' Medici against Savonarola. I am only describing things as they are. I am writing about *Italia Redenta*; and this is how Italy is being redeemed. They give their locomotives high-sounding names: *Encelado*, *Ippocrate*, and such like. But locomotives, ever more locomotives; iron rails, iron roofs, iron everything; these are the objects most coveted by redeemed Italy."

Go where you will, you find that modern Industrialism has possessed itself of the place, or its denizens are bemoaning themselves

because it has not yet done so. Mr. Austin contrasts the old style of journey from Rome to Florence, behind the bells of deliberate roadsters, assisted up the hills by a team of *bovi* with halts at Cività Castellana, at Narni, at Clitumnus, at Spoleto, at Cortona, at Assesi, at Perugia, with the modern mode—a whistle and a whiff, a few turns of the crank, half a dozen "*cinque minuti di fermata*, and *ecco!* you who breakfasted by the Tiber are rather too early for dinner upon the Arno.

I remember once having to make out my own bill—I think it was at Terni—because the *padrone* was new to the work, and vowed he did not know what to charge, and he wanted me to give him an idea what travellers would be willing to pay. I remember, too, the second time I visited Assisi, just eighteen years ago, the only persons I observed there were monks, and one old crone, as moss-grown as the big untenanted piazza in which she sate spinning, and who, when she saw me and my companion, forthwith, without interrupting her labours, began tremulously chanting a *stornello*—perhaps it was an impromptu—in which *amore*, *fiore* and *dolore* figured chiefly. Versifying on the primitive passions cannot be difficult in a language in which 'love' 'flower,' and 'grief,' happen to rhyme. I spent a couple of days at Assisi this last April; and the place, though still retaining much that is simple and stationary in its aspect, seemed to me to have changed its appearance and character very materially since 1866. It has its own Carnival and its own theatre, and two omnibuses meet every train that stops at what the railway calls Assisi, but what is properly *Santa Maria degli Angeli*—the *Porziuncula* of St. Francis—a couple of miles down the hill. But the dark-eyed lissom daughter of the house, that was so anxious my fare should be good and my slumbers sound, was by no means of opinion that there is life of any kind in Assisi. There was no *commercio*; and when she had said that, she had, in her estimation, condemned the place conclusively. She afterwards observed sententiously, '*Si lavora, si dorme, e poi si muore*'—'one works, one sleeps, and then one dies.' But I discovered that she knew enough French to thumb Parisian novels when she had the opportunity, and that she 'played a little' on the piano. That accounted to me for her lugubrious philosophy. When once a young woman takes to reading modern romances, it is probable that she will end by regarding the making of beds, the cooking of *polpetti*, and the doing of her duty generally, as exceedingly uncongenial and low occupations."

The writer has not much sympathy for the modern Franciscan monks, who in shoes and stockings and black cassocks have replaced the old community, penniless and in brown serge and sandals.

Nothing will ever persuade him that St. Francis intended any follower of his to live save from hand to month, whereas now the Sanctuary of St. Francis, with its three churches one above the other, still the genius of Assisi, is tenanted by *Possidenti*, that is to say, Franciscans who, as a community, are allowed to possess property. Still he allows that the line of "holy poverty" should be

drawn somewhere ; and Mr. Austin saw and learnt something on his late visit to Assisi that will be thought curious by most Englishmen.

"The original convent of Santa Chiara, a little way out of Assisi itself, was given by St. Francis to his female follower in Christ. Santa Chiara is now in Assisi itself ; and there, in a splendid shrine, where lights tended by mute nuns never cease to burn, the body of the Saint, discovered some few years back in a petrified condition, lies gorgeously attired. But the old Santa Chiara is now called San Damiano ; and though at odd times I have seen, and stayed at, a certain number of Franciscan convents, never have I beheld one so unutterably dirty, or tenanted by monks so ignorant and unsavoury, as those of San Damiano. I am not one of those persons who regard Monks and Monasteries as subjects for invective or scorn. On the contrary, it seems to me the cloister may conceivably be a fitting harbour of refuge for devout or timid souls ; for him or her, for instance, as Goldsmith says—

Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.

Life outside monasteries is not so admirable in every respect that life inside them need to be jeered at. But I do not think Saint Francis meant any of his followers to be so deplorably dirty and uninstructed as the denizens of San Damiano. How was it, I asked them, that they were still there ? There are convents, like that of Assisi, or like that of *Monte Cassino*, for instance, which the law suppressing conventual establishments allow still to exist, in consideration of their being monuments of art or seats of learning. San Damiano is scarcely either of these. It was explained to me that a '*ricco Inglese*' had bought the convent ; it had thus become private property, and he could do what he liked with his own. I was curious to discover who the rich Englishman was that thought he was rendering a service to Italy or humanity by prolonging the existence of San Damiano, as at present constituted. It turned out to be the Marquis of Ripon, the Governor-General of India ! Whereupon I went my way, in no degree shaken in reverence for Saint Francis or in admiration for the thirteenth century, but somewhat confirmed in previous doubt as to the wisdom of certain persons who figure as statesmen and rulers of men in the very different century in which we live."

Doubt is cast upon the idea prevalent in England that the Roman Catholic Church has entirely lost its hold upon the Italian people. The writer was much impressed by the crowded attendance at a service in the *Presbiteriale*, a little church within the vast edifice of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and he thinks the congregations attending mass at Florence, Rome, Turin or even Bologna, show that it is not only over the peasantry that the Church retains its hold.

The breach between Italy and the Papacy is unhappily not yet healed, and the perplexity it causes both to sensible politicians and to devout souls is considerable. In Rome, itself, as might be expected, this perplexity is felt the most keenly. Politicians, who are determined that Italy shall remain united, that Rome shall be its Capital, and that the Temporal Power of the Papacy shall never be restored, are often forced to appear opposed to the Church, when in reality they accept all its dogmas and observe all its rites ; and many pious spirits feel compelled to hold aloof from politics altogether, or even to seem to

approve the temporal pretensions of the Papacy, because they are shocked and irritated by the tone and tactics of the extreme anti-Papal Party, though in their heart of hearts they love Italy, and would rather that the Pope and the College of Cardinals confined their energies to matters spiritual. In Italy, as elsewhere—though less than elsewhere—there are aggressive adversaries of all Churches and all Supernatural Creeds, and who lose no opportunity of making themselves as offensive as they can to the bulk of their fellow-countrymen. They cannot erect a statue to Garibaldi at Loreto without wishing to inscribe upon its pedestal an ill-mannered gibe at the particular form of worship with which Loreto has for centuries been associated. Between these rude fanatics and the Encyclicals in which the restoration of the Roman States to Papal control is again affirmed, men of good sense and right feeling sometimes find it difficult to steer. But the steering is accomplished, nevertheless : and the abandonment by the Italian nation of the Roman Catholic creed is as little likely as the restitution to Leo XIII. of the territories given to his predecessors by the Countess Matilda.

While on a visit to Ravenna, Mr. Austin drove out to the *Pineta* to verify its alleged disappearance, and found that, for miles near Ravenna, the

"Ever green forest which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made painted ground for me"

is practically dead. The immemorial wood is a sculpture of gaunt trunks and withered branches. In addition to the loss to the poor people who used to gather many a faggot there, the Commune will lose an income which must be supplied from some other source ; and what is the source to be ?

The canker from which *Italia Redenta* is really suffering is excessive taxation ; and only the most thrifty, the most patient eye, and the most industrious people in the world, would put up with it. It does the Italians infinite honour that they should have borne this vexatious burden in order to pay their way, balance income and expenditure, and suppress their forced paper currency. But if Italian statesmen be wise, they will now concentrate their thoughts upon reduction of taxation. Should they fail to do so, I fear there is a troubled future for their successors. The *Inchiesta Agraria*, or Agricultural Commission, has revealed startling facts, both as to the burdens laid upon land and as to the deplorable condition of the agricultural labourer. Italian statesmanship wants to equalize the Land Tax throughout Italy, as we in India have equalized the Salt Tax. But as Northern Italy is now much more heavily taxed in this respect than Southern Italy, the Deputies from the South resent and resist the suggestion. 'Look,' they say, 'at the railways there are in Northern Italy. Provinces thus favoured, and which possess such facilities for conveying their agricultural produce to market, ought naturally to pay more than districts comparatively destitute of this advantage.' There seems some force in the argument. But the working of what are called the laws of political economy is far more subtle and incalculable than their erudite and unbending exponents appear to imagine ; and there are places in Italy where the population, instead of being benefited, has been injured by the arrival of railroads. Formerly, as the produce of the vintage could not be profitably transported from the spot where it was gathered,

it was consumed by the peasants. Came the iron way, and a Railway station, and away went the wine. The cultivators of the soil are worse off than before; only the owner, and the middle-man, reaping any advantage. In Tuscany, where the *Messeria* or *Metayer* system prevails, this could not happen; and many Italians are of opinion that in the extension of this system of tenure of the entire tenantry is to be sought the solution for their agricultural problems. But, on the other hand, the difficulty of introducing it would be enormous; and in Tuscany, where it is of ancient date, agricultural prosperity has long been fostered by the application to the soil of the wealth accumulated in more stirring and prosperous days by owners who were engaged in the profitable pursuit of commerce.

The redemption of Italy has not been, and could not be, achieved without lavish expenditure. The claim of Italy to be an independent Power is now everywhere acknowledged save in a few sacristies, and the Italians could well afford to cease building huge, and costly ironclads, and considerably to reduce the cost of their army.

I have little doubt that one of the indispensable conditions of the intimate relations that associate Italy with Germany is the maintenance by Italy of an efficient military force. But Prince Bismarck is a statesman who would quickly apprehend the plea that no State can remain efficient, even in the military sense, which is fostering discontent among its subjects by excessive and intolerable taxation. It would be difficult to overrate the benefits Italy has reaped from its army. After having been the instruments for securing national freedom, it has served as a school of national education to all who have passed through its ranks; first purging them of their provincialism, and then sending them back to their homes as witnesses and evangelists of the irreversible unity of the Italian people under a single sceptre. But that work has been done; and the problem of the hour for Italian statesmen, which will remain the problem for some years to come, is how to reduce the annual expenditure of the State by two or three millions. This year in Florence, and the year previously in Rome, and in Rome again the year before that, I was present at the Review held in honour of the King's birthday. It is a suggestive and inspiring sight to see the King of United Italy emerge from the Palace of the Quirinal, where so many Popes have been elected, and at the head of a brilliant Staff ride up the Via Nazionale, hung with the Italian tricolor, and lined with Italian freemen, to the Piazza of the Baths of Diocletian, and there watch thousands of stalwart Italian soldiers file past him in the hot Roman sunshine. It is almost equally suggestive, and yet more pleasant—as anything in Florence is more pleasant than anywhere else—to see a kindred sight in the meadows of the Cascine, with its beautiful spring foliage at one's back, and the mountains that take little heed of the seasons full in one's face to the rear of the glittering battalions. But if Italy intends to be redeemed according to nineteenth century ideas—and such unquestionably is her intention—she must put money in her purse, and take care not to spend it too prodigally.

To most men the charm of Italy, the attraction of Italy, is still what it was, and resides in the beauty of its cities, in the smile of its mountains, in the abundance and variety of its art, in the win-

ning manners of its people. A generous and enlightened mind will not begrudge Italy its fresh Renaissance, even though this fresh Renaissance be of a somewhat material character. Industrialism, like every other dog, will have its day; and, meanwhile, there is no difficulty in getting away from its less agreeable features. The nineteenth century has been welcomed by the Italians; but the centuries that preceded it have not been driven away to make room for it, any more than the gentle, considerate Italian manner has been ousted by the abruptness of deportment that now-a-days prevails elsewhere. Mr. Austin gives an instance of what he calls—using the words in their old sense—the grace and humanity of its people.

I leaned, one morning, against a rude stone bridge spanning a stream that empties itself into the Lake of Como, about half-way between Bellagio and a little Commune called San Giovanni del Lago. A couple of bare-footed peasant-women came towards me, carrying on their backs, in loose wicker-baskets that everybody who knows Italy is familiar with, the linen which they had been washing in the lake. With them was a little girl, bare-legged like themselves and about three years old. When they reached the bridge, they doffed their loads and rested. The child forthwith made-believe to lift one of the baskets—three times as high as herself—upon her back. I told her she need not be in such a hurry to carry the loads of life, for they would come soon enough. The moralizing was probably a little too mature for the ears to which it was addressed, but the women understood, and seconded my sermon. Then, before they resumed their loads, one of them turned to the child and said, ‘Come, before we go, repeat your *poesia* to the signore.’ Forthwith, with most becoming gestures, the little girl repeated, in charming stanzas, the story of the Nativity. They were peasant-folk, of the humblest sort; but I declare I never was in finer society. Then they donned their baskets, and there was ‘*A rivederla*,’ and ‘*A rivederla*,’ though we shall never see each other again; and away they went. In Italy, people are not yet too proud to say ‘*Servuo suo*’: nor are they so deeply enamoured of the gospel of Equality as to refrain from being polite and deferential, lest, perhaps, you should not be deferential and polite in turn.

Another instance of something more than mere fine breeding—of real courtesy and kindness—closes the article. The writer was in the upper cloister of the *Badia*.

‘I had gone there to look at the tomb of *Francesco Valori*, the soldier friend of Savonarola, who, as I daresay some of my readers remember, was set upon and killed by kinsmen of Lorenzo Tornabuoni—one of the Five sent to the scaffold, mainly by the influence of Valori, for conspiring to bring back *Piere de’ Medici*—as he was hastening to the *Signoria* for help when the Convent of Saint Mark was being assaulted by the *Arrabbiati* and *Compagnacci*. As I was standing by it, there came out of the sacristy a Benedictine priest. I asked him if he knew whether it was possible to procure a photograph of the monument, for I had never seen one. ‘I fear not,’ he said, ‘but I will do you one. I do not live here; I live at Siena. But I have my apparatus with me, and though I am but an amateur, and the photograph will be a poor one, I will send it to you if

you tell me where to address you.' I was leaving Florence in a couple of days, so I gave him my address, and thanked him. Then I asked him what he thought was the meaning of the letters H. M., with crossed palm-branches between them, at the foot of the inscription. His surmise tallied with mine; and we agreed that they signified '*Honorandus Martyr*,' implying that Valori in dying for the sake of Savonarola, was considered to have earned the palm of martyrdom. Since my return to England I have received three mounted photographs of the monument, and long historical and biographical excerpts from various little-known sources concerning Valori and his connection with *Frà Girolamo*. Was not the act gracious, kindly, disinterested, full of fine humanity? It was the work of a perfect stranger to a perfect stranger.

No one can have lived in Italy, and known its people with anything like familiarity, without having similar experiences to record. These, and its supreme unfading beauty, lead one perforce to exclaim, when one leaves it, in the words of the old Tuscan love-song:—

Benedetta sia la madre
Che ti fece così bella,
Tu sei la più venzosa,
Tu sei la più graziosa,
Tu sei la più mia;
Benedetta sia tu;

Yes! Blessings on the land that inspires fervid youth with hopeful dreams enriches manhood with endless sources of dispassionate meditation, and reserves for old age a dignified share in its serenity and its sunshine.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1884.

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A GLIMPSE OF THE WEST.—This article is interesting as showing what farm life in the Western States of America really means, and that it does not necessarily or generally afford that "good opening" for the superfluous youth of England which many British parents think that it does.

These "good openings" are generally first discovered in an advertisement in some newspaper to the effect that most advantageous prospects exist for gentlemen's sons in Western America; and which further goes on to state that certain benevolent persons will receive young men into their homes and "teach them farming" for the slight consideration of from £100 to £150 per annum. Visions of simple but excellent fare, milk and butter and eggs, of spacious hearths, of good shooting, beautiful climate, and rolling prairies float before the eyes of the young man and his friends.

Of course a year of such agricultural training will not only add greatly to his stock of knowledge, but will initiate him into the ways of the country, and by the end of that time he will be sure to pick up some good employment on one of the big farms, and with the advantage of his careful tuition will doubtless soon become overseer or manager of some property. A very pretty fiction, but very wide of the mark. So it is definitely settled that our ingenuous youth is to be packed off. His ticket is bought, the day for his departure to an unknown land, 5,000 miles away, has arrived, and grandmama very appropriately gives him her blessing, and a copy of 'From Log Cabin to White House.'

Let us precede him and obtain a peep at this El Dorado.

It is winter, and nothing but one huge white expanse meets the eye on every side. The sun, which has been more or less obscure all day, makes a final

effort to show itself before setting, and for some minutes its waning rays are reflected with lovely effect on the hard white snow. Looking round, there is nothing to break the monotony but one or two thickets of small young trees at long intervals. On approaching one of these 'groves' (in the language of the country) we find the trees all very small—generally not more than ten feet high—and planted in rows at regular distances, covering not more than two or three acres on the average. They form, as a rule, two sides of a square, in order to give some amount of shelter on the north and west. Behind this is a small white wooden house, near which is a wooden stable and other buildings, and a yard enclosed by posts, boards, and 'barbed' wire. In one corner of this, a rough hay-roofed, tumble-down-looking shed affords shelter to some eight or nine head of stock; and a big heap of straw provides a warm bed to a large number of hogs, which literally bury themselves therein. On the south side of the stable various bits of machinery may be seen peeping out of the snow—such as the handles of a plough, the seat of a hay-rake, &c. Here and there are great banks of snow caused by the wind blowing between the buildings; these drifts are sometimes as deep as ten and fifteen feet. But what are those curiously regular mounds all round the foundations of the house? They are caused by stable-manure being heaped to the height of two and a half feet, and several feet in width,* in order to keep the wind from penetrating under the house. This, when covered with snow, produces the effect of an artificial snow-drift. Everything outside bears evidence that the 20° below zero which has been the average temperature for the last month has not been without effect. From the windows, which are coated so thickly as to obscure any outlook, except in small patches specially cleared, down to the hard slippery rope for lowering buckets to the well, everything testifies to the intensity of the cold. Indoors the farmer and his sons, if old enough, are pulling on big 'gun' (rubber) boots or 'felt socks' (a sort of knee-boot made of thick list), wearing in addition to the latter a pair of 'snow-shoes' (rather like our goloshes).† Thus equipped, they sally forth to do the evening 'chaws' ‡—or, in other words, to feed the live-stock for the night, Indian-corn forming the substance of their food. In the house the wife is preparing salt pork, fried potatoes, and pancakes, for supper. She is cooking at a large stove in a room about 15 feet by 12 feet. This, the principal room in the house, is a plain whitewashed apartment, which, besides the stove, has merely a cupboard, table, and a few chairs and shelves. Off this is a smaller room, used as a bedroom by the man and wife, and warmed by the connecting door being left open. So much for the ground floor. Above there is one attic room, whose sloping walls are partly formed by the roof. This is the children's bedroom. In one corner the stove-pipe is carried up from below, and the room is tolerably warm.

Storms known as "blizzards" occur now and again during the winter, consisting of a very heavy fall of extremely fine snow, with a terrific wind. These are authentic accounts of people having been

* These are totally different from the Canadian and Indian snow-shoes, although known by the same name. We recently saw some in the window of a shop near Victoria Station, but these were erroneously described as warm winter moccasins.

† The old English word *chares*, jobs of work; seen in '*char*-woman.'—(Ed., I.R.).

lost in these storms within a few yards of their houses, apparently in ignorance of their nearness to home.

Spring puts in appearance about the beginning of April, and with it the farmer commences active operations for the year. If he has a good strong son, of sixteen or upwards, he will require no regular hired help, with the exception of perhaps a man for a month, to assist in haymaking and harvesting. The father and son will each work a team of two horses,—and in that light soil two horses can plough, roughly speaking, two acres a-day. Thus, with a couple of ploughs working, and four acres being turned over every day, not much more than from two to three weeks is required to get over the sixty or seventy acres of ‘spring ploughing.’ This is generally the land on which the Indian-corn of the previous year has been grown. A similar-sized piece of wheat or other ‘small grain’ stubble is ploughed immediately after harvest, and left covered in snow all winter. It is thus the farmer, whose holding, in nine cases out of ten, does not exceed 160 acres, divides his ploughed land. These portions, together with a little surplus land for pasture, make up the usual amount.

This description of farming is unquestionably no more than a system of peasant holdings. The class of men working them corresponds to the English agricultural labourer. The profits are small, the prices of all agricultural produce being low.

Under the ‘Homestead’ and ‘Tree Claim’ laws, a person can in an unoccupied district obtain 160 acres by living a stated number of years thereon, and in addition to this, another 160 acres by planting some 20 acres with trees. Thus, in well-settled-up parts there are instances of day-labourers from this country who, by having done this ten or twelve years ago, find themselves in possession of some 300 acres worth perhaps £3 or £4 per acre. But these results are not so easily obtained. In the first place, the parts where these claims can be carried out are necessarily wild in the extreme, and an immense amount of hardship must be undergone, and some capital expended, to convert 300 hundred acres of undulating grass-land into a well-tilled farm, with house, buildings, and a 20-acre grove. Then if, after all, civilisation should not rapidly extend itself into the immediate neighbourhood, but little return can be expected; for, from the isolated position of such a place, markets are inaccessible, and the land of practically no value. So the gentle reader must not rush to the conclusion that he can easily obtain 300 acres, and immediately sell it and fill his pockets. Besides, there are, of course, certain qualifications requisite, such as becoming naturalised.

Thus, for an English gentleman’s son, there is no future here, unless he has some capital. He might, after his first year, obtain work on a farm from April to October at about 20 dollars (4 guineas) per month; and for the remaining months of the year he might obtain his board alone in return for doing the “chaws.” This income would just keep body and soul together, and is, surely, but a poor return for all the time spent at school, and the final outlay of £150 premium.

If the reader has ever been in a country where the climate compels him to stop indoors day after day, or at least only to go out for a short time well

wrapped up in furs, he will have some idea of the dreadful monotony of a Western winter. A visit to town after a week of this is regarded by the farmer as a veritable oasis in the desert. His sleighs are got ready, and with plenty of loose hay in the bottom of the waggon he starts off, and may often think himself lucky if he reaches the town without one or two spills. Once arrived, he is so cold that a glass of something hot in the nearest saloon is practically indispensable. Having done his shopping, he is about to return, when a snowstorm comes on suddenly, and he knows he is let in for a night in town. Is it impossible to imagine the result in a neighbourhood of young, hot-headed Englishmen? Being utterly sick of the monotony of the snowed-up prairies, and glad to be once more in the congenial society of fellow-countrymen, they determine to make a night of it, and have a 'real good time.' The proceedings are not wholly unlike a breaking-up supper at school, or a farewell wine at the 'varsity,' only with this difference, that the gambling-table and the 'cooler' take no part in those typical festivities. The 'cooler' is the local 'lock-up'—a kind of caged den into which young gentlemen playing football with an empty pickle-jar at 1 A.M. are liable to be placed.

Is it wonderful if, living in this monotony, young men indulge, when they can, in low dissipation, and sometimes become hard drinkers?

The American farmers' *menu* forms a striking contrast to that of our beef-eating Englishmen. Butcher's meat is the last thing they think of buying, the great idea being that the farm should produce its own food. An abundance of flour is easily obtained from the wheat grown on the place, while eggs and cream and butter help to make up an almost vegetarian diet. Salt pork in small chunks is generally placed on the table, but this is looked on chiefly as a relish, except in winter, when eggs are scarce, and more pork consequently eaten. The one piece of extravagance is committed at threshing-time, when meat is usually provided for the extra hands then employed. As a striking proof of the expense of a meat diet, an American will tell you that at threshing-time it always costs him at least a dollar and a half a-day in butcher's meat in order to satisfy some dozen hungry men.

It is curious how many people in England, who scout the idea of their sons being engaged in trade, do not seem to regard the dirtiest manual work, when performed on an American "farm," as in the least degree *infra dig.* In the States, however, the farming community is considered to be the lowest grade in the social scale.

The small 'store-keeper' (tradesman), his 'clerks' (counter-jumpers), the saloon-keeper, and even the artisans of all kinds, whether paper-hangers, painters, or what not, are all looked upon by the community at large as occupying a much better position in the world than the farmer. Why? For this reason, that the business man in town requires not only a fair education, but also a fair amount of capital, before he can start his store; the artisan likewise requires education (*i.e.*, his apprenticeship), in order that he may become a skilled workman; whereas the farmer requires no literary or scientific education, as his work is merely unskilled labour, and his capital is, as a rule, only nominal.

The work of the farmer is merely unskilled labour, and as regards capital an example will give the reader an idea of the manner in which these people commence farming.

A farmer's son falls in love with and marries a farmer's daughter. The parents in each case are old people, who, by dint of a life of very hard work and carefulness, have at last become free from all mortgages, &c., and are happy and contented. Each of the newly married pair is given a horse as perhaps their life portion. The team thus obtained is immediately mortgaged, and some cattle and hogs purchased. A few farm implements are then bought 'on time,' the future crop being a security. Thus our young people start on perhaps not more than forty acres, the man doing everything outside, and his wife doing all indoor work. The first house is sometimes only a 'dug out' half underground with mud-walls.

So not only does the farmer begin on nothing, but worse than nothing—mortgages and debt. Such is the class which English parents deem the appropriate one for their sons to join.

Many young Englishmen go out to the States with a capital of perhaps £2,000 or £3,000, and utterly ignorant as they are, rush headlong into farming. The consequence is that, they have to pay through the nose for everything. In every bargain they are woefully beaten by the astute natives. They launch into all manner of expenses wholly incommensurate with the profits obtainable from their farms. Two or three years of farming is generally enough to disgust these men with the occupation, and, as a rule, they consider themselves very lucky if they have not a considerable deficit as a sole result of their agricultural "opening."

Any American with the same capital and education, even in his wildest flights of imagination, would never entertain any idea of farming. He might doubtless buy land as a speculation, and if his land was 'broken' ('breaking' is the first ploughing of prairie soil), he would have renters on it; but that is the limit to which his farming would extend. Juvenile Jonathan, unlike young John Bull, would be brought up with regular business habits and disposition. With any approach to the same capital, he would start a 'store' in a small town; by attending to business he would own, after some years, the largest store in that town, and in time would possess a flourishing business in one of the largest towns in his State.

The only benefit obtained for a young Englishman, who learns farming in America by the premium system, is the qualification to perform ordinary unskilled agricultural labour at a remuneration of some 75 per cent. (three shillings) per day.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1884.

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The Fool's May-day. By KENYON COX
An Average Man. (Conclusion.) By ROBERT GRANT
Count Ernst von Mansfeldt the Protestant. By THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS
Sailors' Snug Harbour. By FRANKLIN H. NORTH
The Birth of Man. A Legend of the Talmud. By EMMA LAZARUS
What is a Liberal Education? By PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT
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THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARTIES.—Parts of this article seem worth noticing as throwing considerable light upon American politics, and as giving the estimate formed of them by an American writer. After speaking of political divisions elsewhere, he says :—

In our own country the party lines originally followed distinctions less profoundly philosophical, and more obviously political, though it would not be difficult to show the presence in the two historical parties of our early history of organizing forces quite akin to those which gathered the English parties. With us, however, the opposing tendencies were the centralization and the diffusion of political power. The one party sought to strengthen the national government, the other to maintain the rights of the States. The stability of our political system depends on the proper balancing of these two forces. Certain powers are reserved to the States, other powers are vested in the Federal Government; the coördination of these powers may well be the task of two great politi-

cal parties. Here, too, there is something to be said on both sides. So long as the parties divide on this line, the patriotic citizen may safely attach himself to either of them. National authority needs to be strengthened ; municipal liberties need to be preserved ; there is room for good work in both directions. While these questions formed the staple of political discussion there was still fierce party spirit, and much unseemly and bitter controversy, in our political life ; but there was also dignity in its debates, and meaning in its movements.

The tariff question, he continues, is another legitimate political subject of discussion and opinion, with two sides to it. The question of slavery was not such, and the division of the people into two great parties about such a question could only result in disaster. Slavery in a Democratic republic is an abnormity, as well as a question that raises an enormous wrong into a political issue.

But, neglecting the ethical aspects of the case, the question about slavery struck at the organic ideas of the national life. Slavery may be a beneficent institution ; but if so, this nation has no right to exist. To this complexion it came at last, and was sure to come from the first. The slavery question was not, therefore, a legitimate political issue, because it had not two sides, unless the question of the national existence has two sides. The thrusting of such an issue into political discussion works mischief in many ways : it damages those who support the anomaly ; it renders many of those who oppose it fierce and pharisaical ; the worst passions are aroused, and when the smouldering strife breaks out, as it surely will in the horrible conflagration of civil war, a condition has been reached from which it is not easy to lead political discussion back to sober ways.

This is the difficulty in which American politics have been floundering now for fifteen years. Slavery is dead, and the southern question has now dropped out of politics. And now what political issue has survived the burial of the Southern question ? On what lines of policy, on what doctrines of state craft, are the two great parties divided ? Precisely what does the Republican party now stand for, and what the Democratic party ?

A thorough study of the platforms of the two parties and of the utterances of the party organs and of the party leaders for the last ten years would fail to afford any clear answer to these questions. On finance, while finance was an issue, neither party maintained any consistent policy ; the Democrats, turning their backs on all their traditions, flirted most with the Greenback faction ; but there were hard-money Democrats and soft-money Republicans all in good standing in their respective parties. The same thing may be said of the tariff question. What intellectual change a man would be required to make in passing from one of these parties to the other it would be hard to tell. Who are the men most prominent as political leaders during the last twelve years, and what are their opinions on questions of legislation ?

The lack of significance in the opinions of the men who have been of late the accredited leaders of the two parties, together with the studied ambiguities of their platforms, show that there is now no intelligible doctrinal difference

between them. There is a difference, however, and it is easy to formulate : the Republican party exists for the purpose of retaining and distributing the offices ; the Democratic party exists for the purpose of regaining and distributing the offices.

The mental change required of the voter who passes from one party to another involves, therefore, simply the substitution of one letter of the alphabet for another. Perhaps the moral change is not much greater.

It is no exaggeration, it is the simple truth, to say that the *raison d'être* of each of the two great political parties to-day is the government patronage—the possession of it in the one case, the hope of it in the other. Principles on which the two parties differ there are none to speak of ; policies about which they disagree they rarely mention ; the strife is simply for the spoils of office. Each party is ready to read its own record backward for the sake of carrying an election.

In the contest that arose respecting the Louisiana election returns in 1876, we saw the Republicans exalting State rights and the Democrats national supremacy, each party renouncing its own traditional principles, for the sake of counting in its candidates ! Thus we find two noteworthy facts in our recent political history—the death of principles, the strife for patronage.

There will never again be any assignable difference of principle or policy between the two political parties, until the belittling and warping influence of the spoils shall cease to be paramount in political life. If we would have parties that stand for something, and campaigns that enlighten instead of mislead and corrupt the voters, let us make haste to establish an unpartisan civil service in all branches of the Government.

The writer proceeds to the general question as to what is the duty of intelligent and patriotic Americans respecting "parties?" To this question, he says, various answers are given.

1. Keep out of political life. It is hopelessly corrupt. You can do nothing to purify it. Let it alone.

This is the argument of despair, lightly urged by many frivolous and faithless souls, but not to be entertained by a patriot.

2. Vote always, but belong to no party. Join the unorganized mob of Independents ; take your place on what Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., calls ' the centre of the tilting-board,' and put your votes in every election where they will do the most good—voting always for the best men, or, at any rate, against the worse rascals.

This is a comfortable way of doing political duty ; the practical difficulty is in determining which rascal is the worse. Both are sometimes so bad that it is hard to choose.

3. Maintain a loose relation to one party or the other, but take no part in the primary meetings, and bolt when they offer you bad candidates or bad measures. The theory is that in this semi-attached condition you will influence somewhat the nominations ; that the party managers will be thinking of you when they make up the ticket.

This, too, is apt to leave the voter simply a choice of two evils. The gentlemen left by you in charge of the primary meetings are not sure to think of you, and if they do, they console themselves with the reflection that the other fellows will probably nominate a worse man than theirs.

4. Join one party or the other. Go into the caucuses, if you can get in. Take your pluck and your independence along with you. Tell the gentlemen in charge that you are interested in the success of the party, and that you want to help keep it in a shape in which it will deserve to succeed. Give them distinctly to understand that while you ask nothing for yourself, you intend to take a hand in shaping the party policy and in making the nominations; and that you will be guided in all this by a supreme regard for national interests, rather than personal interests. If in spite of your protests, they make bad nominations, bolt the nominations and return to the charge the next time, taking with you as many as you can of your well-intentioned neighbours. If you preserve your temper, and use reason and keep standing up for men and things that are honest and of good report, peradventure they will listen to you at length, and you may succeed in lifting up the standards and in purifying party management.

To the writer the last method appears by far the wisest one. He concludes:—

The simple question is whether the intelligent and prosperous citizens will make up their minds to use the political parties as the instruments of patriotism, or whether the political managers shall continue to use the intelligent and prosperous citizens as the instruments of knavery. The abuses of party will cease when good men use the parties instead of being used by them.

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PARIS CLASSICAL CONCERTS.—The opera in Paris is in its decline. The once famous Italiens, where Tamburini, Rubini, Mario, Pasta, Grisi and so many other voices of enchantment gave life to the compositions of Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, was burned to the ground ten years ago, and the tradition of its composers, singers and audience has perished with it. At the Grand Opéra, that funeral monument of the brilliant music-fancying Second Empire, neither the best artists nor the great works of the present are to be heard; the orchestra and chorus are less than second rate; even the scenery is shabby. The Opéra Comique has an able manager and a good company, but is limited by its very calling to operas of the lighter sort, and it has no first rate singers of either sex. The tenors and baritones are unequal to giving even a work like *Carmen* its due effect. The *prima donne* last year were Mademoiselle Van

Zandt and Mademoiselle Nevada, young girls with charming voices and more or less talent; not artists in any sense of the term, although with study and experience they might become so. To compensate for the grievous loss of fine singers and actors, of talent and training, on the French lyric stage, a system of concerts has gradually come into existence which, by their excellence and steadily increasing popularity, are working a revolution in musical taste. They cannot take the place of the opera as a resort for amusement, or as a form of social intercourse, but they open a far wider field of enjoyment, and one more fruitful of true delight to the serious amateur.

The mundane element is entirely absent; there is nothing in those silent assemblages of men and women in street clothes, packed into a dirty, stuffy theatre of a winter afternoon, to recall or replace the aspect of the auditorium of the Italiens or Grand Opera in former days. The boxes, occupied by languid ladies in full dress with bouquets, fans, and opera-glasses, and gentlemen in evening toilet, with a cape-jasmine at the button-hole; the visits from box to box; the general conversation between the acts; the subdued chit-chat during the music, except when a favorite singer or famous air held the lively tongues in suspense; the notorious interest of some well-known spectator—sometimes a great personage, sometimes a fair lady—in certain persons on the boards, which lent excitement to their exits and entrances; the presence of the court; the arrivals and departures of birds of fashion, alighting between a dinner party and a ball to hear those other birds warble a *cavatina* or a *finale*, the curiosity and partisanship at the first performance of a new work, or the appearance of a new artist; the indefinable emotions which a combination of lyric and dramatic art only can produce; above all, the sense that the hearers belonged to the same world, that the opera house was in fact a vast drawing-room, creating a tacit accord and understanding throughout the audience,—these things are wanting at the weekly concerts of to-day. I will try and describe what there is to be had instead.

Passing over the history of the origin and development of the concerts at the Conservatoire, whose Musical Society is the highest tribunal of musical criticism extant, we come to a detailed account of the differences between them and the Concerts Populaires, which are offshoots from the Conservatoire.

There is a marked difference between these various performances, not in quality alone, but in character, those at the Conservatoire holding the first rank. It is difficult to obtain tickets for them, there being but nine hundred seats, every one of which belongs to members or to regular subscribers. The same people retain them for a lifetime, and at their death the privilege passes to their heirs. The same faces may be seen in the same places year after year, until the eager young listeners have become attentive aged ones; enjoying the music less, understanding it better; taking it patiently for rest and recreation, perhaps for oblivion, instead of passionately forcing it into relation with their own personal hopes, fears, hate, love, or anguish. When the old, regular occupant of a seat disappears, and a new one sits in his stead, he is generally a son, nephew, or

grandson of the former possessor. The owners of seats cannot always attend the performances, and then they offer their tickets to friends, or send them to the office of the society, for the benefit of melomaniacs who are willing to take the various steps necessary for securing them. These consist in sending your name to the secretary of the society on the Thursday before the concert which you wish to attend,—Sunday being the day of the performance,—and in going to the office on Saturday, when you take your place in a file and wait until your name is called, which is done in the order of your application, when you receive one of the returned tickets, if any remain. If there have been too many before you there is still the chance of going on Sunday at the hour of the concert, tickets often being sent in at the last moment: then, by scuffling with others in like plight with yourself, you may obtain a first-class seat for twelve francs, or an inferior one for eight—there is nothing to be had, I believe, at less than five. The great objection to waiting until Sunday is that all the public concerts are given on the same day at the same hour, and at points very remote from each other; so that of you fail of getting in at the Conservatoire you must miss the first piece on the programme anywhere else and run the risk of losing the concert altogether. After the music begins there is seldom room left except for standing.

There are few good places at the Conservatoire; one does not hear very well in the boxes; in the parquét all the seats are too near the orchestra; but the centre of the hall is chilly at the opening of the concert and stifling at the end, while in the amphitheatre the temperature must be upwards of 90° from the first, and the seats have no back. Yet in listening to the concert the amateur forgets every discomfort.

It is nearly impossible to describe playing the characteristic of which is its perfection. The sovereign charm of the orchestra of the Conservatoire is its finish, and this is produced by a combination of all the qualities which give us pleasure in music, each in a high degree, none falling short of the rest. First comes the primary one of strict precision in time and tune and observance of rhythm and accent; then follow sonority, brilliancy, delicacy, fineness of modulation, power, perception, expression,—above all, the unanimity which in certain passages sounds like the even respiration of one great being, the breathing of some gigantic incorporation of harmony, in a happy dream. Again and again I have roused myself from the unreflecting enjoyment of merely *hearing* the music, in order to *listen* for flaws in the execution, but I never detected a single want or weak point. I am unable to explain the superiority of Richter's Viennese orchestra, which lifts one higher in the spheres of pure, lyrical pleasure, and brings one into the actual embrace of music as an ambient element, like air or water; I can only say that it is more glorious than the Conservatoire,—that it has more inspiration.

The vocal portions of the concerts of the Conservatoire are not up to the instrumental. The solo singers do not always meet the highest standard; the chorus is not as perfect in drill as the orchestra, and there are sometimes uncertainty and feebleness in the opening bars. They give the music with great expression and effect, however, and the collective result of each individual's being a

trained singer cannot be imagined by people who have heard only choruses composed of men and women singing by ear for the most part, or with a knowledge of music, but not of vocalization.

The auditorium of the Conservatoire is unlike that of any other place of musical entertainment in Paris. There is something official and respectable about its dingy, old-fashioned decorations, its Pompeian red walls inscribed with famous names, the aspect and demeanour of its audience. The last is unique.

There are a few women of fashion in the boxes, but the majority of the hearers are men,—men not of elegance, but of distinction. As a rule they are decorated; the little red ribbon is to be seen on the lapel of almost every coat. They are the leaders of the press and of the literary and artist world, musicians, politicians, physicians, but except the last, not men of science. It would be easier to count the unknown than the well-known hearers. Their heads and faces are marked by talent. There is great diversity among them: from specimens of the *Gallia comata* tribe, which still affects shagginess, to close-trimmed, smooth-chinned members of the ministry, or men of letters, who in the fullness of years and honors have put away childish things in the form of long beards and frowzy hair. They are an audience of connoisseurs: faint scarcely audible murmurs, a slight catching of the breath, and other sounds of disapprobation, more felt than heard, instantly follow a false note or faltering bar; their applause is moderate, but prompt and exquisitely discriminating; they seldom ask for the repetition of a piece of music, and when they do they obtain it more by persistency than by vehemence in clapping and crying "Bis." The unwritten criticism of these concerts is no unimportant part of the training at the Conservatoire.

Next in order of excellence comes the Société des Nouveaux Concerts, founded and directed by M. Lamoureux, which gives its concerts at the theatre of the Château d' Eau, so named from a large fountain falling over steps. The theatre has 2,000 seats, and although these concerts are but in their third year now (1883-84) there is not room for those who wish to attend them.

The same qualities which distinguish the concerts of the Conservatoire are to be found in a less degree here. The simultaneousness with which the violinists draw the bow is beautiful to see; it looks as if all the instruments moved together by machinery.

The result is a smoothness hardly surpassed at the Conservatoire itself: the *crescendo* and *decrescendo* passages, how rapid soever the *tempo*, swell and sink with an imperceptible gradation, like the rising and falling of the wind; in the majestic ebb and flow of Beethoven's symphonies the effect resembles the sublime harmonies of Nature obeying her eternal laws. The delicacy of the players is not less marvelous; under their bows the violin passages at the opening of the overture and finale to the Midsummer Night's Dream sound like the singing of midges, so fine and thin and clear, and the flutes in the scherzo seem sustained by one long breath throughout the entire movement.

The flute-playing in this orchestra is so exquisite that it accounts for the favour which that now neglected instrument once enjoyed.

Richter of Vienna, M. Deldevez of the Conservatoire at Paris, and M. Lamoureux belong to the same school of conductors. It is most interesting to watch their mode of leading. They seem to do scarcely more than beat time quietly; a slight inclination of the bow, now in one direction, now in another, the raising of a forefinger for a second, are their only gestures. They stand at the desk as tranquil and impassive as diplomatists, yet every musician on the platform is completely under their influence. M. Lamoureux exceeds every one in Paris in his ascendancy over his orchestra; it is so absolute that it gives the spectator a sense of despotism in the man, that supreme autocracy which controls the very personality of others. He never appears to look after his musicians; they look after him. I became convinced by long observation and comparison, that the mode of playing of an orchestra expresses the temperament of the leader. Its physiognomy is another curious peculiarity. Every player has his own individual expression of face, and it is amusing to mark the intentness, fervor, security, carelessness, or indifference with which each performs his part; the anxious glances which some constantly dart at the leader, while others seldom or never turn their eyes towards him. But besides this, they have a collective countenance, the concrete of their predominating state of mind. At the Conservatoire it is that of a body of men who know their work so well that they do it serenely, without reference to any one else, although there is a perfect mutual understanding between them and their leader; their gaze is fixed on their music, while he on his side rarely looks away from his score. Lamoureux's orchestra has less tranquillity; they work steadily, but anxiously, under the eye of their master. The contrast of M. Colonne's with both the preceding is very striking: eyes, heads, chins, are incessantly turning towards the leader; there is an active communication between him and his players, as rapid and spasmodic as the working of an electric telegraph. M. Colonne always reminded me of a charioteer, whip aloft in one hand, with the other checking and guiding a hundred horses, in full career and on the point of breaking loose. He has a wonderful way of holding them in, urging them on, soothing and stimulating them by motions of his head, hand, or foot, by the sound of his voice and the mobility of his features. He leads with every nerve and muscle, and he seems to throw himself into every one of his players. I have seen him rousing his chorus by singing with them, while conducting them and the orchestra through one of Berlioz's intricate counter-movements.

The concerts of the Société Artistique, directed by M. Edouard Colonne, at the Théâtre du Châtelet, rank third. M. Colonne possesses in the highest degree the gift which the French call *le diable au corps*, that union of fire and energy which dashes at difficulties, carrying everything before it, and this he infuses into his musicians. Their mode of playing is more spirited than that of any other orchestra in Paris; and they have an impetuosity which is allied to the genius of certain great works.

The way in which they give the Rakoczy March, from the Damnation de

Faust, illustrates the term of *furia francese*, which the Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gave to the onslaught of the French troops in the days of their great captains. The squadrons of Magyars charge by with irresistible rush, their barbaric strains mingling with the echoes of clashing arms and wild cries. I received the most tremendous musical impression of my life at M. Colonne's first Wagner memorial concert, given on the 25th of February 1883. The selections began with the overture to the Tannhäuser followed by the prelude to the third act, and Wolfram's recitative as the pilgrim train advances through the valley on the way back from Rome, singing its sweet and solemn chorus. The fervent, heart-broken prayer of Elisabeth came in order, and the tender apostrophe to the evening star by her faithful, hopeless lover, closing with the minstrels' festal march and chorus. The constant progression through so many different emotions of an intense and absorbing nature, the increasing sonorosity and scope of the harmony, gradually released the musical sensibilities from the trammels of personality and the musical intelligence from the limits of attention, until the being was merged in tides of sound which seemed to beat against the bounds of space. The sense of might in the music was overwhelming. The excitement was indescribable, and pervaded the atmosphere; leader, orchestra, audience acting and reacting upon each other with an electrical interchange of feeling. The impression cannot be conveyed in words, which sound exaggerated while falling infinitely short of the truth. As the climax slowly subsided old Joseph Dessauer's criticism on Wagner in Vienna ten years before came, back to me: 'He is a cataclysm.' In fact, the music had swallowed us alive, like a gulf. The excitable audience was wrought into a frenzy, in which other passions than melomania had a share. There was in some hearers real antipathy to the composer, in others animosity to him as a German, and these prejudices struggled fiercely against the dominating power of the music and the rapturous enthusiasm of the majority. The grandeur of the Tannhäuser, the charm of the spinning chorus from the Flying Dutchman, the gravity and interest of the prelude to Parsifal, kept the dissidents in check until the wild gallop of the Valkyrie began. The stern daughters of Odin rode on the whirlwind above the din of the battle-field, sweeping mortals with them on their breathless course; and then the storm burst in hisses, hooting, stamping, shrill whistles, calls, cries, and counter-cries: 'That's not music!' 'Bravo! bravo! bravissimo!' 'If the Germans want to hear it, let them go hear it at home!' 'Bis! bis!' (Again, again.) 'You sha'n't have it.' 'Superb! Magnificent!' 'Stop it!' 'Turn out the blackbirds!' (the men with the whistles.) 'Down with the circus-riders!' This last bit of wit at the expense of the Valkyrie raised a laugh which almost turned the scale; but the applause was redoubled to counterbalance the joke, and in the end, after a tumult which was nearly a riot, the eyes had it. The Chevauchée was repeated amid deafening shouts, and again the terrible riders thundered through the air, while the battle raged below. When it was over, and M. Colonne came forward in response to the acclamations of the panting orchestra and breathless audience, every hair of his well-brushed brown curls stood on end.

Whatever these men play has the same *brio*; no Parisian orchestra approaches them in rendering Wagner, Berlioz, and contemporary composers of their school. Although power and passion are their characteristics, it must not be supposed that they are lacking in sweetness and tenderness. They struck

me as excelling in the latter, especially in accompanying the voice, whether in solo or chorus; the softest human notes are not softer than their *pianissimo* playing. But their strong point is their ability to sway an assemblage, and make it thrill and vibrate like a crowd under the influence of a strong popular sentiment; and their impulse undoubtedly comes from the stimulating quality of their leader.

The writer went for the first time twelve years ago to one of the Concerts Populaires, led by M. Padeloup. They were then the only musical recreation of a high order, except the concerts at the Conservatoire.

I remember the mixture of amusement and annoyance with which I perceived the strong stable smells (the building being the winter circus), the shabbiness of the audience, the discomfort of the seats. As soon as the music began I forgot every drawback to enjoyment. There was a symphony of Beethoven's performed by over ninety instruments; I had never heard any thing like it before, and I was transported with delight. M. Padeloup was then valiantly combating his countrymen's prejudice against Wagner, amounting in many of them to positive hatred, and exasperated by the anti-German rage left by the recent Franco-Prussian war. The first attempt to perform his music at the Cirque d'Hiver was met by such obstreperous opposition that it had to be given up. This was in the autumn of 1872.

It was the autumn of 1882 before the writer attended another Concert Populaire. Beethoven's Second Symphony was given, among other things, and for the first time in Paris the prelude to the Parisfal, with the hymn of the Knights of the San Graal. Every seat was occupied, and before the latter production began, the house filled until there was no standing room. The audience listened to it in perfect silence, and it was repeated without objection. On the second occasion the orchestra did not appear so good as formerly, both time and tune being occasionally faulty; there was an absence both of delicacy and of volume, of fine shading and, above all, of unanimity, of common impulse. M. Padeloup did not seem to have his players thoroughly in hand; he did not hold them together like the other leaders, he lacked vigour and at the same time repose. But no lover of music can cease to be grateful to M. Padeloup for the great work he has done.

There is something, too, most amiable and expansive in his presence and individuality; there is a genuine, genial enjoyment of music for itself alone; when a composition is well played he looks as happy as a child. 'There is not one of the leaders who loves music so heartily and with so much disinterestedness as he,' said a distinguished composer to me of M. Padeloup. It must have been a real satisfaction, therefore, to many people that the first Concert Populaire of the present season, 1883-84, was a great improvement on those of last year. Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony was beautifully given, with great spirit and expression, and the accompaniment to Mozart's Piano Concerto in E flat was not less well performed. The latter is a very fine thing, one of

twenty-seven similar compositions by the same master, of which but two or three are known even in Europe. M. Pasdeloup announced in his prospectus, last September, that he should give the greater number of them in the course of the winter, M. Theodore Ritter taking the piano part. This gentleman once had a great reputation as a player of Beethoven, but sank into obscurity from too great partiality to his own compositions. His touch is a trifle heavy and hammer-like on the accented notes, but otherwise his playing is the very model of classic style; it has largeness, solidity, sobriety, a crystalline, clean-fingered precision, and in the *forte* passages real majesty. The Concerto is a very fine production, with a breadth and massiveness which recall Beethoven and Gluck rather than Mozart, yet with the distinctive tenderness and grace of the last. The programme was made up by St. Saëns's *Jeunesse d'Hercule*, an air for violoncello and harp from Beethoven's ballet of *Prometheus*, and the overture to Weber's *Oberon*. It was a truly delightful concert."

The audiences at all the concerts are all alike keenly critical; in other respects there is a marked difference between them:

That of the Conservatoire is decorous and fastidious, that of the Cirque d'Hiver easy-going and plebeian; the Château d'Eau is harder to please, and rowdy, and although violent scenes are less frequent there than at the Châtelet, which is extremely Bohemian, I heard an attempt to give Berlioz's *Carnival Romain* an encore put down, in spite of M. Lamoureux, by hooting and braying, in imitation of the too asinine blasts of the horns. The large proportion of poor people in them all is a very interesting and touching element: hundreds of men who cannot afford to pay for a seat come in before the great work of the programme—most often one of Beethoven's symphonies,—and stand through it, many of them through the entire performance. A very pathetic group is the common one of a shabbily dressed young couple, with a baby. The babies, as a general rule, are good; but the funniest row I witnessed at the Château d'Eau was caused by one who whimpered during the adagio of Beethoven's Third Symphony. After the poor mortified mother had withdrawn with the offending infant,—no easy matter through the closely packed crowd,—uncomplimentary remarks and epithets continued to fly about, which provoked the father to reply angrily; upon which arose cries of 'Turn him out!' A grave-looking, middle-aged man suddenly said, from the other side of the theatre, 'It was enough to make the child ill to bring it into such an atmosphere: that is why it cried.' The sententiousness with which this opinion was delivered caused general laughter, in the midst of which somebody cried out, 'Now, then, steam up!' to the orchestra, which had stopped playing, and the concert went on. But there are always many very little children present, who are evidently brought for their own enjoyment, and they do enjoy wonderfully, some sitting like statues, others nodding their heads and beating time with their tiny hands, smiling gleefully at each other.

The writer had two opportunities of hearing M. Planté, whom he calls the most accomplished and finished pianist alive.

This gentleman, being rich, allows himself to live as he likes, and to play when and where he likes, or not at all. His home is in the *bandes*, the region

of great pine woods and sea-breezes, where the shepherds go about upon stilts. There he lives in retirement most of the year, making an annual visit to Paris, and occasionally travelling to other countries. In the former he usually gives one concert, seldom more,—an event to which the musical world looks forward with great eagerness and excitement. Last spring, after M. Planté was known to be in town, weeks went by; his adorers were on the tip-toe of expectation; it was bruited about that he had been playing at private houses in strict secrecy, but no concert was announced. At length, losing patience, people went to inquire at the principal music shops, where advertisements appear and tickets are sold; the answer was, M. Planté did not intend to give a concert that season. The disappointment was great, and great was the joy when an entertainment was proclaimed under the auspices of certain charitable and patronizing ladies in aid of their blind asylums, at which M. Planté would play. The programmes promised a great deal of other talent, and the first class seats sold at twenty francs; the second, which were the dozen upper rows of benches, without backs, at ten. The circus was crowded, nevertheless; the body of the house filled with persons who meet only on rare and special occasions of this sort. There were women of high rank and piety from the seclusion of the Faubourg St. Germain, who never deigned to appear at the Courts of Louis Philippe or Napoleon the Third any more than at M. Grévy's receptions; relics and representatives of each of those dynasties; ladies who sail with the wind, and whose colors are neither Bourbon, Orleanist, nor Republican, but those of the season; and the men who are at the beck and call of the different patronesses. The very variety made the social aspect of the affair one of extreme exclusiveness, and it recalled descriptions from Feuillet's and Cherbuliez's novels. There is always some curiosity felt about the personal appearance of celebrities of any kind. M. Planté is slight, pale, and gentleman-like, looking on the whole not unlike a certain good type of American, and with nothing of the lion about him except the superfine manner in which he poised his finger upon the keyboard. He was supported by M. Faure, the first baritone in Europe, the most perfect and delicious singer of our day. He had not been heard at the opera in Paris for some years, to which its deterioration is partly due, as the presence of so gifted and conscientious an artist must necessarily keep up the standard of an entire company. M. Faure gives as much attention to the acting as to the singing of his parts. It is said as an instance of his painstaking that previous to appearing in *Les Huguenots* he practised playing at cup and ball for six weeks, in order never to miss the catch once, as he wished to introduce it in a scene at the court of Charles IX, the game having been in fashion at that time. He bestows the same scrupulous study upon his music, to which he adds a rich and a mellow voice, a faultless method, and great general intelligence. M. Faure is a dark, handsome, thoughtful-looking man, who appears taller than he is from a Spanish gravity and dignity of bearing. The music was beautiful, but the bills of fare of benevolence are always too full. Besides Planté and Faure there was Carlotta Patti, who sang with a science and style to throw her more famous little sister into the shade; and there was the fiery M. Colonne, with a portion of his orchestra, and M. Delsart, a distinguished violoncellist. Actor and actresses from the *Théâtre Français* were advertised, but they were unexpectedly prevented from coming, and were replaced by others of less renown, who recited humorous and sentimental poems. There was

too much of it, but the audience agreed that it was a great success, and the lady managers were complimented and congratulated with much effusion by their acquaintance.

The second and last appearance of M. Planté was on June 1st again at the Cirque d'Été, at the Festival Padeloup. The founder of the Concerts Populaire was present with the flower of his orchestra, M. Faure, Madame Gerster and other musicians of note.

It was a real festival. It was one of those chosen hours when a happy magnetism pervades an assembly, and a subtle sympathy envelops them in one sensation. M. Padeloup led, his orchestra performed, the other artists played and sang, as if it were a royal wedding 'once upon a time,' and the fairies were showering gifts on the whole company. Planté's style is the most consummate art; smoothness, facility, refinement, can go no further on the piano. Grace and elegance are the characteristics of his playing, but he puts forth surprising power without the slightest effort. It is only when he plays Chopin that one is conscious that he has his limits; he does not possess the intensity, the lyrical passion, to interpret that suffering soul. But M. Planté is peerless among contemporary pianists. Liszt I never heard, but Thalberg could not be compared with him, Bülow is cold and mechanical, and Rubinstein crude beside him. He played that day with an expression and a touch of ardor which had not made themselves felt at the previous concert. Faure sang divinely. Madame Gerster had twice her wonted brilliancy and charm, and her pleasing personality enhanced the effect. The audience was in raptures, in ecstasies. But the artists were singing and playing for themselves and each other, mutually inspired and delighted. The climax was reached when the two idols of Parisians, Faure and Planté, gave Gounod's lovely spring song with orchestral accompaniment. It was a magical achievement of delicacy and lightness. M. Faure's faintest tones and M. Planté's ethereal fingering were audible through the whispered harmonies of the orchestra, modulated to the last degree of pianissimo. The ravishing sweetness and sentiment with which Faure gave the melody can hardly be forgotten by any one who heard it on that day. As he sang and Planté played and the orchestra murmured of spring, nature and the human heart seemed reviving and awakening to youth, hope, romance, love, and the poetry of existence. The audience sat entranced until the last chord died away, and then broke into transports. As the concert ended, they poured into the warm, bright air of the summer afternoon, with eyes shining and cheeks flushed or pale with exquisite emotion, and seemed to diffuse a higher enjoyment among the pleasure-seekers under the flowering chestnut avenues of the Champs Elysée. Planté and Faure lingered and talked beside the fountain near the door until everybody else had gone, as if loath to break from the spell which had held them and their hearers. This memorable day closed the musical season of 1882-83.

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, 31st May 1884.

THE tone of the French press is very exultant at the break-down of English administration in Egypt; it is with something between pity and contempt that England is lectured, and it would be a happy release for the valley of the Nile—it is claimed—the day she took herself off, and allowed France to accomplish what England has failed to achieve. English influence is under a terrible eclipse in the East; her policy wants definiteness and backbone; a man is required at the wheel, with the astuteness of Bismark and the ready courage of Cromwell.

M. de Lesseps has triumphed—not over his opponents, but over his coterie. The result is so far good, that England becomes partially placed in possession of her right to administer a route where she is half-owner and four-fifths customer. A good length of the thin end of the wedge has been got in. M. de Lesseps will henceforth be able to order the closing of the canal, by signalling to the employés to stop work.

The monster International Exhibition for 1889, in honour of the Centenary of the French Revolution, is likely to have its quarters on the plateau of St. Cloud. That would succeed, if the feeding railways whisked passengers from the Palais Royal to the interior of the show, in ten minutes;—just enough time to roll and smoke a cigarette. The Exhibition is to be entirely different from any and all hitherto held. The capital is already guaranteed.

The French have apparently forgotten Tonkin. Disappointment is felt, that England, Italy, Germany, &c., can claim the same customs tariff as may be conceded to France; more annoying still is it that the southern provinces can be commercially better tapped from Burmah than from the Red River.

Opinion is not at all satisfied that the Bill for the Revision of the Constitution is free from dangers—that terrible “unknown,” which is ever in the air of France. The present Chamber ejected Gambetta from office, because he wished to limit in advance the programme of the Revision Congress; now the same deputies concede to Jules

Ferry, what they refused to Gambetta. Who can count upon their not changing their minds when in Congress? May not a project be introduced that never was provided for, and once the deputies and senators are united in common, what power is superior to their collective vote, to expel them?

The Salon, or Annual Picture Exhibition, is neither better nor worse than last year's. There are a great many second class paintings, some insignificant, and a few remarkable ones. Clearly the evolution proceeds apace, drawing France more and more to realism. The ideal is being sacrificed to the brutal execution of nature. The spirit disappears. The grand pages of history are no longer desired. We see no more the designs of Ingres: no more the fine and delicate sentiment of Flandrin. All tends to *pose*, and to a common model. It is the commercial, not the artistic, passion, which reigns. About 2,500 pictures have been admitted; of this total, 180 merit examination. The rejected, who formerly started a Salon of their own, under the title of *Refusés*, have parted with that designation, and taken the prouder, and more attractive appellation of *Independants*. This has secured them about nine exhibits from acknowledged talent, and, an official visit from M. Grévy.

The artists themselves, whose collective suffrages decree the 'Medals of Honor' to the best works, have not been able to agree on such an award this year to any sculptor or painter. This is severe, but just; it is creditable also to the artists, who never shirk difficulties, but rather find a pleasure in boldly attacking so as to surmount them. An artist's productions should not be merely personal, but their personality ought to be remarkable. To indicate the best pictures, lost in so much rubbish, would be a simple catalogue. One *tableau* is very much remarked and discussed in point of style and treatment—*La Réunion anarchiste* of M. Bérard. It is very lifelike, excellent in colouring, and a page of contemporary history. The tribune of the speakers is too near the walls, and behind the tribune, there is the impression of too much space, too much air. It is very amusing. The artist is complimentary to the press; he gives all the journalists bran-new hats—about the last place they would appear in with such "tiles." The writer's experience will aid the painter: I went to Gambetta's celebrated Belleville meeting, where his electors hissed him so outrageously; an unavoidable event compelled me to appear in a new hat. At the close of the Reunion, it was a type of every form of the "crush" pattern. I keep the pancake as an heir-loom and a warning.

In sculpture, the bust of Professor Charcot, one of the

celebrities of the day, by M. Dalon, is much admired, though incomplete. American artists put in an appearance as usual; their work is good, but not a whit more extraordinary than that of their French *confrères*. The same may be said of the English, who are fewer.

Meissonier has a show of his own; it is worth the whole Salon. He has had loans from all his patrons, save the Stewart and Vanderbilt gems. Perhaps these gentlemen or their heirs were like M. Van Praët who would not allow his *Barricade*, by Meissonier, to be exhibited, till the King of the Belgians promised it should be guarded day and night by a sentry. It is fifty years since the artist produced his first work, *Les Bourgeois flamands*, at present the property of Sir Richard Wallace. Since then, he has produced as great a progeny as King Priam. The collection includes 146 pictures, and those not exhibited he represents by sketches. Indeed many of his master-pieces he has copied himself, for his own enjoyment, in water colours. The total collection is valued at twelve million francs, and several Insurance Companies have united to cover the risk. Each *tableau* is a conscientious study, a work well done with clear brain and loving hand. And though there may be no humour in his pictures, no moral inculcated, there is nothing to shock the most refined or the most virtuous. Paul Baudry has executed a *Psyche*, to ornament the ceiling of M. Vanderbilt's dining room. He paints the figure, half-soul, half-body—between reality and a dream, between a vision and life. If you only blew on the phantom, it would apparently vanish.

Munkaczy's *Calvary*, is a fitting companion to his *Pretoire*. The artist evidently seeks character rather than beauty. Realist by choice of types, he knows how to produce the most powerful effects, and sometimes the most elevated, from elements in appearance the most vulgar. The *Cross of the Redeemer* is not in the middle, but on the side, between two thieves; and the latter are not prominent on the same plan. The aspects are thus varied. Of course he does his best to idealize the type of Christ. At the foot of the cross, are grouped the Virgin, St. John, and the Holy Women. About two-thirds of the picture are occupied with spectators hastening back to Jerusalem, variously impressed by their emotions. And it is in each and all, that the interest and the moral of the drama must be sought. In the agitated and tumultuous crowd, two or three incidents reveal themselves, but unite into a perfect whole. There is a child, that turns back to throw a last insult at the crucified; an old man, sad and uneasy, whom a companion endeavors to convince; a Centurion

on horseback, raising his head severely and gracefully towards the cross; in front, Judas, frightened, with an aspect of horror and remorse; the executioner, going away, impassible and stupid; ladder on shoulder and axe in hand. The sky is dark and stormy, conveying the most lugubrious of impressions. The colouring is rich and solid, full of black tints; the bitumen tones are *à la* Ribera and *à la* Caravage.

In the *Journal des Economistes*, M. de Fontpertuis, says that China is the largest State in the world after Russia, and that even if limited to her eighteen provinces, she ranks, as fourth after Russia, the United States, and Brazil. The Chinese call their country the "Celestial Empire," or the *Empire du Milieu*, the latter because in the twelfth century B. C., it was the *Milieu* or centre of several principalities, the province directly governed by the Emperor, and known as Ho-nan. The Chinese wall was a gigantic folly—like the fortifications around Paris perhaps—which never prevented the invasions of Mongols, Tatars or Turks. The Chinese have a marked taste for urban life; it is a fable to believe Peking ever did, or could contain two or three millions of inhabitants. Perhaps one million is nearer the mark. A thousand years ago, Peking was one of the marvels of the East, to-day it is in full decadence. The capital has still many interesting points, there are shops full of beautiful artistic articles. The "Beggar's Bridge" is the most conservative institution—all the mendicants recalling wild beasts, by their cries of hunger, and their features, by their impotent rage and degradation. The canal, which unites Canton to Peking, is over 3,000 miles long, connects the north with the south, and is a work of which the Chinese may feel proud. Of the many kinds of punishment, that for backbiting is reserved for the Lady Teazles: they are beaten on the lips with bits of cane. Even Mandarins with the red button, receive the bamboo under certain circumstances. The Chinese invented and discovered many things before Western peoples—gunpowder, printing, the compass, &c., but they have never followed up their discoveries. They are lettered, but old from their cradles; they have no poetry, no art. This sterility is chiefly due to their language, composed of many syllables, and each with several significations. A Chinese is born, lives, and dies an infant, and the nation is garrotted in its swaddling clothes. M. Ratzel estimates at 16 millions the number of Chinese emigrants who have hived off to countries bordering on China. The excess of population, the minute parcelling of the soil, and the oppression of the Mandarins, are the causes of this migration. A Mongol emigration is not to be antici-

pated Europe-wards; thrown back from the Pacific, it now tends to flow towards Oriental and Central Africa. The hostility of the Chinese towards the Europeans, or "White Devils," is the result of instigation on the part of the Mandarins, not from any innate bad feeling of the inhabitants themselves; since the Chinese are a specially mercantile people, and commerce is the high and sure road to civilisation.

The same journal states, that the Municipal revenue of Paris is 255 millions francs. Of this sum the barrier dues, yield 143 millions; the markets, 8; the cabs and public vehicles, 5; the slaughter-houses, $3\frac{1}{3}$; the cemeteries, $2\frac{1}{3}$; the gas companies, $17\frac{1}{2}$; water, 12; and the special personal taxes, 25 millions.

La fin du vieux temps.—The author of this very attractive romance is M. Paul Bourde, the Special Correspondent for *Le Temps*, at Tonkin, whose charming letters form so attractive a feature in that journal. He left his volume to be published, not having time to see it through the press before starting for Hanoi. The novel in question is a study of moral life, recalling in its analytic power and descriptive sketches Balzac and George Sand. It is a healthy work, and at the same time a remarkable one. Two peasants are placed in contact: Musselle, the obstinate and no-surrender defender of old times, and his adversary, Max, the village innovator. Both portraits are drawn with a sustained surety of hand and science of observation. There is a bouquet of rusticity about the story, which is as simple as country life itself. La Tharmette is the grand-daughter of Muselle; she has been residing at Lyons for some time, and returns to her native village with city habits and advanced but not objectionable notions. These accomplishments shock the old Tory views of her grandfather; but his dislike becomes positive hate, when she falls in love with Max, his foe and the embodiment of all that is new-fangled. By the death of Toine, Muselle's only son, and the father of La Tharmette, the grandfather becomes a degree softened against his revolutionary enemy, Max, and he consents to his marriage with La Tharmette, who was ever a model of obedience and resignation, while remaining faithful to progressive ideas. The birth of a little greatgrandson accomplishes, not the conversion of Muselle, but her acceptance of the world of the day; he expires, turning his face to the wall, having ceded to circumstances, but not at all to conviction. The volume is full of exquisite details, true, and sincerely portrayed. It is a tableau where one can recognise as it were the touches of a Millet.

Louis XVII, son enfance, sa prison et sa mort au Temple, By R. Chantelauze, is the last, and the most exhaustive official record, of the poor son of Louis XVI, who, at seven years of age, knew better the vanity of thrones and princes than Poinsot could make known in all his pathetic lessons. What imparts a veritable value to this volume, and renders it a necessity in every library is that it has been written from official, that is to say, Municipal documents, which up to the present have not been known. It leaves some of the legends standing, which surround the memory of the child-king, but it establishes beyond a doubt that the little prisoner, without being the object of any studied cruelty on the part of gaolers or enemies, fell a victim to scrofula brought about from the *milieu* into which he was suddenly plunged, with all its insanitary surroundings and moral discouragements.

La Citoyenne Bonaparte, par Joubert de Saint-Amand. This author has appropriated the speciality of writing the anecdotal side of the history of the last two centuries from the feminine point of view. He has given us the *Femmes de Versailles*, and now the various romantic chapters in the life of Joséphine, as citoyenne, wife of the First Consul, Empress, and Divorcée. It is thus the life and Court of Napoleon, that is passed in review from the prattle and confidences of his lady, and her companions. It is perhaps an old tale, agreeably told of Joséphine from her marriage with Napoleon, up to that great turning-point in his life, the 18 *Brumaire*. It is agreeable and easy reading, and must entertain those who are interested in the ups and downs of Queens and Empresses.

Chérie, by Edmond de Goncourt, is still causing much discussion. It is the best work he has written, because the result of actual observation in the court circles of the Second Empire. Edmond, more than his brother, was a man who lived in his study, who resided in a museum, who visited a *Salon* occasionally, but rarely mixed in real life. He was the confidant of many a lady during the closing days of the last empire. Oddly enough, it is Zola, who never put foot inside the Tuileries, who paints that life better than his co-disciple, de Goncourt, who had his *entrées* at Compiègne.

Chérie is a modern young lady, not of the class of de Feuille's heroines, but of the fast, modern, incomplete school. He dissects her; pity is moved by the *procès verbal*, and the analysis pains. For among much that is light and objectionable, there are certain touches of feminine delicacy that recall the style of Michelet. But there are stains of bad taste, and too much of the clinical diagnosis to recommend the work for a library.

M. Lefevre-Pontatis in his *Vingt années de République Parlementaire au Dix-septième Siècle* has written the biography of Jean de Witt, whose life has not only been identified with the history of Holland from 1652 to 1672, but with the seventeenth century. His statesmanship assured to the Republic of the United Provinces one of the first rôles in the politics of Europe, by compelling her admission into the concert of the great powers, England, France, and Spain. The author has devoted several years to searching the archives of the above countries for the materials of his work; he has been allowed to study the correspondence of the Grand Condé, in the archives of Chantilly. M. Lefevre-Pontatis wants to show that the long duration of a power honestly exercised by a great minister is the best guarantee for the liberty and prosperity of a Republic, and that in a period of public danger a secular dynasty is the best safeguard. In the terrible death and mutilation of the remains of the de Witt brothers by the populace, there was more than in similar scenes during the French Revolution. Fragments of their remains were put up to auction: one bidder boasted of having purchased a finger of Jean de Witt's right hand, for two sous and a pot of beer. The volume also throws much light on the still imperfectly known reign of Louis XIV.

M. Guizot's daughter, Madame de Witt, publishes an interesting collection of her father's *Lettres à sa Famille et à ses Amis*. These letters are of an intimate character, and reveal many curious facts connected with a minister who committed so many grave errors. But they prove more strongly how little that statesman knew about foreign governments, and the illusions he indulged in respecting their sympathy.

Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the marvels of electricity with no more exertion than is required for an ordinary three-volume romance, would do well to dip into the *Histoire et Application de l'Electricité*, by Madame J. le Breton. It is philosophy in sport, where all acquired facts are carefully grouped and in their place.

Sapho, by Alphonse Daudet, is ranked as his best work after the *Rois en exil*. In a literary point of view this may be so. But the subject is bad, it is trespassing on the domain of Dumas fils, the demimondian school. Hence it is nasty. Why should popular writers descend to repulsive and filthy subjects, when the world is so full of what is healthy and beautiful? Daudet dedicates the volume to his son, when he shall be twenty years of age, to warn him not to contract illegitimate alliances, &c., that will wreck his future

prospects. The "affection" of Marguerite Gunthier has nothing philosophical about it, it is sinful ; making it tender does not alter its character. In his *Vie de Bohême*, Murger has chanted the joys and intoxications of life at twenty years ; Daudet depicts the pains and the remorse which follow such days. Daudet aims at copying Dickens ; let him commence by imitating his purity.

The *Memoires de Henri Heine*, by his literary executor, Henri Julia, are a complete deception. There is nothing in them. What Heine did not destroy himself, as affecting several public men, his relatives completed. Before studying Heine, it is always good to whet the appetite by glancing at Carlyle's opinion of that "German." Heine loved France ; that was the least that a pensioner on the Civil List of Louis-Philippe could do. His scoffing at religion is not wit, but impudent flippancy ; it is vulgar coarseness beside the polished shafts of Voltaire. The latter was ever the gentleman in his cynicism. Heine's dream was the union between Germany and France, which he foretold as certain. It is best never to predict anything, save that of which we are sure.

C. DE LUTECE.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

SINCE the date of my last survey, the gravity of the Egyptian question has undergone no diminution ; but the centre of interest has, for the moment, been shifted from Khartoum to Cairo.

Nothing has either happened, or transpired, to re-assure the public regarding the fall of General Gordon ; but, in the absence of all communication with Khartoum, from which place no news has been received since the 9th April, feeling regarding it has passed from a state of acute apprehension to one of anxious expectancy combined with a profound sense of helplessness.

When the Government refused to avail itself of the opportunity afforded by the presence of General Graham's force at Suakim to send troops to Berber, it threw away its last chance of being able to lend effectual aid to its envoy before the autumn. The cup of its transgressions was then full, though the true measure of its guilt was not known till the publication of the Khartoum correspondence exposed the hollowness of the excuses by which it had misled Parliament and the country.

In defence of its action it had declared that General Gordon was in no danger, and had asked for no military aid ; that he had accepted his mission on the distinct understanding that he was under no circumstances to expect such aid, and that the despatch of a British force to Berber was opposed to the best military advice. The correspondence, read by the light of ordinary intelligence, showed that Gordon was not only in imminent danger, but had warned the Government of the fact in the most emphatic language ; that he had not only asked for military aid, but had declared that his only chance of safety, short of a desperate retreat by the Equator, lay in its prompt arrival ; that he had, especially, urged the despatch of a force to Berber ; and that, though he had accepted his mission on the understanding that he was to do his best to accomplish its purpose without military assistance, he had clearly

intimated, in a memorandum which the Government had endorsed, that he depended on such assistance being afforded him in the last resort, in case pacific means failed.

The correspondence further showed that the advisability of despatching a force to Berber had been urged on the Government by Sir Evelyn Baring after fullest consideration, with the assent of the military authorities on the spot.

But this, though enough to constitute a crushing indictment against the Cabinet, was far from all. For the despatches made it evident that, in its conduct towards Gordon, the Government had, in other respects, been guilty of a distinct breach of faith. Among the conditions on which General Gordon had accepted his mission, there were two on which he specially insisted as indispensable. One of these was that he should derive his authority from, and be directly responsible to, the British Government; the other was that he should be allowed unfettered freedom of action. The very first act of the Government, however, after General Gordon left England, was to violate the first of these conditions by making him subordinate to the Khedive. The second condition it set at nought on every occasion on which it happened to differ from the views of its envoy.

When he proposed to go to the Mahdi in person for the purpose of endeavouring to effect an arrangement with him, it peremptorily prohibited his adopting such a course. When he insisted, in the strongest terms, on the necessity of Zebehr Pacha being appointed, in the first instance to assist, and ultimately to succeed, him, as an essential condition of his success, if not his safety, it refused to send him. In either, or both, of these cases it may have adopted the only course which a prudent and responsible Government could have adopted. But its action was none the less a breach of faith in both cases, and, as such, placed it under a still stronger obligation to supply Gordon with the material aid by which alone he could hope to counteract the consequence.

With these damning disclosures public indignation reached its culminating point. How dangerously near it was to overthrowing the Government was shown by the result of the division on the 13th ultimo, when the vote of censure moved by Sir M. Hicks Beach was rejected in a full House by a bare majority of twenty-eight or little more than half that which it had obtained on the previous vote of censure—a result which was recognised on all hands, both at home and on the Continent, as equivalent to a moral defeat of the most serious kind.

Had the Ministerial side of the House put either their own convictions or the feelings of their constituencies before the obligations

of party discipline, there is no room to doubt that the Resolution would have been carried by an overwhelming majority.

Seldom, indeed, has an important debate been more completely one-sided in everything but the numerical result of the division.

Sir M. Hicks Beach, after an exhaustive review of the history of the mission and of the action of the Government, pointed out that, from the very outset, while defending their own shortcomings on the ground of the necessity of consulting General Gordon, they had thwarted all his plans without suggesting or supplying any alternative policy; that, after defeating, by their military operations, all chance of his accomplishing his mission by pacific means, they had refused to follow those operations to their only rational conclusion by advancing to his assistance; and that then, in a disgraceful despatch, they had invited him to emulate their bad faith by retiring the best way he could, and deserting those whom he had induced to trust him. In conclusion he called upon the Government to announce at once their determination to take the necessary steps to relieve their envoy, and warned them that, if they could not satisfy the country that they would save it from the shame of abandoning him, they would not long escape the condemnation of an outraged people.

From these crushing charges Mr. Gladstone was content to take refuge in verbal criticism and abuse. To this stirring appeal his only response was a repetition of the oft-repeated assurance that the Government was sensible of its obligations to General Gordon, qualified by the truism that it had obligations to the country also to discharge, and that, before acting, it was bound to satisfy itself of the necessity and the practicability of action.

Profound disappointment is an inadequate phrase to express the effect produced by this speech on a public whose patience is wearied out with evasion; who have long since made up their minds as to the necessity of action; and who, while not so foolish as to demand what is impracticable, are prepared to make great sacrifices to save themselves from the dishonour which the conduct of the Ministry threatens to inflict on them.

The completeness of Sir M. Hicks Beach's exposition of the case against the Government left little for the supporters of the Resolution to do but ring the changes on his statements and arguments; the feebleness of Mr. Gladstone's reply was sufficient to take the heart out of the most valiant of his adherents, and Sir Charles Dilke alone made any serious attempt to supplement the deficiencies of his Chief.

The feeling of the bulk of the Liberals was sufficiently indicated, by the damning fact that hardly a single member of the party, who was

not a member of the Government, could be got to speak in its defence, while men of such unquestionable standing and influence as Messrs. Forster, Goschen and Laing condemned its conduct in the most uncompromising terms.

Mr. Forster pointed out that the Government had originally declared the object of General Gordon's mission to be not merely the extrication of the garrisons, but the reconstitution of the Government of the country; that they had done this because they knew it was their duty; and that, having thus acknowledged their responsibility for a time, they had now forgotten it. That Gordon had been sent out not merely to report, but to act as Governor-General of the Soudan; that in that capacity he was, from day to day, performing governing acts and incurring important responsibilities; and that it could not for a moment be supposed that, acting thus with the sanction of the Government, he was to throw off his responsibility and slink away.

That, though the Government were, in his opinion, right in refusing to appoint Zebhr, their refusal made it the more essential that they should find some other plan; but they had suggested none. That, if nothing was to be done, they ought to have accepted General Gordon's resignation, but they asked him to remain and yet did nothing to help him. That Gordon was in imminent danger from treachery within, rather than from enemies without, and that this danger was immensely increased by the refusal of the Government to recognise their responsibility and give him power to stay and the promise of support to enable him to do so. Had such a promise of support, accompanied by preparations, been afforded him, no expedition would probably have been necessary.

Regarding the assertion of the Prime Minister that Gordon had no reason to expect military support, if pacific means failed, he said:

"Does he really mean that this officer, the envoy of the Queen, a man carrying on this difficult task, was sent as Governor-General to Khartoum upon the understanding that he was not to use anything but pacific means? Was Khartoum the only place in the world to be so governed; and was General Gordon the only person who was expected to do it on such a condition? It is undoubtedly true that it was his desire, and the desire of the Government, that there should be no resort to violent methods. Of course it was their desire and their hope that he would succeed by the strength and power of his personality; but if they meant that no other means were to be used in other circumstances he ought to have been warned of this before he left. Not only was he not warned, but he very quickly found that he would be compelled to

have recourse to force. On February 27th there is a despatch of his in which he says to Sir E. Baring that 'having tried peaceful measures I now find it necessary to send out a force.' The Government did not object to that. Then, again, he very naturally supposed that the landing of the force at Suakim was meant for his assistance. I have no doubt that when he heard of those battles he supposed that they were for the purpose of giving him assistance. I entirely approved of that expedition to the relief of Tokar, but I grieved very much that it was thought necessary to fight battles after the fate of Tokar had been decided. At that time I had this hope, that they were to lead to the opening of the road to Berber. I do not believe the Government themselves had any notion, while the most warlike means were being adopted on the eastern coast of the Soudan nothing but pacific means were to be adopted in the Western Soudan. But General Gordon evidently thought those troops were to go to his rescue, and we read touching accounts of scouts being sent out to look for them in his helplessness or at least his want of support. If he had seen the despatches, however, he would have thought still more certainly that that support was coming to his aid."

The most scathing part of his speech was that which referred to the last telegram sent to General Gordon :

"What does the telegram say? It contains three questions and one assurance. The first question is, 'that he is to state and keep us informed to the best of his ability not only as to the immediate but the prospective danger at Khartoum.' I believe every one but the Prime Minister is already convinced of that danger. If he was not convinced of the result—and I think he would act very differently if he was—I attribute his not being convinced to his wonderful power of persuasion. He can persuade most people of most things, and, above all, he can persuade himself of almost anything. Then the despatch continues : 'He is to advise us as to the force that would be necessary in order to secure his safe removal.' Now observe it is not the removal of those who have trusted in General Gordon ; it is his removal only. It might be supposed that you could not remove his followers ; but I am afraid that despatch must be read with the despatch of March 16th from Lord Granville to Sir E. Baring, in which he says that the Government were unable to authorize any advance of British troops in the direction of Berber until they had received military information with regard to its practicability ; and that if ordered it would be confined to securing the safety of General Gordon. If that is the meaning of it we can have little doubt what will be the answer which General Gordon will return to it. The third question is an assurance, not a promise of help : 'We do not propose to supply him with a Turkish or other force for the purpose of undertaking military expeditions against the Mahdi, such expeditions being beyond the scope of the commission which he holds and at variance with the pacific policy which was the purpose of his mission to the Soudan.' There is no assurance whatever that he would have support either for carrying out the original

object of his mission or even for securing the safety of those who were acting under the orders of the Government, and whom he has induced to follow him and to endanger themselves greatly. Then comes the last passage, and I do not doubt the answer which will be given: 'If with the knowledge of this fact he decides on remaining at Khartoum he should state the cause of this decision and the intention with which he so continues.' The answer, I think, which will be returned to this will be that General Gordon will not desert those who have trusted him; that he will do what he can, at the danger of his own life, to protect them if possible."

Admitting the sincerity of the Ministers and their desire to avoid bloodshed, he warned them that if they had to set to work for the express purpose of making bloodshed probable and imposing tremendous burdens on the tax-payers, they could not do it more effectually than by the course they were now pursuing.

Mr. Goschen challenged the Government to point out what active steps they had taken to support Gordon, beyond sending him telegrams, comments and enquiries. As to the repeated allegation that Gordon had not asked for troops to be sent to Khartoum, he replied that he had asked for troops to be sent to other points, where he thought he would have equal support.

Commenting on the inadequacy of the Prime Minister's assurance that an expedition would be sent if its necessity and practicability were proved, he said:

"The Prime Minister told us that we must have satisfactory and reasonable evidence of the danger which had to be met. Now there is a great difference between myself and my right honourable friend as regards the necessity of the case. It seems to me to be proved. Till when are we to wait? Are we to wait until we know that Khartoum is further surrounded than it is at present? Are we to wait until we hear of some catastrophe at Khartoum, and then it will be too late? And as to its practicability, I should have thought that Her Majesty's Government have had full warning, and they should have been able to tell us to-night whether an expedition would or would not be practicable. My right honourable friend said: 'We have an engagement to General Gordon and to the country. The Government have an engagement to the country as well as to General Gordon.' But I wish that everyone should realize this—that it is not only Her Majesty's Government who are responsible for the safety of General Gordon; it is the country also. We are responsible. Everyone of us ought to think twice before we give our votes; everyone of us ought to consider what effect our individual vote may have upon our individual responsibility for General Gordon."

Mr. Laing expressed his opinion that the policy of the Government had brought disaster and disgrace on the country, and that it was the first chapter in the decline and fall of the British Empire.

Beyond the fact that the Government is engaged in prosecuting enquiries regarding the best mode of despatching a force to Khar-toum, nothing has transpired to dispel the darkness in which the debate left its plans for the relief of General Gordon.

While obstinately determined to commit itself to no definite assurance on the subject, and while, probably, hoping against hope that something may turn up to relieve it of so inconvenient a necessity, it is apparently not disinclined to have it believed that it is prepared, in certain contingencies, to send an expedition to extricate him.

In the meantime the advancing tide of rebellion has compelled it to adopt measures, however feeble, for the further security of Upper Egypt. Wady Halfa has been occupied by half a battalion of Egyptians under Colonel Trotter; a flotilla, consisting of three steamers, each manned by twenty sailors, has been organised under Captain Bedford to patrol the Nile between Assouan and that place, and Majors Kitchener, Rundell and Worthly have been despatched to Korosko with a small force of Bedouins, if haply they may get touch of the deserted envoy. The latest report regarding this neighbourhood is that a rebel force is within three days' march of Korosko, and that Major Kitchener has applied for re-inforcements.

On the other hand, the Government has further accentuated its renunciation of all responsibility for the defence of the Soudan by peremptorily ordering the Mudir of Dongola, who had made an urgent demand for assistance, to withdraw with the garrison of that place. Against this order, however, the Mudir has energetically protested, and has not only stood his ground, but justified his resolution by inflicting a severe defeat on the rebels.

On the 12th ultimo a telegram was received at Cairo from the Superintendent of the Telegraph at Berber reporting that he had effected a retreat from that place to Korosko, but that his employés, who had been delayed by want of camels, had subsequently been massacred on their way to Aboo Hamad. The fate of Signor Cuzzi, who was among the fugitives from Berber, does not appear to have been ascertained; but it is feared that he has been murdered with the rest. A few days later it was reported that Berber itself had surrendered; but this has since been contradicted, and that latest rumour is that the Governor has succeeded in shaking off the rebels.

Osman Digma is still in the neighbourhood of Suakim, with a small following, variously estimated at from one to two thousand tribesmen. On several occasions, the latest on the 1st instant, small

bodies of the enemy have fired on the town at night, but have in each case beat a precipitate retreat on the landing of marines from the ships.

In the absence of news from Khartoum the centre of immediate interest has, as I have already remarked, been transferred to Cairo, or rather to the general question of Egyptian administration and the combinations to which it has given rise.

The suspicion that, in spite of the terms of the British Note, the proposal for a Conference was destined, if it was not actually intended by the Government, to lead to the re-opening of the political question, has been fully justified by the event. The invitation was promptly accepted by all the Powers except France and Turkey, who, there can be little doubt, are acting in concert, and between whom and Russia there is probably a thorough understanding.

The former power replied to the Note by putting forward certain demands, the precise nature of which has not transpired, but which are believed to have taken, in the first instance, the form of a condition precedent that the basis of the Conference should be extended so as to include the general question of the British position in Egypt. Negotiations ensued which have not yet terminated, and regarding the course of which nothing is, of course, officially known, though it is stated by the *Times*, with an air of authority, that they are proceeding on the accepted basis of the limitation of the period of the British occupation to a certain term of years and the establishment of an international audit.

Repeated endeavours have been made in both Houses of Parliament to elicit information regarding the intentions of the Government in the matter.

As long as it was believed that the negotiations had reference to the subject-matter of the Conference, these endeavours were directed towards ascertaining whether the Government would pledge itself not under any circumstances to allow political matters to be imported into the discussion. To the questions put with this object Mr. Gladstone, after much evasion, eventually replied that the basis of the Conference, as described in the invitations, was limited to the financial question; that, if other matters were discussed, the Conference would be virtually a new Conference, and that the British Government, on its part, had no intention of introducing political questions. At the same time Mr. Gladstone refused to pledge the Government that other matters would not be introduced, on the ground that he could not undertake to limit the discretion of the other Powers in the matter, and he equally refused to give any

undertaking that England would retire from the Conference in the case of any of the Powers insisting on the discussion of political questions.

From the character of these replies it is reasonable to infer that, at the time they were given, the negotiations with France had not reached the stage at which they had arrived by the 19th ultimo. In the meanwhile it had become abundantly evident to Mr. Gladstone that the sense of the country was strongly opposed to England going into a Conference in which the political question was liable to be re-opened, while the result of the division on the vote of censure had warned him that it might be dangerous to try the patience of the moderate Liberals any further.

It is highly probable that these considerations sensibly influenced the attitude of the Cabinet in the negotiations with France, and, as a consequence, the course of those negotiations. At all events, on the 19th ultimo Mr. Gladstone was in a position to state in the House, in reply to Mr. Barttelot, that the basis of the Conference would be adhered to without change; but that France had offered and asked for explanations bearing on our positions in Egypt; and that after an interchange of views between the two Governments, the other Powers would be consulted and the result communicated to Parliament at the earliest moment.

On the 22nd, replying to Baron de Worms, he further supplemented this statement by the not very conclusive assurance that, according to his expectation, there was no reason to fear that the interest of England would be prejudiced; that the object of the Conference was to consult general interests, and the interests of Egypt conformably with those of all parties; and that there was no reason to apprehend that the Government would propose the revival of anything in the shape of a dual control, which, in their opinion, had produced very disastrous results.

A fuller, but scarcely more satisfactory, statement was made by Mr. Gladstone on the 28th ultimo, when, in reply to a request for information preferred by Mr. Bourke, he said:

"The Conference was limited by the invitations and by the intentions of the Government to redressing the balance of Egyptian income and expenditure, and at the present moment it would not be possible to give any explanation about it. As to the communications in the nature of an interchange of views, which the House was aware were going on between Her Majesty's Government and France, he was willing to engage that, in the event of a common understanding being arrived at with France, the Powers would be consulted upon it, and it should be presented to Parliament before the Conference met.

Mr. A. Balfour asked for some assurance that the Government would not enter into any kind of agreement which would be binding on the country without acquainting Parliament. Sir S. Northcote, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, Baron H. de Worms, and others put questions, and Mr. Gladstone, in reply to all, repeated that the result of the communications with France, if any were come to, after consultation with the Powers, should be laid before Parliament before the Conference. It was not intended that this result should be laid before the Conference, and he predicted, with the utmost confidence, that it would be seen, when the House was made acquainted with the result, that the rights and privileges of Parliament had been scrupulously respected."

It is noteworthy, however, that Mr. Gladstone still evaded the question whether the Government would submit the result of the negotiations to the House before actually concluding any agreement with the Powers; and the value of his assurance that the House, when it comes to learn the result, will find that its rights and privileges have been respected, depends, therefore, entirely on his idea as to the nature and extent of these rights and privileges.

The course of events in Cairo is strongly suggestive of a conviction on the part of the Government that the days of British supremacy in Egypt are drawing to a close.

The concession of Nubar's claim to absolute control over the executive has resulted in a complete restoration of the old order of things. The policy inaugurated by Mr. Clifford Lloyd is, indeed, nominally in force; but it is left entirely to the good-will and discretion of the self-seeking and ambitious Premier to carry it out or ignore it in practice. The *entente cordiale* between Nubar and M. Barrère is as notorious as the strong anti-English feeling of the latter, and the situation amply justifies the phrase used by one of the speakers at the late Suez Canal meeting: "Five months ago England was in Egypt; she is there no longer."

That Mr. Gladstone, if left to himself, would eagerly embrace any arrangement that would relieve him of a burden as uncongenial to his temperament, as it is offensive to his conscience, is notorious. How far he is likely to go in the way of surrender, depends on his estimate of the forbearance of the British public. That he will make the mistake of overestimating that forbearance, and that the Conference, or rather the negotiations that have arisen out of it, is the rock on which the Ministry is destined to be wrecked, is extremely probable.

While the dissatisfaction of the country with the conduct of affairs by the Ministry has reached a pitch which, under ordinary circumstances, would make their defeat in case of an appeal to the

constituencies certain, the Conservative Party is heavily handicapped by the distrust created by the disunion and indiscipline that reign in its ranks. The strained relations that have long subsisted between the Fourth Party and the Conservative Chiefs, culminated at the beginning of last month in open rupture. Matters were brought to a crisis by an intemperate letter from Lord Churchill to the Marquis of Salisbury, immediately provoked by the refusal of the Central Committee to continue to allow the Council of the Union of Conservative Associations to use their rooms, as they had previously been permitted to do. This letter was of a character, which it was impossible for the Council of the Union to countenance, even by silence, while at the same time it was felt that it would be ungenerous to repudiate Lord Churchill directly. A middle course was accordingly adopted, and, on the motion of Mr. J. M. Maclean, the Council passed a resolution in favour of the appointment of a Committee to confer with the Central Committee and endeavour to arrange a *modus vivendi* for the future. Lord Churchill, though himself nominated to the Committee, chose to resent this step and resigned the Chairmanship of the Union.

In the meantime the Committee was formed and entered on its work of conciliation with results that seemed to promise not only more harmony, but more energy in the sadly neglected work of Party organisation. Lord Churchill himself was unanimously re-elected Chairman; but he has since given fresh offence to the leaders of the Party by his defection on Mr. Broderick's amendment, and it seems very questionable whether the arrangement arrived at is likely to prove abiding.

The injury inflicted on the credit of the Party by the scandal has been appreciably intensified by the injudicious action of the *Standard* newspaper in publishing Lord Churchill's letter to Lord Salisbury, which, it is claimed, was a strictly confidential document, and which was conveyed to the Editor through some yet undiscovered channel.

The progress of business in the House of Commons continues to be ominously slow.

The most important amendments moved in Committee on the Franchise Bill have been that of Sir R. Cross, to preface clause 2 with the words, "subject to the provisions of this Act hereinafter contained," and so to pave the way for future amendments, which the clause, as it stood, seemed to preclude, which was rejected by 263 to 149; and that of Mr. Broderick, for the purpose of excluding Ireland from the excluded franchise, which was by no means

unanimously supported by the Opposition and was rejected by the overwhelming majority of 332 to 137.

During the debate on the latter amendment Lord Randolph Churchill created considerable surprise and some disgust to uncompromising Conservatives by announcing that he had been converted from his former opinion on the subject by the speeches on the Ministerial side, and intended to vote with the Government. The division was in the highest degree unsatisfactory, not merely on account of the signal character of the victory for the Ministry, but owing to the discouraging effect which such a spectacle of Conservative disunion was likely to have on the House of Lords.

On the 23rd Colonel Stanley proposed an amendment to provide that the new Franchise should not come into operation till a redistribution Bill had been passed. To this Mr. Gladstone objected that it would enable the Lords to hang up the Bill indefinitely by vetoing any scheme of redistribution that might be brought forward. Though there is a strong body of Liberals in favour of the principle of the amendment, they could hardly have been expected to support it in view of the coming amendment of Mr. Grey, which, while furnishing a practically adequate guarantee against the work of redistribution being relegated to a Parliament elected under the new Franchise, is not open to this objection; and, though it was generally supported by the Conservatives, it was defeated by a majority of 276 to 182.

On the 26th clauses 2 and 3 were agreed to, and Mr. McLaren's amendment on clause 4 to the effect that no man should have more than one vote was disposed of.

On the 6th ultimo a resolution, moved by Mr. Broadhurst, in favour of legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister, was carried by a majority of 238 to 127, the largest that has yet affirmed the principle of this salutary reform, and on the following evening the House rejected Mr. MacLagan's Bill in the favour of local option in Scotland by the decisive majority of 148 to 65.

On the 14th the Channel Tunnel Bill was thrown out.

On the 19th Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech which has caused renewed indignation among the ship-owning community, moved the second reading of the unfortunate Shipping Bill.

After re-iterating all the old charges, many of which had been shown to be grossly exaggerated, regarding increased loss of life at sea in recent years, overloading, undermanning and over-insurance, he explained that the principle of the Bill, as amended in communication with the ship-owners, was that the contract of

insurance would be a contract of indemnity; policies in excess of value would be void, and valued policies would be liable to be opened, with two qualifications—that the excess was unreasonably above the true value, and that the application to open should come from 50 per cent. of the insurance value. The net freight only was to be recovered. There were provisions against double insurance, and there would be an unimpeachable contract of seaworthiness with certain exceptions. The Employers' Liability Act was to be extended to the mercantile marine, errors of navigation being excepted; the provisions of the Act were not extended to cargo; trial by jury was abolished as far as marine insurance cases were concerned, and they might be taken into the Common Law Courts. Finally, he intimated his readiness to refer the administration of the Shipping Department of the Board of Trade to a Royal Commission.

The clauses relating to tonnage and pilotage, he further intimated, had been withdrawn with the intention of incorporating them in a separate Bill which would be referred to a Select Committee; and he announced that, after the second reading, he should propose that the Bill be formally committed for the purpose of introducing the amendments agreed on, after which he should move to refer it to the Standing Committee on trade.

Mr. MacIver opposed the Bill, which, he maintained, had been introduced under false pretences, and moved that it be read a second time that day six months; and after several members had spoken on both sides, the debate was adjourned without any date being fixed for its resumption.

On the 26th ultimo Mr. Childers moved the second reading of his Stock Conversion Bill, which was opposed by Mr. Hubbard; and the debate on which was adjourned till after the Whitsuntide recess.

The month has been marked by a partial, and, it is to be hoped, transient, recrudescence of the troubles in Zululand.

The chronic state of warfare between the Usutus and the followers of Cetewayo's old enemies, Usilupu and Oham, has been complicated by a war among the Usutus themselves, who have been fighting over the rival claims of Dinizulu, the youthful son of the deceased monarch, and Undabuko, to the throne.

Concurrently with the outbreak of these hostilities Undabuko, Dabulamanzai, and other Chiefs have, for some reason or other, commenced a series of attacks on Europeans. The Norwegian Mission station at Mhlabatki was attacked and destroyed, and most of its inmates massacred.

On the 9th a body of Usutus attacked Mr. Osborne, the British Resident of the Reserve, who had gone with a small force into the Jukandhla bush to preserve order. The attack was easily repulsed, and on its renewal, the following day, by a larger force, under Dabulamanzai, the enemy were defeated with the loss of about a hundred of their number.

On the other side, a large body of Boer freebooters, acting, apparently, in opposition to the orders of the Government of Pretoria, entered the territory and ranged themselves on the side of Dinizulu. This seems to have turned the scale in favour of that Chief, who was crowned King of Zululand on the 21st ultimo under Boer auspices, and is said to have been acknowledged, not only by the Usutus, but also by Usilupu and Oham.

At the same time the Boers seem to have established a permanent Protectorate of the country, in which the British Government declined to interfere, and which, there can be little doubt, will shortly become, if it is not already, virtually a Boer Free State.

The futility alike of conciliatory measures of politics and extraordinary police precautions, to dissuade or to prevent the cowardly band of Irish dynamiters from persevering in their dastardly attempt to work on the terrors of the people of England, received a fresh demonstration on the night of the 30th ultimo, when the neighbourhoods of St. James's Square and Scotland Yard were startled by a series of terrific explosions.

In the former place, the instruments of the league had, for some inscrutable reason, selected the Junior Carlton Club and the house of Sir Watkin Wynn as the objects of attack. The dynamite appears to have been placed under the steps leading from the street into the area in the rear of the club in the one case, and, in the other, on a ledge immediately beneath the dining-room windows of Sir Watkin Wynn's premises. In both instances the damage done to property was confined mainly to glass windows and light fixtures, while fortunately, though several persons were wounded, no lives were sacrificed.

In Scotland Yard, the dynamite was fixed in a place of public convenience, in immediate contact with the wall of a detached building, occupied by the Officers of the Detective Force, in the centre of the yard. Here the effect of the explosion was more severe, a considerable portion of the wall of the lower storey of the building being blown away, and the bar of the Rising Sun, a public-house, separated from the building by a thoroughfare some twenty feet in width, was completely wrecked. In this case, too, no lives were lost,

but a policeman on duty was seriously injured, and several of the persons who were in the bar of the *Rising Sun* at the time of the explosion were slightly wounded.

Strange to say, the place in which the outrage was perpetrated was being specially watched by a policeman.

During the search which followed the explosion, a bag, containing cakes of dynamite, was found at the foot of the Nelson Column, the person who deposited it having, apparently, from some cause, been prevented from firing the fuse.

As far as is known, no arrests have yet been effected in connection with these outrages.

The course of politics on the Continent has been marked by a series of events of more than usual importance.

The difficulty between France and China has been definitively settled by the conclusion of a treaty most favourable to the former Power. M. Ferry has introduced his scheme for the revision of the French Constitution, which has been referred to a Committee; the war in Madagascar has entered a new phase, with the establishment of an effective blockade of the entire coast by Admiral Miot; the convention between M. de Lesseps and the British ship-owners in the matter of the Suez Canal has been ratified by the shareholders by an overwhelming majority, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Defence Committee to obtain its rejection; while, in Germany, the expectation of a serious conflict between the Government and the Reichsrath has been falsified by the voting of Bismarck's Bill for the prolongation of the anti-Socialist law, in opposition to the vote of the Committee, and the Explosives Bill has also been passed almost unopposed.

The Franco-Chinese treaty was signed at Tientsin on the 11th of May.

By this document China acknowledges the Protectorate of France over Anam and Tonquin, and the treaty of Hué, and all further treaties that may be concluded between France and the Court of Anam. The frontier of Tonquin is fixed to be a line passing through Langson, Cao-Bang, and Lao-Kai. The Chinese Provinces of Yunnan, Kuang-Si, and Quang-tung are to be opened to French commerce exclusively. France is not to claim any war indemnity.

The hesitation of the Chinese Government to come to an understanding appears to have turned ultimately on an indemnity claim; and, this being intimated to the French Cabinet, it was promptly abandoned.

The result has been received with immense satisfaction in France, and will have the effect of greatly strengthening M. Ferry's position at a most critical moment in both the domestic and the foreign affairs of the country.

The importance of the French conquests in Tonquin will depend largely on the character of the commercial policy they may decide to pursue. If they seek to establish a monopoly by imposing heavy differential duties on foreign trade, they will derive little or no practical advantage from their triumph. If, on the other hand, they are wise enough to open the country freely to all comers, a brilliant future is probably before it.

M. Ferry's new Constitution proposes to abolish the present life-senators, seventy-five in number, by substituting for them, as vacancies occur, through death or other causes, senators elected for nine years only by the votes of both Chambers in Congress. The remaining two hundred and seventy-five senators are to be elected departmentally, not, as at present, by selected constituencies, but by universal suffrage. The new scheme further proposes to curtail the power of the Senate by depriving it of its present right of absolute veto in the case of Financial Bills. Though it will still retain the right of rejecting any item in the estimates of which it may disapprove, the Chamber will have the option of voting it again, and its vote in such a case will be conclusive. M. Ferry also proposes to abolish the clause in the Constitution which requires that prayers shall be offered up for the Chambers in all State-endowed churches at the commencement of each session.

Among minor events of interest are the conclusion of an agreement between France and the International Congo Association, by which the former power recognises the Association, and the Association, in its turn, engages that it will not cede its territories to any Power, but, if, owing to unforeseen circumstances, it is obliged to sell them, it will give the right of preference to France; the Angra Pequena difficulty, and the trial of Kraszewski and Heutsch.

An unexpected difference, which, however, is unlikely to lead to serious results, has sprung up between the German and British Governments on the question of the right of England to the territory of Angra Pequena on the south-east Coast of Africa, where one Lüderitz, a German factor, lately established himself, and has apparently acquired land, and where the German Government, after making certain enquiries as to the position of England, has asserted sovereign rights.

A deputation of South African merchants waited on Lord

Derby, on the 16th ultimo, to protest against any concession of the rights of England. Lord Derby returned an evasive reply, to the effect that the Government had not claimed the place as British territory, though they had claimed a sort of general right, whatever that may mean, to exclude foreign powers on account of its proximity to our possessions; that the German Government had made various enquiries as to the nature of our claims; that he did not understand that Germany disputed those claims, but believed that her object was to ascertain whether England would undertake to protect German subjects in the territories concerned, and, otherwise, whether she would object to Germany doing so herself; that the Colonial Office was in correspondence with the authorities at the Cape, with the view of ascertaining whether they were prepared to take over the territory, and that he felt no apprehension of Germany wishing to establish a Colony there, or of any unpleasantness arising between the two Governments in the matter.

A similar reply was given some days later by Lord Derby in the House of Lords to questions put by Viscount Sidmouth on the subject.

Germany, however, appears to view the matter in a different light, and Prince Bismarck is understood to have since officially informed the Cape authorities at the Cape that the acquisitions of Herr Lüderitz, north of the Orange River, are under her protection.

The trial of Kraszewski and Heutsch is more remarkable on account of the position of the defendants than of the nature of the charges on which they were convicted.

The purchase and sale of valuable State secrets, military and other, filched from the official records of the Governments betrayed, is a traffic which is as common as it is disgraceful; which no Government is probably wholly free from the shame of countenancing where important interests are at stake, and of which Germany herself has not been slow to take advantage on occasion. But Kraszewski, a Polish poet and novelist of repute, naturalised at Dresden, occupied a position in society and in literature which might have been expected to raise him morally and pecuniarily above the low avarice by which he appears to have been actuated; and Heutsch, a Captain of a Prussian regiment, was bound by the trust reposed in him, as well as by the honour of an officer and a gentleman, to keep his hands clean of such nefarious transactions.

The accused were charged with having, to the great damage and detriment of the German army and empire, furnished and offered to several foreign Governments, especially to that of France,

secret military information of various kinds on numerous occasions. It was proved on the trial that Kraszewski had acted the part of chief of a regular bureau for collecting and disposing of information as to the state of the leading European armies. Between him and Heutsch a certain Jewish scoundrel, named Adler, had acted as an agent; and, through this man, Heutsch had, from time to time, furnished him for a consideration with valuable information about the German army which eventually found its way into the hands of the French Government. It was also proved that similar information had been offered by Captain Heutsch, through Adler, to the Russian and Australian Governments.

Several of the cheques paid to Kraszewski for his wares were actually signed by a high official in the French War Office.

Both defendants were found guilty, and sentenced, Heutsch to nine years' penal servitude, and deprivation of civil rights for that period, and Kraszewski to three-and-a-half years' imprisonment in a fortress.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

June 3rd, 1884.

INDIA.

"The rapid and defiant style in which the latest steps in Russia's advance have been taken and others foreshadowed"—to quote the words of General Hamley in a recent letter to the *Times*—"leaves no hope that any but a resolute course can set a limit to her aggression." Sir Edward Hamley's opinions as to the measures necessary to be taken in view of this aggressive advance were set forth in a lecture delivered at the Royal United Service Institution; the lecture was soon followed by a vigorous letter to the *Times* from Sir Lepel Griffin, in which he endeavoured "to explain for unscientific readers the nature of the danger which threatens, and the manner in which it may affect the general policy of the country." Sir Lepel Griffin points out that the next forward step of Russia must bring her into collision with England, being strongly of opinion that this next step will land the Cossacks in the city of Herat. Such a movement, he considers, is certain, unless Russia is distinctly informed that the occupation of Herat will give the signal to the British fleet to enter the Baltic. Herat is a very different question from Merv, which was claimed neither by Persia nor Afghanistan, while the former city, though its population is mostly Persian by origin, forms an integral part of the Afghan dominion. Russia's game, it is thought, will be to form or strengthen the Persian party in Herat, and thus provoke

complications with Cabul; while the old story of oppressed nationalities and the right of the Heratis to coalesce with their Persian fellow-countrymen will, no doubt, be set afoot once more. Few seem seriously to believe that the Russian occupation of Herat would signify the invasion of India. Skobelev's rhodomontade about a general rising against British power the moment the Russian advance guard should penetrate to a single point of the Indian frontier, was merely a feeler put forward to try English opinion. It is the establishment of a "raw" where she can make herself unpleasant to us in the case of European complications that is Russia's only half-concealed design. The appointment of a Frontier Commission seems to have been definitely decided upon, and various names have been mentioned as likely to appear in connection therewith, that of Sir Ashley Eden being amongst those most recently suggested. Nothing, however, is yet known with certainty as to either the *personnel* of the Commission or its powers.

The death of Sir Bartle Frere has produced interesting obituary notices of his career in India and in the other parts of the globe where he has served his country. It is, of course, in Bombay, of all places in India, that the remembrance of the deceased statesman is most vivid, and the Press in that Presidency, though differing in opinion as regards his later policy, agrees with the *London Times* in looking upon him as a brilliant example of a courageous and devoted type of Imperial servant. If the share mania, the product of the vast increase of wealth in Bombay, arising from the sudden prominence of that city as a cotton-shipping port during the American civil war, received at Sir Bartle Frere's hands encouragement rather than restraint, and with such disastrous effects, it is still mainly to him that Bombay owes its splendid public buildings, while the harbour works at Kurrachee testify to his energy in an earlier part of his career. The last public service that he rendered to India was his plain statement of the objections to the Ilbert Bill. Coming from a man whose popularity with Natives of this country was perhaps even greater than it was with his own countrymen, his arguments were, we believe, of considerable influence in forming public opinion in England as to the inadvisability of that unfortunate measure. There is no man probably now left in England whose opinion on any important Indian topic would have weight equal to that of Sir Bartle Frere's with Parliament and with the public; in him the Natives of India have lost a true friend, and the Imperial Government an adviser whose counsel was always given without fear or favour. In the midst of "streaming London's central roar," under

the great dome which covers the dust of Wellington, of Lord Cornwallis, of Sir Charles Napier, and of Mountstuart Elphinstone and of others who like them toiled or fought in building up England's Empire in the East, Sir Bartle Frere was buried. The coffin was, by desire of the family, covered with the Union Jack, a fitting pall for one to whom England's honour was so dear, for one who, as the memorial lines say of him,—

“—cared not in the dust

To trail his country's glorious name ;

Chose rather war than peace with shame,

Nor feared to strike, where strike he must.”

Sir Bartle Frere was the first member of the Indian Civil Service to make his way to India by the overland route ; the unflinching resolution with which he performed this then difficult journey is a type of his whole subsequent career. A true friend to the Natives of India, a strong supporter of Mission enterprise, a cool and bold administrator in the chaotic times of the Mutiny, and “later” a representative of England in whose hands his country's honour was safe from any stain of craven half-heartedness that would count the cost before justice and right should be done, Sir Bartle Frere was a man whom England could ill spare ; “thorough” in all his work, whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with his might.

The appointment of Mr. J. R. Bullen Smith, C.S.I., to a seat in the India Council in succession to Mr. Cassel, has given great satisfaction throughout the mercantile community, both in India and in England. The satisfaction is enhanced by the assurance now afforded that one seat will always be reserved for a commercial member ; but for the strong protests made by the *Times* and the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, it is said that the Earl of Kimberley would have filled up the seat by the appointment of some retired official. In Calcutta, where Mr. Bullen Smith is best known, the happiest results are looked for from the new Councillor's outspokenness and independence of character, while his great knowledge of India's commercial requirements will render his advice especially valuable at the present epoch in Railway enterprise.

Retribution has followed with no halting foot the murderers of Lieutenant Dupuis of the North Staffordshire Regiment at Quetta. This unfortunate young officer, while out botanizing by himself, was marked for slaughter by some Yasnazai Pathans, who, after tracking him for five miles, at last set upon him as he was

crossing a plank bridge, and pushed him over into the deep nullah beneath. Though he must have been half-stunned by the fall, he fired two shots from his revolver at his assailants, but without effect, and was stoned to death where he lay. Searching parties of English and Sikh soldiers failed to find any trace of him, and it was not till a gang of Brahui trackers, human sleuth-hounds, were put on the trail that the body was discovered; it had been removed from the water and buried at some distance up the hills. The actual murderers were captured, the ringleader promptly hanged, and his two accomplices transported for life; while a fine of Rs. 10,000 has been levied from the Han valley in which the village, whose inhabitants were privy to the burial of the body, is situated.

The evil seed sown by the promoters of the Ilbert Bill continues still to bear evil fruit. Our readers will be familiar with the statesmanlike response made by the Judges of the High Court of Calcutta to the request by the Supreme Government for their opinion on the provisions on that measure. The document in which their opinion was conveyed was characterised by the *Times* as "a State paper of the highest importance," and European public opinion in India, even among the supporters of the Bill, agreed that the Judges had stated the arguments against it in the true judicial spirit, with calm and unprejudiced fairness. It must be borne in mind that the expression of their opinion on projected legislation which is likely to affect the composition of the Law Courts of the country, is a regular and acknowledged part of the duty of the Supreme Court; the practice is invariable that, however desirable as a matter of policy the passing of any measure may be, the opinion of this body of legal specialists shall be consulted as regards its effect on the administration of the law. It was then with no little astonishment and indignation that the Anglo-Indian public heard that a Minister of the Crown had stated in his place in the House of Commons that he considered the Minute of the Judges "was not a judicial performance, but the offspring of partisanship," and that in his opinion it was "not invested with any judicial authority whatever." A Secretary of State might, we think, have remembered that even in a radical House of Commons abuse is no argument. The Judges have replied to the unworthy imputation in a letter of temperate and dignified protest, pointing out that "it can hardly be expected that the Judges will readily undertake the duty of advising the Government on proposed changes of the law, or that their recommendations will command respect and authority, if imputations such as that to which this letter refers, made by a

Minister of the Crown, who was but a short time previously Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, were allowed to pass unchallenged." The Marquis of Hartington is well-known for his apathetic *insouciance* and for his almost contemptuous want of earnest interest in the duties of office; and the imputation of unfairness and bias coming from him has less weight than it would have had from any other member of Government. But though he be the Gallio of politics, it is to be hoped that, so long as he remains a Minister of the Crown, he will not lightly repeat the error of uttering a railing accusation of partisanship against as honourable and upright a body of Judges as have ever sat on an Indian Bench.

It is to be hoped that the account given by the passengers of the *S. S. Mira* on its last homeward voyage of their treatment by sanitary authorities at Suez will have the effect of making a repetition of such senseless and inhuman conduct impossible. Granting even—though no sane man would really grant so much—that the occurrence of one case of cholera among the crew before reaching Colombo made it imperative that there should be some detention of the ship on this side of the Canal, still to force delicate women and infants ashore in the desert, there to remain for seven days, with no better lodging accommodation than they could find in a few wooden sheds, affording the scantiest protection against wind and sun, without cooking arrangements, and with no adequate sanitary provision, was a barbarity worthy of the Dark Ages, of which any civilized administration would be ashamed. Considering that the crew among whom, if anywhere, any seeds of the disease would have been hidden, were allowed to remain in the comparative comfort of their own quarters on board, the senseless high-handedness of the proceeding is painfully evident. The owners of the Star Line of steamers are not likely to let the matter drop in England, and the Government of India might well make a strong protest against such indiscriminating misuse of authority.

In an article in the last issue of *Indian Review* allusion is made to the growth of the feeling of separation between the rank and file of the Civil Service of Bengal who dwell from year's end to year's end in the plains of the Mofussil, doing the real work of the country in the interior, and the higher orders of that service, the *entourage* of the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretaries and Heads of Departments who pass the major portion of each year in the retreat of Darjeeling. This feeling of aloofness and of consequent non-identity of interests is, we are afraid, inseparable from the present custom of an annual exodus to the hills, whether in the case of the

Supreme Government and its migration to Simla, or of Provincial Governors with their Secretariats leaving their capitals for Provincial sanitarium.

Great, however, as undoubtedly is the evil of such a break between the head and the limbs of executive authority, it is less conspicuous to the public than another baneful result of the custom, we mean the loss of touch of public opinion that Government so surely suffers. It was notorious that on the return of the Viceroy and Council to Calcutta last cold season, more than one of those in authority were taken by surprise at the depth and earnestness of public feeling regarding the Ilbert Bill. Had the Executive Council held its sittings in the metropolis during the major portion of last year, it is tolerably certain that no such breach of goodwill, as that which all friends of India have recently had to deplore, could have taken place between Government and the Anglo-Indian public, and between European and Native.

At length, however, the European and the Native Press have found a subject on which they can agree, and quite a remarkable unanimity of opinion is being expressed as to the evils, yearly becoming more apparent, of this official desertion of the centres of population and public feeling. For perhaps the first time in history, the Southern Presidency has taken the initiative in what promises to become a great popular movement. The proposal to remove from Madras to Bangalore the chief military offices of the Madras Army was the spark that lighted the flame, and the whole question of the official migration is being discussed with growing interest.

The arguments against the custom may be briefly summarised.

(1.) The cost of these "tours" as they are officially called, amounts yearly to a charge upon the public revenues so large as to be out of all reasonable proportion to any benefit the public can possibly derive from the custom.

(2.) The practice is one of gradual growth and dates back no further than the Viceroyalty of Sir John Lawrence, who, after retiring from the service, was, on his return as Governor-General, allowed the special privilege of residence in the hills in consideration of his known inability to retain his health in the plains.

(3.) The gap between the Government and the governed is made wider by the isolation of the former from personal intercourse with the natives of the country. When the chief governing officials say, in effect, to the natives of the country they govern, "We cannot breathe the same air that you do, nor live in your climate," they accentuate strongly those race distinctions

which it should be the business of every friend of the country to weaken and remove.

(4.) A clique is formed in the Civil Service of those who hold appointments that carry with them the privilege of flitting to the hills as distinguished from the general body of Civilians whose duties confine them to the plains. The competition for head-quarters appointments is yearly growing keener; and they are in some cases filled up, not according to an applicant's fitness for the duties of a post, but by weighing the claims he can make to obtain a hill station for the greater part of the year in his own interests or that of his family.

The loss of *esprit de corps* which such a split in the service must ensure, is much to be deplored.

(5.) A Government that lives apart from the centres of public opinion and information, must necessarily lose touch of the feeling of the country, and will pledge itself in its ignorance to a support of measures that it will subsequently find it difficult to withdraw.

The case for the other side has not been fully stated. Two arguments are sometimes heard—(1) Much better work is done in the cool of the hills than is possible in the plains; (2) English public men of rank and ability would not accept the Viceroyalty if it involved a continuous residence in the plains. Both these arguments, however, are assertions which have to be proved.

The Editors record their deep regret at the premature death of Dr. H. W. McCann, who was one of the earliest contributors to the *Indian Review*. Dr. McCann was a man of many talents; in addition to his acquirements in physical and economic science, he was possessed of well-matured opinions and a ready pen on general subjects, whether political or literary, and his style of writing was both trenchant and polished, showing no signs of the high pressure at which, amid the variety of offices he filled, his contributions must have been worked off. A career, whose beginning gave promise of unusual brilliancy and success, has been suddenly cut short, and while all his personal friends recall his bright, pleasant manner and kindly good-nature, the Editors of the *Indian Review* have to regret the loss of his valued assistance to themselves and to the cause of Anglo-Indian literature.

GENERAL NOTES.

Miscellaneous Records.

Mr. Gomme continues his classified collection of the contents of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and his new volume is devoted to "Dialect, Proverbs, and Word-lore,"* and is as careful and valuable a piece of work as the previous one. In the preface he gives us some short notices of the writers whose contributions he makes use of, and we are glad to observe that he expects important help from an annotated copy of the magazine to the further identification of the initials that subscribe many of its articles. Mr. Geldart's is the first collection we have had in English of the popular fairy tales of modern Greece.† He has translated them—all but three—from the Greek text published by Von Hahn, at Copenhagen. Many an old favourite of the nursery—such as Cinderella or Ali Baba—will be recognized here under a slight Greek disguise, and the book affords important materials for the problems of comparative mythology. "High Life in France under the Republic"‡ is a very clever and entertaining series of social and satirical sketches, contributed by the late Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray to a London journal, and now republished after, it is said, considerable revision. They describe the most various phases of life both in Paris and the provinces, and are almost French in their point and vivacity.—Lieut.-Colonel Hennebert's "The English in Egypt," which has just been translated from the French by Bernard Pauncetot, and published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., adopts an air of knowing more than it cares to divulge, but as a matter of fact it adds little to our knowledge of the Egyptian situation. Perhaps its most interesting parts are those bearing on the Mahdi, and his connection with the slave-traders. No English actor has ever received so wide a recognition as Mr. Irving. When before has an actor passed through such a series of farewell banquets as those that preceded his departure for America, or had every step of his tour in that country telegraphed to the home papers as if it were a royal progress, or carried with him his own Boswell to chronicle every compliment paid him and every story he told? The reason is partly his own merits, but it is partly the remarkable decay in the social prejudice against the stage and the revived interest in the drama that mark our day. Of this many evidences appear in Mr. Hatton's chatty and readable pages.§ The book perhaps hardly

answers its title, for it contains much more of America's impressions of Henry Irving than of Henry Irving's impressions of America. But it will remain valuable in the history of the stage as the contemporary record of a remarkable tour, and in the meantime it will while away an agreeable and not uninstructional hour, for frequently a suggestive and thoughtful remark drops from Mr. Irving on his own subject — *Contemporary Review*.

Recent Verse.

Indian Lyrics. By W. Trego Webb. *Calcutta and London. Thacker & Co. 1884.*

Life in India has been so frequently described as one long listless yawn, that it is pleasant to have this notion of civilian existence corrected. Mr. Trego Webb's vivacious and clever *Indian Lyrics* reflect nothing of languor or *tedium vite*. From the Himalayan snows to the humble pariah dog, Mr. Webb views all the outward phenomena of life with philosophic impartiality and the happy serenity of a follower of Epicurus. He has the temperament, and many of the gifts, of a poet, and he presents the various sorts and conditions of humanity that comprise the round of life in Bengal in a series of vivid vignettes. Purists may object to these little portraits that in employing the sonnet to set forth their lineaments, the author degrades a form of verse consecrated to some of the noblest themes of poetry. Mr. Webb has, however, one qualification which it were well if all sonneteers possessed; he writes with scholarly directness and finish. The Ryot, the Zemindar, the Babu, and other figures familiar to the Anglo-Indian are delineated with graphic skill; and the remonstrance addressed to the editors of the native press in the sonnet on "Modern Bengal" has a Miltonic tone appropriately humorous. One of Mr. Webb's favourites is the Punkah-wallah, who is celebrated in a neat triolet and a touching ballad. The following stanzas from "Punkah-beats" show the author's dignity in treating a familiar subject:—

What rhythmic sense, what flow
Of pendulous motion and harmonious pace
Must in thy soul have place,
To set thine engine pulsing to and fro
With such symmetric charm!
Say, doth some Indian ditty rude and sweet,
With phantom tuneful beat,
Sing in thine ears the while and prompt thy
[punctual arm?]

Anon, thy labours done,
Thou wilt return to thine own meadows sweet,
And watch the shadows fleet
Athwart the waving grain, and how the sun
Hath daily death and birth;—
Wilt mark the throbbing of the midnight star,
Sphere-music hushed and far,
And all the metric motions of the earth.

* "The Gentleman's Magazine Library." Edited by George Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

† "Folklore of Modern Greece, the Tales of the 'Achaia.'" Edited by the Rev. E. M. Geldart, M.A. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

‡ London: Vizetelly & Co.

§ "Henry Irving's Impressions of America, narrated in a Series of Sketches, Chronicles, and Conversations." By Joseph Hatton. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Recent Improvements and Inventions.

In photography the most recent improvement is a new style of camera for the rapid gathering of photographic memoranda. The instrument we have examined makes a picture 4 x 5 inches; it is a simple wooden box with a handle on top, and looks like an ordinary travelling bag or sample case. It is designed to be used only with instantaneous dry plates, and as such work does not require a fixed support, it needs no tripod. The adjustment for focus is attained in the usual way, by means of a ground glass slide placed at the back of the box. To move this there is a brass arm on the top of the box, pivoted at one end, the free end traversing a segment, and fitted with a set-screw so that it can be secured in any position. By moving this arm over the segment the glass slide is moved forward or back in the box, and shifted as the focus requires. The camera is set up before some object, say twenty feet away. The arm is moved while looking at the glass, and when the focus is sharp a mark is made on the segment to indicate that in that position of the arm the focus is good for that distance. In like manner the focus is found and marked for other distances, when the glass is removed, and the rear of the box permanently closed. Thereafter, to get the focus, estimate the distance of the subject, bring the arm to the proper mark on the segment, and fix it there by means of the screw. The focus can even be decided upon in advance, and the exposure can be made when the operator, walking toward the subject, sees that the distance decided upon has been reached. To secure the picture evenly upon the plate, a small "finder" or supplementary camera is placed in the box near the top, and by raising a wooden lid a small square of ground glass is seen, on which the projected image is visible in the same relative position in which it will appear on the plate. To make an exposure a finger-knob is pressed, and the shutter within the box is moved. The lens, plate-holder, and shutter are all inclosed in the box, so that the apparatus has nothing of the conventional camera about it. In using the camera, it is held in the hand or on the arm or supported on any convenient object. Instantaneous pictures can be taken while running, while on a boat or car, and in the most crowded streets, without attracting attention. Portraits and pictures of groups, incidents in the street, or the behaviour of men and animals can be caught during the most rapid action, and without the knowledge of the subjects. For reporters, detectives, and amateurs the camera will, no doubt, prove of great value in obtaining legal evidence in case of accidents, fires, robbery, or riot, and in studying the habits of birds and wild or timid animals. The camera is called Schmid's detective camera, and costs, with good lens and one 4 x 5-inch plate-holder, about fifty-five dollars.

While the number of patents issued each month in this country for electrical appliances is very great, only a few appear to be of general interest or to mark any great and radical

advance in this field. Two recent patents appear of interest from their suggestiveness or promise of future usefulness to the people. The most simple one (properly a new application of an older invention), is the application of the incandescent electric lamp to dentistry. The lamps examined by the writer are inclosed in glass bulbs of the usual shape, an inch long and less than half an inch wide, the source of power being a simple battery of four cells holding perhaps one quart each. To protect the mouth of the patient from the heat of the lamp, the bulb is placed in a casing of hard rubber having an opening at one side covered with glass. The whole apparatus exclusive of the handle is about as large as a teaspoon, and is easily held in the mouth. Placed in the mouth with the lips closed over the handle, the entire front formation of the patient's face was visible, showing the position and shape of every bone and tooth through the skin, even the interior of the nasal passages being plainly visible. On holding the lamp behind the teeth with the mouth open, the entire formation of the teeth could be fully seen. A filling could be traced completely, and the progress of decay in the interior of one tooth (which was not visible at all on the outside) could be plainly seen. In like manner every portion of the mouth could be completely explored in a manner that could not be done by any mirrors reflecting daylight or lamp-light into the month. The lamp was left in the patient's mouth for some time, and yet no more inconvenience was said to be experienced than from a drink of hot coffee. To the dentist and surgeon the invention certainly seems, from the examination made, to promise a useful method of diagnosis. It gives information of the interior portions of the bones of the face and the teeth that could be obtained in no other way. When developed and perhaps tried in other shapes, and with different styles of lamps, holders, and reflectors, the invention will no doubt prove of great value.—*The Century*.

Poetry.

REPEAL.

[lord ;
So we might as well ask for the moon, my
You think we would get it as soon, my lord ;
But there you're wrong,
And we'll teach you ere long
How to sing to a different tune, my lord.
[lord,
And now, if you speeched yourself hoarse, my
We tell you your laws and your force, my lord,
Are no way like those
That, everyone knows,
Retain the sweet moon in its course, my lord.
You oft put your back to the wall, my lord,
And said that the heavens should fall, my lord,
Ere Ireland should get
What she sought for, and yet
We carried our point after all, my lord,
And then when our freedom is won, my lord,
Your land will be second to none, my lord,
In giving applause
To our glory-crowned cause,
And in shouting, 'Old Ireland, well done'
my lord.]

The Indian Review.

No. 11.—AUGUST, 1884.

AMERICAN LITERATURE TO-DAY.

IN 1843 Mr. Emerson, referring to America, expressed himself thus: "We go to school to Europe. We imbibe an European taste. Our education, so called—our drilling at college and our reading since—has been European, and we write on the English culture and to an English public, in America and in Europe." Even then, however, he added, "Europe has lost weight already," and ever since, Europe has been losing—or rather America has been gaining weight. America no longer watches with feverish anxiety for parcels of books arriving by the steamers from Europe; she still receives them gladly, but makes return with volumes of her own, quite as worthy and welcomed quite as eagerly in Europe. English publishers find it profitable to reprint cheap editions of American books, while American publishers,—even some who founded their fortunes on literary piracy—are among the most strenuous advocates of an international copyright law. Formerly, when they had no literature to protect, piracy was profitable; now the sword cuts both ways, and the better policy is found in a virtuous condemnation of the weapon. In short, the debt of America to England for culture is being rapidly liquidated.

American literature seemed to spring full-grown into being. The existence of the fruit was not recognized until it had had time to ripen. Yet the pioneers were counted great, not because of the preceding destitution but on account of their own intrinsic merit.

Their influence was felt immediately, but it was not temporary. It did not die with them. In some cases—that of Thoreau is one—it has risen steadily. Mr. Matthew Arnold, who has lately assumed to be the spokesman of Time and Nature, while refusing to Emerson the title of a great poet or a great man of letters, confers upon him the higher honour of Seer, classing him with Marcus Aurelius. The one novelist of the time whose works are certain to live is the American, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and of poets Longfellow is universally known and loved, and Walt Whitman is unique and wonderful.

While maintaining that there were giants in those early days of American literature, we are far from asserting that there are none now. The sons are worthy of the fathers. Howells is not another Hawthorne, but he is a novelist of no mean calibre. If he sometimes employs unworthy materials, expending himself on trifles, he has proved in several of his works that he is capable of better things. "The Undiscovered Country" is really fine, and "A Foregone Conclusion" is worthy of Hawthorne himself. John Burroughs, as a student of man and nature, may be second to Thoreau, but we must rank him high. His range of vision is not broad, but it is clear, and he has acquired an admirably graceful style. If, at the moment, there is none among the younger writers about whom we can say with entire confidence this is a great poet, there are several who give excellent promise. Better still, the spirit of the poet runs through and ennobles the larger part of the literature of the states. The books and magazines of the day give ample proof that the literary life of America is full and strong.

A favourite writer of the time is Charles Dudley Warner, author of "My Summer in a Garden," "Back-log Studies," and other works, and in conjunction with the famous Mark Twain, of the novel "This Gilded Age." A delicate humour which marks all his productions seems to be no product of art or elaboration, but to flow from the man's own nature. His grace of style reminds one even of Leigh Hunt himself. We place an increasing value on his writings, for closer acquaintance with them only adds to their charm. Here is a pleasant passage from "Back-log Studies":—

The best talk is that which escapes up the open chimney and cannot be repeated. The finest words make the best fire and pass away with the least residuum. I hope the next generation will not accept the reports of interviews as specimens of the conversations of these years of grace.

But do we talk as well as our fathers and mothers did? We hear wonderful stories of the bright generation that sat about the wide fireplaces of New England. Good talk has so much short-hand that it cannot be reported; the inflec-

tion, the change of voice, the shrug cannot be caught on paper. The best of it is when the subject unexpectedly goes cross-lots, by a flash of short cut, to a conclusion so suddenly revealed that it has the effect of wit. It needs the highest culture and the finest breeding to prevent the conversation from running into mere persiflage on the one hand—its common fate—or monologue on the other. Our conversation is largely chaff. I am not sure but the former generation preached a good deal, but it had great practice in fireside talk, and must have talked well. There were narrators in those days who could charm a circle all the evening long with stories. When each day brought comparatively little new to read, there was leisure for talk, and the rare book and the infrequent magazine were thoroughly discussed. Families now are swamped by the printed matter that comes daily upon the centre-table. There must be a division of labour, one reading this and another that to make any impression on it. The elegraph brings the only common food and works this daily miracle, that every mind in Christendom is excited by one topic simultaneously with every other mind; it enables a concurrent mental action, a burst of sympathy, or a universal prayer to be made, which must be, if we have any faith in the immaterial left, one of the chief forces in modern life. It is fit that an agent so subtle as electricity should be the minister of it. * * * * *

Good reading aloud is almost a lost accomplishment now. It is little thought of in the schools. It is disused at home. It is rare to find anyone who can read, even from the newspaper, well. Reading is so universal, even with the uncultivated, that it is common to hear people mispronounce words that you did not suppose they had ever seen.

Another writer with an excellent style is Thomas Wentworth Higginson, before the war a preacher, and during the war a Colonel of Volunteers. His essays are more didactic than those of Warner. He discusses historical subjects and social problems. One of his latest books, "Common Sense about Women,"* is a brilliant statement of the attitude of those who believe in the equality of the sexes. Whatever he writes about, he is sure to be entertaining. Perhaps he is not profound, but he is possessed of good common sense and plenty of sagacity, and is bound to be of good service in his own particular directions.

Mr. Higginson has just contributed a biography of Margaret Fuller† to the excellent "American Men of Letters" Series, of which Mr. Warner is the editor. Margaret Fuller was more remarkable as a talker than as a writer, though in the latter capacity also she did valuable work. Her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and her essay on Goethe are of the first order, and display the fine qualities of her mind. She edited the *Dial* during two years, and was for some time literary critic for the *New York Tribune*.

* Boston, U. S. Lee and Shepard, 1882.

† Boston, U. S. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884.. *

Her successor in this post was George Ripley, whose 'Life' has also been lately published in the same series, Mr. O. B. Frothingham being the author. Mr. Ripley's career was long and eventful. He began life as a Unitarian Minister at Boston, but after 14 years' service as such, he abandoned the calling that he might institute the famous "Brook Farm Association." That was in 1841, when all sorts of schemes for the amelioration of the race and for speedily bringing back the golden age were in the air. The Brook Farm Association, however, was not a socialistic experiment in the ordinary sense. It was an effort having a business basis, to free life from trade antagonism and competition. A number of persons, most of them belonging to the educated classes, took up their abode on the Brook Farm Estate, situated some little distance from Boston, and there united in labour and in recreation; but there was no common fund and no community of goods. At the end of every year the accounts were made up and the profits—when there were any—divided on the basis of the capital invested and the labour done. As an educational establishment Brook Farm was all that could be desired, but it is not strange that inexperienced men and women conducted the agricultural operations to ruin. Hawthorne, who joined it for a time, learned the valuable lesson that labour to be effective must be in the direction of a man's character. "Is it a praiseworthy matter," he asked himself, "that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses?" and answered, "It is not so." Yet he bore generous testimony to the fine spirit of the undertaking.

We had divorced ourselves from pride, and were striving to supply its place with familiar love. We meant to lessen the laboring man's great burden of toil, by performing our due share of it at the cost of our own thews and sinews. We sought our profit by mutual aid, instead of wresting it by the strong hand from an enemy, or filching it craftily from those less shrewd than ourselves (if, indeed, there were any such in New England), or winning it by selfish competition with a neighbour; in one or another of which fashions every son of woman both perpetrates and suffers his share of the common evil, whether he chooses it or no. And, as the basis of our institution, we purposed to offer up the earnest toil of our bodies as a prayer no less than an effort for the advancement of our race.

Emerson, likewise, in the essay on "Life and Letters in New England," included in one of the posthumous volumes,* referring to Brook Farm, writes: "I believe all the partners came out with pecuniary loss. Some of them had spent on it the accumulations of years. I suppose they all, at the moment, regarded it as a failure."

* "Lectures and Biographical Sketches" and "Miscellanies." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884.

"I do not think they can so regard it now, but probably as an important chapter in their experience which has been of lifelong value. What knowledge of themselves and of each other, what various practical wisdom, what personal power, what studies of character, what accumulated culture many of the members owed to it!"

The greatest sufferers, in a pecuniary sense, were Mr. and Mrs. Ripley. All their worldly possessions were lost in the undertaking; even their fine library was sold, and the resolution they made that every debt should be paid, laid a heavy tax on their labours for many following years. By dint of severe toil not only was every liability ultimately cleared, but a position of fair comfort was secured. The noble wife unhappily died before these brighter days had dawned.

Mr. Ripley was a man of the highest culture, and such was his literary insight that his criticisms are models of their sort. He was steadfast in purpose and pure in soul. His name is little known beyond the bounds of his own country, because his work was almost exclusively journalistic and thus far temporary. His life is well worth studying as an example of a man who aimed high, accepted every turn of events with calmness, "unhasting, unresting," whose life in its incidents was continually a failure, yet, contemplated as a whole, stands out as a triumph of principle. Carlyle once spoke of Ripley as "a Socinian minister who left his pulpit in order to reform the world by cultivating onions," but in a better mood he described him truly as "a good man with good aims; with considerable natural health of mind, wherein all goodness is likely to grow better, all clearness to grow clearer." His excellent biographer sums up his character thus:—

He was no dreamer, no visionary, no enthusiast, no creature of imagination or fancy. He was, through and through, a critio, gentle but firm, intelligent, exact, holding the interests of truth paramount to all others, always hoping that the interests of truth might be served by the effort of careful writers.

Professor Tyndall said: "He writes, as he has ever written with the grasp of a philosopher and the good taste of a gentleman."

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple is another critic who has won golden opinions. Prescott affirmed that no critic had "ever treated his topics with more discrimination and acuteness," and Macaulay spoke of some of his essays as "the subtlest and ablest and clearest he had ever read." Mr. Richard Grant White too has ability enough to excuse a certain "bumptiousness" which is not always agreeable. Another biographer and critic, from whom we look for great things, is George Willis Cooke, whose noble study of Emerson took the

world by storm two or three years ago, and whose new volume on George Eliot is also a masterpiece.* Mr. Cooke combines a faculty for patient investigation with excellent critical ability and deep philosophical insight.

The names of veterans are still not infrequent on the title pages of new books. Holmes, Whittier, and Alcott still live, and Emerson has left such a mass of unpublished manuscript that we may look for fresh instalments of his work from time to time. Walt Whitman also belongs to nearly the same period, but he seems never to grow old, and we find it difficult to get into our minds that he is 65 years of age and not one of the younger writers of to-day.

The new volumes by Emerson already mentioned contain not only many admirable papers now first collected from magazines and books where they were printed, but various new works left by him in manuscript. These latter, lacking the master's final touch, have not the fine finish of his other works, but they are none the less welcome on that account. It is pleasant to possess in this convenient form such excellent pieces as his address at the Burns Centenary and the essays he contributed to the *North American Review* on "Demonology," "The Sovereignty of Ethics," "Character" and "Perpetual Forces," as well as his minor but far from insignificant discourses on "War," "The Fugitive Slave Law," "John Brown," &c. Lowell—himself no mean critic and poet—has well described the scene when Emerson delivered his address on Robert Burns.

Every sentence brought down the house as I never saw one brought down before, and it is not so easy to hit Scotsmen with a sentiment that has no hint of native brogue in it. I watched, for it was an interesting study, how the quick sympathy ran flashing from face to face down the long tables, like an electric spark thrilling as it went, and then exploded in a thunder of plaudits. I watched till tables and faces vanished, for I, too, found myself caught up in a common enthusiasm.

What Emerson thought and said of Burns may be partly gathered from these concluding sentences of his address, and reading them, though losing the personal charm of the speaker, we do not wonder at the enthusiasm they evoked:—

The memory of Burns—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his

* "George Eliot : her Life, Writings and Philosophy : a Critical Study." Boston, U. S. J. R. Osgood & Co., 1884.

fame bright. The memory of Burns—every man's, every boy's and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and they say them by heart, and what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

The "Historical Discourse at Concord on the Second Centennial Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town, 12th September 1835" is also reproduced. It is nearly half a century since Emerson, in sending a copy to his friend Carlyle, described this as "my first adventure in print." Concord, a village some 20 miles distant from Boston, was the first inland British Settlement, and, as such, as well as on account of its singular history, it is interesting to the whole English-speaking race wherever located. Its history is that of Liberty. The Pilgrim Fathers fled from tyranny at home, and though they and their children did not always prove themselves true lovers of freedom, as the dark days of pillories and the whippings and witch-burnings testify, Concord was notably exempt from such stains. Its annals, writes Emerson, are "marked with a uniform good sense. I find no ridiculous laws, no eaves-dropping legislators, no hanging of witches, no ghosts, no whipping of quakers, no unnatural crimes." The name itself—Concord—stands to mark the peaceful nature of the original arrangement made with the Indians. The Indian name of the place was Musquet-a-quid, signifying Grassy Brook. Of the character of the Indian Emerson says: "He was open as a child to kindness and justice. Many instances of his humanity were known to the Englishmen who suffered in the woods from sickness or cold. When you came over the morning waters, said one of the Sachems, we took you into our arms. We fed you with our best meat. Never went white man cold and hungry from Indian wigwam."

Well would it have been for American honour if the friendly and noble spirit which marked the early dealings of the white men with the Indians had been maintained. But there, as everywhere that Englishmen have penetrated, vice and bloodshed have followed in their path. In a few more generations the Indian races of North America will be extinct.

In 1635 the settlement took place. One hundred and forty years later, at the bridge which spanned the stream, the first shot in the war of American Independence was fired. Among Emerson's audience in 1835 were several veterans who had been personally engaged

in that memorable skirmish. "The presence of these aged men who were in arms on that day," said the speaker, "seems to bring us nearer to it. The benignant Providence which has prolonged their lives to this hour gratifies the strong curiosity of the new generation. The pilgrims are gone; but we see what manner of persons they were who stood in the worst perils of the revolution. We hold by the hand the last of the invincible men of old, and confirm from living lips the sealed records of time."

That address seemed to mark a turning point in the history of American life. It celebrated the heroic age then closing and ushered in the age of art and letters. Thenceforth, excepting in the interval of the terrible civil war of 1861-64, culture has been increasingly sought. Still Concord held its own. Its roll of men of intellect is as famous as its roll of heroes. The highest minds of the country circled round it—Emerson himself, Hawthorne, and Thoreau lived there. Guide books, as a rule, are not very interesting excepting to travellers, but here is a handsome volume modestly called a *Guide Book to Concord*,* which is of a different order. It tells us very pleasantly what this famous Concord has become and how it looks to-day, and gives account of the great men and women who dwell there now, or whose remains are laid in its beautiful cemetery which bears the singular name of Sleepy Hollow.

Graceful and suggestive passages crowd the pages of these Emerson volumes, as they crowd all the pages he has written. Take these for example:—

Nature never works like a conjuror, to surprize; rarely by shocks, but by infinite graduation; so that we live embosomed in sounds we do not hear, scents we do not smell, spectacles we see not; and by innumerable impressions so softly laid on that, though important, we do not discover them until our attention is called to them.

'Nature,' said Swedenborg, 'makes almost as much demand on our faith as miracles do.' And I find nothing in fables more astonishing than my experience in every hour. One moment of a man's life is a fact so stupendous as to take the lustre out of all fiction.

Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; rain and snow, wind and tides, every change, every cause in nature is nothing but a disguised missionary.

The world stands on ideas, and not on iron or cotton; and the iron of iron, the fire of fire, the ether and source of all the elements is moral force. As cloud on cloud, as snow on snow, as the bird on the air, and the planet on space in its flight, so do nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts.

Fifty years ago, Oliver Wendell Holmes began to write his "*Autocrat at the Breakfast Table*," but when two chapters had

* "The Concord Guide Book." Boston, U. S. D. Lothrop and Co.

made their appearance in the *New England Magazine* other duties required his attention, and his work was abandoned for a quarter of a century. When the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, being pressed to contribute, he bethought himself of his long neglected project. Without reproducing the old chapters, of which he had grown rather ashamed, he re-opened his discourse with the words : "I was just going to say, when I was interrupted"—the interruption being, in fact, of just 25 years' duration. Then followed the work which stamped him at once as a humourist of the first order. As "Autocrat," "Professor," and "Poet" he has already delighted, and at the same time instructed more than one generation. This "Breakfast Table Series," as it is now called, is unquestionably his greatest work, and his two novels and many verses will be remembered, because they were written by the author of it, rather than on account of any intrinsic merit of a permanent sort of their own.

A new edition of this "Breakfast Table Series"* has made its appearance, prefaced with a pleasant "After Breakfast Talk," in which the author in his characteristic manner gives us some details of his work, proving thereby that the vein of humour which began to yield so richly at 50 is far from exhausted at 75. Here, for example, is a new passage quite in the old style :—

There is a meaning, and a deep one, in these elective affinities. Most things which we call *odd* are *even* in the economy of nature. Each personality is more or less completely the complement of some other, of some one, perhaps, exactly ; of others nearly enough to have a special significance for them. A reader is frequently ignorant of what he wants until he happens to fall in with the writer who has the complementary element of which he is in need. Then he finds the nourishment he wanted in the intellectual or spiritual food before him, or has his failing appetite revived by the stimulus of a mind more highly vitalised than his own. The sailor who is fed on salted provisions until he is half crystallised wreaks his hunger upon a fresh potato as if it were a fruit of the tree of life. The dumb cattle who feel their blood getting watery make for the salt-licks, and season their diluted fluids. So with many readers : they find new life in the essay or poem which the reviewer, treating *de haut en bas* as is his wont, has condemned from his lofty eminence, in reality only because it was not of the kind that his own need, if he felt any gap in his omniscience, called for. An epicure might as well find fault with the sailor's potato because it was not properly cooked, in fact not cooked at all ; or order the herds to be driven from the salt-lick because it was not succulent pasture.

That Dr. Holmes has been able to re-examine his work and let it pass unaltered is, to our thinking, further evidence of the continued clearness of his mind. Too often old age is not proof against the

* Boston, U. S. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

temptation of tinkering, with a view to amendment, work conceived at a different time of life and in a different and wholly irrecoverable mood; and of course a most unhappy, muddle is the result. Dr. Holmes has simply added some explanatory notes.

A worthy little known beyond America, and in truth not very well known there either, is Jones Very, saint and poet. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1813, and died in 1880, leaving behind him one small volume of essays and poems. This had been issued at the instance of Mr. Emerson so early as 1839, and no second edition of any part of it was published, until last year, when Mr. William P. Andrews edited a selection of the poems* and in a careful memoir gave some interesting particulars of the author's career and character.

Jones Very's father, who was a shipmaster, died in 1824, when the boy was only 11 years old. There were five other children younger than himself, and on his young shoulders fell a heavy responsibility which he did not try to shirk. A "lofty self-abnegation" was the leading feature of his character, and thus early was it called into activity. An enthusiastic student, his darling desire was to lead a quiet literary life, but the family needs caused him to take employment in an auction room when he was 14 years old. Here, with all faithfulness, he discharged the tasks so little to his taste. Sufficient for him that these duties lay before him to be done. Yet he was not blind to opportunities for better things. He bought some of the books that passed through his hands in the way of business. One, a rare copy of Shakespeare, he exchanged with a student for "the books necessary to fit him for college." Leaving auctioneering he became Latin tutor at a Salem school, and when he was 21 his uncle gave him the means of entering Harvard College, where he graduated, with honours, in 1836 and was appointed tutor in Greek.

All who knew him revered the lofty purity of his character. He was sensitive and reserved, but the cordiality of his tone and the sweet naturalness of his smile of welcome at once attracted whoever made his acquaintance, though the uniform gravity of his daily walk and conversation prevented the many from approaching him as an intimate.

During 1836-38 his most remarkable literary work was produced. He did not claim the poetry as his own but as the work of a higher power, for which he was simply the scribe. On this account he would not permit even verbal alterations in the pieces after they were once written down. "I value these verses," he said,

* "Poems by Jones Very, with an Introductory Memoir by William P. Andrews. Boston, U. S. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1883.

"not because they are *mine*, but because they are *not*." Genius often appears perilously near to insanity, and that dull people should count Very mad is not astonishing ; the less so when we learn that he disconcerted the Reverend personages of Salem, who regarded themselves as oracles, by offering to pray with them "that they too might submit themselves wholly to the Divine Will and be baptized with the Holy Ghost." The combined forces of irritated clergy and laity could not, however, secure his admission into an asylum, but he did, about this time, voluntarily place himself under Dr. Bell, a specialist, who speedily allayed the undue nervous excitement from which he was suffering.

Wise people did not think he was at all insane. Emerson regretted that the whole world was not mad in the same way, and another described the case as *mono-sanis*, not *mono-mania*. The poems have the impress of genius not of insanity, and, as to Very's theory that they were not his but the work of a Higher Power, it was only such a claim as Milton made—no more than one affirmed who said : "The word which ye hear is not mine but the Father's who sent me."

In 1843 Mr. Very entered the ministry, in which capacity he exercised a wide and beneficent influence, more, however, by his personal qualities than by eloquence. He never married, but from this time forward dwelt with his sisters until his death.

Of his sonnets, in which form most of his poems are written, Mr. Emerson said : "They are the breathings of a certain entranced devotion ; as sincere a Litany as the Hebrew songs of David or Isaiah, and only less than they because they are indebted to the Hebrew muse for their tone and genius." George William Curtis, a weighty authority, described them as "gems of purest ray serene." They breathe a spirit of quiet devotion ; are strong but never impassioned. Our readers will thank us for giving a few specimens from this exquisite volume :—

THE ROBIN.

Thou need'st not flutter from thy half-built nest,
 Whene'er thou hear'st man's hurrying feet go by,
 Fearing his eye for harm may on thee rest,
 Or he thy young's unfinished cottage spy ;
 All will not heed thee on that swinging bough,
 Nor care that round thy shelter spring the leaves,
 Nor watch thee on the pool's wet margin now
 For clay to plaster straws thy cunning weaves ;
 All will not hear thy sweet, outpouring joy,
 That with morn's stillness blends the voice of song,

For over-anxious cares their souls employ,
That else upon thy music borne along
And the light wings of heart-ascending prayer,
Had learned that heaven is pleased thy simple joys to share.

THE IDLER.

I idle stand that I may find employ,
Such as my Master when He comes will give,
I cannot find in mine own work my joy,
But wait, although in waiting I must live ;
My body shall not turn which way it will,
But stand till I the appointed road can find,
And journeying so his messages fulfil
And do at every step the work designed.
Enough for me, still day by day to wait
Till thou who form'st me find me too a task :
A cripple lying at the rich man's gate,
Content for the few crumbs I get to ask ;
A labourer but in heart while bound my hands
Hang idly down still waiting thy commands.

Mr. Very is said to have borne no small resemblance both in person and character to the saintly George Herbert. One who knew him well described him as being "as good as goodness, true as truth. With his knowledge and wisdom he was as simple as a child, transparent, artless."

So long as America can produce such writers as we have named—and in fact there are many others, equally entitled to be named, whom we have perforce omitted—it cannot be denied that she possesses a literature of her own worthy of herself.

WALTER LEWIN.

ANCIENT LAW AND MODERN CRITICISM.*

CONFIDENCE IN BELIEFS and boldness in their expression, though entertaining in works of fiction and useful in moral treatises, are often misleading, and sometimes even mischievous, in historical disputations on legal rights. A disregard of this fact is the characteristic defect of some forcible productions which have lately been published on the land laws of Bengal, and Mr. Bell will probably, on reflection, acknowledge that little injustice to himself is involved in the suggestion that his interesting pamphlet does not form an exception to the rule. Well written, full of emphatic views on theories of land tenure that have engrossed public attention and vivid in its presentments of the author's estimate of the conduct or writings of persons whose misfortune it is not to agree with him, the pamphlet is, nevertheless, an irrelevant, and consequently a valueless, contribution to an important controversy. There ought to be no real doubt in any practical mind of the precise scope of the questions which can reasonably be raised over recent projects of Rent-Law reform in Bengal. It seems to be the determination of the Legislature, wisely or unwisely, to enforce with unyielding consistency certain principles adopted by the Government of India in 1793, when, in the law known as the Permanent Settlement, it stereotyped what it found good, and set its face against what it thought evil, in the relations then existing between zemindars and ryots. The professions of the present Government of India make nothing clearer than its desire to uphold the principles laid down in the provisions of the Permanent Settlement, and emphasised afresh in the Rent Law of 1859. The range of intelligent and ingenuous criticism seems, therefore, to be restricted to the recognition and approval of every fresh and fair illustration of the old position, or to the detection and condemnation of every new and unfair departure from it. A contract can neither be diluted by ingenious afterthoughts, nor enlivened by the play of imagination. The only way of respecting it is to enforce its terms, and perhaps

* The Restoration of the Ancient Land Law ; or, The Ilbert Bill No. 2. By Henry Bell. *Englishman Press*, 1883.

a safe preliminary to their proper enforcement is a simple understanding of their meaning.

It may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the distinguishing features of the Permanent Settlement are its two solemn pledges. The first promised zemindars that the State had fixed the amount of the public demand on them for ever, and would never enhance it. The second promised to protect ryots from any infringement of their rights by zemindars. Unless there is some agreement on this point at starting, further discussion on the subject is hopeless. If this much is agreed on, the work of the candid student of all later legislation is, evidently, limited to ascertaining whether any proposal has been made to raise the revenue directly on the zemindar, and whether any step, which may be thought necessary for the protection of the ryot, will indirectly have any such result. It is equally unreasonable for the ryot to claim reforms which shall have the effect of raising the State demand on his landlord, and for the zemindar to object to any reform designed to protect the tenant from injury.

It is surely only as affecting the zemindar's right to hold his estate on a fixed demand for ever, that the character of his tenure of his estate comes into the arena of the discussion at all.

It is not, however, because evidence is wanting as to the true nature of the zemindar's property in his estate that any reservation on the subject is necessary. The available evidence relating to it is abundant and clear. As numerous side issues have been raised over the status of the zemindar, it may perhaps be advisable, in order to avoid the imputation of a desire to escape from a portion of the discussion which has evidently been considered important, to examine the claims that have been advanced on behalf of the zemindar. The view to which Mr. Bell inclines is stated with great plainness at page 11: "If words have any meaning, the Permanent Settlement regulations most distinctly recognise a property in land. They explicitly declared that the zemindars or landholders were the actual hereditary proprietors of the soil." Again, at page 13: "To understand the force and effect of this public recognition of the zemindars as proprietors, it must be remembered that the question at issue, and which Lord Cornwallis' government had to determine, was whether the zemindars were mere collectors of the revenue or the proprietors of the soil." It may perhaps be considered an instructive comment on this contention to point out that Mr. C. D. Field, in his able review of the *Tenure of Land in the Bengal Presidency*, published with the edition of his *Regulations of*

the Bengal Code which appeared in 1875, when the political atmosphere was not pervaded with partisan infection, summed up this very controversy, at page 31, with these words: "The Bengal zemindars, as we found them, were the persons who collected the revenue from the cultivators and other subordinate holders, and were responsible for paying it into the Government Treasury." The reader who refers to the passage will find how judiciously Mr. Field on that occasion pronounced his verdict, after carefully summing up all the available testimony on both sides. The outstanding fact from this verdict is that the persons whom the Cornwallis Code pronounced proprietors were previously the collectors of the State revenue from land; and this fact is not altered, as to the essential character of the relation, by the circumstance, referred to in Sir John Shore's Minute of April 2nd, 1788, that "most of the considerable zemindars in Bengal may be traced to an origin within the last century and a half." Further information about this hereditary office will presently be placed before the reader, but it may be noted here that its origin is not lost in antiquity, as has sometimes been imagined.

Some useful information on the position of the zemindar may also be obtained from section 77 of Regulation VIII of 1973 which begins thus: "The estimated provision for the landholders and their families, where the assessment may be fixed on the ascertained produce of their lands, is stated generally at 10 per cent. on the jumma payable by them." The idea of an hereditary owner of land, in any strictly English sense of the word, reserving to himself one-tenth of the produce, and cheerfully yielding the remaining nine-tenths to the State, is sufficiently curious to arouse far-reaching questions. The further such questions reach, the better. For it is not improbable that the confusion apparently existing in the popular mind, on which interested advocates have been trading, may be owing to the supposition that Lord Cornwallis made the collectors of the Bengal land revenue proprietors of land in the English sense of the word. There is nothing in common between an English landlord and a Bengali zemindar. The English landlord, holding his estate in fee-simple, pays no revenue to the State, and can only be deprived of his estate by escheat for felony, though he can evict his tenants at discretion. The Bengali zemindar, originally assessed at a revenue which represented a large proportion of the rents recovered by him, was permitted to retain only a fraction for himself—suggesting the obvious deduction of a commission on his collections; and, while unable to evict a considerable

number of his tenants, whose special claims on their tenures has always been recognised, was himself liable to be summarily evicted for failure to pay his dues to the State.

So little was any pretence of special sanctity recognised in the simple relation on which Lord Cornwallis impressed the title of "proprietorship," for which Act X of 1859 substituted "landholder," that no period of grace of any duration whatever was allowed to any zemindar who failed to make payment of his dues. If, by sunset of the appointed date, the instalment of revenue was not forthcoming, all the sacredness of the zemindar's claim disappeared forthwith, and his estate was peremptorily sold to realise the State demand. That it might have been prudent, under certain precautions, to enlist the sympathy of a powerful class on the side of a foreign Government by liberal concessions, no one will deny. But it would be difficult to invent any conditions by which the Government, while resorting to every legitimate sentimental concession, could more determinately have preserved the real character of revenue collectors, in which it found the Bengali zemindars, than those in which its legislation left them. Pay, it said, and be whatever fancy paints you; but delay your payment for a day, and out you go on the spot. No political consideration, no sentimental device shall save you from the fate of a revenue collecting agent. Can it be believed that any such terms would ever be offered to, or accepted by, real owners of land?

It sheds valuable light on the temper of present discussions on this point to realise plainly that the zemindars of 1793, so far from resenting the conditions imposed by Lord Cornwallis, thankfully accepted them; and that the zemindars of 1859, so far from detecting any deep-laid conspiracies in the development of Lord Cornwallis's policy, which was matured by Act X of 1859, in perfect harmony with the identical principles on which a further development of the same policy is contemplated to-day, acquiesced in it with an unconcern that affords a suggestive commentary on the enthusiastic indignation of 1884. It is impossible to disregard the significance of these facts, and one reason why they impart an unpleasant complexion to the rhetorical excesses of Mr. Bell's and other productions is that, while quoting freely from Harrington's *Analysis* statements which tell in favor of the zemindars, they omit all reference to the following and similar passages in the same work: "The zemindar appears to be a landholder of a peculiar description, not definable by any single term in our language. A receiver of the territorial revenue of the estate from the ryots and other under-tenants of land; allowed to succeed to his zemind-

dari by inheritance, yet in general required to take out a renewal of his title from the sovereign, or his representative, on payment of a *peskash*, or fine, on investiture, and *nasarana*, or present, to his provincial delegate, the Nazim; permitted to transfer his zemindari by sale or gift, yet commonly expected to obtain previous special permission; privileged to be generally the annual collector for the public revenue receivable from the zemindari, yet set aside with a limited provision in land or money, whenever it was the pleasure of the Government to collect the rents by separate agency, or to assign them temporarily or permanently by the grant of a *jagir* or *altamga*."—Harrington III, 399. It is troublesome to understand how, with such evidence before them, writers aspiring to any higher rôle than that of partisans can fail to see two things. One is that the pretence of a hereditary landed proprietary dating beyond the Permanent Settlement, which is sometimes flourished in newspapers, has no foundation in fact. The other, that, though the Government of India in 1793 evidently desired to create such a body, it did so for specific reasons, and made its handsome concessions on distinct conditions. It has been the complaint of every administration of Bengal in this century, as it was that of the immediate successors of Lord Cornwallis in the last, that the zemindars have not fulfilled the conditions on which they were made landlords. It has accordingly become the recognised duty of the Government to apply pressure to the zemindars in order to correct unforeseen, or at any rate unexpected, abuses of their position.

By nine out of ten unprejudiced people familiar with the history of the subject, a proposal made by any Government of India to restore the ancient land law of Bengal would at once be understood as a proposal to revert, as far as possible, to the ideas set before him by Lord Cornwallis. There can be no serious pretence of any other interpretation of any such proposal, for Act X of 1859 has familiarised the public mind with the main features of the one single, possible, necessary, policy of the Government in relation to the land revenue administration of Bengal; and the official reports, which have filled up the intervals of State action, have only shown how necessary such action had become, and how wise.

In the pamphlet before us, another and quite different view of the matter seems to have been taken. "This ancient land law," we read, "is supposed to have been destroyed during the century and a quarter of British misrule, and it is now to be revived for the benefit of the present generation. It is difficult to understand how any sane person could entertain so wild, so extravagant an idea. We have

in Bengal some fifty millions of people chiefly occupied in agricultural pursuits; and who can foresee what desires will be roused, what animosities provoked by a law which will subvert all existing rights for the purpose of 'restoring the ancient land law of the country'? So far as Bengal is concerned no political necessity is alleged for this stupendous proposal. It has burst on the landholders like a bolt from an unclouded sky. After enjoying for more than a century, under British rule, their rights of property in peace and quietness, they are suddenly told that in former times there existed a law, which previous governments had overlooked, but which must now at any cost be restored. If we could suppose Mr. Gladstone introducing a Bill into the House of Commons to confer on the English farmer of to-day the supposed rights and privileges of the Saxon yeomen under the Heptarchy, we should have a faint idea of the scope and tendency of Lord Ripon's measure." If all this is a playful sally, most earnest minds will not perhaps hesitate to pronounce it inappropriate. If it is intended as a serious reflection, it is distinguished by a sacrifice of accuracy in a region of facts in which information is easily available to everybody. Mr. Bell must make his choice of the inferences resting on the alternative hypothesis.

Two inconsistent explanations are given, at intervals, of the origin of the Bengal Tenancy Bill, which it may be necessary briefly to examine in this place. One explanation represents the present Viceroy as a revolutionist posing in the attitude of a Radical reformer, and overturning every existing institution, as it comes under his observation, in its turn. The other represents the Government as having been roused to the necessity of legislation by the cries of distress raised by the "rattened" landlord, but as offering him a stone where he had asked for bread. These explanations will be seen to be mutually destructive. One has already been partially refuted by the information already placed before the reader. Its refutations can best be completed by an examination of the other, the intermixture of truth in which entitles it to sober treatment.

It is undeniable that, since agrarian disturbances have broken out in Eastern Bengal, beginning in 1872, zemindars have experienced increasing difficulty in recovering rents from their tenants. The explanation given of this difficulty by district officers who know the people best is that, with improved government and increasing knowledge, the cultivating classes, who formerly tamely submitted to severe exactions, have combined to offer resistance to their landlords, and, in the new-found sense of strength which such combination

has given them, have not been content with resisting illegal, but have also to a greater or less extent resisted perfectly legal, claims.

It is a mistake to paint the ryot in this or for that matter in any other connexion, as an entirely innocent and suffering lamb. A lamb he may truly be styled in some of his uncomfortable relations with the zemindar standing higher up the social stream, and a real sufferer he must fairly be called under any circumstances; but that he has an inherent regard for righteousness, which invests him with scruples about pressing any advantage which fortune may throw in his way, is what no careful writer can affirm. He is no better than the zemindar, and in some respects he is what the zemindar has made him. But those who imagine that mistakes resulting from deliberate and persistent wrong-doing can be undone in a day, without any penalty of suffering on the part of wrong-doers, ignore one of the commonest, if one of the most solemn, lessons of human history.

On confronting the agrarian disturbances or combinations of recent years, the Government has been compelled to see something more than the helpless zemindar wringing his hands in dismay because he is unable often to realize his rents. It has seen the recusant ryot refusing, indeed, at times, to pay any rent at all, but pleading the shameless extortion of the zemindar as the justification of his rebellion. No British Government, under such circumstances, dare formally facilitate by legislation the recovery by the zemindar of his proper dues, without at the same time legislating against his notorious abuse of his influence. But to enquire into the possible basis of future legislation under existing conditions was to discover at starting that, if the zemindars' complaints have been true, the ryots' complaints have been truer, and that the entire difficulties of the situation, whether or not they have been exclusively attributable to the failure of the zemindars to fulfil the obligations imposed on them by the Permanent Settlement, are certainly in some measure traceable to this cause. The language of the Regulation of 1793 so clearly enjoins certain duties on the zemindar, and so plainly reserves to the State a right to take future measures for the protection of ryots, that it would be impossible for the Government either to refuse to interfere between the contending parties, or to interfere in the matter at all without guaranteeing to both sides a fuller enjoyment of their respective rights. Act X of 1859 professed to make good to ryots in Bengal certain rights recognised as belonging to them in 1793, but not developed—nay rather destroyed or threatened—in the conflict of rival interests in the intervening period. The

present Bengal Tenancy Bill professes to supply the defects which later experience has disclosed in the rent legislation of 1859. It is not to be expected that zemindars will take kindly to provisions intended to secure the ryot against oppression on their part.

The confusion imported into discussions of this subject by unfair or unintelligent critics, who insist on justice to everybody, but protest against severity against landlords, need not disturb the judgment of unprejudiced observers of the conflict, who know that, in any restitution of rights that have been infringed, severe treatment may form a necessary part of the remedy of a bad disease. It would be a great mistake, of course, to treat Mr. Bell as either a dishonest or a stupid writer, but no offence against propriety can be involved in a simple recognition of the fact that, whether from a preference for more interesting aspects of the subject, or from a desire to be of service to a party which he honestly believes to be aggrieved, he has ignored wholesale the particular elements of the conflict in which are centred the higher responsibilities of the Government, which furnish the most powerful incentives to any official action as well as the strongest arguments in its justification, and which constitute the claim of this conflict to a place in history.

It was hardly possible for Mr. Bell, with his solid powers, to write on such a subject without, in one sense, attracting the unpreoccupied reader. But in general the earnest mind, roused to a sense of the gravity of the crisis, will refuse to be enthralled by suggestions whose irrelevance is irritating, and whose antiquarian interest leads to no practical result. The Government is called on to arbitrate between landlord and tenant in such a way as, while securing the landlord in his freedom from enhancement of revenue, to secure for the tenant every privilege or right conceded to him by the Cornwallis Code, and confirmed by Act X of 1859. If the Government, when legislating for this object, prefers to be guided by the experience it has obtained to being led a dance by the speculations of amateur statesmen, and is unjustly condemned for this exercise of a wise discretion, its critics must take the risk of being regarded as frivolous or worse.

The one exception to the generally unpractical reflections of Mr. Bell will be found in his thoughtful lament that freedom of sale in respect of occupancy rights is likely to leave the ryot a beggar in a few years. "It is idle to expect," he says, "that these occupancy rights when sold will be purchased by cultivators. They have not as a body the capital to purchase such rights: one result must inevitably follow. In a few years the cultivating occupancy ryot will have disappeared; and in his place will be a ryot abso-

lutely without rights ; holding as a tenant-at-will under a capitalist who has bought up the land as a speculation." The prophecy enclosed in this lament may or may not be verified by the future. In Mr. Bell's pamphlet, as we have seen, candour in publishing beliefs confidently held involves no guarantee of their accuracy. In some instances, indeed, the correctness of a statement is in inverse ratio to its emphasis. But grave apprehensions may reasonably be entertained of the future of an uneducated and imperfectly protected ryot left to deal with his rights of occupancy under the joint inspiration of impecuniosity and freedom of sale. Suggestions on this danger, however, possess their value, because of the motive which prompts them and the conclusions to which they lead. To have opposed the liberation of slaves in Jamaica, because license would kill off slaves whose moral nature was still in shackles, would have been one thing ; and to oppose it, on the ground that they had no right to freedom, and that their liberty would injure some planters, another. The occupancy ryot has occupancy rights, which it is well worth the while of the State to conserve by careful legislation. Any temptation to ruin himself, to which the ryot may be exposed, may well demand legislation designed to protect him. But little sympathy can be roused by lamentations which betray a preference for the ryots being ruined by the zemindars in the present over the possibility of his ruining himself in the future.

W. C. MADGE.

CREMATION.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO the question of disposing of the dead by burning was constantly discussed at Debating Societies. Well does the writer remember an animated debate at the Union Society of the University of Cambridge when the subject was handled on both sides with the ingenuous fervour and the headlong positivism then, as now, characteristic of youthful oratory. On the one hand, the advocates of the reform declared their willingness—nay, their eagerness—to be reduced to ashes in the most rapid manner known to modern science, and one speaker in a glowing peroration likened the smoke ascending from the crematorium to the flight of the spirit to higher regions “of pure and serene air;” while the other side wisely wagged their heads and, with precocious solemnity, talked with bated breath of the Resurrection, and the danger which would threaten that fundamental article of the Christian faith if ever the revolutionary proposal of the “honourable gentleman opposite” were adopted.

A society was also formed. Ever and anon rumours were abroad that men of “light and leading” had conveyed the remains of their dead to a foreign and more enlightened clime and had there burnt them in peace and quietness, none daring to make them afraid. But in England the custom did not spread. Cremation, if not illegal, was undoubtedly unrecognised and unauthorised by the law; and, just as a bereaved husband (if of respectable social position), anxious to marry his deceased wife’s sister usually makes his way to some continental refuge where such unions are legal, so a widower who desired to dispose of his lost spouse in the new and scientific fashion used to hie him to some distant country, and then insert in the British journals a record of his daring deed. The new custom was not generally adopted, partly, no doubt, because popular sentiment esteemed it an eccentricity, but principally, perhaps, because the necessary cost of conveying mourners and remains abroad put it beyond the reach of any but the most wealthy.

A recent case has, however, brought the question once more prominently before the public. A half-crazy Welshman, Dr. Price, who rejoices in the appellation of the “Welsh Druid,” was lately discovered

performing the rite of cremation on the top of a Welsh mountain. We do not know whether that elevated site was chosen from a laudable desire to assist the spirit in the upward flight which the Union Orator before referred to so eloquently described, or from a natural craving for quiet and solitude during the mystic and sacred rite.

The arrangements were of the simplest. An open fire was lighted, and on it was placed the corpse of the "Druid's" child.

This domestic incident, however, came to the ears of the neighbours; and, in his descent from the mountain, this modern Abraham met with a reception the reverse of flattering. An angry mob surrounded him, and soon afterwards he was committed for trial at the Assizes. The presiding Judge, who was no other than Mr. Justice Fitz-James Stephen of Indian fame, charged the Grand Jury in exact opposition to the ideas of the populace and the notions of the committing Magistrates. There is nothing in the law, said he, which requires that a dead body should be disposed of in any particular way, and therefore there is nothing illegal in cremation. Acting on his instructions, the Grand Jury threw out the Bill and Dr. Price left the Court "without a stain on his character." With a surprising and sudden change of feeling, traceable doubtless to their profound respect for the majesty of the law, the people, who had formerly treated him as an unnatural monster of barbarous tastes, now hailed him as the pioneer of an advanced civilisation. He was escorted home by an admiring and applauding crowd.

An opinion so clear and authoritative, given with characteristic decision by the most eminent criminal judge on the Bench, put new heart into the Cremationists. What the Welsh Druid had done in a rude and amateur fashion, they determined to make possible to the people in an orderly and complete method. The cheerful neighbourhood of Woking was further enlivened by the presence of a crematorium, and legal sanction was asked for the practice. This was sought by a "Disposal of the Dead (Regulation) Bill" introduced by Dr. Cameron and backed by Dr. Farquharson and Sir Lyon Playfair, all distinguished authorities on scientific matters.

On the motion for the second reading an interesting and instructive debate arose. The subject was treated from every imaginable point of view—scientific, hygienic, historical, and (by Mr. Warton, the champion-blocker) religious.

That intellectual gentleman, whose parliamentary achievements are usually limited to the advocacy of legislation on patent medicines and attempts, more or less successful, to prevent legislation on everything else, actually contrived to introduce the Resurrection, which one

would have thought had as much to do with the question as the Equator. The other opponents of the measure based their hostility on many and various grounds.

The Home Secretary was especially versatile. Classic lore supplied him proofs that the experience and the sentiment of mankind almost from the earliest period of history were opposed to the burning of the dead. Greeks and Romans alike buried their dead, though, with an intelligence far surpassing the Christians of succeeding ages, they insisted on *extra-mural* interments. In the case of Rome burning belonged only to the degenerate days of the Empire; in the palmy days of the Republic burying was the universal practice. More practical was Sir William Harcourt's objection that he was overworked already, and that the detection of poison would be rendered more difficult, if not impossible, were cremation universally adopted.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the doctors made out a strong case. The germ theory, which seems to be gaining almost universal acceptance among scientific men of all nations, was naturally the foundation of their most forcible arguments. If it be true that the decaying corpses buried in our great towns and country villages—in most cases close to the abodes of the living—are forcing-houses for the germs of the most terrible diseases, there is certainly a *prima facie* case in favour of the adoption of some system which at least does not entail such awful consequences. Cholera, it would seem, is especially liable to be spread in this way. In the viscera of persons who have died under this scourge of Eastern nations are numbers of microscopic organisms. When the body is buried these organisms find a congenial home in the moist earth and increase enormously. Frequently the churchyard or cemetery drains into a neighbouring brook which supplies the village or the town with water; and then, of course wholesale poisoning ensues among the water-drinkers of the neighbourhood. The "earth to earth" system which dispenses with any coffin, save a thin shell of wicker-work, is the most dangerous of all. For so long as a leaden coffin is used, the ghostly "organisms" are confined, and are comparatively innocuous, but the method which hastens decay also afford them every facility for propagation.

Grim and horrible as are the spectres conjured up by the advocates of cremation before the public, whom they wish to convince by dark hints of the nameless horrors of putrefaction and decay which would be witnessed if the soil of any "God's acre" were disturbed, its opponents have one spell even more potent

because more personal. The interiors of our churchyards may be hideous, but at least they are safely covered with a veil of decency which it is illegal to disturb. But ever since the time of Burke and Hare, and even more acutely since the trial and conviction of Palmer, English people have had a morbid dread of the stealthy murder which uses poison as its weapon. Nor has any triumph of medical knowledge ever impressed the public so profoundly as the detection of even the most subtle poison long after death. Never surely was afforded a more dramatic exposition of Horace's lines—

Raro antecedentem scelestum

Deseruit pede pœna claudo

than in the doom which fell unerringly on the guilty poisoners of the last generation. Quite recently also, two women have been discovered and punished at Liverpool; while, in Switzerland, a new rival to Brinvilliers has at last reaped the reward of a ghastly career of crime. In all these cases poison was used by wife, friend, or nurse. A medical certificate was duly obtained, and the bodies buried in the usual course. But, nevertheless, the poison was detected after exhumation, and a combination of forensic and medical skill wove a network of damning proof round the criminals. Every conviction of this sort impresses the vulgar. The processes are so wonderful to them that they seem like the resistless and impalpable agencies of the Deity. A new meaning is given to the familiar proverbs,—such as "Murder will out"—and a renewed serenity and complacency fills the popular mind as it reflects that the knowledge of the protectors of society advances as far and as fast as that of its enemies.

But all these safeguards are said to be in danger if cremation becomes usual. In the "frosted silver" which alone remains after the process no poison could be detected. To this argument it is replied that according to the Bill no cremation can take place without a special permit from the Registrar of Deaths, to be granted on the production of a medical certificate given after personal attendance on the deceased, or after a *post mortem* examination, and stating that death undoubtedly resulted from natural causes. So far, so good—but even the elaborate machinery of the laws relating to burials have failed to secure the end for which it was designed, and it may fairly be contended that similar evasions of the law relating to cremation would be prevalent. If a medical officer of health did really make an examination of a dead body, which would be efficacious in detecting foul play, he would reasonably be

dissatisfied with the very moderate fee of 5s., which is the sum fixed in the Bill.

In this respect, then, the opponents of the proposed change have undoubtedly the best of the argument.

The cremationists have, however, a second line of defence to this attack. It is a popular delusion, say they, to suppose that all poisons can be detected in an exhumed body. The most subtle of them decay with the body itself, and therefore can only be detected soon after the burial of the corpse. Moreover the scientists may sometimes discover too much, for certain kinds of poisons are formed in putrefied bodies and so—a little knowledge being here a specially dangerous thing—the too zealous investigator may do serious injustice to the relatives and attendants of the deceased. This information is disquieting, but while it undoubtedly tends to destroy any lingering love for the system of burial, it does not do much to strengthen one's belief in cremation. In the "earth to earth" system there is a period of three years after death when exhumation is possible; in the case of lead coffins, twenty years must elapse before the body is reduced to its component parts. But when it is cremated, one hour is sufficient to complete destruction. It is claimed as a reason for cremation that it does exactly the same work in one hour which burial takes three to twenty years to accomplish. But this would place a narrow and short "Statute of Limitations" on the detection of crime, especially as it is admitted that arsenic, which is stated by the Home Secretary to be the most common poison employed, is sublimated by heat, and cannot be identified after the corpse has been buried. The discussion, in short, is more disturbing than comforting; and the application of the law of averages airily suggested by some of the advocates of cremation is scarcely satisfactory to the individual. It *may* be true that "any occasional miscarriage of justice" would be but as a drop in the ocean as compared with the benefit to the living; but, nevertheless, the mass of the living dread the chance of being poisoned by a miscreant secure in the improbability of detection more than outbreaks of disease which they call "Providential Dispensations," although they are really due to lack of sanitary precautions.

To the great majority of the readers of this *Review* the whole discussion doubtless seems worthy of the contemptuous description "much ado about nothing." A city which boasts a huge crematorium almost in its centre, and to the inhabitants of which cremation is an every-day occurrence, may feel inclined to laugh at so portentous a display of classical erudition on the one side, and of scientific

learning on the other. *Solvitur ambulando*, the readers of this article may exclaim : A practical experience proves that cremation is complete, cleanly, innocuous. But even in India some doubt exists whether surreptitious poisoning is not facilitated by the rapid disposal of the dead. Sir George Campbell naively admitted that there was an extraordinary number of Hindu widows, and the new method is exclusively confined to the Hindus. Matrimonial happiness is we hope more common among Christians—at all events there are but few British husbands who would begin to go in dread of their lives if cremation were introduced. After all, the supreme law in social as in political life is or should be the greatest good of the greatest number ; and if this is admitted, personal prejudice should not lead even the most hen-pecked husband to resist a system which would free the world from a large proportion of the epidemics to which it is intermittently subject.

E. F. ASHWORTH BRIGGS.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

JOURNAL OF THE UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION OF INDIA
MAY, 1884.—The United Service Institution of India has laboured under many disadvantages compared with its elder sister in England. Simla, although the summer seat of Government, can hardly be considered as even the temporary capital of India; and, although there is a growing tendency on the part of aspirants to fame (and appointments!) to gravitate towards Head Quarters, the difficulties and expense of travelling, even in these days of railways, and other considerations, prevent many officers from delivering lectures as well as from attending them and taking part in discussions.

Papers can certainly be read by others than the authors; and even, if not read, they can be published in the Journal; but it is doubtful whether the best suggestions carry as much weight in print, as when they can be orally communicated to a critical and competent audience, and then and there discussed.

There is, moreover, undoubtedly less leisure in India than in England, and many who might make valuable contributions to military literature feel disinclined, after many weary hours of office work, to again sit down to their desks. Some there are who have energy enough to continue their labours with the pen at times when others are glad to turn to other forms of relaxation, and these have from time to time contributed valuable papers, which have sometimes led to solid results. There are others, who, seized by the *cacoëthes scribendi*, have aired their somewhat crude ideas on many different subjects, regarding which perhaps neither close study nor experience had qualified them to give reliable opinions.

It is, indeed, an open question whether there is not too much writing in the present day: the tendency of the modern system of examinations is undoubtedly to give too much weight to mere theoretical knowledge, and to undervalue more practical, though perhaps less brilliant, acquirements.

Men can quote glibly from Clery, and argue on questions of strategy who would be all abroad if they were asked to drill a

battalion or manœuvre brigade; while defective eyesight, or the want of that readiness of resource which is the most valuable attribute of a soldier, would render them quite unfit to command in the field. It is not intended to infer that higher professional and technical education is unnecessary, but there are few commanding officers who are not of opinion, that the British officer is in these days often taught to run before he can walk. Young subalterns who have not even properly learned their drill, much less become acquainted with the interior economy of their regiments, are sent to garrison courses or signalling and gymnastic classes; their Battalions lose their services for months at a time, and the Regimental duties fall heavily on the few officers who remain.

Whatever may be said to the contrary we are strongly of opinion that it is quite unnecessary for every officer to be an engineer or a surveyor, and that the rudiments of field fortification and field sketching, as well as of other subjects, might be sufficiently well taught at Regimental Head Quarters. Sufficient officers would always be found whose natural tastes would lead them to go through a garrison course as volunteers, in the same way as candidates for the staff college now apply to go through the higher curriculum.

The Council of the Indian United Service Institution is composed of officers of position and experience, many of them having highly distinguished themselves in the field; and, as all papers are published under their authority, it is to be presumed, that a working committee, selected from their number, makes a selection of the papers submitted for publication. Probably it is owing to a scarcity of contributions, or from a wish to encourage officers to write, that papers have been published from time to time which have been singularly devoid of information and interest, and that the value of the numbers of the Journal has been very fluctuating.

The Journal for May 1884, although perhaps rather too much filled up with "padding," contains several interesting and instructive papers, which will be noticed seriatim; with regard to future numbers it may not be impertinent to suggest that the writer who wishes to be read and remembered would do well to condense as much as possible. In these days of innumerable publications there are few people who have either leisure or inclination to wade through a lengthy essay.

The first original paper in the Journal under notice is one on the German Manœuvres at Homburg, 1883, by Lieut.-Colonel Middleton, K. O. Royal Lancaster Regiment, and consists of a detailed account of the various manœuvres and exercises performed

by the XI Army Corps, and by the divisions, brigades, and regiments composing it, together with notes made at the time by the author.

The account, though rather desultory, is interesting and instructive, and enters sufficiently into detail to enable us to compare the German system of instruction with our own in several particulars. It is impossible to recapitulate all these within the limits of a review, and a few of the more remarkable points of the German system of drill and discipline will alone be noticed.

1st.—Companies of a battalion are not instructed in the same subjects simultaneously, but each company varies its occupation every day. The instruction of companies is carried on entirely by the captains.

2nd.—Knapsacks are generally worn at drill, and the men do not appear to be incommoded by them. During marches of fully ten miles Colonel Middleton never saw a man fall out.

3rd.—Men are practised collectively in crossing country and passing obstacles.

4th.—In target practice more attention appears to be paid to *direction* than to *elevation*, and the men fire a greater or less number of rounds according to their proficiency, the worst shots repeating the practice again and again.

Volley-firing was very little employed, and no attempt was made to utilise long range fire by infantry; range-finders were not used.

In these respects we appear to be in advance of the Germans.

5th.—Men appeared to drink very little water or other liquid on the march, and during a month at Homburg, Colonel Middleton never saw a drunken soldier!

Would that we could imitate the Germans in these respects. The British soldier in India cannot march half a mile, even in the cold weather, without calling for the *bheestie*, and his failing with regard to strong drink is what we all deplore.

6th.—Singing on the march is a favorite amusement of the German soldier; but, although British soldiers occasionally sing, and thereby relieve the monotony of a march, the practice is not a general one.

7th.—Artillery is fired at very long ranges, and very seldom moved. Their positions were well chosen.

8th.—Cavalry appear to have been always held in readiness, but to have had few opportunities of acting with effect during the manoeuvres.

9th.—Opposing forces were allowed to come to close quarters, and even to cross bayonets, when the men halted and laughed at each other ! This would be a dangerous experiment to try with some of our British regiments, while to bring British and Native regiments (however friendly) into such close contact, would undoubtedly lead to bloodshed.

10th.—On the whole, Colonel Middleton considers that the German infantry is not superior to ours in physique, but that they march better. Their discipline appears to be sterner than ours, and there is probably an absence of the kindly feeling between officers and men which exists with us, and which has led to so many victories.

The cavalry are neither so well mounted nor so smart as ours.

The artillery is also inferior in appearance, but workmanlike and efficient.

It seems somewhat remarkable that the infantry officers, as a rule, ride extremely well. Captains of companies are constantly mounted in the field, but dismount when they come under infantry fire.

There is a general chain of responsibility, actual as well as theoretical, between the grades of officers, and when once committed to a fight there is no interference with subordinate officers.

The *object* of all operations was explained to all ranks, a wise precaution, which, if always adopted, might save many a disaster.

The second paper is a Narrative of the British Wars with China from 1840 to 1860. Selected from a Military Report on China by Major Mark Bell, V.C., R.E., A.Q.M.G.

This is an account of the events which led to the various collisions with China, and of the hostilities that followed ; it is necessarily a long paper ; and, although it occupies 53 pages of the Journal, it is to be continued in the next number.

The opium trade was made the excuse for a series of restrictions and acts of violence on the part of the Chinese, all having for their object the exclusion of foreigners ; and at last, when diplomacy had failed, the first regular war broke out in 1840. It is unnecessary to follow the thread of the narrative, and it would be difficult to give an abridged account of the whole of the operations during twenty years. There is frequent repetition of obstinacy, blustering, and imbecility on the part of the Chinese, who, in spite of powerful armaments, extensive preparations, and vastly superior numbers, were never able to make a successful stand against our combined naval and military forces. Individually brave, and some-

times even heroic, with an apparent contempt of death, the Chinese troops appear to have no cohesion, and melt away before the attack of a disciplined force.

The Mandarins do not seem to have dared to admit their defeats when reporting to the Imperial Head-Quarters, but in the most childish way represented every reverse as a success. The real state of affairs, however, could not be concealed, and many a high official eventually suffered death or degradation. The worst enemy that our men met with was the climate, but drink certainly added much to the mortality. The present portion of Major Bell's paper refers only to the operations down to 1842; it concludes with a "Description of scene of hostilities," comprising information and statistics which may be valuable for future guidance.

Captain E. G. Barrow, 7th N. I., contributes a paper on The Peshawar Border, the materials for which have been collected from official sources, and may therefore be considered as generally reliable. It gives a clear and concise account of the lawless border tribes who inhabit the mountains and valleys along the Peshawar Frontier, enumerating the various clans, and the districts recognised as belonging to each, and roughly estimating the number of fighting men which each can bring into the field.

Of all the tribes the Afridis are the most powerful, the most numerous, and the best armed; and they can still boast that they have never been subdued. They are divided into eight great clans, and although some of those dwelling chiefly in the lower valleys and on our immediate Frontier, have at times been severely punished, and brought under some sort of discipline, their summer home in the highlands of Tira has never yet been invaded.

Such an enterprise as an invasion of Tira would be a serious undertaking, and would require a large and well equipped force, excellent arrangements, a resolute commander, and plenty of time. To make a rapid raid on the country would be utterly useless, and we should have to establish ourselves firmly, and wait patiently, until the tribes were starved and forced into submission.

The best method of dealing with these wild freebooters is a question which has exercised the minds and taxed the ability of our Frontier politicals for many years, and it can hardly be said that our relations with them are yet established on any very firm basis. As long as it suits them they remain quiet; but it only requires a spark to kindle a flame, and again set the Frontier in a blaze. At present the plan of subsidising the tribes appears to answer fairly well, and at any rate has the effect of keeping the passes open,

and rendering them tolerably safe for traffic. Were another war to break out with Afghanistan, however, it would be impossible to place much confidence in the fidelity of those who have been so long in our pay, and it is pretty certain that they would act exactly as appeared to them best for their immediate interests.

It is to be hoped that, should a British army once more find itself in the Khaibar, affairs may be managed differently from what they were during the last campaign; when tribes were friendly one day and hostile another, and yet were rarely severely dealt with. A combination of war and diplomacy will never answer: when the political fails, the soldier should have sole authority, until the enemy submits unconditionally. Playing off one tribe against another sounds very well in theory, but it is a complicated game which can only be played by an adept, and circumstances will arise which will disturb the best contrived combinations. The day is probably not far distant when it will be absolutely necessary to decide once for all whether we can best consult our own safety and convenience by continuing to tolerate the present state of our relations with our lawless neighbours, or whether we shall crush and humble them. Captain Barrow's paper entirely fulfils the object for which it was professedly written, *viz.*, to give those unacquainted with the Frontier a fair general idea of the composition, numbers, and mode of life of what are well termed the robber tribes.

The remainder of the Journal is filled up by "Occasional Papers" and "Notices of Books." Glancing rapidly through the former we find that many of them deal with statistics and technicalities of little interest to most readers, and more suitable for the pigeon-holes of the Intelligence Department than for the pages of a Military Journal.

Descriptions of equipment and armament of different nations are, however, not out of place, and it is singular to note that, while the Germans retain the knapsack, the Russians have discarded it as being too heavy. This is the more remarkable, as the Germans are not likely to be engaged in any campaign where they could not utilise railways to a great extent, while Russian soldiers are constantly employed in remote countries where camels and horses are still the only means of transport.

The Lyman-Thaskell gun, an American invention, will, if perfected, create a complete revolution in gunnery. The principle consists in igniting successive charges of powder behind the projectile *during its passage along the bore*, the charges being contained in reservoirs below the gun but connected with it, and fired successively by the flame of the original breech charge as the projectile passes

over each reservoir. The result claimed is an immensely accelerated speed for the projectile, giving a range of from twelve to fifteen miles, with enormous penetration.

A description of the new pattern rifle, manufactured at Enfield, has already appeared in many newspapers. With many improvements it still appears to possess one or two defects, which may yet be remedied.

"Military Transport by Indian Railways," by David Ross, has already been favorably noticed in these columns. The United Service Journal reviewer equally appreciates the value of the book.

"Short Review of a Russian Military Pamphlet on Tactical Instruction." This treats of drill and tactics *ab origine*, and discusses the merits of various formations, and the use of different arms under varying circumstances. The Russians, unlike the Germans, believe that volley-firing is more effective than independent firing.

"Manual of Tactical Instruction for cavalry in mounted formation (from the Russian)" is a sort of commentary on the Russian cavalry drill book, and contains little that is new. The writer of the notice remarks that Russian experience and teaching is on much the same lines as our own as regards the employment of cavalry.

The reader may, however, recollect that on several occasions the Russian cavalry have made the fatal mistake of receiving an enemy's charge *at the halt*; this probably was not in accordance with their regulations on the subject.

The Strategical Importance of the Euphrates Valley Railway by the Austrian War Minister, is probably an interesting work: the subject is one which specially deserves careful attention at the present time.

The last book noticed is "The War in Turkmenia: Campaign of Skobeleff during 1880-81," by Major General Grodekoff, of which little but a table of contents is given; and the Journal ends with a list of recent military and other works.

SKETCHES OF SOCIAL LIFE IN INDIA. By C. T. Buckland, F.Z. S., Father of the Bengal Civil Service in 1881. *London: W. H. Allen & Co., 1884.*—These sketches, consisting of six chapters, which commence with "The Viceroy and his Court" and end with "Native Life in India," are light and readable, and written, as they are, by one who knows his subject well, may be relied upon as presenting the reader with a clear and correct account of the "tricks and the manners" of society in Bengal. The writer no doubt "tells the truth,"

in strict conformity to the Latin motto he lays claim to in his Preface; but whether he does so *ridentem* is hardly so certain. For these sketches, while not uninteresting and marked by a few shrewd touches, are not sparkling, and appear to be penned more with the view of conveying salutary formation to an abnormally ignorant British public, than to tickling the fancy and enlivening the dulness of heat-oppressed Anglo-Indian dwellers in the plains of Bengal.

In his first chapter the writer makes an historical allusion to the old barbarous times when "the great official people did not all run away to the hills of Simla and other mountain stations as soon as the weather became hot," and when a great annual ball was given at Government House on the Queen's birthday—a festival fraught with the deepest interest and anxiety for "the pretty half-caste girls of Calcutta;" when they would make onslaught upon the hearts of gay young civilians and ensigns, who doubtless, in those pagoda-tree days, revelled in buggies and silver tea-pots. But that, as we have said, was a savage era, before the introduction of railways and mutinies. Mr. Buckland draws a contrast between a journey of Bishop Heber's in 1824 from Calcutta to Dacca, which took him three months, and the same journey performed in 1879 by Mr. James Caird in three days, and tells us that "a fortnight, or at longest a month, is now deemed amply sufficient time for the travelling tourist to do India." Whereat we can only exclaim with Shelley, "Oh that it should be so!"

The hideous *levée* crushes which not long ago turned Government House into a bear-garden, are also treated of in this first chapter, and reference is made to a young Rajah, whom we in Calcutta all wot of, who is alluded to as "one very notable exception to ordinary native habits in the matter of dancing;" and who "is accepted by the best dancers in a ball-room as a very welcome partner." The writer has a word to say upon our Calcutta ladies' ball-dresses, and makes the "horrid" remark that "a critical eye can usually distinguish the fashions of at least three years, the latest arrived belles exhibiting the modes of the latest London season, whilst many are about a year out of date, and a few still adhere to the dresses which were in vogue two years before."

The second chapter relates to Members of Council, the chief evidence of whose presence in Calcutta, in these days of the Simla migration, consists in the swarm of scarlet-coated servants that hang about their doors.

Almost all the time that they spend in Calcutta they are groaning over the expenditure which they have to incur, for a Member of Council has

arrived at that time of life when the acquisition of money is more pleasing than the spending of it. * * * * But the Member of Council is no longer a very important element in the Indian Social System. * * * * Even at Simla the Member of Council is not much given to hospitality. It was said of a certain legislative member, who shall be nameless (and it is now an old tale), that the smoke was never seen to come out of his kitchen-chimney after his own frugal mid-day meal had been prepared.

It will thus be seen that our author is imbued with but little reverence for that halo of mysterious awe with which, for the uninitiated, the great personality of a Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council is surrounded.

We have some glimpses behind the scenes in the account of the Lieutenant-Governor and his ways, and are told how eager applicants for places are kept at a respectful distance by the polite inanity of "our form No. 1," the regretful remonstrance of "our form No. 2," and finally by the hope-shattering rebuff of "our form No. 3."

On page 45, Mr. Buckland tells of the arrival of that great official in his yacht at a civil station, and boldly insinuates that his inspection of Government offices is usually a solemn mockery.

If the Lieutenant-Governor is known to be of a cantankerous disposition, as has, unfortunately, been the case sometimes, the proper thing to be done is to lay traps for him, and to present to his eyes something which will at once give him offence; such, for instance, as a treasure-chest with a broken hinge, or a large bundle of old papers all worm-eaten and almost illegible. He will at once fly at these objects, so shocking to his sense of official propriety, and whilst he is fiercely hunting the foxes which have been thus turned out, he will pass blindly by a dozen other things which might really have been worthy of his notice.

We think we can make a shrewd guess as to the particular Lieutenant-Governor whom the writer had in his mind's eye when he wrote this passage; and here we will tell our readers a story. He (if he it was) of cantankerous memory, once, in the course of a gubernatorial tour, paid a visit to a mofussil college, and there, as he glanced over the shelves of the college library, his eye was caught by a book bearing on its cover the highly suspicious title *Morte d'Arthur*, and representing to be by one Malory. Great was His Honor's wrath at this unexpected sight. Turning to the trembling Principal, he inquired in tones of high moral indignation how it was that he allowed such pernicious literature as French Novels to defile the library shelves of a Government Institution for the training of the innocent youth of Bengal!

In the chapter on "English Colonists in Bengal," the writer gives us a sketch of life at an indigo factory, evidently drawn from

experience. He notices the energy of our Anglo-Indian young ladies, who, though the temperature may be above 80°, come out, of an afternoon, bright-faced and neatly dressed, ready for combat at Badminton or Tennis, and thinking little of the heat and the fatigue, if they can only get good partners and a good game.

Those who are accustomed to judge of Indian ladies only from their pale and worn countenances when they return invalided to England, would hardly believe with what vigour and spirit the same ladies played lawn-tennis in India as long as their health and strength lasted.

Chapter IV, on "The Bengal Civil Service," takes us back to the good old days when young civilians, on arriving in India, were entered as students in the College of Fort William (Writers' Buildings), where there were generally about thirty in residence at the same time. These "lights to the heathen" and "leaders of Oriental civilization" (for such they were destined to become, according to the parting address of the Chairman of the Court of Directors) received salaries of £400 a year supplemented by an additional sum of £400 which they were authorised to borrow from a paternal Government. The object of this loan was to anticipate and avert the fatal influence of the native money-lender, it is needless to say with but little success. The author gives an instance of one young civilian who, with a nominal income of £400 a year, maintained an establishment in Calcutta in which he would not allow the Arab horses in his stables to be counted. He seldom had less than forty horses, but he considered it unlucky to count them. It was the fashion for these young "men of light and leading" to get into debt to the tune of a lakh of rupees before leaving college. How different are the days on which we have fallen! Think of the times when at least twenty young civilians "would appear on the Course, or Rotten Row of Calcutta, every evening, dressed in the highest light of fashion, as an example to the rest of the fashionable world who had been longer exiled from England." *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!*

In chapter V Mr. Buckland has something to say on "that very curious tax which is known under the name of the license-tax," apparently so called, he says, because the Government was not permitted to call it an income-tax. On the abolition of the income-tax, some sort of direct taxation was justly deemed necessary, in order to reach the rich trading classes.

It was introduced under the name of a license-tax, whilst it is only a disguised and deformed income-tax, utterly failing to produce the amount which would be derived from a well administered income-tax, and only tolerated because

the tax-payers subject to it are well aware that almost any change in the law is likely to add to the amount of their taxation.

Here is another passage from the same chapter which is interesting as bearing upon a topic of the day. Discussing the tendency to mutilate and diminish the holiday privileges of the High Court Judges, and the unsympathising sternness of the Government of India in dealing with the question, the writer says :—

The Viceroy and his Councillors, and the Secretaries at Simla are not in the habit of taking any holidays. What are holidays to them when they are living in a cool and healthy climate, drawing salaries which were fixed on a scale suitable to a warmer temperature? Their only avowed relaxation is found in the interval of the moves from Calcutta to Simla, and from Simla back to Calcutta, when their offices are temporarily closed, and their travelling expenses are defrayed by Government. The Financial Secretary and his department always go to Simla, and they never feel the beam that is in their own eyes, however diligently they espy the moles when an ordinary toiler in the hot plains wants his travelling expenses paid.

The final chapter deals with "Native Life" where, among other remarks, the writer justly deplores the fact (and fact, we fear, it is) that an education in the English-teaching schools and colleges does not ordinarily generate a feeling of affection for the English Government or its representatives. Mr. Buckland explains this result by alleging that education has opened the eyes of young natives to the fact that their English rulers are in the enjoyment of the best things, a revelation which rouses in their minds a perpetual feeling of discontent with their own inferior lot. "They have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and find that they are naked." This theory may, perhaps, partially account for the existing state of things; but it is the undue cheapness, coupled also with the unreal character of the education imparted in our native colleges, rather than education itself that is the true cause of 'these tears.' It is the old story of over-supply; our native collegians jostle one another in their competition for employments suited to their intellectual acquirements; and the many who fail in their endeavours to get themselves put into one of the smallest of Government offices "that they may eat a piece of bread" naturally enough enter "Her Majesty's opposition," and devote their unappreciated talents to the oratorical and editorial denunciation of a Power that has, they consider, neglected their individual claims, and of the whole race to which it belongs.

Our author closes his book with some genial paragraphs in praise of a well-known Rajah (since deceased) of the Dacca district, and of an equally well-known Dacca Nawab,

SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST. Vol. XV. Upanishads, Part II. By F. Max Müller. *Clarendon Press : Oxford, 1884.*—Professor Max Müller's long and unremitting studies in the ancient religion and philosophy of India (to say nothing of other workers in the same field) leave English readers without a fair excuse for total ignorance of some of the strange names and thoughts that lie on the outskirts of the so-called jungle of Indian metaphysics. Readers of Vol. I of the Sacred Books of the East will welcome this the Professor's second contribution, which completes the translation of the eleven principal Upanishads upon which the many-sided Vedānta philosophy of the present day is based. In what is for him a singularly controversial preface, Professor Max Müller invites a careful comparison of his own translation with those of his predecessors to prove that "a small advance, at all events, has now been made towards a truer understanding of these ancient texts." At the same time, with a candour that his readers have learnt to expect from him under all circumstances, the Professor avows how he frequently has "had to translate certain passages tentatively only, or following the commentators, though conscious all the time that the meaning which they extract from the text cannot be the right one";—and again : "Thirty-five years ago, when I first worked at this Upanishad, I saw no difficulty in re-establishing what I thought the original text of the Upanishad must have been. I now feel that we know so little of the time and the circumstances when these half-prose and half-metrical Upanishads were first put together, that I should hesitate before expunging even the most modern sounding lines from the original context of these Vedāntic essays." The difficulties of a translation of these ancient works cannot perhaps be realised by any outside the very limited circle of Sanskritists. And yet, if we mistake not, the intelligently curious reader of Professor Max Müller's first volume will have had his share too of difficulties. His curiosity, at least, will have been stimulated in a marked degree by the discrepancies between the Professor's versions and those of his fellow translators. The Professor points out several instances of this kind in the second volume. An interesting one, not thus noticed*, is to be seen on page 11; verse 23 running thus :—"That Self cannot be gained by the Veda, nor by understanding, nor by much learning. *He whom the Self chooses, by him the Self can be gained. The Self chooses him (his body) as his own.*" A note refers to p. 40 where the verse occurs again, verbatim, in a different Upanishad (here a note refers back to p. 11), and to a parallel passage in the Bhagabad Gītā. Mr. A. E. Gough, in his

"Philosophy of the Upanishads" (1882) pp. 111, 126; translates the same verse thus (without an explanatory note) :—"This Self is not attainable by learning, by memory, by much sacred study, *but if he choose this Self it is attainable by him : the Self itself manifests its own essence to him.*" The italics in both versions are our own. If the bewildered reader is so fortunate as to come upon Dr. Rör's rendering of this verse in the Bibliotheca Indica (1853), Vol. XV, No. 50, p. 163, he will learn how this difference in the later translations is possible. Mr. Gough, it will then be seen, translates in accordance with the explanation of this passage given by the famous Vedāntic teacher Sankarā Achārya, who is supposed to have lived during the ninth century A. D.—an explanation forced to the last degree, it would appear, as regards obvious syntax and all exegetical requirements. Professor Max Müller follows the straightforward meaning of the text. M. Barth in "The Religions of India" refers to this verse as being the only one in the Upanishads to formulate distinctly the notion of grace which, though "as good as foreign to the primitive Vedānta," becomes familiar to India at a later date. However, the question why Sankara should treat the passage as he does remains unanswered. In thus citing a single instance we would not be misunderstood. A thorough criticism of all former translations would of course take up too much space; in fact, belongs, as the Professor says, rather to a critical commentary than to a translation of the Upanishads. All we would urge is that here the interests of the general reader are scarcely separable from those of the professed student, so long as the latter must turn to the "Sacred Books" for his critical edition of the Upanishads. The Sanskrit student would be sincerely thankful for more of the critical commentary. And it is true here as elsewhere that those who have given most are expected to give more.

To refer, briefly, to some of the introductory notes on the philosophy proper of the Upanishads. Professor Max Müller, in dealing with the old difficulty of translating the word Māyā, lays down the meanings of this word as first (etymologically) "making or art," then "phenomenal work," then "illusion." No doubt, there is no single equivalent in English for the Sanskrit original. Illusion or inscrutable illusion, perhaps, suffices in a large number of contexts, though not in all. But his choice of "art" in the famous verse of the Svētāsvatara is remarkable, if not confusing :—"Know then Prakriti (nature) is Māyā (art), and the great Lord the Māyin (maker); the whole world is filled with what are his members," p. 252. A choice the more striking because Professor Max Müller,

following Mr. Gough, has been at some pains to show that this very Upanishad contains the germs, at all events, of genuine Vedāntism. This suggests a further point. On p. 37 of his introduction the Professor writes:—"If we want to understand, what seems at first sight contradictory, the existence of a God, a Lord, a Creator, a Ruler, and at the same time the existence of the super-personal Brahman, we must remember that the orthodox view of the Vedānta is not what we should call Evolution, but Illusion. Evolution of the Brahman, or Parināma, is heterodox, illusion, or Vivarta, is orthodox Vedānta. Brahman is a concept involving such complete perfection that with it evolution, or a tendency towards higher perfection, is impossible. If therefore there is change, that change can only be illusion, and can never claim the same reality as Brahman. To put it metaphorically, the world, according to the orthodox Vedāntin, does not proceed from Brahman as a tree from a germ, but as a mirage from the rays of the sun. The world is, as we express it, phenomenal only, but whatever objective reality there is in it, is Brahman, "das Ding an sich," as Kant might call it. Our first doubt lies in the words orthodox and heterodox. Are European scholars justified in speaking of Vivartavāda, or the doctrine of the unreality of the world, as orthodox Vedānta, intending thereby their conviction that this is the unmistakeable tenet of the Upanishads and of the Vedāntasūtras, while so little, next to nothing, is known at present (by Europeans) of the so-called heterodox Vedāntic schools, of the Rāmānuja school, for instance? Be this as it may, it is not clear what other meaning can be borne in this context by the term orthodox. Our second doubt lies in the translation of Parināma by evolution, the latter being taken to imply "a tendency towards higher perfection." Such a concept is assuredly heterodox Vedānta. Is it to be found, we would ask, in any Hindu system of thought? Is not Parināma rather, just what the Professor represents it to be at the close of the paragraph quoted above, a material process or modification of one thing from another; of a tree from a germ, of a bracelet from a piece of gold: the tree and the bracelet being as real as the germ and the lump of gold? Sankara Achārya and his school would of course deny that the world is a material modification of Brahman, for then the world would be as real as Brahman, the absolute Reality.

The following lines (with which this notice must conclude) from a highly esteemed though comparatively late treatise on Vedānta philosophy present an interesting phase in the conception of Māyā and are a favourable specimen of Indian method:—

That which cannot be explained and yet is evident is Māyā. This is what ordinary men know about jugglery and the like. The world of phenomena is manifest and an explanation of it is impossible. Regard it therefore, impartially, as the work of Māyā. When all wise men even start to explain this world, nescience (Māyā) appears before them in some one quarter or another. How are the body, the organs of sense and action and the rest produced from a germ: in these how comes intelligence? To such questions what reply have you? This is the very nature of a germ, you may reply: pray tell me then how have you discovered this nature? Inductive methods (agreement and difference conjointly) fail you here, for some germs are known to be sterile. Your final resting-place is in "I know nothing indeed": wherefore truly do the wise ascribe a magical character to this world. Than this what magic could be greater, that a germ taking up its abode in a womb should become conscious and, gifted with the many off-shoots that spring from it—head, hand and foot—should pass in order through the stages of childhood, youth, and old age, and see, hear, smell, and come and go! Turning from our body, ponder well the seed and tree. Look now at the tiny seed and now at the majestic banian tree! And from such reflection rest assured that this is Māyā.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PÁNJÁB HERO RÁJÁ RASÁLU, AND OTHER FOLKTALES OF THE PANJAB. By the Rev. Charles Swynerton, M.R.A.S., M.A.S.B., &c. *Calcutta: W. Newman & Co., Ltd., 1884.*—This work forms a valuable addition to the collection of Eastern folk-tales, at present but too scanty, which will one day constitute the materials for a scientific history of Oriental folk-lore by the Ralston or the Comparetti of the future. We have here a volume which, like the "chest" in Goldsmith's village hostel, is "contrived a double debt to pay." It is interesting as a book of charming fairy tales in which all children will delight, and it is doubly interesting in its value as a record of old-world myths and stories, by the help of which and of its like we may study and compare the imaginations and the beliefs, the wit and the wisdom of our race in the dim past; and trace, as materials accumulate, the historical evolution of tale and legend, maxim and law.

It is an interesting question how far accident may account for some of the remarkable coincidences which occur in the folk-lore of different nations. For instance, among the Short Household Tales, collected by the author in the Peshawar District from the mouths of the peasantry and appended to this volume, occurs the following:—

THE TWO MISERS.

Once upon a time two misers hobnobbed together to eat their food. One of them had a small vessel of *ghee* into which he sparingly and grudgingly dipped his morsels of bread. The other miser, observing this, protested vehemently against such wasteful extravagance. "Why waste so much ghee?" said he: "and why do you risk the waste of so much more, seeing that your bread might slip from your fingers and become totally immersed? Think better

of it and imitate me. I take my vessel of *ghee*, and hang it just out of reach to a nail in the wall. Then I point at the ghee my scraps of bread, one by one, as I eat, and I assure you I not only enjoy my ghee just as well but I make no waste.

Lo and behold the time-honoured legend of "Potatoes and point," most famous of Irish stories, and redolent of the country to which, as its special and peculiar property, we ever, till now, believed it to belong; and yet here we find the same delightful story, turning up among a people divided by 4,000 miles of land and sea from their Hibernian fellow-*pointsmen*! Does some mysterious affinity unite the Irish cottier and the Punjabi ryot, or is it that great wits jump?

Mr. Swynnerton has, in his introduction, pointed out several of the striking coincidences to be found in the legend of *Rasálu* with the myths of Classical and Scandinavian folk-lore. The story of *Mírshikári*, in Chapter IV, for example, bears a remarkable resemblance to that of the Greek Orpheus. Like that musical hero *Mírshikári* sits on the rocks beneath overhanging boughs, and with his lute, the gift of a god, charms the beasts of the forest to gather round him and listen to his melodious music. Like Orpheus, too, *Mírshikári* comes to a violent end, though he is stung to death by a viper in the forest instead of being torn in pieces by the *Bacchans*, as his prototype was. It is worth noticing, perhaps, that in the Greek legend, Eurydice, the wife of Orpheus, has her death caused by the bite of a snake that lurked unseen in the grass.

The identity of *Kág*, the raven, of Chapter VIII, with the "sad presaging" bird of Scandinavian Saga is also noticed by the author.

A noticeable incident occurs on page 129, where we are told of *Rasálu*—

Drawing the bow to its utmost tension, he let fly the messenger of death, which drove through the trunk of the tree, and pierced through the body of his foe, and fell four hundred yards beyond. So swiftly flew the fatal shaft, that *Rájá Hodi* never so much as felt it, and he said to *Rasálu*, "you have missed!"

"I never missed in my life," answered he, "shake yourself and see."

And when *Hodi* shook himself, he fell down senseless from his horse, and died beneath the mango trees.

Here we have a curious resemblance to the old *conte* which tells of a headsman so skilful that on one occasion his victim was unconscious of the stroke that had already severed his neck in twain. The application of a pinch of snuff to his nose, however, we are told, settled the question once for all, the head rolling asunder from the trunk with the shock of the succeeding sneeze.

The tragic incident, again, where the *Rájá* causes his queen

to eat of the heart of her slain lover has been made familiar to us by an occurrence of a similar nature in Dryden's version of Boccaccio's tale. But the resemblance of idea in this case (it may be paralleled also from Classical legend) may well be only accidental, which is more than we can say of most of the coincidences that we note among these pages; and the probability that Rájá Rasálu flourished in the middle or towards the close of the second century, would seem to imply that some of the old Greek legends had found their way into the Panjáb, possibly in the wake of the great Iskandar.

Once more, turning to page 143, we find the moral of the introductory story to the *Arabian Nights* repeated for us again, while on page 173, the story of the philosophic Banéryri introduces us afresh to the old Platonic definition of a man as a featherless biped, or "a bird without wings." The story, on page 197, of the king who asked his daughters how they loved him, a question to which the elder three replied that they loved him as sugar, as honey and as sherbet, while the youngest said that she loved him as salt—a reply so unsatisfactory as to cause her banishment—bears a curious resemblance, except in its happy conclusion, to the incident with which the story of King Lear opens.

There is genuine wit in many of these short tales. Take, for instance, that of the Banéryri and his drowned wife on page 171 :—

There was once a sudden flood in the Indus which washed away numbers of people, and among others, the wife of a certain Banéryri. The distracted husband was wandering along the banks of the river looking for the dead body, when a countryman accosted him thus : "O friend, if, as I am informed, your wife has been carried away in the flood, she must have floated down the stream with the rest of the poor creatures. Yet you are going up the stream." "Ah Sir," answered the wretched Banéryri, "you did not know that wife of mine. She always took an opposite course to everyone else. And even now that she is drowned, I know full well that if the other bodies have floated down the river, hers must have floated up !

This story is, no doubt, an illustration of an idea that is old enough among an ungallant mankind; but the wit of the piece is singularly apt, and the whimsicality of its treatment is not a little refreshing. The quotation will, at the same time, provide our readers with a specimen of the clear and straightforward style of the writer, who combines with zeal and ability in folk-lore investigation, a pleasing and simple facility of language in the interpretation of the subjects of his research.

The volume, which we have read with much interest and can recommend to our readers, also includes an Appendix containing

the Punjábí verses, with translations, which occur in Shāraf's version of the Panjáb hero's adventures, and is adorned with a life-like picture, as frontispiece, of the bard himself singing to the music of the sitara the adventures of Rájá Rasálu.

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL. Compiled by Walter Arnold Bion, Assistant Secretary and Librarian. *Calcutta: City Press, 1884.*—In this ably compiled and clearly printed volume of 418 pages, we have, at length, a complete catalogue of the numerous and important books and manuscripts belonging to the Asiatic Society of Bengal. This collection forms one of the most valuable libraries of reference on Oriental subjects in existence; and the present catalogue now makes recourse to its treasures easy, and is in itself a monument of careful and painstaking industry.

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

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ON A COUNTRY ROAD.—Mr. Swinburne's stanzas have something of the air of an 'experiment in metre,' but any verse from his pen has a ring and a cadence that seems to be all his own.

ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

ALONG these low pleached lanes, on such a day,
 So soft a day as this, through shade and sun,
 With glad grave eyes that scanned the glad wild way,
 And heart still hovering o'er a song begun,
 And smile that warmed the world with benison,
 Our father, lord long since of lordly rhyme,
 Long since hath haply ridden, when the lime
 Bloomed broad above him, flowering where he came,
 Because thy passage once made warm this clime,
 Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.
 Each year that England clothes herself with May,
 She takes thy likeness on her. Time hath spun
 Fresh raiment all in vain and strange array
 For earth and man's new spirit, fain to shun

Things past for dreams of better to be won,
Through many a century since thy funeral chime
Rang, and men deemed it death's most direful crime,
To have spared not thee for very love or shame ;
And yet, while mists round last year's memories climb,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Each turn of the old wild road whereon we stray,
Meseems, might bring us face to face with one
Whom seeing we could not but give thanks, and pray
For England's love our father and her son
To speak with us as once in days long done
With all men, sage and churl and monk and mime,
Who knew not as we know the soul sublime
That sang for song's love more than lust of fame.
Yet, though this be not, yet, in happy time,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

Friend, even as bees about the flowering thyme,
Years crowd on years, till hoar decay begrime
Names once beloved ; but, seeing the sun the same,
As birds of autumn fain to praise the prime,
Our father Chaucer, here we praise thy name.

VISIBLE APPARITIONS.—The two prominent members of the Psychic Society continue their investigations on the subject of Apparitions. They have previously explained their intention to connect the striking phenomena of death-wraiths with quiet, humblest unemotional forms of Thought-transference, embracing the whole set of facts, large and small, experimental and spontaneous, under the term Telepathy. They have also shown that distinct effects, similar to those obtained in Experimental Thought-transference, have been spontaneously produced on the emotions, the will, the senses, or the intellect of one person by some corresponding affection of another person at a distance.

But among effects produced on the senses one class was purposely deferred, that, namely, which concerns the sense of sight ; and it is this class of telepathic disturbances that is considered in the present article.

The commonest and simplest form of experiment of 'transferred impression' is where the impression of a card or number is passed without sensory communication from one mind to another. An exact parallel to this vision 'in the mind's eye' is where the visual impression is produced on A by B, not because B is concentrating his attention on a card or number, but because B is dying. Such a case is the following, given to the writers by Mr. R. Rawlinson, of Lansdowne Court West, Cheltenham.

"I was dressing one morning in December 1881, when a certain conviction came upon me that some one was in my dressing-room. On looking round I saw no one; but then, instantaneously, in my mind's eye (I suppose), every feature of the face and form of my old friend William Stanley, of Ponsonby Hall, Cumberland, arose. This, as you may imagine, made a great impression on me, and I went at once into my wife's room and told her what had occurred, at the same time stating that I feared W. S. must be dead. The subject was mentioned between us several times that day. Next morning I received a letter from George Stanley, then consul-general at Odessa, whom I did not know to be in England, saying that his brother had died at a quarter before nine o'clock that morning. This was the very time the occurrence happened in my dressing-room. It is right to add that we had heard some two months previously that W. S. was suffering from cancer, but still we were in no immediate apprehension of his death."

Mrs. Rawlinson has kindly confirmed the fact of her husband's coming into her room, and describing his experience, at about a quarter to nine on the morning in question. She adds that the name of W. S. had not been mentioned by any one for weeks; and that her husband "is the last person to imagine anything, as he had always been particularly unbelieving as to any thing supernatural."

In the following examples the vision was not of a single figure, but of a *scene*, vividly flashed upon the sense, but not in any way confounded with the objective world or located in the actual place where the percipient was at the time.

The first case is from Miss Henrietta Wilkinson, Enniscorthy.

"I live in Ireland, my nephew in London. At the end of October or beginning of November 1881, when he was eight years old, he went one day with his mother and sister to Kensington Gardens. While playing there he had a severe fall on his back; his mother had to call a cab and take him home, then send for the doctor. He was very ill for three or four days, lying in a dark room and kept perfectly quiet. The accident happened on a Saturday, I think. On the Sunday his mother wrote to tell me of it, which letter I received on Tuesday. On the Monday night I was in bed, dropping off to sleep, when I opened my eyes with a start, and saw quite distinctly a London street, leading from Kensington Gardens to my nephew's home. All the people, cabs, and horses were running very fast in one direction, towards my sister's house. Amongst them were my sister and her two children, also running. They stopped a cab, got in, and arrived at their own house. I saw no more, but exclaimed, 'Maurice is hurt!'—why, I do not know, as my nephew looked all right in the street. It all seemed to come from outside myself. I thought it very strange, and told it to my family next morning, before my sister's letter arrived. I am not perfectly sure of the day of the week, but know it was the day after the accident my sister wrote, and that it was the night of the day after she wrote that I saw what I tell you.

"I think it was my nephew's thoughts of me that gave me the vision, I being the person he would think of next to his father and mother."

Asked whether she had ever, on any other occasion, had a dream of death or accident which had impressed her, she says:—

"No, I remember none. It was quite unique. But why call it a dream, when I was wide awake? Had it been a dream I don't think it would have made the same impression on me."

The following corroboration is from Miss Wilkinson's sister :—

Castle Hill, Enniscorthy : January 8, 1884.

"I distinctly remember my sister relating to us (myself and another sister) her vision or dream *before* she got any letter. It made a great impression on her, and she told us with surprise and a little alarm. She told us on Tuesday morning, and the letter telling of the accident arrived soon after.—MARTHA WILKINSON."

The next account was supplied by the Rev. A. Shaw Page, Vicar of Selsley, Stonehouse, Gloucester, in the words of his sister Miss Millicent Anne Page.

"I was staying with my mother's cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton, wife of Mr. Edward Broughton, of Edinburgh, and daughter of the late Colonel Blanckley, in the year 1844, and she told me the following strange story :—

She woke one night and roused her husband, telling him that something dreadful had happened in France. He begged her to go to sleep again and not to trouble him. She assured him she was not asleep when she saw what she insisted on then telling him—what she saw, in fact. First a carriage accident which she did not actually see, but what she saw was the result, a broken carriage, a crowd collected, a figure gently raised and carried into the nearest house, and then a figure lying on a bed, which she then recognised as the Duke of Orleans. Gradually friends collecting round the bed, among them several members of the French royal family—the Queen, then the King. All silently, tearfully watching the evidently dying Duke. One man (she could see his back, but did not know who he was) was a doctor. He stood bending over the Duke, feeling his pulse, his watch in his other hand. And then all passed away : she saw no more. As soon as it was daylight she wrote down in her journal all she had seen. From that journal she read this to me. It was before the days of electric telegraph, and two or more days passed before the *Times* announced 'The death of the Duke of Orleans.' Visiting Paris a short time afterwards, she saw and recognised the place of the accident, and received the explanation of her impression. The doctor who attended the dying Duke was an old friend of hers ; and as he watched by the bed, his mind had been constantly occupied with her and family. The reason of this was an extraordinary likeness—a likeness which has often led to amusing incidents—between several members of the Broughton family and members of the French royal family who were present in the room. 'I spoke of you and yours when I got home,' said the doctor, 'and thought of you many times that evening. The likeness between yourselves and the royal family was, perhaps, never so strong as that day when they stood there in their sorrow, all so natural ; father, mother, brothers, sisters, watching the dying son and brother. Here was the link between us, you see.'

In the above transferred impressions it is to be noted that the scene was not flashed from mind to mind *at the moment of its occurrence*, but considerably later, though still at a time when the agent's thoughts were deeply concentrated (as is *known* in one case and may be *presumed* in the other) on a mental renewal of the agitating scene, coupled with a thought of the very person to whose perception

that scene was in fact transferred: The *deferment* of the impression shows one of the precise phenomena to which actual experiments point—the translation from agent to percipient of a *represented* image with almost the distinctness of actual sensation—as where a diagram which the agent is merely recalling to memory is transferred with pictorial vividness to the percipient's mind. The next example is one of a distinct transference of actual sensation. The account was sent in by the Reverend Canon Warburton, The Close, Winchester.

"Somewhere about the year 1848 I went up from Oxford to stay a day or two with my brother, Acton Warburton, then a barrister living at 10 Fish Street, Lincoln's Inn. When I got to his chambers I found a note on the table apologising for his absence, and saying that he had gone to a dance somewhere in the West End, and intended to be home soon after one o'clock. Instead of going to bed, I dozed in an arm-chair, but started up wide awake exactly at one, ejaculating 'By Jove, he's down!' and seeing him coming out of a drawing-room into a brightly illuminated landing, catching his foot in the edge of the top stair, and falling head-long, just saving himself by his elbows and hands. (The house was one which I had never seen, nor did I know where it was.) Thinking very little of the matter I fell a-doze again for half an hour, and was awakened by my brother suddenly coming in and saying, 'Oh, there you are! I have just had as narrow an escape of breaking my neck as I ever had in my life. Coming out of the ball-room, I caught my foot, and tumbled full length down the stairs.'—W. WARBURTON."

In a second letter Canon Warburton adds:—

"My brother was hurrying home from his dance, with some little self-reproach in his mind for not having been at his chambers to receive his guest, so the chances are that he was thinking of me. The whole scene was vividly present to me at the moment, but I did not note particulars, any more than one would in real life. The general impression was of a narrow landing brilliantly illuminated, and I remember verifying the correctness of this by questions at the time.

"This is my sole experience of the kind."

Here the actual scene, intensely realised in the moment of imminent peril, seems to have flashed itself from mind to mind with startling but evanescent distinctness.

In the next stage of visualization, the percipient sees a face or figure projected or depicted, as it were, on some convenient surface, the image being thus truly externalized, but in an unreal and unsubstantial fashion, and in a bizarre relation to the real objects among which it appears. We select the second example, communicated by Mr. R. Searle, Barrister, Home Lodge, Herne Hill, who remarks that it was his sole experience of a hallucination.

"One afternoon, a few years ago, I was sitting in my chambers in the Temple, working at some papers. My desk is between the fireplace and one of the windows, the window being two or three yards on the left side of my chair, and looking out into the Temple. Suddenly I became aware that I was

looking at the bottom window-pane, which was about on a level with my eyes, and there I saw the figure of the head and face of my wife, in a reclining position, with the eyes closed and the face quite white and bloodless, as if she were dead.

"I pulled myself together, and got up and looked out of the window, where I saw nothing but the houses opposite, and I came to the conclusion that I had been drowsy and had fallen asleep, and, after taking a few turns about the room to rouse myself, I sat down again to my work and thought no more of the matter.

"I went home at my usual time that evening, and whilst my wife and I were at dinner she told me that she had lunched with a friend who lived in Gloucester Gardens, and that she had taken with her a little child, one of her nieces, who was staying with us; but during lunch, or just after it, the child had a fall and slightly cut her face so that the blood came. After telling the story, my wife added that she was so alarmed when she saw the blood on the child's face that she had fainted. What I had seen in the window then occurred to my mind, and I asked her what time it was when this happened. She said, as far as she remembered, it must have been a few minutes after two o'clock. This was the time, as nearly as I could calculate, not having looked at my watch, when I saw the figure in the window-pane.

"I have only to add that this is the only occasion on which I have known my wife to have had a fainting fit. She was in bad health at the time, and I did not mention to her what I had seen until a few days afterwards, when she had become stronger. I mentioned the occurrence to several of my friends at the time.—R. S.—November 2nd, 1883."

The last narrative is called an instance of an *externalized picture*, which supplies an important link between scenes flashed on the mind and phantoms visualised, 'out of the room.' The picture on the window pane comes precisely midway between the *mental image* and the *apparently solid figure*. It represents a telepathic impression which has been externalised but not yet completely objectified; which presents itself as something at which the percipient gazes, but which is not yet 'taken for real,' or localized in three dimensions among the familiar objects around him. And as compared with the two equally crude views between which the writers would steer, that phantoms are all morbid nonsense, or that they are all the 'spirits of the dead,' the writers consider their explanation is strongly supported by such intermediate cases as the above.

The final class of cases is where the percipient sees the phantom figure as an apparently solid object among the familiar objects which surround him, and holding to those objects just such a relation as a figure of flesh and blood might have held. The following example was received from Mr. G. Marchant, Linkfield Street, Redhill, formerly a large farmer and miller, and now an admirable specimen of shrewd and vigorous old age.

"About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 21st of October, 1881, while I was perfectly wide awake, and looking at a lamp burning on my wash hand-stand, a person, as I thought, came into the room by mistake, and stopped looking into the looking-glass on the table. It soon occurred to me it represented Robinson Kelsey, by his dress and wearing his hair long behind. When I raised myself up in bed and called out, it instantly disappeared. The next day I mentioned to some of my friends how strange it was. So thoroughly convinced was I that I searched the local papers that day (Saturday) and the following Tuesday, believing his death would be in one of them. On the following Wednesday a man, who formerly was my drover, came and told me Robinson Kelsey was dead. Anxious to know at what time he died I wrote to Mr. Wood, the family undertaker at Lingfield; he learnt from the brother-in-law of the deceased that he died at 2 A.M. He was my first cousin, and was apprenticed formerly to me as a miller; afterwards he lived with me as journeyman; altogether, eight years. I never saw anything approaching that before. I am 72 years old, and never feel nervous; I am not afraid of the dead or their spirits. I hand you a rough plan of the bedroom, &c.

"I had not been thinking about him, neither had I spoken to him for twenty years. In the morning after seeing the apparition, I spoke about it to a person in the house. In the evening I again spoke about it to two persons, how strange it was. It was several days after our conversation about what I had seen that I heard of his death. These people will confirm my statement, for after I heard of the death I spoke of it to the same people, that my relation died the same night as I saw the apparition. As the apparition passed between my bed and the lamp I had a full view of it; it was unmistakable. When I stopped looking in the glass I spoke to it, then it gently sank away downwards."

"We are positive of hearing Mr. Marchant one day say that he saw the apparition of Robinson Kelsey during the previous night

ANN LANGERIDGE, Linkfield Street, Redhill.

MATILDA FULLER, Station Road, Redhill.

WILLIAM MILES, Station Road, Redhill."

Here, then, at last, we have an orthodox apparition; and this phantom differs from preceding ones both in completeness of externalisation and in being more durable and independent. Reading the account of it, one cannot resist the question: 'Should I have seen it, had I been there?' If the apparition could have been seen by more than one person, what will be the effect on the theory of the transference of an impression from mind to mind? Can we conceive of this rare telepathic sympathy as effecting two minds in the same way? Or are we driven to assume some independent agency, operating quite outside the mind of either percipient?

The phenomenon of *collective percipience*, of a sight seen or sound heard by several persons at once, can be shown, it is asserted, to be not inconsistent with the substantial truth of the theory. Our limited space demands that we should pass over the lengthy physical explanation given of the transfer of thought from brain to

brain by telepathic impulse, for which we must refer our readers to the pages of the original article with its accompanying diagram.

Two other examples of well authenticated death-wraiths are given. The first comes from a physician, Dr. Thomas Bowstead, of Caistor, who informed the writers that he had never experienced any other hallucination.

"In September 1847 I was playing at a cricket match, and took the place of longfield. A ball was driven in my direction which I ought to have caught but missed it, and it rolled towards a low hedge; I and another lad ran after it. When I got near the hedge I saw the apparition of my brother-in-law, who was much endeared to me, over the hedge, dressed in a shooting suit with a gun on his arm; he smiled and waved his hand at me. I called the attention of the other boy to it; but he did not see it, although he looked in the same direction. When I looked again the figure had vanished. I, feeling very sad at the time, went up to my uncle and told him of what I had seen; he took out his watch and noted the time, just ten minutes to one o'clock. Two days after I received a letter from my father informing me of the death of my brother-in-law, which took place at ten minutes to one. His death was singular, for on that morning he said he was much better and thought he should be able to shoot again. Taking up his gun, he turned round to my father, asking him if he had sent for me, as he particularly wished to see me. My father replied the distance was too far and expense too great to send for me, it being over one hundred miles. At this he put himself into a passion, and said he would see me in spite of them all, for he did not care for expense or distance. Suddenly a blood-vessel on his lungs burst and he died at once. He was at the time dressed in a shooting suit and had his gun on his arm. I knew he was ill, but a letter from my father previous to the time I saw him told me he was improving, and that he might get through the winter; but his disease was consumption, and he had bleeding from the lungs three months before his death.—THOMAS BOWSTEAD, M.D."

Here the dress is a very distinct one, not associated with invalids or death-beds, and reproduced with apparent exactness. The agent's impression of his personality seems, in fact, to have carried with it the details of his actual aspect as well as the symbolism of his imagined farewell; and nothing was left to the percipient's imagination. It will be observed that the coincidence of time is close to a minute and was noted on the spot. It would, we think, be difficult to express in figures the enormous unlikelihood of a merely morbid hallucination unique in the percipient's experience, and involving by accident such coincidences as these.

The last case cited is one so strange that it needs the high authority on which it comes to satisfy the reader that he has not passed unaware into the region of romance. It was received from Sir Edmund Hornby, late Chief Judge of the Supreme Consular Court of China and Japan, who describes himself as "a lawyer by education, family and tradition, wanting in imagination and no believer in miracles." He first narrates how it was his habit

at Shanghai to allow reporters to come to his house in the evening to get his written judgments for next day's paper.

"They generally availed themselves of the opportunity, especially one reporter, who was also the editor of an evening paper. He was a peculiar man, reticent about himself, and I imagine had a history. In appearance he was also peculiar. I only knew him as a reporter, and had no other relations with him. On the day when the event occurred, in 1875 or 1876, I went to my study an hour or two after dinner, and wrote out my judgment. It was then about half-past eleven. I rang for the butler, gave him the envelope, and told him to give it to the reporter who should call for it. I was in bed before twelve. I am a very light sleeper and my wife a very heavy one. Indeed, it is difficult to rouse her out of her first sleep. The bed—a French one—faced the fireplace; on the mantel-piece was a clock, and the gas in the chandelier was turned down, but only so low as to admit of my seeing the time at any time of the night, for—walking easily and frequently—I often smoked a cigarette before I went to sleep again, and always desired to know the hour.

"I had gone to sleep, when I was awakened by hearing a tap at the study door, but thinking it might be the butler—looking to see if the fire were safe and the gas turned off—I turned over with the view of getting to sleep again. Before I did so, I heard a tap at my bed-room door. Still thinking it might be the butler, who might have something to say, I said, 'Come in.' The door opened, and, to my surprise, in walked Mr.—. I sat up and said, 'You have mistaken the door; but the butler has the judgment, so go and get it.' Instead of leaving the room he came to the foot edge of the bed. I said, 'Mr.—, you forget yourself! Have the goodness to walk out directly. This is rather an abuse of my favor.' He looked deadly pale, but was dressed in his usual dress, and was certainly quite sober, and said, 'I know I am guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion, but finding that you were not in your study I have ventured to come here.' I was losing my temper, but something in the man's manner disinclined me to jump out of bed to eject him by force. So I said simply, 'This is too bad, really; pray leave the room at once.' Instead of doing so he put one hand on the footrail and gently, and as if in pain, sat down on the foot of the bed. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was about twenty minutes past one. I said, 'The butler has had the judgment since half-past eleven; go and get it.' He said, 'Pray forgive me; if you knew all the circumstances you would. Time presses. Pray give me a *précis* of your judgment, and I will take a note in my book of it, drawing his reporter's book out of his breast pocket. I said, 'I will do nothing of the kind. Go downstairs, find the butler, and don't disturb me—you will wake my wife; otherwise I shall have to put you out.' He slightly moved his hand. I said, 'Who let you in?' He answered, 'No one!' 'Confound it,' I said. 'What the devil do you mean? Are you drunk?' He replied quietly, 'No, and never shall be again; but I pray your lordship give me your decision, for my time is short.' I said, 'You don't seem to care about *my* time, and this is the last time I will ever allow a reporter in my house.' He stopped me short, saying, 'This is the *last* time I shall ever see you anywhere.'

"Well fearful that this commotion might arouse and frighten my wife, I shortly gave him the gist of my judgments in as few words as I could. He seemed to be taking it down in shorthand; it might have taken two or three minutes. When I finished, he rose, thanked me for excusing his intrusion and

for the consideration I had always shown him and his colleagues, opened the door, and went away. I looked at the clock; it was on the stroke of half-past one."

(Lady Hornby now awoke, thinking she had heard talking and her husband told her what had happened, and repeated the account when dressing next morning.)

"I went to the court a little before ten. The usher came into my room to robe me, when he said, 'A sad thing happened last night, sir. Poor——was found dead in his room.' I said, 'Bless my soul! dear me! What did he die of, and when?' 'Well, sir, it appears he went up to his room as usual at ten to work at his papers. His wife went up about twelve to ask him when he would be ready for bed. He said, 'I have only the Judge's judgment to get ready, and then I have finished.' As he did not come, she went up again, about a quarter to one, to his room and peeped in, and thought she saw him writing, but she did not disturb him. At half-past one she again went to him and spoke to him at the door. As he did not answer she thought he had fallen asleep, so she went up to rouse him. To her horror he was dead. On the floor was his note-book, which I have brought away. She sent for the doctor, who arrived a little after two, and said he had been dead, he concluded, about an hour.' I looked at the note-book. There was the usual heading:—

"In the Supreme Court, before the Chief Judge.

‘——v——.

"The Chief Judge gave judgment this morning in this case to the following effect"—and then followed a few lines of indecipherable shorthand.

"I sent for the magistrate who would act as coroner, and desired him to examine Mr.——'s wife and servants as to whether Mr.——had left his home, or could possibly have left it without their knowledge, between eleven and one on the previous night. The result of the inquest showed he died of some form of heart disease, and had not, and could not have, left the house without the knowledge of at least his wife, if not of his servants. Not wishing to air my 'spiritual experience' for the benefit of the Press or the public, I kept the matter at the time to myself, only mentioning it to my Puisne Judge and to one or two friends; but when I got home to tiffin I asked my wife to tell me as nearly as she could remember what I had said to her during the night, and I made a brief note of her replies and of the facts."

(Lady Hornby has kindly confirmed the above facts to us, as far as she was cognisant of them.)

"As I said then, so I say now—I was not asleep, but wide awake. After a lapse of nine years my memory is quite clear on the subject. I have not the least doubt I saw the man—have not the least doubt that the conversation took place between us.

"I may add that I had examined the butler in the morning—who had given me back the MS. in the envelope when I went to the court after breakfast—as to whether he had locked the door as usual, and if any one could have got in. He said that he had done everything as usual, adding that no one could have got in even if he had not *locked* the door, as there was no handle outside—which there was not. I examined the coolies and other servants, who all said they opened the door as usual that morning—turned the key and undid the chains, and I have no doubt they spoke the truth. The servants' apartments were separated

from the house, but communicated with by a gallery at the back, some distance from the entrance-hall.

"The reporter's residence was about a mile and a quarter from where I lived and his infirmities prevented him from walking any distance except slowly ; in fact, he almost invariably drove.—EDMUND HORNBY."

Space is found at the close of the article, for one or two reflections arising naturally out of the narrations cited. First with regard to those who have held these death-wraiths as a proof of a special providence—intimations of the pitying indulgence of a beneficent power—that the evidence, as presented, does not seem to support such a conclusion, can it be supposed that the bewildered reporter of Sir E. Hornby's Court, straining with his last energies to transcribe on perishable tablets the dicta of an earthly judge, was expressly permitted to overstep the lot of man and to manifest himself on an errand so bootless, and as a phantom so undesired ? One is forced to surmise, even in this hyperphysical region, the presence of a law which, though obscure, is immutable ; which is a factor in the fabric of things, and was not framed, nor is suspended, in the special interest of any of us.

At the same time the theory of telepathy does afford an unexpected support to a certain school of religious conceptions. Some dogmatists have asserted that the influence exerted by unseen powers on the world involves a *suspension* of the laws of nature—an *interference* with the established course of things ; and that, in fact, on such non-natural or miraculous character its sanctity and value depend. Telepathy is of course opposed to this presumption. But there are other theologians who more wisely maintain that an influence is in truth exercised by the invisible on the visible world, but that it is exercised according to laws, which, though unknown to us, do in fact regulate and determine the action of higher intelligences. The writers do not need to postulate the existence of any intelligences except human minds, and human minds, not in hell or heaven but on earth as we know them. But *if* other intelligent beings, besides those visible to us, do exist, if man's soul survives the tomb—it *may* be claimed for these telepathic experiments and collected cases of apparitions, that they do suggest analogies of influence—modes of operation which would throw a novel light over the long controversy between Science and Faith.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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NEWSPAPERS.—There has always been great difficulty in defining a newspaper in such a manner as to include a newspaper and nothing else. The latest definition, as laid down by the Act of 1881, runs as follows :—

“Any publication consisting wholly or in great part of ‘Political or other news or of Articles, relating thereto, or to other Current topics with or without advertisements,’ subject to these conditions. That it be ‘printed and published in the United Kingdom ;’ that it be published ‘in numbers at intervals of not more than seven days ;’ that it have the full title and date of publication printed at the top of the first page and the whole, or part of the title, and the date of publication printed at the top of every subsequent page.”

Now, according to this definition, a “newspaper” need not contain a word of news. It may have news or not—that is indifferent, but if the title or the date is omitted on any page—that is fatal. Then, what is the “great part”?—interpreted, indeed, by the Postmaster-General to mean the “*greater* part.” Take the *Times* of 14th June 1884. It was of unusual size, consisting of three full sheets, or of 24 pages, each containing 6 columns or 144 columns in all—a marvellous production altogether.*

* Another calculation gives the amount thus : “The issue of the *Thunderer* of the 14th ultimo comprised 24 pages, containing 303 columns of printed matter, or the equivalent of two ordinary octavo volumes, of 480 pages each. The total length of the columns, placed end to end, was 264 feet. Advertisements, of which there were no less than 2,559, occupied 144 columns.”

But the editor of the *Times* will probably be surprised to learn that upon this occasion the *Times* was not a newspaper as defined by the Postmaster-General, for it consisted of $84\frac{1}{2}$ columns of advertisements (which, according to the Postmaster-General, are not news), and of $59\frac{1}{2}$ columns of 'news or of articles relating thereto, or to other current topics.' Now the postal authorities hold that when the news and articles form, as in this instance, less than one-half of the publication, that publication is not a newspaper; and it follows, therefore, if the Post-office construction of the Act is correct, that the *Times* was upon this occasion not a newspaper, was not therefore entitled to registration as a newspaper, and was not entitled to be carried at the newspaper rate of postage, and should have been charged at the book-rate. And, inasmuch as the number weighed a fraction over $7\frac{1}{2}$ ozs, the postage on it at the book-rate would have been twopence, or four times as much as that which was actually charged upon it.

Newspapers are of a very high antiquity. At least 600 years B.C. the Romans possessed them in the shape of the "Acta Diurna," reports of military operations periodically sent to the remotest confines of the empire. The Italians, however, were the inventors of modern newspapers, from whom comes the word "Gazette." Germany and France followed in the wake of Italy, and (save Russia) England was the last of the Great Powers to possess a regular newspaper.

News was indeed occasionally published. In 1619, a broad sheet was published, entitled: *News out of Holland*, which contained an oration of the French Ambassador to the States General of Holland in regard to certain prisoners, and which also contained certain theological propositions, as for instance: 'That original sin is no sin but an occasion of sin.' But it was not till 1622 that the first periodical newspaper was published in England by one Nathaniel Butter. It was called *The weekly news from Italy, Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, the Palatinate, France, and the Low Countries*. The size of it was about 8 inches by 5 inches. It contained nothing but foreign news, and could hardly be called a newspaper at all in the modern sense of the term.

In 1655 a small sheet appeared, 8 by 5 inches, called *The Perfect Diurnall*, and in 1663, *The Intelligencer*, under the direction of Roger L'Estrange. A little later the *London Gazette*, then called the *Oxford Gazette*, made a fitful appearance; but it was not till after the Revolution that the first daily newspaper was established, in the shape of the *Daily Courant*, which appeared on 11th March, 1702, and was followed by *The Post Boy*.

All these sheets are long since extinct; but on the 12th February, 1773, there was published the first number of the still existing *Morning Post and Daily Advertiser*. This was a newspaper measuring 24 inches by 18, and consisting of four pages. Twelve years later, in 1785, there appeared the first number of the *Daily Universal Register*, which three years after took the name of the *Times*, and which was then of the same size as the *Morning Post*. Since these two were started, many other daily papers have appeared,

so that we now have in the British Isles well nigh two thousand of such publications.

It is worthy of remark that the newspaper in its original form consisted wholly of news, including under that term advertisements. At any rate there were no "leading articles." The news, though less in quantity, was of a very miscellaneous character. Thus in *The Morning Post* of 1776 we find the following paragraph:—

'The elopement of Miss B., of Camberwell, with Mr. F., has so much displeased her father that it is now thought impossible for a reconciliation to take place. The friends of that young lady are every day impressed with the mercenary idea of disposing of her fortune to the best advantage (and, like the unnatural example of the haughty sisters of Peckham, who, rather than condescend to an interview between their sister and her lover, mutually consented that she could pine away in an inexpressible melancholy), thus concealing her death in order to enlarge the fortunes of the remaining favorites.'

Here is another:—

'A certain Cambridgeshire Peer has at last wound up his bottoms, all his Estates being advertised to be sold by public auction. He seems perfectly easy in his present circumstances, desiring only enough for a decent support of himself and three dozen favorite lap dogs, and wishing the B—— family at the devil.'

Here, again, is an allusion to the Duke of Devonshire:—

'Gaming amongst the families at Chatsworth has been carried to such a pitch that the phlegmatic Duke has been provoked to gaze at it, and has spoken to the Duchess in the severest terms against a conduct which has driven many from the house who could not afford to partake of amusement carried on at the expense of five hundred or one thousand pounds a night.'

Then comes a paragraph in these words:—

'The great talk which has lately been made about the Earl of Bristol's effeminacy puts us in mind of the Lady Dowager Townshend's idea of that noble family, in which she said there were three different kinds of mortals then existing, *viz.*, men, women, and Herveys.'

Other paragraphs occurred at this time in the *Morning Post*, and ten years later in the *Times*, of so indecent a nature that it is impossible to transcribe them.

It will, however, be seen that the publication of social gossip and personal paragraphs, often declared to be an invention of modern journalism, which has been named "Society Journalism," is really as old as the oldest of existing newspapers; and from a letter in the *Morning Post* of 13th November, 1776, the same kind of comments as at present appear then to have been made upon it:—

'Mr. Editor,' says a correspondent, 'What a lucky devil you are! and what an awful wag you must have been to turn the whole tide of fashionable chit-chat, gallantries, amours, and curtain lectures into your delightful and be-

witching reservoir and draw lively tittle-tattle ! It would do your heart good to see the lately galled jades of quality wince, as I have, at the Morning Post Blister that they every now and then draw upon their own backs—infamous treason ! betrayal of private conversation ! and family anecdotes ! Cruel savages ! thus far, the invectives of my own sex are blended with their pretty soft tears and dishevelled locks, afford me ever and anon the prettiest scene of tragedy run mad I ever beheld. In comes the Duke of———and my Lord———‘If the villain is to be met with above ground we’ll find him out. Fie ! Fo ! Fum ! Damme ! I will cut his throat, or, he shall mine ! base, selfish and dissembling unknown (that is rather too gallant if you know all, Mr. Editor) and on my account !—John run this instant and fetch my Toledo ! Why don’t you fly, you rascal ! and two cases of pistols ! Twenty thousand more ! Kill them !’ This, Mr. Editor, is the dear entertaining scene I pursue in my chair every morning from Pall Mall, through St. James’s, Grosvenor, and Portman Squares, and return in raptures with my morning’s diversion—Your admirer, ‘A younger sister of Quality.’”

For long after their first appearance newspapers were jealously regarded by Government. They were held in check by stamp duties ; muzzled by advertisement duties ; and starved by paper duties. These duties were all finally abolished in 1861. So recently as 1851, it was believed that it was not possible to produce a newspaper of any value at so low a price as a penny. In June, 1855, however, *The Daily Telegraph*, the first newspaper published at that price, was established, and probably in course of time all the daily newspapers will be forced to follow the recent example of the *Morning Post*, and reduce their price to a penny.

Thirty years ago, again, it was not thought possible that the Post Office could carry a newspaper for a penny, much less for a half-penny ; and yet, since the diminution has been made, the prosperity of the Post Office, together with the number of newspapers carried, has much increased. So that, whereas, in 1857, 71 millions of newspapers were delivered annually by post in the United Kingdom, in 1882-83, no fewer than 429 millions of newspapers and book-packets were so delivered.

As regards the production of a newspaper, the expense may be divided into two heads—(1) the cost of writing and setting up the newspaper (including telegrams, &c.), which is a constant sum whether there be one copy printed or a million ; (2) the cost of the paper itself on which the journal is printed and the cost of the actual printing, a sum which varies with the number of the copies printed.

Now it is a fact, that with the utmost economy the charge under this second head amounts for the penny newspaper of the common size to about as

much as the paper itself is sold for to the trade. It follows, therefore, that while the varying charge under the second head is more or less provided for by the sale of the papers, the constant and much larger charge under the first head is not so provided for. How then is it met? Solely and exclusively by the revenue derived from advertisements. The result is this: that a newspaper lives not upon its circulation but upon its advertisements. In fact, it buys publicity for its news by selling publicity for its advertisements; it gives away for nothing the news which it professes to sell, on condition of being paid for the advertisements which accompany it. Its real customers are not its readers but its advertisers; the commodity it deals in is not news but attention. It buys the attention of its readers by its news and sells that attention to its advertisers for their money. If now the cost of the paper and the machining, instead of merely equalling, should, as is sometimes the case, exceed the sum for which the paper is sold, then the best financial position for that newspaper to be in is one in which not a single copy of the newspaper should be sold at all. Of course, however, the result in this case would be that it would get no advertisements, inasmuch as the advertiser wishes to have his advertisement circulated as largely as possible; and, as a matter of fact, the object of a newspaper proprietor in the position I have described must be to obtain the largest number of advertisements with the smallest amount of circulation. Mr. Mowbray Morris, for instance, giving evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, in 185, as to the *Times*, was asked this question: 'The greater the circulation the greater the loss?' and answered, 'the greater the loss beyond a certain limit.' He was then asked: 'Do you not mean this, that when you have a supplement, so far as your supplement is concerned, if you only printed one copy of it, your gain would be the greatest.' To which he answered, 'Yes.' After this he was asked, 'For every copy you sell, you diminish your gain, and when you pass a certain line it becomes an absolute loss?' To which he replied, 'Just so; that is to say when the expenditure exceeds the value of the advertisements.'

Thus it will be seen that newspapers are in reality somewhat in a false position. They profess to sell news and to give advertisements to boot. What they really do is to sell publicity for advertisements and to give news to boot.

There is a prevailing feature in modern journalism which, far more than is generally suspected, affects, and to a large extent defeats the original and proper purpose of the newspaper as a purveyor of news. This is its assumption of the right of professing opinions. The editor began not merely to tell his reader what was happening, but also to tell them what he thought, and what they ought to think of what was happening.

It is now over sixty years since this became general in English newspapers, and the result has been that the 'leader' has overshadowed the news in importance, and that the horn of the leader writer has been exalted while that of the newsmonger has been abased. Newspapers, indeed, are now less news papers than opinion papers. The publisher has become lost in the advocate, and at this time a public journal is regarded less an instrument for providing general information for its readers than as an organ for promoting among them the special opinions of a Political Party, or a Social Class. This being the case, the efforts of the Editor have become diverted into an entirely new channel. The business

of the collection of news becomes a matter of secondary importance in his eyes. It seems to him desirable rather to instruct than to inform, rather to proselytise than to instruct. He seeks to repeat forcibly the opinions of a *colerie* rather than to discover and to disclose thoroughly the events and occurrences of the world. His object is to say something rather than to tell everything. He averts his attention, therefore, from his proper business, and leaves that business to be carried on in a secondary manner by secondary men who often neither know what news is nor where to look for it; and thus it happens that the reader is ill served where he should be served the best. The profession of opinions not only causes the Editor to neglect the collection of news, but it prevents the honest and unreserved publication of such news as is collected. Opinions being regarded as of more importance than intelligence, the Editor will occasionally suppress altogether intelligence which makes against the opinions of his newspaper, or publishing such intelligence, will so present it and with such a gloss as to diminish as much as possible its influential force.

In the writer's opinion, the model newspaper should be—and in his expectation will be—one that concerns itself solely with news, while it is left to other journals to express separately opinions on the events chronicled. It is impossible for the daily newspaper to fulfil this function in an adequate manner. Opinions given thus hurriedly, as they must needs be, must necessarily be imperfect, insufficiently founded, and untrustworthy; and a newspaper reader would be far better off were he left himself to digest his news, and to wait for a more valuable judgment at some longer interval of time.

To the press belongs, in a large measure, the future of the world, if it will but prove itself equal to its mission.

Formerly, public matters were treated exclusively by experts; now everybody assumes to deal with them, to criticize them, and to express an opinion upon them. The number of people, indeed, whose duty is to come to a conclusion on these matters has greatly increased, since by the extension of the suffrage the number of those is increased who have a direct voice in moulding the destinies of the nation; of these, it cannot be denied that a large proportion are ignorant and without judgment; and this it is which makes the power of the press the greater, because the readers of the press, feeling, as they do, bound to act while they also feel that they are unable to judge, have no alternative but to adopt with avidity any superficial judgment or conclusion presented to them by their daily teacher. Very great, indeed, is the power of the press; yet in its exercise it is limited. No journal nor any number of journals can withstand a popular cry when once it has been raised; but any journal, before it has been raised, may help to create it, or, after it has been raised, may assist to swell it. Not only leader writers, but foreign correspondents, reporters, and penny-aliners, have an enormous power of previous instruction in any matter, and an almost unlimited power of subsequent exaggeration of that matter, and this has sufficed to make of the modern newspaper one of the most potent of all possible agencies for good or for evil.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

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PARLIAMENT AND THE FOREIGN POLICY OF INDIA.—Mr. Slagg returns to a consideration of the question which he opened in his article in the February number of the *Contemporary* entitled "Parliament and the Government of India." In that paper he argued for the abolition of the Indian Council, and the substitution in its stead of "a Standing Committee of the House of Commons from which the official element would be absolutely excluded, which would have authority to call for all Indian papers without exception, and to raise debates on any question of Indian policy." As an example of the ignorance in which Parliament is left, by Liberal as well as Conservative Governments, of important steps in policy which vitally affects the interests of both England and India, he quotes the answer recently given to a question put by him in the House of Commons regarding the Quetta railway. The reply was that the subject would not come before the House, as it was only a matter connected with "the extension of railway communication in India." Technically, he allows, this was doubtless correct; actually, in sanctioning the project, the Liberal Government have entered upon a policy, the ulterior development of which they will be powerless to control, and which may be fraught with far more formidable consequences to the people of this country than even the

bombardment of Alexandria. This hard saying he proceeds thus to prove :—

All Liberals at least will agree that one cause, perhaps the chief cause, of the overthrow of the late Conservative Government, was the disastrous policy which they had pursued in Afghanistan. When that policy was first disclosed to an unsuspecting nation, it was described as a short and easy method for the acquisition of a "scientific frontier" which should set our minds permanently at rest as to the aggressive projects of the Russians in Central Asia. The military operations were to consist of a military promenade, costing at the outside not more than a million and a quarter of money; and the revenues of India, under the skilful management of Lord Lytton and Sir John Strachey, were said to be able to furnish this amount without any extra demand upon the Indian tax-payer; while in return for this trifling trouble and expenditure we were to have a "scientific frontier" warranted impregnable against all attacks, and a "strong, friendly, and independent Afghanistan." We know what came of these cheerful predictions. "The result," wrote Lord Hartington to the Government of India, May 21, 1880, "of two successful campaigns, of the employment of an enormous force, and of the expenditure of large sums of money, has been the disintegration of the State which it was desired to see strong, friendly, and independent; the assumption of fresh and unwelcome liabilities in regard to one of its provinces (Kandahar), and a condition of anarchy throughout the remainder of the country." This result was not considered satisfactory by a majority of the people of the United Kingdom. The Conservative Government was expelled from office, and a Cabinet installed in its place pledged, as all its supporters believed, to the prompt evacuation of Afghanistan and the disentanglement of the country from the "fresh and unwelcome liabilities" which had been wound round it by their predecessors in office.

Mr. Slagg does not doubt that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, at the time of assuming office, were at one with the great body of those who put them in power, and were prepared to carry out the policy above indicated in the letter and in the spirit; and the circumstances were exceptionally favourable for doing so.

The leaders of the Afghan people who had fought against us with such signal courage and success at Sherpore, had made to our representative at Kabul a series of propositions, which, had they been accepted by the present Cabinet, would have gone far to obliterate the recollection of even the atrocious military executions which had signalized our occupation of Kabul, and the desolation and misery which we had spread over the whole country. These propositions were that Yakoub Khan should be released and restored to power over a united and independent Afghanistan; that the British resident to be established in the country should be of the Mahomedan religion; that the British troops should be withdrawn; and that "assistance should be given to the Ameer, seeing that the country had been desolated, and nothing of value is left, as the British authorities themselves are thoroughly aware." The importance attaching to the restitution of Yakoub Khan consisted in the fact, that to him alone, of all Afghans, was it possible for the two great sections of that people to recognize as their Sovereign without doing violence to their tribal prejudices, his father, Shere Ali, having belonged to the Douranee section, and his mother having been the daughter of a leading

Ghilzye chief. Hence, while the Ghilzyes around Ghuznee and Jellalabad remained loyal to him, even after his deportation to India, it was in his name that Eyoub Khan made his memorable advance from Herat, defeating General Burrows at Maiwand, and laying siege to Kandahar. Lord Hartington was fully aware of the great importance of the return of Yakoub Khan to his people, and earnestly pressed it upon the Indian Government. Obstacles to this course, in reason or equity, there were none. The deposition and removal of Yakoub Khan was, morally, one of the least defensible of our actions in Afghanistan, as politically it was one of our most costly blunders. But when the choice is put before them of committing an injustice, or acknowledging an error, there is unhappily little to hope from the Indian Bureaucracy. The Cabinet weakly succumbed to their opposition, and so, in default of Yakoub Khan, were compelled to fall back upon the present Ameer, Abd-al-Rahman Khan, a Russian pensioner, and a man abhorred by the Afghans as being, on his mother's side, not an Afghan at all. The forcing this unwelcome ruler upon an unwilling people was described as the conferring of "institutions" upon Afghanistan. The "institutions" proceeded at once to put to death, either by public execution or secret assassination, the leaders of the people, who, under Shere Ali, had raised the country to an unprecedented height of prosperity; and became, in consequence of his cruelty and treachery, so detested by his subjects, that the Indian Government had to come to his assistance with an annual subsidy of £120,000, extracted from the well-filled coffers of the opulent Indian ryot. The Indian Government were as loth to abandon Kandahar as to restore Yakoub Khan, and for precisely the same reason. It was equivalent to an acknowledgment of error. And there can be little doubt that in this respect also they would have triumphed over the feeble resolution of the Cabinet, but for the important assistance which, at this critical moment, the latter received from Eyoub Khan. It was the battle of Maiwand, and not the popular voice expressed in the election of 1880, which effected the evacuation of Kandahar. But at this point, the victory of the Government ceased. As for Afghanistan, we have never evacuated it; we have merely withdrawn our outposts to a distance of seventy miles from Kandahar, retaining under our immediate supremacy the whole of the Pisheen Valley, and keeping a garrison in Quetta.

Since then this policy has secretly received still further developments, and preparations are being made for once again advancing into the interior of Afghanistan. The entire district of Quetta has been taken over from the Khan of Khelat and we are now about to unite Quetta with the Indus by means of a railway, which will cost the Indian tax-payers a sum, at the very least, of three millions sterling.

In a word, while ostensibly engaged in carrying out a policy for the complete evacuation of Afghanistan, the present Government have quietly matured one for its rapid military occupation a short time hence. The railway, once completed to Quetta, will certainly not be allowed to terminate there. It will be pushed on to Kandahar, if not by the present Government, at any rate by the next Conservative Government. All this activity on one side of Afghanistan will probably produce a corresponding activity on the part of the Russians in

Central Asia, and the unhappy Ameer, Abd-al-Rahman Khan, will be compelled to choose a side either with or against us. In this dilemma it is hardly a matter of doubt on which side he will elect to stand. If he declares against us, he will lose Kandahar; but if he declares against the Russians, he will lose Balkh, which is the chief source of his power, and from which he draws the Turcoman soldiers, without whom he could not maintain his authority for a day in Kabul. Is there not too much reason to fear that by this policy in Quetta and Afghanistan, this country in India will be committed to a re-occupation of Kandahar, and a war with Russia in the neighbourhood of Herat within the next ten or fifteen years?

While acknowledging that this policy may be a sound and defensible one, on the grounds that the safety of India needs that we should hold Kandahar and be prepared to fight Russia in Central Asia for the possession of Herat, Mr. Slagg thinks it monstrous that a free nation should be involved in these tremendous responsibilities without its full knowledge and sanction.

It may be argued that the consequences which I have stated to attach to this Afghan policy are not natural or probable deductions therefrom; but the really important question is—and of the answer to that there can be no doubt whatever—are they not so regarded by the Indian Bureaucracy? Quetta, Pisheen, and Kandahar, have never been regarded by that body as merely defensive positions, but as favourable posts from which to carry on aggressive operations against the Russian possessions in Central Asia. This view of the occupation of Kandahar has been very frankly stated by Sir Frederick Roberts:—

“The seaport town of Kurrachee,” must, in his opinion, “be the base of all military operations undertaken in the direction of Kandahar and Herat, *which line, unless I am much mistaken, will henceforth be the theatre of any war carried on against us by the Russians in Central Asia.* With the completion of the Railway to Kandahar, that place would be our starting-point. Thence Herat is distant only 350 or 400 miles. The road is quite practicable for wheeled guns, and for some part of the way a fair amount of grain and forage is procurable. . . . *I am of opinion that it is by his line that all offensive operations on our part could most advantageously be carried on.*”

Nothing but good could have come of the discussion in Parliament of each step of aggressive policy in Afghanistan. If the policy were sound, the hands of the Government would have been greatly strengthened; if unsupported by adequate reasons, the policy would have been abandoned. As it is, the nation stands committed to an armed intervention in Afghanistan,—a course which has been tried twice already, in 1833 and again in 1879, and on both occasions with most disastrous consequences.

Mr. Slagg is not prepared to take Indian officials' views of the present administration of India; he thinks it is natural that they should manifest the keenest dislike to Parliamentary control over them and their doings.

The members of the Indian services, civil and military, doubtless possess excellent qualities; but an appreciation of Parliamentary Government and the value of free and fair discussion is not to be expected from them. The best part of their lives is spent in the administration of a most rigid, exclusive, and irresponsible system of Government. Of this system, they become, as we all know, the staunch, the almost fanatical admirers. They regard it, to quote the enraptured language of Sir Lepel Griffin, "as the most perfect system of Government which the world has ever seen." To any one who holds this extraordinary opinion, it is hardly possible that the constitutional system which he left behind him in England should appear other than the worst form of Government which the world has ever seen. It certainly is the opposite in every respect to that which we have allowed to grow up in British India; and the incapacity of even the most successful Indian officials to accommodate themselves to the conditions of public life in England is seen in the obscurity which overtake so many of them upon their return. Their opposition, therefore, to the authority of Parliament really counts for very little. It is the natural dislike of men to a method of Government which they do not understand, and in which they are disqualified, by their training and education, to take a leading part. They instinctively cling to such an institution as the Indian Council as the one dry spot on which the Indian, Bureaucrat can still find safe lodgment amid the rising waters of Radicalism.

The plea, under cover of which this dislike to Parliamentary control is disguised, is that Parliament, as a body, possesses no such knowledge of the needs of India as to qualify it to intervene with advantage in the Government of the country. It would be wise perhaps to leave the Government of India exclusively to Indian "experts," if these gentlemen were unanimous as to the manner in which India ought to be governed.

Unhappily this is so far from being the case, that there is no Indian question, and there never has been one during the whole of the past century, on which the great body of Indian "experts" have not been divided into two irreconcilable camps. These divisions, together with the absence of any supreme arbitrator to decide between the combatants, have inflicted deep and lasting injuries upon the people of India. They have robbed our administration of all continuity. As the chances of promotion brought one or other party into power, the fundamental principles on which the Government was conducted have oscillated violently from one extreme to the other. The Government of India has, indeed, been little better than a series of disastrous experiments in which the population has been regarded as a sort of *corpus vile* on which our huge crowd of Indian administrators were entitled to exhibit their legislative ingenuity. These irreconcilable differences of opinion are a necessary consequence of a despotic Government such as exists in India. Where there is no free and thorough discussion of public questions, there can be no approximation made to a common platform for the disputants on either side. The officials in power carry all before them right or wrong. Their opponents bide their time. They know that a very few years will see these gentlemen not only out of office, but altogether withdrawn from the scene of their labours, and as impotent to control or fashion Indian legislation as if they had never set foot

in the country. Then comes their opportunity, and they are quick to seize it, knowing that their time, too, is but short. The young plants of legislation which their predecessors had planted are plucked up in order to examine the roots. These are declared to be in a state of mortal disease, and a new crop is forthwith planted, to be subjected to similar treatment a few years hence. We make careful provision for depriving ourselves of all knowledge of the currents of native feeling, and then declare that India must be ardently loyal because we get no intelligence to the contrary. We invest many hundreds of quite ordinary Englishmen with absolute power, and insist that this power is never abused upon the unsupported assertions of those who wield it. But no internal reform is possible in India which does not directly touch some privilege of the ruling body; and, what is far worse, does not establish a precedent, which, if pursued, would in course of time obliterate those privileges altogether. All internal reforms therefore are opposed, and so long as a Governor-General has for his sole support, not the Parliament of the nation, but merely a secret council, composed in the main of Indian Bureaucrats, it is impossible that he should overcome this resistance. In sending a Viceroy to India, and then interposing between him and the natives the dead wall of an Indian Council, we destroy the very object for which the Viceroy is sent. The Viceroy is in India as the representative of the English nation, to act as arbitrator between the ruling class and the people of India; and this high function it is impossible for him to discharge until he is brought into direct relations with Parliament.

Mr. Slagg has noticed that all men—at least all official men—are greedy of power; all are impatient of popular control and supervision; and so we find that there is a constant endeavour to withdraw their proceedings as much as possible from the intervention of the House of Commons. The invariable pretext for this is that in the particular matter on which information is requested, secrecy is essential to the public interests. As regards the foreign or colonial relations of Great Britain, it is only occasionally that those burning questions arise, in which the intervention of Parliament is imperatively demanded; and then there are so many sources of information open to Parliament and the nation that neither Colonial nor Foreign Office can long adhere to its policy of silence and concealment. In India the case is different.

We are there carrying on an experiment with materials which, despite, of all that official apologists may assert and indolent persons may choose to believe, are ludicrously inadequate for the end to be accomplished. We are dealing with a continent possessed of a high and very complex civilization of its own, and inhabited by a people exceedingly intelligent and active-minded, quick to learn our language and imbibe our ideas, and shrewd to a degree in their criticism of our characters and political methods. None the less in the government of this country we have pushed the people altogether aside, and have entrusted the entire control of their destinies to Englishmen, selected, when still boys, by a system of competitive examination, who proceed to India simply in order to obtain a livelihood. Between them and the people of the country (speaking generally) no social or friendly relations are ever established; on the

contrary (as was proved to demonstration in the excitement provoked by the Ilbert Bill), a bitter and increasing antipathy divides the two races as by an impassable gulf. To crown all, the ruling race have no permanent stake in the country which they rule. They come and go, the entire *personnel* of the administration undergoing a complete change in the course of twenty years. In India, therefore, all accumulation of official knowledge and experience is impossible. The people of the country, by reason of their exclusion from the higher posts of the administration, cannot acquire it; and the English officials withdraw as soon as they have acquired a sufficient income to live on at home. There are people, I am aware, not a few, who believe that British rule in India is a vast success, notwithstanding, "the most perfect government," in fact, "that the world has ever seen." There are also spiritualists, believers in an occult Buddhism; and indeed no limits can be put to human eccentricity or to the measure of human credulity. But the immense majority of people, assuming them to be clothed and in their right minds, will acknowledge that to predicate success of a government constituted in the manner I have described is hardly less absurd than to argue in favour of the flatness of the earth. In British India the Government, as at present constituted, is lacking in every condition which has been found essential to the production of good government in every other country in the world, and that should suffice to convince any reasonable person that it must be greatly in need of supervision and reform.

The increase of Parliamentary supervision and authority is not proposed under the impression that it would be adequate to the needs of the case. But by providing a Court of Appeal, where all cases would be discussed in the full glare of publicity, it would allow the people of India to place their own case before the English nation, a boon of which they are at present, according to Mr. Slagg, altogether deprived. A Standing Committee would have power to call for all Indian documents, and to raise debates upon Indian questions would effectually defeat the policy of silence and obscurantism encouraged by the subservience of the Secretary for India to his Council. As an example might be taken the case of the secret demands made upon Shere Ali at Peshawur eighteen months anterior to the breaking out of the last war in Afghanistan. When questioned on the subject in the House of Lords, Lord Salisbury gave a reply that had the effect of quieting public anxiety, but had all the facts been known, had a Standing Committee been in existence, Lord Salisbury would never have ventured to make the statement he made, and the war would never have been waged. Any proposition which, if carried into effect, would curtail the authority of those in office is likely to be denounced as dangerous by those who hold office, or hope to do so. But is it not far more dangerous to leave the Government of India in the exclusive possession of a body irresponsible alike to the people of India and to the people of the United Kingdom?

Year after year the interests of the two countries become more inextricably interwoven, and any violent rupture would result in consequences even more disastrous to ourselves than to the people of India. We know well enough what the Indian officials think of their own achievements in the East; but of the actual condition of India and its people—whether they are thriving under our rule or the reverse—we possess little accurate knowledge, and respecting these all-important topics the ruling class, so far as I can see, can supply us with no information which bears examination. As a member of the Indian Railway Committee, I have been profoundly impressed by the utter absence of official evidence as to the economic effect of the railways on the condition of the people. It is evident to me that in the vast expenditure on public works which for the last quarter of a century has gone on in India, we have been literally plunging in the dark. Even if it be granted that in the mere administration of India the members of the Indian services stand in no need of a watchful and intelligent criticism outside of their own body—an assertion, however, which only needs to be put into words, in order to be rejected as preposterous—they have assuredly no special aptitude for the uncontrolled management of the vast commercial interests which this country has created in India. These, at any rate, imperatively demand the vigilant consideration of Parliament; but unless Parliament delegates to certain of its own members the duty of collecting the necessary information, and bringing the same from time to time under the consideration of the House, it is impossible that either Parliament or the nation can acquire the knowledge to enable them to watch and to criticise. We may remain as we are at present, knowing little about India, swallowing upon trust whatever facts or statements may be prepared for the national consumption; and if this be thought a wise and safe condition, then there is no need to abolish the Indian Council, or to set up a Standing Committee of the House of Commons in its stead. But if the duty which Parliament owes, not less to the people of India than to the nation, demands that it should be able to know and to judge of the things which are done under the sanction of its authority in our Oriental Empire, it seems to me that a Standing Committee is the only machinery by which the information essential to the discharge of these high functions can be placed at its disposal.

The article concludes with a statement of three important points of great difficulty and complexity, about which it is advisable that Parliament should have the fullest information and power of decision, the Indian services being neither by training nor circumstances fitted to handle them successfully. There is first the economical question.

We have spent an enormous amount of the wealth of India in the construction of railways, canals, and other works under the impression that we should thereby, not merely develop the resources of the country, but greatly improve the condition of the people. There is a strong desire in official circles that this vast expenditure should continue; but we are by no means fully supplied with evidence as to its good effects, so far, upon the people. The point ought to be certainly decided either in the affirmative or the negative before any further continuance of the policy is sanctioned, or otherwise we may discover, when too late, that we have laid burdens on our empire by the very policy which was intended to enrich it.

Secondly, there is the not less vital question of providing for the increasing class of educated and thoughtful natives a proper field for the exercise of their abilities—a just share in the government of their country.

As regards this the Indian authorities have made it clear, by the attitude which they have taken up in regard to the Ilbert Bill, that they are determined to make no concession. It will perhaps be urged on the other side that they have exhibited no such frantic hostility to the local self-government scheme; but this is easily accounted for. Each local government has had the drafting of the provisions of its own scheme, which has in every case been so whittled down as to become quite insignificant. Moreover, all these local bodies, when established, will exist merely by sufferance of the collector, and, should they exhibit any troublesome independence, will be reported to head-quarters as appropriating to themselves a political character, and promptly dissolved for their audacity. It is only Parliament, as the interpreter of the will of the British nation, which possesses sufficient authority to confer upon the people of India some measure of political liberty.

Lastly, there are the foreign relations of the empire, now altogether in the hands of a class which is of necessity militant and aggressive.

This is due to several causes, partly to the predilection for violent measures which the possession of great power invariably produces; partly to the fact that, from their position in India, they are free from the sacrifices which war inflicts upon the people; but chiefly because their attitude towards the political aspirations of the able and educated natives of India has deprived them of any strong hold upon the affections or loyalty of the people. Hence their belief in prestige; hence their wearisome iteration of the trite and most inaccurate assertion that India was won by the sword, and must be held by the sword; and hence the eagerness with which they plunge into any enterprise having for its object to keep a possible enemy at a distance from India. Russaphobia is a natural product of our system of government. It is a disease to which the official class is peculiarly liable, and they communicate the infection to the British public. There is only one way by which the nation can be delivered from this most dangerous form of homicidal mania. It is by making Parliamentary control over India more direct, more continuous, and more effective. Then the Indian "expert" would be reduced to his proper dimensions. At present he is a kind of Indian political Pope, whose dicta are to be received implicitly, and whose reasons are much too recondite to be subjected to examination and criticism. *Then* it is that the reasons would be examined, and not the man substituted, as a divine oracle, whose function it was only to state conclusions.

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THE EXAMINATION OF PRISONERS—EMILE GABORIAU.—This paper is headed with a quotation from Gaboriau's novel, the *Crime d'Orcival*, which brings out strikingly the contrast of the French system—"the duel to the death between justice and the man suspected of a crime"—to the familiar formula in England, where the prisoner is formally cautioned that he need say nothing unless he likes, but that whatever he does say will be taken down in writing and used against him at his trial. Many people are beginning to doubt whether the exceptional privileges accorded to the British criminal are really advantageous to the community, or even to accused innocence.

Many circumstances have combined to call attention to the subject; the proposal in the abortive measure of 1883 to permit, but not to compel, a prisoner to give evidence; the newspaper discussion during the winter as to the admissibility of prisoners' statements; and the precedents established temporarily by the Irish Crimes Act, and permanently by the Explosive Substances Act of last year, which enables an enquiry to be held and evidence taken whenever there is reasonable ground for suspicion that an offence under the Act has been committed. Some of the exceptional provisions of this latter measure, as, for instance, the one throwing the onus of showing an innocent intent upon the accused, and, as a necessary consequence, making the prisoner's evidence

admissible, may be ascribed to the peculiar subject-matter with which it deals ; but there seems no reason why, if an enquiry should be held where there has been criminal dealing with explosives, the same principle should not hold good where a robbery with violence, or a great theft of jewellery, has been committed, and, *à fortiori*, in the case of the kindred crime of arson.

Few, at any rate, will deny that further steps with regard to the alteration and codification of the criminal law and procedure, the examination of prisoners, and the reform of the office of the public prosecutor, are urgently needed.

To those desirous of becoming acquainted with the French criminal procedure, the writer passes on the advice given him by the late Mr. Justice Willes, to read Gaboriau's novels.

The general plan of Gaboriau's novels is, that a crime is committed under mysterious circumstances, and one portion of the book is devoted to detecting it, while a second portion details the circumstances that led to its commission, the interest of the latter being usually far inferior to that of the former.

Perc Tabaret, the amateur detective in *Monsieur Lecocq*, is a character admirably conceived and elaborated. Inheriting at middle life a large fortune, too old to marry, and without an object in life, he devotes all his time and money to the detection of crime ; concealing his pursuit even from his housekeeper and acquaintances.

A better example of his manner of working cannot be given than where he is called in to assist the cause of justice in the case of the mysterious murder of the Widow Lerouge. After about an hour's careful investigation he comes back with his report, which may be summarised as follows :—'The motive of the crime is not theft. The assassin reached the place before half-past nine, for it rained at that time and there are no muddy foot-marks, but there are marks of dust under the table where his feet were. The widow was not expecting him, as she had begun to undress and was pulling down the weight of her clock when he knocked. The clock is one of those that go for fourteen or fifteen hours, and she probably wound it just before going to bed ; how came it then to have stopped in about five hours ? Because she was just pulling the chain when she heard the knock. In proof of this there is a footmark on the chair just under the clock. The body of the victim's dress is off. To open more quickly she had not put it on again, but merely thrown an old shawl over her shoulders. She knew the man that knocked ; her hurry to open makes it probable ; what follows proves it. He was admitted without difficulty. He is still young, rather above the average height, well dressed. That evening he was wearing a tall hat, had an umbrella, and was smoking a Havana cigar with a mouthpiece. In proof of this, the marks outside are those of fashionable boots, and their wearer has easily made a long jump to avoid a flower-bed. The hat is proved by the circle marked on the dusty top of a desk ; his height, by his having groped with his hands on the top of the cupboards where a short

man could not have reached, and where he would have seen if he had got on a chair. There is a clear mark outside of the point of an umbrella as far as the stuff-part of it. There is cigar-end in the ashes, and the smoker must have used a holder, as it is neither wet nor marked by teeth. He must have asked for something to eat, for the meal the widow was getting ready was not for herself, as remains of her fish dinner are in the cupboard; and there is only one knife and glass upon the table. She must have thought him far above her in rank, for the knife, glass, and clean table-cloth are her best, and the one she had been using was a little soiled. The assassin sat down and drank a glass of wine while she was putting her frying-pan on the fire. Then, his courage failing him, he asked for brandy, and drank about five liqueur glasses. After an inward struggle of about ten minutes—the time it would take to cook the ham and eggs as much as they are done—he got up, came behind her as she stooped forward, and dealt her two blows in the back; she did not die instantly but half raised herself, clinging to the hands of the assassin. He started back, lifted her suddenly up, and threw her down in her present position. This short struggle is indicated by the position of the corpse. Bent and stabbed in the back, she would naturally have fallen on her back. The murderer used a sharp and narrow weapon; probably the end of a foil, with the button off, and ground. He has left us the proof of this by wiping his weapon on the petticoat of the victim. He was not marked in the struggle, for, although she clutched his hands tightly, he had not taken off his lavender gloves, traces of which remain in her nails. He did not want money, but papers, which he knew to be in his victim's possession, in the search for which he has broken open the desk and turned everything upside down. At last he found them, and burnt them in the other room, and then fled, taking with him all the valuables he could find, wrapped up in a napkin, to put inquirers on the wrong scent, and give the appearance of a theft.

It is needless to say that the sequel proves these various surmises to be correct in every particular.

Suspicion falls upon the Vicomte Albert de Commarin, whose father plotted, and believed he had carried out with the assistance of the murdered woman, a substitution of children, by which an illegitimate son was placed in the position of his heir. The substitution was actually prevented by the husband of the supposed widow; and the object of the real murderer, the true illegitimate son, was to destroy the proofs that the plot had failed, and usurp the inheritance. Circumstantial evidence, however, is overwhelming against Albert: strong apparent motive; soiled and disordered dress and scratched lavender gloves; and, above all, inability to account for his time on the evening of the murder. This latter circumstance, convincing in the eyes of the examining judge, operates in a precisely opposite direction with the amateur detective, who is persuaded that an assassin of such foresight and determination would have armed himself with an unimpeachable alibi; and on finding this link in the chain of his theory broken down, goes straight over to the opposition, and exerts himself to the utmost to prove the innocence of the accused.

In this case, it may be noted that the police officer who breaks open the door immediately commences a preliminary inquiry,

examining witnesses and recording their testimony, and the *juge d'instruction* arrives on the scene within two hours and takes up the thread of examination.

He has the power not merely of summoning, but of arresting any witness whose testimony he thinks likely to be of importance; and not only that, but of having them placed in solitary confinement without the possibility of communicating with the outside world; a power which we see freely exercised in *Monsieur Lecocq*. It is obvious what a powerful instrument for the detection of crime must be afforded by the opportunity of comparing and contrasting the various statements, and interrogating witnesses with the knowledge previously acquired from their companions or from strangers.

Take, again, the evidence of an *alibi* supplied by the young lady to whom Albert was engaged, which her lover has declined to produce for fear of compromising her.

She explains that, for important reasons, she had granted him a night interview in the garden. The gate was locked, and he had to climb the high wall covered with broken glass. This accounts for his scratched kid gloves and soiled and disordered dress. It came on to rain while they were still in the garden; and he climbed back again more easily by the gardener's ladder, which she had afterwards laid down along the wall. The Magistrate suspects her of inventing the story to screen her lover; but the *alibi* is not produced at a trial by a prisoner who has reserved his defence, as it would be in England, too late to be tested, confirmed, or disproved; and it is his duty, as the agent of the accused as well as of the prosecution, to test the truth of such a statement. He immediately despatches an agent to the spot, and sure enough, the marks of the wall having been crossed twice, once before and once after the rain, are sufficiently evident.

Take another instance from the *Dossier*, No. 113.

The problem to solve there is who is the author of the theft of a large sum of money from a banker's strong-box. Only the head cashier and the banker himself have keys, and know the word by which a complicated letter-lock gives additional security to the safe. All circumstances combine to cast suspicion on the cashier; and although he denies culpability, his examination discloses various additional grounds of suspicion which he is unable to explain. At last, however, he suddenly remembers and states that he believes that he locked up the money, afterwards stolen, in the presence of the bank messenger, who brought it after office hours; and that he left the premises before him. The messenger is immediately interrogated, under circumstances which render it impossible that there could have been any communication between them, and he confirms this statement. This evidence, which would be comparatively of little value at a trial, coming under such circumstances, and in confirmation of an accused man's statement, is almost conclusive, and leads to his release.

Turning from fiction to biography, it is interesting to notice the impression made by a criminal trial in France upon Sir Samuel Romilly, who thus describes his experiences in 1802:—

After every witness was examined, an examination took place of the prisoners by the judges. This would have much shocked most Englishmen, who have very superstitious notions of the rights and privileges of the persons

accused of crimes. *It should seem, however, if the great object of all trials be to discover the truth, to punish the guilty, and to afford security for the innocent, that the examination of the accused is the most important and indispensable part of every trial.*

As to the admissibility of prisoners' evidence at a trial it is hardly worth while to argue. It is almost the sole piece of legal reform promised during the present session; and in the interests of truth, justice, and innocence, it certainly seems grotesque to shut the mouth of the person who may be supposed to know most about the circumstances.

Our English law up to the present time has rather resembled our English sport. As the purpose of a fox-hunt is not to destroy foxes—an object which could be better secured by the use of trap, gun, or poison—but to kill them, if possible, in a particular manner in accordance with what may be termed the rules of the game, so the prisoner has been always accorded similar privileges. Few who watch the signs of the times can doubt that the days of those privileges are numbered. The tone of conversation, both in professional and private circles, the comments of the press, and the tendencies of all recent legislation on the subject, both proposed or enacted—all proclaim that the ancient superstition is no more.

A second question is: Ought the examination of prisoners to be left in the hands of the judge; and ought it to take place only at the trial?

If it is the duty of the representatives of justice not merely to hear the prisoner's statement of facts, but to examine into its accuracy, and enquire into such attendant circumstances disclosed as may throw any light on the question of guilt or innocence, it is obvious that this cannot be effectually done at the actual trial of the prisoner. Justice should pursue the track while the traces are still fresh, before there has been time for witnesses to disappear or be tampered with; for defences to be invented, or even for memory to display its natural infirmities. To take, for instance, the familiar case of an alibi. All who have had any experience before criminal tribunals are aware how easily one may be concocted by the simple expedient of a substituted date, and also how difficult it is for a really honest witness long after accurately to recall the precise time at which events may have taken place, unimportant in themselves, but which turn out to be of paramount and overwhelming interest to an injured prosecutor or community, or to the innocent victim of mistaken identity, or one entangled in a network of circumstantial evidence.

In all such cases promptitude is an essential element of success. Surely something might be done by enlarging the scope of the official duties of the public prosecutor, giving him the power to test and examine the statements of a person against whom there may be a *prima facie* case, and those of other witnesses. Thus the existing sham might be turned into a useful reality. At present he is but the shadow of a name, condemned to the uncongenial employment of inaking bricks without straw.

There is, however, a further point, and one of vast importance for consideration.

Should it in all cases be necessary to have a prisoner actually before a magistrate, and charged with an offence, before witnesses can be compulsorily summoned and examined? It hardly needs any elaborate argument to prove that the power to institute an immediate enquiry, whenever there is reasonable ground for believing that a crime has been committed, or even that one has been plotted, would be of the utmost utility, both for the detection of crime and for its prevention, by breaking-up organized bands of burglars or other criminals. The heads of the police often tell you, after the commission of some startling crime, that they are aware of the way it was committed, and of the names of its perpetrators, although they are unable to bring forward any legal evidence to secure their conviction. It is obvious that the fear of a public enquiry would greatly disturb the operations of organized gangs of criminals, even if it did not ensure the conviction of offenders. To prove the efficacy of such a proceeding it is only necessary to cite the result of the enquiries held under the Irish Crimes Act, which unmasked and brought to the scaffold the band of assassins who committed one of the vilest crimes of modern days, but who, under the ordinary law, would have enjoyed impunity and security.

Such a proposal is not an absolute novelty. It is hardly necessary to advert to the familiar process of the coroner's inquest in cases of violent death. A more exact precedent is afforded by the Explosive Substances Act, 1883, which provides that the Attorney-General may order an enquiry, and thereupon a Justice may hold one, with all the usual powers of compelling the attendance of witnesses, although no person is charged before him with the commission of the crime.

A witness in such an enquiry is not excused from answering questions on the ground that they may criminate himself, but his answers are not admissible in evidence against himself, except in the case of proceedings for perjury. Justices have power of committing by warrant, or binding over witnesses, under the Act, on information of their intention to abscond. A Justice who has held an enquiry into such a crime must not take part in committing any person for trial for it.

This precedent should not be strained, on account of the circumstances under which the Act was passed; but if it is right that provisions so anomalous should continue on the Statute Book, it certainly cannot be merely on account of the subject-matter. Dynamite plots are difficult to discover, secret in their origin, and perilous to society; but so are many other crimes of a more familiar nature which do not appeal so readily to the imagination.

The writer, in conclusion, thus shortly sums up the points to which he desires to direct attention.

First, while I am clearly of opinion that prisoners should be competent witnesses at a trial, I see no reason why they should not be compelled to give their evidence. I do not suggest that they should be committed for contempt of court for refusal to answer; but a jury might, if they thought fit, draw any reasonable

inference from their silence. Secondly, I have suggested that the examination should also be taken, if possible at an earlier stage in the trial, and by a competent authority, the agent as well of the accused as of the prosecution, and that such an authority would be best constituted by the enlargement, or rather the creation, of an official Public Prosecutor with a competent staff and adequate machinery. Thirdly, I do not at present see any reason why enquiries should not be held, at least in certain cases, where crimes have been committed, without any prisoner having been actually arrested, and I am by no means clear that the examination of individuals before such a tribunal should not be admissible in evidence against themselves.

ROMAN LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.—Parts of this paper, especially the light thrown upon the method of that prince of charlatans, Count Cagliostro, will be found interesting. The article itself is compiled from *Roman Life in the 18th and 19th centuries*, a book based upon the voluminous diaries of the Abate Lucantonio Benedetti, who died an octogenarian in Rome in 1837, after an eventful career as courtier, conspirator, prisoner, and exile.

In the days of Benedetti's youth Rome still wore the aspect of a city of the Middle Ages. It was a labyrinth of winding streets, unlighted, unnamed, and unnumbered. Every trade kept to its own special locality, and, in lack of shop-fronts, advertised its wares by painted signs and emblems. Cattle were herded in the Colosseum and Forum, and the Arch of Constantine was half buried in the earth. Justice was administered with circumstances of barbaric ferocity. It was a common sight to see unlucky coachmen publicly tortured in the Corso for no worse guilt than that of driving through the streets during the hours reserved for Carnival frolics; and the erection of the gallows on the Piazza del Popolo, the first Saturday in Carnival, was in fact the signal of the opening of the season for public sports. And, the condemned criminals despatched, the hangman's assistants would presently join the gay crowd in the Corso disguised as clowns and pantaloons. Down to the first year of the present century malefactors were quartered and burnt on the Campo del Fiori, and for many years later the pillory and the wooden horse remained familiar objects in other parts of Rome, although both were temporarily abolished during the Napoleonic rule.

These were the days of unbridled luxury and corruption among the higher, and of brute ferocity among the lower classes. The latter had the deepest contempt for shop-keepers. Always in the open air, they were a fine hardy race, working in short spurts and fond of festivities, which generally ended in strife and bloodshed.

One of their favourite games was the 'Sassojalata,' in which Trasteverini and Monticiani challenged one another to battle with stones. This brutal pastime took place in the Forum, where fragments of sculpture and masonry supplied the requisite weapons, and stretched many combatants bleeding on the field.

Apropos of baptismal rites, Benedetti tell us that—

During the Lenten season of 1794, all Rome flocked to the christening of a couple of converted Jewesses. Both were newly-married women; but their baptism annulled their marriage vows. They were now Christian virgins, and duly discarded their husbands at the church door. The poor men were crazed with

grief, but could obtain no redress. Who cared for the feelings of 'dogs of Jews'? Until delivered from official persecution by decree of the French conquerors in 1798, all Hebrews were compelled to wear a badge of their slavery, in the form of the yellow cloth or *sciama* affixed to their hats, and which made them a mark for the insults of the mob.

Now-a-days Roman children are petted tyrants to whose whims all must give way. It was different in the 18th century.

The tightly-swaddled infants were suspended in conical frames, called *bigonci*, and the following precautions taken for their welfare: a coral with bells was hung round their necks to keep off the evil eye, an Agnus Dei to avert mortal danger, a tassel of mole-skin to guard them from witchcraft, and gold rings put in their ears to preserve their sight. Thus equipped, what could harm them? They were suckled for two years; then weaned, and sent to a dame-school. Here they were wedged in little chairs, and made to sit still the whole day, with intervals of kneeling to lisp out Latin prayers they could not understand, and at evening went home just in time to be packed off to bed. After a few years of this *régime*, they were transferred to schools where order was maintained by the rod, the pillory, and the degradation of tracing the sign of the cross on dirty floors with their tongues. When at home their only licensed amusement consisted in dressing up as priests, erecting play altars, and making *presepii* at Christmas. As all know, a *presepio* is a pasteboard representation of the stable at Bethlehem with puppets grouped as Virgin and Child, angels, shepherds, &c.

One of the most singular social incidents of the pontificate of Pius VI was the appearance of Joseph Balsamo, better known as Count Cagliostro, who, after attaining celebrity all over Europe, was brought by his ill fate back to Rome in 1789. There Benedetti attended a *séance* on the evening of September 15th of that year, and gives a full report of it in his diary.

Cagliostro's abode was the Villa Malta, near the Pincian Gate, and on arriving at the entrance the Abate and his friend gave the password to a servant in livery, and were led into a splendidly-illuminated hall. The walls were covered with geometrical figures and symbols, and on one of them Benedetti read the following inscription:—

Sum quidquid fuit, est, et erit. Nemoque mortalium mihi adhuc velum detraxit.

On all sides were statuettes of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Chinese gods. The hall was crowded with well-known personages, and, much to his amazement, Benedetti recognised among them the French Ambassador, Cardinal Bernis. At one end stood a species of altar covered with skulls, stuffed apes, live snakes and owls, rolls of parchment, retorts, phials, amulets, packets of powders, and other miscellaneous objects.

Presently Count-Cagliostro appeared; and Benedetti remarks:—

He is a man of middle height, stout, with an air of sinister cunning, and a suspicious eye, exactly as he is represented in the portrait I have of him. He was followed by his wife, a handsome, well-proportioned woman, with a vivacious expression.

After a few preliminaries, Cagliostro seated himself on a tripod, and began to speak as follows :—

It is right that I should relate my life to you, reveal my past, and lift the dense veil that prevents you from seeing. . . . Hearken to my words. . . . The boundless desert spreads around me, gigantic palm-trees cast their shadows on the sand. I see the quiet course of the Nile ; the Sphinx, obelisks, columns stand in their majesty before me. Behold these wondrous walls, these numerous temples, these mighty pyramids, these labyrinths ! It is Memphis, the sacred city ! Behold the glorious King, Totmes III, makes his triumphant entry, after subduing the Syrians and Canaanites ! I see. . . . But now I pass to other lands. Here is another city ; here is a holy temple dedicated to Jehovah, not to Osiris. New gods have overthrown the old. I hear voices . . . they proclaim the Prophet, the Son of God. Who is it ? It is Christ ! Yes, I see Him : He is at the marriage-feast of Cana. He is changing the water into wine.'

And hereupon Cagliostro started to his feet, crying—

'Not He alone can perform this miracle. I, too, can perform it ; will show it to you all. I will reveal the mystery ; nought is concealed from me. I know all. I am immortal, antediluvian. Nothing is impossible to me *Ego sum qui sum.*'

Then seizing a vessel of pure water and making all taste it, he poured some into a huge crystal goblet, and added to it a few drops of another liquid from a small phial.

Instantly the water assumed a golden hue, and became a sparkling wine, like Orvieto. This, he said, was the Falernian used by the ancient Romans. Many present drank of it, and found it excellent. Cagliostro then continued his rhapsody, and spoke as with inspired accents of his famous secrets, his balsams, his elixirs. He produced a bottle of elixir which, he said, was potent to prolong life and restore youth and strength. And, to prove his words, he administered doses of it to the oldest persons in the assembly. Certainly it gave colour to their cheeks and brightness to their eyes ; 'but,' adds Benedetti, 'it struck me that a glass or so of old Montefiascone might easily produce the same effect.'

The Count then mentioned his power of enlarging precious stones and offered to make an experiment on the spot. Cardinal Bernis gave him the fine diamond ring that he always wore, and it was thrown into a crucible and various liquids poured over it. Thereupon Cagliostro recited an incantation composed of so-called Egyptian and Arabian words. He then added several powders to the mixture in the crucible, and in a few minutes drew out the ring and restored it to the Cardinal with a brilliant almost double the size of the original stone. Bernis put on the miraculous ring with great delight ; but the Abate's opinion was that the Cardinal had been cleverly tricked ; that the ring was quite different from his own, and set with a crystal instead of a diamond.

Cagliostro next introduced a young girl and made her fix her eyes on a glass bottle filled with water. She said she saw a road

leading from one great city to another and a vast crowd shouting, "Down with the King!" She said she heard the people crying. "To Versailles," and that there was a great gentleman among them, Thereupon Cagliostro turned to us and said :—

'My ward has prophesied the future. Before long Louis XVI will be attacked by the people in his Château at Versailles; the mob will be led by a duke; the monarchy will be overthrown, the Bastille destroyed, and tyranny give place to freedom.'

'Diamine!' exclaimed the French ambassador; 'you predict ill things for my sovereign!'

'Unfortunately they will all be verified,' replied the Count.

To this report Benedetti appends a note, dated 12th October 1789 :—

Cagliostro spoke truly: on the 5th instant a mob, mainly composed of women, and headed by the Duke d'Aiguillon attacked the King at Versailles.

Cagliostro then made a speech on freemasonry, and explained its object. A Capuchin friar came forward and said that he wished to join the society, and another person, named Vivaldi, followed the friar's lead. Then the meeting broke up.

A few months afterwards, in December, Cagliostro, his wife, and the Capuchin were all three summoned before the Inquisition. The Count denied every charge brought against him; but his wife quailed at the threat of torture, confessed everything, and gave a minute account of her husband's career. Cagliostro was condemned to death; but Pius VI commuted the punishment to perpetual confinement in the fortress of S. Leo, near San Marino. And there, six years later, the impostor's shameful existence came to an end.

The Abate enjoyed the personal acquaintance of most of the notabilities of his time. He had known, among others, the poet Alfieri.

Alfieri passed much of his time in Rome from 1767 to the opening of 1783; and, as everywhere else, amazed the fashionable world by his eccentricities. He was often to be seen early in the morning, seated on the balustrade of the Trevi fountain, engaged in munching bread and cheese, and meditating on his work.

His horses were the admiration of the town. But although his fine, contemptuous face was sometimes to be seen in fashionable houses, he did not mix much with the gay world. His days were given to study, and the composition of his tragedies, several of which were written in Rome; and most of his evenings were spent with the Countess of Albany, or in the literary and artistic *salon* of that learned lady Maria Pizzelli. It was here that our Abate first met the poet, and heard him read his *Virginia*.

The daring sentiments of this new tragedy shook its hearers as by an earthquake. "This Alfieri," says Benedetti, "seemed Cola di Rienzi *redivivus*."

No wonder that the poet of freedom should have been barely tolerated in Papal Rome ! Pius VI had refused to allow the tragedy of *Saul* to be dedicated to him, notwithstanding its Biblical subject, and the precedent of the dedication of Voltaire's *Mahomet II.* to Benedict XIV. But, even more than his political opinions, it was his *liaison* with the Countess of Albany that brought the poet into disfavour.

The lady's husband, Charles Edward, had meanwhile consented to a separation, and withdrawn to Florence ; but her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, was a determined enemy, and in 1783 succeeded in having her lover expelled from Rome.

Two volumes of the work quoted at the commencement of this paper are before the world ; the first starts from 1769, the second comes down to the death of Pius VII in 1823; and the third and last will conclude with the entry of King Victor Emmanuel in 1870.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1884.

A Daughter of the Nile. From a Sketch by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P. R. A <i>Frontispiece</i>	—
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THE NILE.—Dr. Trautvetter takes advantage of the actual and almost hourly interest that is being felt in the affairs of Egypt to sketch some facts, traditions, and customs with which his many years' residence on the shores of the Nile have made him familiar, and which he thinks may serve as a background to the picture of exciting events that is daily being unrolled before us. Herodotus has expressed the opinion that "Egypt is the gift of the Nile," and it is round this wonderful and fascinating stream that most Egyptian traditions cluster.

In winter and spring, when the waters sink deeper and deeper in their bed, and here and there a sand island appears, the river resembles a weary wanderer who is straining every nerve to reach the longed-for goal. In summer, when the tropical sun sears and scorches all exposed to its rays, it is quite the contrary; then is the time when Father Nile, in proud consciousness of his power and strength, tosses his brown and turbid waves, and hurries on, fierce and grumbling, under the arches of that imposing bridge, threatening to overthrow it, and all else, in his rapid onward course. There are other bridges spanning arms of the Nile further on, but this is the only yoke to which he deigns to bend his broad back while yet an undivided current sweeping onward to the sea.

It is through the Nile, as through an artery, that the body of Egypt draws life and nourishment; where its pulsations cease, death—the desert—begins.

The soil is like a sponge, and during the time of the inundation absorbs such quantities of moisture that they suffice for the vegetation of the whole land until a year later, when new floods appear, awaking life, and calling forth an expression of renewed vitality in plants and animals. "First a desert, then a sweet water lake, then a blooming garden," are the words in which Amru, the Mohammedan conqueror of the land, characterizes in short and terse expression its three most salient phases.

At a time when geographical knowledge was in its infancy, Herodotus expressed an opinion, which modern science has confirmed, *viz*, that not only the Delta, but the whole lower valley of the Nile, had originally been a gulf, filled out gradually by the enormous masses of mud carried along and deposited by the tempestuous river. Nay, more, he even prophesied that, should the river ever change its course and choose the Red Sea as point of exit, the same phenomenon would be repeated, and in twenty, or even ten, thousand years a new and fruitful continent would be formed where now all is water.

To give an approximate idea of the quantities deposited by the Nile during the time of inundation, I will only mention that in a glass of water left standing for an hour, from one to two inches of sediment will be found.

* * * * *

One of the peculiarities of the rivers of Africa—this land of mystery, typified by the Sphinx guarding its gates—is that they take the longest possible way to reach the sea. And the Nile is no exception to this rule. Its chief sources, situated the one in the mountains of Abyssinia, the other in the vast lakes of Central Africa, are comparatively near the eastern shore of the continent; and yet, in spite of this, and of the fact that the most southern of its sources takes its start south of the equator, the huge body of water turns northward, and after making a great circuit only reaches the sea at a latitude of thirty-two degrees north. The distance traversed by the Nile on its lower course, where on both sides there is desert, and no tributary whatever, is one of about 800 geographical miles.

The Nile and its inundations could not be otherwise than a great mystery to the primitive inhabitants of Egypt, who were acquainted only with its lower range, and knew nothing of its sources and tributaries. Even at the time of the Romans, "*caput Nile quærere*" was a common phrase for trying to discover something which was beyond the pale of human knowledge.

Notwithstanding this, there was in ancient times no lack of men who tried to solve the problem, and Herodotus gives us, with more detail than any other ancient writer, the different opinions on the subject which were then current. He stamps as merest legend the conviction entertained by some that the Nile was derived from the oceans surrounding the earth. Another version was that the cold northern winds, which in summer sweep uninterruptedly over the land, checked the flow of the river, and thus caused it to rise and overflow; but this he also stamps as untenable. On the other hand, he as positively rejects the theory held and defended by some few *savants* of the ancient time, especially Anaxagoras, and which we now know to be the true one, *viz*, that the melting of immense masses of snow accumulated on the mountains in Central Africa caused the Nile to rise. It is, above all, the Blue Nile which, during the rains

in Abyssinia, and the time of thawing snow, contributes so largely to swelling the tide. Herodotus, who opposes this theory, says in relation to it: 'How is it possible that snow in such quantities should exist in a region where the inhabitants are burned brown by the sun; and where the winds are scorching hot?' He had heard from Egyptian priests that the origin of the Nile was to be found in the deep ravines or chasms called Crophî and Mophî; but the rise and fall of its waters he explained as follows: 'In winter, the sun on leaving us takes its course over the earth in more southerly direction. In consequence of this those regions become so intensely hot that the waters of the Nile—only just appearing on the surface of the earth—at once evaporate. When the sun returns to us in summer, and pours its burning rays over our land, those distant countries in Lybia are comparatively cool, and the waters of the Nile can, quite unchecked, well up, accumulate, and flow down to us.' Thus far the speculation of the learned. Strongly contrasting with this is the popular tradition concerning the Nile, which, in consequence of its vast influence for good and evil, for plenty or for famine, attributed to it divine power, and gave it a prominent place in the religious ideas and observances of that day—a tradition whose unimpaired transmission is mainly owing to the extreme tenacity with which the Oriental clings to all superstitions connected with his land and people.

It is quite natural that at a time when all manifestations of life, the human as well as the natural, were being deified, this river, representing moisture as a life-giving principle, the cause of all growth, should also be drawn within the magic circle of the deity, and be honoured and worshipped as such. Was not its appearance in the midst of desert and arid rocks a miracle? What if not divine influence could be the cause of its yearly growth?

Most of us have no doubt seen pictorial reproductions of those peculiar Egyptian gods, invariably drawn in profile, and utterly without perspective. They are found in Egypt not only on the walls of temples and their gateways, monuments hewn out of the living rock, but also on the inner walls of tombs.

This most peculiar form of imagery has with wonderful tenacity preserved its rigid and inflexible character even at a time when Greek influence on art and religion was strong in Egypt, and when the Ptolemæi, who were desirous of uniting Greek art and beauty with Egyptian wisdom, sat upon the throne.

Among these portraits of their deities we find one—that of a man of greater height and fuller stature than the others—usually painted uniformly red or blue; on his head a wreath of lotus blossoms, in his hands aquatic plants and flowers. This is *the Nile*, the good *Harpi*. A beard gives proof of his manly prowess and strength, and a woman's breasts are symbolical of his nourishing, life-giving qualities.

The Greeks, who strove to clothe all mythological legends in gracious and winning forms, have chosen one far more pleasing than this crude Egyptian image. It is one of the finest specimens of classic sculpture, and such of my readers as have visited the Vatican in Rome will no doubt remember it—a male figure of athletic proportions, in a recumbent position, the left arm resting on a Sphinx. The head is crowned, here also, with aquatic blossoms; in his right hand are sheaves of wheat. Sixteen graceful cherubs play about him, as symbolical of the sixteen years of his growth and the universal prosperity caused thereby.

Isis and Osiris were brother and sister, as well as husband and wife—so says the legend—and reigned in prehistoric times in the land of Egypt: wise and gentle in their sway, maintaining peace throughout the land, and much beloved by their subjects. But they had a brother, full of envy and hatred, called Typhon, or Seth, who did not rest till he had murdered Osiris, cut up his body into many parts, and scattered them far and wide. With weeping and wailing Isis went in quest of the remains of her beloved; succeeded in finding all, save one, and gave them fitting burial. Her son, Horus, nurtured with thoughts of revenge, having reached maturity, failed not to seek and, when found, to slay in battle the enemy and murderer of his father. In the world of the immortals, however, Isis and Osiris were once more united, and continued, though invisible, to reign over their devoted subjects.

The manner in which Osiris is most frequently represented is that of King of Hades; the crown of Egypt on his head, the scourge and crook in his hand, awaiting, as it were, the souls for judgment. He is monarch of the far west—the land of the dead; the King of life, whom the souls of the departed must greet on their arrival in his realm with one hundred and twelve names and titles. According to Plutarch, the more intelligent of the priests interpreted this legend in various ways. One of the versions is that Osiris was the type of virtue, which, although often overcome by evil, is still in the end—and most surely in the hereafter—always victorious. But still another and most curious version is this: Osiris was the motive power in all fertilizing moisture, and they did not hesitate to call him plainly—the Nile.

Isis, the receptive, is the earth. Seth was, in their conception, the type of all aridity and dryness, all-scorching, wilting heat, transforming the fertility of the motherly earth (Isis) into a mourning widow; Seth is the wind that blows from the southwest, before whose withering breath all life and moisture disappear. Seth, yellow and reddish in color, comes from the Libyan desert, and resembles the hot sand that the fierce 'chamsiu' storms drive before them in the early spring days, and which is dense and cloud-like, so that it fills the day with gloom, and causes the sun to appear moon-like through the haze.

The course which the Nile takes from the high plateaux of inner Africa to the lower lands of Egypt is one that leads over rocky terraces, and in that part of its journey, which is called "The Cataracts," it presses forward between opposing rocks, causing picturesque waterfalls and rapids. Not till it reaches Assuan is there any calmness or method in the flow, but from this point onwards the river bears the stamp of a quiet, graceful stream.

Just before the last rapid, *vis.*, the Pass of Silsileh, the rocky shores approach so closely that the Nile, which in some parts of Egypt has a breadth of six thousand feet, in this place is crowded into a space of barely three hundred feet. At this spot were the quarries which furnished the building materials for the majestic temples, and here, too, the adoration of the 'god of the Nile' was peculiarly fervent.

On the western rocky projection is a very curious rock temple, and quite near by, in the quarries, are two stone slabs (*stela*) containing the commandment issued by King Rameses II, and renewed by his son Merneptah, and Rameses III, to solemnize on this spot two feasts in honor of the Nile. These inscriptions

contain accounts of these festivals, and also a hymn, which was, no doubt, sung, on these occasions in adoration of the god Harpi. The moment selected for these festivities was, on the one hand, that at which the Nile in Egypt began to rise; on the other hand, when 'the book of the Nile was laid aside,' that is, when the feasts which annually accompanied the inundation came to a close.

I have repeatedly conjured up before my mind's eye the picture of that time, when on the heights of Silsileh the priests of the Nile-god, wrapped in gorgeous raiment, with hands upraised, chanted the solemn anthem, while at their feet, in the deep ravine, the Nile rushed tempestuously on toward the thirsting Egyptian plains.

One of the grandest and most wonderful pages of Christian history is that which relates the triumphant march of the Cross through Egypt during the first centuries of our chronology. The Egyptian religion, which had, till then, invariably conquered all those who had through the power of the sword swept over the land and possessed it, the Ethiopians, nomad tribes of the East, the Persians, Greeks, and Romans, and had seen them, one and all, worshipping in its temples—this religion was forced to bow before the image of the Crucified, who, denuded of all outward power and glory, came into their midst. The ancient temples, which for thousands of years had been the nation's sanctuaries, were forsaken; on their ruins, in their vast courts and galleries, at their side, Christian churches sprang up.

And yet Egypt more than any other country showed great readiness in taking into its young Christian life alien elements, which, growing and developing, could not fail to cause the early decay of Christianity within its gates. Side by side with the adoration of the one true God sprouts, like a luxuriant weed, the adoration of saints, and finds ample nourishment in the traditions of the people. In place of the Serapis priests, who fled from the world and its temptations, came numbers of Christian hermits, soon disciplined and united into orders, to inhabit the Egyptian deserts. A new race of priests formed and regulated with great accuracy, in accordance with the model of a long-venerated hierarchy, sprang up among those who still called themselves 'brethren.' Strife of doctrine, whose subtle questions all too soon absorbed the Christian interest, was often fought out with the sword. But Divine punishment was near at hand: Islamism, with the edge of the sword, threw down the empty forms of doctrine, drove the no longer united brethren into open discord, and in its turn, in place of the Cross, erected the Crescent.

All that remains of this early Christian Church are the Copts of to-day. They resemble the petrified image of spiritual strife long past. Their Christian life now consists in, and is expressed by, a series of purely external and superficial observances, lacking every element of warmth and vitality. And in their life, which bears but too plainly the stamp of long subjection, slavery of spirit has grown habitual. Their services, their small, humble churches and convents, built of clay, were to me always very touching, remembering what they once were, and what they had had to suffer.

It is curious to note how, in spite of such mighty spiritual revolutions, remains of the old heathen belief are to this day found in all classes of the Egyptian population. One finds customs, ideas and convictions which, notwithstanding Christian and Moslem influence, date back for more than six thousand years. Especially the Nile is at this present day looked upon through the medium of ancient national traditions, and is the object of a custom that bears marked traces of heathen ideas and practices.

Such of the 'fellahs,' or peasants, as have received some little culture know that the waters of the Nile come from the 'land of dark men'—from the mountains of Abyssinia. In the year 1874, the time of the war with Abyssinia, it happened that the Nile was slow to rise, and I have often heard, here and there in the villages, the opinion expressed that 'no doubt the King of Dabeseh was revenging himself on the Egyptians by preventing the waters of the Nile from flowing down to them'; or that an ancient threat of Ethiopian kings, *i.e.*, to lead off the Nile before its entrance into Egypt, through a canal into the Red Sea, was being carried out.

But the inhabitants of the more isolated inland villages have not even such lights as these, and should you chance to come across such a fellah crouching at the door of his mud hut, holding his *kéf* (siesta), and quietly content, with as little mental exertion as possible, smoking his waterpipe, and should you ask him as to his opinion of the Nile and its origin, you would in most cases find that instead of entering upon geographical questions and hypotheses, he would, with a grateful glance toward heaven, answer, simply, 'Min Allah!' *i.e.* from God, or from heaven; and he would no doubt on his side turn questioner, and ask you, 'Have you in your country also a Nile?' And great would be his astonishment and surprise on hearing that our vegetation, our crops, and our orchards are nourished by waters which falls from the clouds. To him who hardly ever sees rain, and then only in a rare and passing shower, this seems a very precarious form of agriculture.

Nothing is more natural than that the Egyptian peasant, who has never been beyond his own village, and whose conceptions of the world, of men, and things are of the most limited, should, considering that the Nile gives him all he has and all he needs, look upon it as a direct gift of God.

Whether it be that his land is so favorably situated that the Nile flows over it at the time of inundation, or that the water reaches it through artificial irrigation by means of a water-wheel worked by the camel or the oxen of the peasant, or if he be very poor, owning neither camel nor oxen, and obliged to pull up the water in shallow buckets made of reeds, and with his own hand distribute it over his fields, this much is certain, that only in so far as the Nile has blessed his land will his corn or his cotton grow, and the harvest will be in exact proportion to the amount of moisture which the land has received.

And more than this, the Nile gives him so much besides. His hut is built of Nile mud, and thatched with reeds that grow in the canals; out of Nile clay is the beloved pipe, and also the water jar out of which he drinks (and he drinks incalculable quantities of water); and even for the "tarabooka," the peculiar kind of kettle-drum with which he accompanies all his monotonous songs and religious observances, does the Nile give him the clay. I have just said that

the fellah is a great water-drinker, and I may add so are all foreigners in Egypt, for nowhere else that I know of is the water so clear and delicious. This is, no doubt, owing to the constant flowing over a bed of finest sand and loam. Filtered or cooled in a large urn of clay, it becomes perfectly cold, and is very refreshing.

The night of the 17th of June is to this day known in popular parlance as "*Leilet-en-Mekta*," the night of the drop. It is a time-honoured creed that during this night a wonderful, mysterious drop from heaven falls into the Nile. The ancient Egyptians believed it was a tear which Isis wept, and the astrologers of the present time even pretend to calculate with great nicety the exact moment at which this starry influence descends. Then, far away in the distance where the drop fell, the Nile begins to surge and swell, ever nearer and nearer, and soon the shores are too narrow to hold it.

Many of the inhabitants of Cairo and other towns on the river spend this night on the Nile shores or in adjacent houses or villas of their friends. The women make little rolls of dough, one for each member of the household, and place them on the 'terrace,' or flat roof, of the house. When the sun rises they go to inspect these rolls. Such as have burst open portend long life, health, and happiness to those whose names they bear; and such as show but small or no signs of development signify the contrary.

When the inundation approaches the capital—usually at the end of June or the beginning of July—the Nile criers (*Muna-di-en-Nil*) begin their work. These criers are men whose business it is to call out, or rather to recite, before the houses of those who wish it, how much the Nile has risen during the last twenty-four hours. The Oriental does everything, no matter what it is, gravely, slowly, with much dignity and verbosity, and is never chary of his time or breath. Even the form of his greeting in the street is a complicated ceremony of words and motions which usually takes some moments to perform. And in the same way this announcement of the river's rise, which seems to us such a simple matter, is a most serious affair.

The day before the crier begins his task he goes through the streets accompanied by a boy, whose part it is to act as chorus, and to sing the responses at the proper moment. The crier sings:—

'God has looked graciously upon the fields.'

Response: 'Oh! day of glad tidings.'

'To-morrow begins the announcement.'

Response: 'May it be followed by success.'

Before the crier proceeds to give the information so much desired, he intones with the boy a lengthy, alternating chant, in which he praises God, implores blessings on the Prophet and all believers, and on the master of the house and all his children. Not until all this has been carefully gone through does he proceed to say, the Nile is risen so many inches.

This ceremony is carried on until the month of September, when the river has reached its culminating point, and the crier, as bringer of such good news, never fails to claim his '*baksheesh*,' sometimes humbly, and sometimes, too, very imperiously.

The reports of these men, who in all Egyptian towns are the ambulant advertisers of the state of the Nile, are not always reliable. This is partly owing to

the fact that, with true Oriental indifference, they do not take the trouble to acquire exact information at the only reliable sources, and also that the government intentionally spreads false reports in regard to the advance of the inundation. As the land tax cannot be levied on certain large tracts of land until the rise of Nile shall have reached at least sixteen Egyptian yards, it does not hesitate (a fact that has come within my own experience) to spread false reports; and although the imposition is patent to all, no one dares to raise his voice in remonstrance.

It must not, however, be supposed that exact measurements in this important matter do not exist, or are not to be had. There are most carefully constructed Nilometers in Cairo, near the First Cataract, and at Khartoom where the Blue Nile joins the White. The meter at Cairo is a very remarkable building, erected by the Caliph Motawakil I., A. D. 861, in place of a former meter destroyed A. D. 716 by the river floods. A detail of particular interest, as far as the architecture is concerned, is that here, for the first time, the Gothic arch is employed.

This Nile measurer, called by the Arabs 'Mekjas,' is situated on the isle of Rhodda, quite near Cairo. It consists of a very deep and carefully constructed well, which is connected with the Nile by a subterranean canal, in consequence of which the height of the water in the well is always in exact accordance with that of the river. In the middle of this well we see an octagon pillar, on which a graduated scale gives us exact information as to the rise of the river. Steps lead down into the well, so that one can at any time reach the water's level and see for one's self. The height considered necessary for a favorable inundation is, in Cairo, eighteen Egyptian yards, or nine and a half meters, over and above the lowest water-marks. But the moment the flood rises above twenty-two yards, it becomes dangerous and devastating.

The view from the summit of the mountains, which bound the valley of the Nile on the eastern side, is said to be peculiarly fascinating at the time of the inundation.

At other times of the year the valley of the Nile, seen from this height resembles a green and blooming garden. Waving corn fields, deeply green clover meadows, high-grown Indian corn and beans, sugar-cane and cotton plantations, cover every inch of cultivated ground, interspersed with groups of palm-trees and groves of acacias, in the midst of which the villages nestle. Far away to westward the hills of the Libyan desert frame the picture, and the Pyramids of Ghizeh stand out in bold profile against the sky. If so be that the sun is setting behind them at the time that your eye is resting on this picture, you will enjoy a symphony of color such as once seen is never forgotten. The blue-green tints of the valley meet and blend with the warm browns and ochres of the desert, and through almost purple tints these again are united with and, attuned to the deep blue of the sky.

"The grand simplicity of subject, combined with the—I might say classic—harmony of lines and the marvellous blending of colors, which go to make up the Egyptian landscape, cannot but fascinate every artist; and all who have once seen and studied it are drawn irresistibly again and again to the deeper

study of these problems of art. At the moment that I have selected for introducing this picture to my readers, the waters of the Nile, which at other times, hemmed in by the high shores, only resemble a silver ribbon winding in and out among the green fields, and glancing here and there as the sunlight falls upon it—these waters cover all, and the vast plain resembles an extensive lake. The villages, built on more elevated ground, and protected by high dikes, peep out of the vast expanse of water like islands in the sea. The palms, whose bluish-green feathery crowns are already burdened with heavy tassels of dates, red or brown or yellow, are more than half-way up their graceful stems in water. Numberless boats and small craft, with their picturesque lateen-sails, looking like sea-gulls on the wing, skim the water, speeding before the north wind, which at this season blows steadily and strongly, and sends them southward heavily laden with produce of the north, whence they return with cargoes of ivory, ostrich feathers, gum arabic, and, alas ! only too often, with slaves.

This is the time at which, in Cairo, a curious and interesting *fete* is celebrated, one which had its origin in a heathen custom, namely, the so-called "breaking through of the Nile." A canal traverses Cairo from east to west. When the inundation sets in, this canal is closed at the junction with the Nile by a solid, well-made dike, and remains thus closed until the watermark shall have reached a desired point. The rupture of this dike, which admits the waters into the city, is accompanied by general festivities.

Already in the afternoon, and still more in the evening, of the day preceding the feast, numbers of dahabeeyahs—a kind of vessel found only on the Nile, and best described as a floating dwelling combining great comfort with ship-like compactness and regard for space—are seen on the Nile approaching the spot where the canal and river meet, and there drop their anchors, while others continue tacking about. Some of these dahabeeyahs are the private property of residents of Cairo, who with their families spend this night on board ; others are chartered for the occasion by a party who disperse, as best suits their taste, for the night, some retiring to the divans in the airy saloons, others preferring the deck, with its bright spectacle of illumination on all sides, for in the rigging of all these boats the colored lamps are twinkling and reflecting their light in the water.

One large boat among the many catches the eye in particular ; it is that called 'Akabeh,' by the Arabs—painted in all the colors of the rainbow, its masts and rigging decked with countless lamps and flags. This boat leaves the harbor of Boolak, near Cairo, in the afternoon (and by paying a small sum one can obtain a passage), and sails on till it reaches the isle of Rhodda, quite near to which is the spot at which the festivities of that night are to take place. Here it is made fast by heavy cables, and prepares to remain till the morrow.

On the deck is an awning under which the passengers can while away, with friendly cigarette and cooling sherbet, the intervening hours. In the imagination of the Egyptians of to-day, this boat represents the splendid vessel on which, in ancient times, the 'Bride of the Nile' ('Aruseh'), a maiden, beautiful and of noble birth, was brought annually as a sacrifice to the god, and who, clothed in bridal array, was doomed to a watery grave.

The Arabs believe that Amru, the conqueror of Egypt, found this sacrifice, still existing, and that only through Islamism has it been abolished. They say that during the year in which for the first time the sacrifice was wanting the Nile did not rise. On seeing this, Amru had, by the advice of the Caliph Omar, cast a letter into the river—a letter with the following words: 'From Omar, the servant of the Lord and sovereign of the faithful, to the Nile of Egypt. If thou flowest of thyself, then cease to flow; but if it be God the Almighty who causes thee to flow, then we implore God the Almighty to let thee flow.' And lo! in that same night the Nile rose sixteen yards.

The above is probably a pious legend. We know that even in the heathen times in Egypt, when the Greeks first came into the land, the Egyptians no longer allowed human sacrifices. A well-authenticated Greek author tells us that the last sacrifice took place at Heliopolis under King Amasis, and that the custom was abolished by him, and a wax figure vicariously offered year by year.

An Arab scribe states that in Christian times, instead of the yearly sacrifice of a maiden, the finger of a mummy was laid in a casket, and confided to the waters.

Credulous tourists often hear from their dragomans that even to this day the fiction is upheld, and that a grandly-attired doll is brought to the altar of sacrifice and there, under various ceremonies, given to the river. What, however, does take place is as follows: some few yards behind the dike already described the Arabs mould a figure, somewhat resembling the "snow-man" of our school days, and plant corn or clover on the top; the Nile on bursting the dike has but a few strides to make before it encircles this figure, called by the Arabs "El Arusch," the bride of the Nile, and sweep it away.

All Orientals, and the Egyptian is no exception to the rule, like to have their merry-makings at night. And they are right. The intense heat of the day is over; the sun, with its rays and its glare, no longer wearies eyes and nerve; the glorious star-lit sky—such a sky as only the far East can show—spreads its canopy over all; a soft, balmy breeze comes gently through the valley, and blows up-stream, bringing the cool but never cold atmosphere of the Mediterranean, whose moisture and briny odours have been modified by the long journey it had to make before reaching the inland capital. This is the time, above all others, at which the river and its shores become the scene of animated life. At regular intervals the cannon boom, for without smell of powder, much shouting and screaming, and oft-repeated fire-works the proper holiday mood is wanting. Legions of small boats, like midges glancing over the water, move about in all directions as connecting links between the large, firmly anchored vessels.

From some one point the sound of the 'tarabooka' is heard, and to its monotonous rhythmic accompaniment female singers warble their slow and melancholy ditties, ending generally in a chromatic scale. From another side the sound of castanets meets our ears—a sure sign that here the oft-mentioned

and far-famed, though certainly not admirable, dancing-girls are in full performance. Along the shore hundreds of tents are erected, lighted, according to their rank and degree in the social scale, either by most primitive little oil lamps, or, progressing upward, most luxurious colored lanterns. In these booths refreshments of all kinds, but mostly coffee and sherbet, are to be had; and here one finds the sedate and well-to-do paterfamilias and the youthful though independent donkey-driver side by side, smoking. The entertainment consists in listening to ballad singers, comic actors, reciters of Koran verses and romances; and all these artists manage to collect an ample public around them, and one which is very simple in tastes and most grateful and appreciative for whatever is offered it. Add to all this, constant, endless screaming and shouting, a maze of human forms, ever rolling and unrolling itself, and my readers will be able to form some idea of what are the elements that go to compose every Arab festivity, and so also this 'feast of the Nile.'

Shortly after midnight the Arabs begin their work at the dike. To the accompaniment of a monotonous strain they dig away valiantly, so that at daybreak only a thin wall of earth remains as partition between them and the mighty flood beyond. At rise of sun the Khedive (viceroy), surrounded by the grandees of his realm, all in uniforms and gold-lace, arrives; he takes his stand in a tent prepared for him, and which commands the best possible view of all that goes on. A secretary takes a place at his side, and is prepared to take notes on this most important act, testifying that the Nile has reached the necessary height for bursting the dike, and for the land-tax on all the fellah to begin its work. This document is sent to Constantinople the moment the festivities are at an end.

A boat with a sharply built bow approaches, and steers straight at the dike, thus breaking through the thin wall of earth, and admitting the flood, which, tumbling and foaming, rushes through the opening, growing wider from minute to minute, and soon the rapid flow of the water has swept away even the last obstacle. Seated in a little boat, which dances on the top of the muddy waves, is the overseer of these earth-works, looking calmly victorious, as, floating onward with the current, he is carried back to the city. Many black and brown individuals hastily divest themselves of their, at best scanty, wardrobe, and jump into the water, swimming about and watching for the moment when the Khedive shall throw a handful of coin into the river. Formerly these were of gold, then, of silver, and now, alas! are only given in copper. Hardly have the coins flashed in the sunlight when the swimmers dive after them with great adroitness, and happy the man who returns with booty. By the rosy light of the early morning the last batch of rockets and other fire-works is set off, salvos of cannon and never-ending shouts and hurrahs publish far and wide the good news that the Nile has risen to its full height.

Western civilization rests on the shoulders of the classic nations, but these, in their turn, have taken their first lessons of philosophy, literature, and art from the Orientals, and especially from the Egyptians. More and more do our studies show us that *there was* the root of the culture which bloomed in the classic era. To-day there are but few traces to be found of their former grandeur;

nothing but colossal ruins, and wastes covered with fragments, speak of the immense work of mind and equally great work of hand which once distinguished this epoch in history.

Any one who has lived in the midst of Mohammedans, and has had occasion to study Islamism in all its bearings, cannot, while admitting its power and importance, entertain any doubt of its destroying influence on all culture and progress. Wheresoever in its triumphal march it came upon an existing and well-based civilization, it never failed, vampire-like, to sap its vitality and to absorb its power, and as surely, also, to annihilate its existence in the end. It has in no wise been able to further or develop any good or beautiful institution found blooming on its way. More than one of our intelligent travellers and scholars, men who are never disposed to advance religious points of view in preference to others, have yet expressed the conviction that 'the land of Egypt' cannot rise again until the Cross be planted where the Crescent now stands.

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES OF THE LAST CENTURY.—From this bright picture of the "teacup-times of hood and hoop" we extract some incidents in the wonderful career of the two "beautiful Miss Gunnings," whose success in the world of fashion was conspicuous enough to have passed into the proverb "the luck of the Gunnings attend you." Elizabeth Gunning and her elder and lovelier sister Maria were the daughters of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, Roscommon, in Connaught. The family was of good English extraction, but at the time of this John Gunning had become so impoverished as to be unable to keep up the style of the gentry to which it belonged, so that the girls, who afterwards filled the highest social positions in the land, enjoyed only such rudiments of an education as their mother could spare time from household duties to give them, and in an age when it was thought absolute for every woman who hoped to enter into society to learn "manners" and "deportment" as an art, these luckless damsels were left to run wild amongst the moors and bogs of a country so bleak and desolate that it gave rise to the saying "to hell or to Connaught."

Mrs. Gunning, however, was ambitious for her children and determined to stretch a point that she might try the effect of her daughters' budding charms in a wider sphere. She accordingly scraped together the last resources of the unfortunate family and removed with all possible speed to Dublin. They reached the Irish capital just as a grand ball to the neighbourhood had been announced by the Earl of Harrington, who had just succeeded the luxurious Chesterfield at the Castle. It was not, however, till the good services of the famous Peg Woffington, the actress, had been secured for the two girls that the anxious mother could fairly launch them. The actress ransacked her own store of dresses to supply the

deficiencies of her new friends' slender wardrobe, and, with her usual sweet and affectionate tact, persuaded them to make use of what suited them best among her garments, that they might appear to the best advantage before the Dublin Court.

The triumph of the two sisters at the great ball at Dublin Castle far exceeded the boldest prophecies that had been made for them. Fascinatingly coy, with all the timidity of untutored country lasses, yet bold at the same time with all the daring of their perfect simplicity, artlessly captivating by the ingenuous ardour of their enthusiasm for the gay sight in which they found themselves for the first time, the dazzling loveliness of the little unknown nobodies won an easy victory over the long-established glory of Mrs. Madden (Lady Ely), the popular Irish toast, and even deposed from her throne the lovely hostess of the evening, handsome Lady Caroline Petersham, the bride of Earl Harrington's eldest son. Lady Caroline had been one of the 'Beauty Fitzroys,' and had been a reigning belle in town before her marriage.

"Where Fitzroy moves, resplendent, fair,
So warm her bloom, sublime her air,
Her ebon tresses formed to grace
And heighten while they shade her face,"

Walpole had said of her in his poem on 'The Beauties' Through the gorgeous ball and supper rooms, so lavishly decorated by Chesterfield in his day, where 'candles glowed behind transparent paintings, and flutes played unseen, and fountains flowed with lavender-water,' the stately hostess must have glided to receive, amongst others, the two unknown misses who were to pale her own lustre. Luckily for them, Lady Caroline, judging from numerous mentions of her in Walpole's letters, appears to have been as generous and unselfish as she was handsome.

This signal triumph paved the way to an introduction to the only real stage of adventure, London ; and by means partly of loans wrung here and there from friends nearly as poor as herself, and partly of a fund of £150 a year granted her for some inexplicable reason by the Irish establishment, the devoted mother succeeded at last in landing her beauties safe and sound within the new arena.

It was in the autumn of 1750, when Maria was but eighteen, Elizabeth barely seventeen years of age, that the two sisters first made their *entrée* among the fashionables of London society. They were at that time tall, slim girls, upright as river reeds, and just as graceful ; already conspicuous for the seductive fascination of figure and gait for which they were even more specially noted than for beauty of feature, and for the brilliant delicacy of complexion, bred in the damp breezes and healthy out-door life of their native bogs. Maria, the elder, who must already have had within her the seeds of the fatal disease that was to kill her before she was ten years older—Maria, perhaps, held the palm. She was a shade taller than Elizabeth, and rumour affirms that her foot and hand were smaller, but apparently the chief difference consisted in the greater sweetness of the expression. Dr. Carlyle, however, swears that the younger sister was by far the handsomer of the two ; and high-minded old Mrs. Delany, in

a letter where she deplores with her usual strictness the 'want of discretion' of the two damsels, insists that, in spite of the great beauty of the elder, she had 'a silly look about the mouth,' proof of a disposition which, in spite of its gentle amiability, seems always to have been sorely weak and vacillating, while 'Betty Gunning,' on the other hand, had the name of 'a fine spirit.' Judging from the various portraits and miniatures extant of the two famous belles, we are inclined to think that if there was indeed anything to choose between the two, Maria had the more delicate features, the softer dimples, the more melting eye, the serener smile, and Elizabeth the archer glance, the more spirited carriage of the head, the more coquettishly pouting lips. The maidens, however, had much in common in their loveliness: the exquisitely modelled oval contour of the face, the delicate nostrils, the slender bridge of the nose, the dimples beside the mouth, the full curved lips, and particularly the long, almond-shaped, sleepy eyes, the finely pencilled eyebrows, the clear low foreheads, the gracefully shaped heads—so much better displayed by the simple mode of dressing the hair smoothly drawn back from the temples than by the subsequent extravagant fashions of high heads and stiff rolls of cushioned hair that disfigured the ladies of 1773 and after.

When the two Irish belles first made their appearance in the metropolis, the world of fashion was just in the state to mould out of such excellent materials the characters called 'professional' and (according to a characteristic historian of those times) 'standard' beauties. The life of the last century, as it is presented to us by its most faithful chroniclers, was in every way a fit and flattering frame for such figures. A gay and easy freedom of intercourse; a devotion to the outward modes and manners of life, in which we are now-a-days afraid to be held as conspicuous as our Continental neighbours; a taste for open-air amusements and out-door display, to which our insular climate seems of late to offer an insuperable objection as opposed to that of a country that we can discern with the naked eye from our shores; a care—bred of greater leisure, but carried almost to excess—for the dainty and becoming in furniture, equipage, dress, and every kind of offset to human perfection—all these things went far to cultivate a soil fit for the nurture of the exotic called 'the professional beauty.'

Folk lived before the world, and the world was the world of the upper ten, into which none who were not of it dared to intrude. It would not seem that even the great literary and artistic men of the age, Grey, Gibbon, Johnson, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Smollett, Swift, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and in art, Hogarth, Romney, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Gainsborough, and others, were lionized then as they would be now, although probably there was never a time when the gatherings of wits and connoisseurs at Dr. Johnson's, Mrs. Cholmondeley's, Mrs. Thrale's, and other recognized rendezvous of the 'Blues,' as well as at Sir Joshua's studio, and at the well-known Dilettanti Club, were as brilliant as they were then. This exclusiveness of the aristocracy is no doubt partly accounted for by the fact that, except in the case of Gainsborough, and chiefly of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who became the fashionable portrait painter of the day, most of these great men—Hogarth in his pictures, and the novelists and playwrights in their books—far too accurately mirrored the vices and vulgarities of the age to be acceptable to those who moulded it.

The following is a description by Walpole of a masquerade at Ranélagh at which the two new beauties were present:—

"When you entered you found the whole garden filled with masks, and spread with tents. In one quarter was a Maypole dressed with garlands (for it was in the month of May). People danced round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in various parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of Harlequins and Scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops filled with Dresden China, Japan, etc., and all the shop-keepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated, and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high; under them orange-trees with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots, and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. The King was well disguised in an old-fashioned English habit, and much pleased with somebody who desired him to hold their cups as they were drinking tea. The Duke of Cumberland had a dress of the same kind, but was so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofofo, the drunken Captain, in *Rule a Wife*. The Duchess of Richmond was a Lady Mayoress in the time of James I; and Lord Delawarr, Queen Elizabeth's porter, from a picture in the guard-chamber at Kensington: they were admirable masks. Lord Rochford, Miss Evelyn, pretty Miss Bishop" (described on another occasion as one of Sir Cecil Bishop's crowd of beauty daughters), "Lady Stafford, and Mrs. Pitt were in vast beauty, particularly the latter, who had a red veil, which made her look gloriously handsome. Mr. Conway was Don Quixote, and the finest figure I ever saw. Miss Chudleigh, the King's favourite maid of honor, was Iphigenia, but her dress was so remarkable that the maids of honor (though not of maids the strictest) would not speak to her." How gay the scene is! Whree folks are not strictly in fancy costume, but have only donned the mask to obtain an admission, gay flowered sacques abound looped over bright petticoats, and worn over the enormous hoops that were still in fashion this year, and which it required all the skill of a navigator to pilot safely about in the crowd. The women's shoulders rise bare out of the smooth edge of the low bodies, hemmed perhaps with pearls, but unfinished by lace or ruffle. Where the sacques are not worn, the full brocade skirts are trimmed with wide lace flounces that repeat themselves in enormous frills at the elbows; and beneath the point of the long stiff bodice which Walpole deplores coming into fashion in 1745, a costly lace apron falls sometimes from the waist to the feet; the hair is smoothly drawn back from the temples, adorned perhaps with a single star or spray of diamonds or a simple string of pearls, for the hideous fashion of high cushioned heads has not yet come in. And the men do not fear to vie also with so much gorgeous display. Their coats too are made of lovely flowered brocades that would stand alone with their own richness; their waistcoats are of cut velvet, their exquisitely fitting knee-breeches of lovely flowered satins; their high-heeled shoes are adorned with huge paste buckles, and priceless lace ruffles hang at their wrists and from the throats of their fine lawn shirts; their fingers are covered with

handsome rings, and their watch chains sparkle with jewels ; their hair is elaborately dressed, and their smart court hats are tucked away under their arms, that they may the better bring their feet together and make the obsequious bow of the period, or tap their jewelled snuff-boxes as they pay their court to the ladies. Surely the word fop must have been invented in such an age ! ' Lovely Mrs. Pitt ' is there, sister to Sir Richard Atkins. She is perhaps, of all the belles, the popular favorite this year. She was mobbed in the Park last week, and that is a great sign of success in those times, and insures attention at the next assembly. But, alas ! she is madly in love with her husband, and that is a poor recommendation to social favor.

There is beautiful Lady Mary Capel,

' In whose smiling, bounteous look

Rich autumn's goddess is mistook ' ;

and there sweet Caroline Campbell, Countess of Aylesbury, ' mild as a summer sea, serene,' sweeps softly across the grass. Who are those two pretty, slim girls yonder in the shade ? The warm spring sunshine flickers still, and lamps will not be lit yet awhile. They are the two Misses Evelyn, rivals of the ' pretty Bishops ' ; and she who comes something haughtily past them is that ' majestic Juno ' Miss Lepelle Hervey, who, in spite of her beauty, Walpole vows is a thought masculine. The celebrated beauty Peggy Banks is there, perhaps with my Lady Lincoln for chaperon ; and the Duchess of Bridgewater has brought her charming daughter, Lady Di Egerton. Peggy Banks is one of the Duke of Cumberland's many flames, and it is may be at her side that he spends his time to-night ; for the ' Royals ' have no compunction in showing their preferences openly. The King himself gave a ball t'other night for Miss Chudleigh at Vauxhall, and he walks around with her this evening in the dress described, and presently even ' believes himself to be so much in love with her that he gives her a fairing for her watch at one of the booths, which must have cost him thirty-five guineas—actually disbursed from his own privy purse, and not charged on the civil list ! I hope,' adds Walpole, in cynical comment upon the well-known parsimoniousness of King George II, ' some future Howe or Holinshed will acquaint posterity that thirty-five guineas was an immense sum in those days.'

* * * * *

As the tardy May daylight begins to lengthen at last into gloaming, and booths and tents and gaming tables glow with brilliant light, a whisper runs around among those sacred few who always know the last thing in gossip and scandal, and folk ask themselves where are the two sisters the renown of whose rare beauty has penetrated even from the Dublin court across the water. Some one tells of two tall figures of wondrous grace that have been seen here and there in the garden and some one else of beautiful golden brown tresses seen above temples of ivory whiteness, of arched lips smiling beneath the edge of the mask, of bright eyes, of tiny feet peeping from beneath the ample skirts, of rippling laughter and silvery voices, and Lady Caroline Petersham's friends press around her to ask for details about her new *protégées*.

Of the men, the fops are languidly curious, the enthusiasts begin to have their curiosity inflamed ; of the women not one but is eager to know the worst, and not a few think it safer to begin depreciating mildly already. But the moment for unmasking arrives at last ; the worst fears and the best hopes are

realized at once—the interlopers are a success. There is no describing how or why ; merit alone will not insure it, for society is so capricious. But silently the conviction comes home to all those who are in the secrets of its ways—the Gummings are to be the new belles of the season. There is a subtle sinking in the hearts of all the vain women who fear rivals ; and in the breasts of the two girls whose faces must be their fortunes who shall say that there is not a silent thrill of wild exultation ?

The evening grows into night, and the night wears away into morning, and the two misses make many admirers and many foes, and a fair sprinkling of friends. Indeed, excepting those women who are jealous of new candidates to their title of beauties, every one likes the ‘wild Irish girls.’ The fops like them because of their countrified and undisguised love of a beau’s fine coat and manners ; the wits like them because of their fresh appreciation of the time-worn old jokes and puns ; every one likes them because of their rare loveliness and grace. Nothing was wanting but that they should be received into the magic circle of the ‘first set,’ and that their good friend Lady Caroline Petersham, herself its queen, has achieved for them. Since she has held out her hand to them every door will be opened ; it is not to be only a ‘first ball success’ ; their triumph is complete, their careers are made. Little do any present imagine, envious as are the women, admiring as are the men, what the two ‘Irish adventurers’ are going to achieve. For at that very ball, perhaps there is one walking sedately among the gay guests who is to have no mean influence on the life of one of the sisters. He is not a very brave or gallant or handsome swain, he is ‘a grave young lord, of the remains of the patriot breed,’ and he rather disapproves of the merry doings of his age, and will not admire the white and carmine with which the pretty ladies think it necessary to touch up their beauty. Perhaps that is one reason why he is captivated to-night by this fresh loveliness that has not hitherto been tempted into spoiling nature’s work. We fancy we see him there, standing silently by, as fresh introductions crowd upon the two beauties. He is afraid to come forward ; he is afraid to venture into the ranks of the light adulators who surround the new divinity ; he even thinks may be that the divinity smiles too contentedly at the foolish flatteries that flit around her, shows too plainly her pleasure at wicked Lord March’s compliments and cynical George Selwyn’s patronage ; but the net is about him, nevertheless, out of whose toils he is not to escape.

The next day, perhaps, when the fashionable hour comes round for the gay folk to show their pretty plumage by sunlight in the Park and the Mall, amorous swains of the night before are seen loitering with well-feigned carelessness at the corners of alleys and beneath the becoming shade of spreading trees eager for another sight of the Cinderellas that have fired their imagination.

And so deftly do the untutored lasses manage their affairs that before a month is over it has become the mode to waylay them in the Mall, to track them around the Park, until the police have to be in attendance when the sisters go to fit on shoes in St. James Street, and thoroughfares are crowded half a mile down when it is known they are visiting at some house in the vicinity. ‘They can’t walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall,’ Walpole says, ‘but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away.’ Who cares

though this unbounded notoriety be fraught now and then with some small inconvenience? 'The other day,' writes Walpole, 'they went to see Hampton Court. As they were going into the Beauty Room another company arrived. The house-keeper said, 'This way, ladies; here are the beauties.'" Though he goes on to declare that 'the Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant, and said that they had come to see the palace, not to be showed as a sight themselves,' may we not take leave to wonder whether they were not also a little pleased at the success?

Gaily the two celebrities run their round of dissipations and amusements. First there is the presentation at Court on a Sunday in December, and this passport is enough to admit them to every kind of entertainment. We may follow them, in full dress with patches and powder face and jewels—gifts of admiring gallants—to fashionable assemblies, balls and masquerades; we may fancy them parading up and down the Mall in short hoop-skirts and lace flounces, and dainty high-heeled shoes, and coquettish lace caps, and looped Leghorn hats; we may watch them exchanging civilities with some perfumed beau from the windows of their elegant chairs at the Park Gates. Their pretty faces are everywhere seen, and in the theatre they have their little court of fine beaux around them who, with jewelled snuff-boxes and unimpeachable manners, make love in the boxes for all the world as Barry does on the stage.

Merrily the season rattles along, and merrily the belles pick their way through it. In spite of my Lord March's ill-natured inuendoes with regard to Maria and the Scotch earl, they hold their own, too, on the dangerous quicksands of society, and bravely scorn all small-fry in the hope of the highest prizes. Yet many a time must their hearts have fluttered uneasily behind their gallant unconcern, as their first season bids fair to hand them to its doors unwed; for, in spite of their popular success, even Maria has not yet been able quite to land that 'grave young lord' about whom there have been so many unkind sneers. Undauntedly they pursue their prey to the gay round of watering-place duties at Bath, and deftly lead gallants on to madness with the coquettish head-gear and fascinating *deshabille* of the pump-room, but only to be obliged to return once more to work again in London with the New-Year of 1752. Now, however, their triumph is close at hand. Wrapped around in warm quilted satin pelisses and rich furs that set off the dazzling whiteness of their complexions, their tiny hands hidden away in huge muffs, and their tiny feet shod in golden-heeled shoes, the belles take up their stand once more in the Park, and make up their parties for Ranelagh, and engage their partners for balls and assemblies. Who is this who attends Elizabeth to her chair with such obsequious devotion? He is the scion of a great and ancient race, and many in the world of fashion look eagerly to his great marriage—though, to be sure, he is not one of whose love any woman need be proud. He has been jilted by the fast maid of honor Miss Chudleigh, afterward Duchess of Kingston, about whom there is one day to be a lawsuit for bigamy, and folks say he will run no risk of such a fate again where he pleases to set his heart. He is a man of parts, and might have done something in his

day if he had not led a life which by this time has 'equally damaged his person and his fortune.'

Nevertheless, he is a great 'catch' still, and the ambitious heart of Elizabeth Gunning must have beat indeed the other night at my Lord Chesterfield's brilliant assembly, 'made to show his magnificent house!' For the Duke of Hamilton,' says Walpole, 'having already fallen in love with her six weeks ago at a masquerade, made such violent love to her to-night at one end of the room, while he was playing at pharaoh at the other. that he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred each and soon lost a thousand.' That is a fortnight ago now, and the passion has not yet cooled. Those who watched them this morning in the Park begin to be sadly afraid that the duke will make a fool of himself. By to-morrow, at the same hour, they will be saying that he *has* made a fool of himself. For this very night, while her mother and sister are at Bedford House, Elizabeth Gunning is alone with her impetuous suitor, and makes him 'so impatient,' Walpole tells us, 'that he sent for a parson. The doctor refused to perform the ceremony without a license or ring; the duke swore he would send for the archbishop. At last they were married with a ring of the bedcurtain at half an hour after twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel.' No wonder that 'the Scotch are enraged and the women mad that so much beauty has had its effect.' The poor daughter of an Irish squire is to hold such state that she will 'walk in to dinner before her guests,' and be Lady of the bed-chamber to good Queen Charlotte; she will become the mother of two Dukes of Hamilton, and live to be made a baroness in her own right, and to unite, by her second marriage, the two great houses of Hamilton and Argyll, becoming the mother of two dukes of the latter title also. No wonder that 'in Ireland the peasant women greet you with "The luck of the Gunnings attend you!"' For now that an example has been set, that more diffident and 'grave young lord,' the Earl of Coventry, takes his courage in his hand and determines to wed the elder sister. In March, 1752, we hear of their both being presented under their new titles, and learn that the excitement about them has by no means abated because of their rare good fortune, and that 'even the noble mob in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at them, and that there are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs,' while 'people go early to get places at the theatres when it is known they will be there.' By the May of that year we may imagine the ambitious mother, content at last with her daughters' achievements, quietly wending her way home again to desolate Irish moor after having despatched her darlings to their several castles.

The gratified mother hears that "seven hundred people sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire to see the Duchess of Hamilton get into her post-chaise next morning;" and she learns with satisfaction that her darlings still vie in the public estimation with the thrilling details of the execution of two murderesses, Misses Blandy and Jeffries, of whom witty Lady Gower said that "since the two misses were hanged and the other two misses married there was nothing to be talked of."

Presently the public papers tell her how 'a shoemaker at Worcester, the county town for the earl's seat, gained two guineas and a half by showing a shoe

he was 'making for the countess at a penny apiece'; and then she follows her dear Maria's success in Paris, when, in the July of the same year, she goes there with Lady Caroline Petersham. No doubt the fond parent is scarce of the opinion of those who affirm that Lady Coventry 'did no execution,' and was even outshone by pretty Mrs. Pitt, who took a box opposite hers at her debut at the Paris Opera, while even the 'travelled English allow that there is a Madame de Brionne handsomer.' She probably sympathized deeply with her poor child for being placed at 'such a terrible disadvantage' by the 'prudery' of her 'dear Cov,' who 'will not suffer her to wear any red or powder.' One of the fair Maria's non-admirers was even condescendingly sorry 'that, added to her extreme silliness, ignorance of the world and of the French language, she had that perpetual drawback on her beauty.' So scrupulous was 'dear Cov' on this point that he chased his wife round the table before a party of sixteen persons on one occasion, and scrubbed off with a napkin the 'little red she had stolen on.' To be sure, as Chesterfield, writing soon afterward to Dayrolles, affirms, 'she did not want it,' and the poisonous white which she did manage to steal on soon 'ruined both her natural complexion and her teeth,' and even engendered, tradition has it, the fatal disease which finally killed her in the flower of her youth. Yet she only followed the mad fashion of her time, and it was rather hard her lord should mortify her so for a little piece of natural vanity. According to Chesterfield, he 'used her so brutally in Paris that he made her cry more than once in public,' and on one occasion obliged her to 'ask for a fan back again which she had civilly given to the Marechale de Lowenthal, and send an old one in its place, because the presented one had been a marriage gift from himself. If these statements are correct, she certainly had not a husband of worldly knowledge sufficient to cover her own ignorance, and it is little wonder she used to complain of him in a childish kind of way, inquiring openly why 'her lord treated her so ill when he loved her so, and had been so good as to marry her without a shilling.' Glad indeed must the mother have been when her treasure was safe back in England, where everything she did and said and wore won unmitigated applause, where witty George Selwyn himself had a fondness for so lovely a simpleton, and would advise her and shield her and warn her, as he did once, that a 'birth-night dress' covered with large silver coins might 'make' her look 'like change for a guinea.' At home even the old King so easily condoned the offences of such a beautiful face that he would laughingly tell the story of how my Lady Coventry had deplored to him that 'the only sight she had not yet seen was a coronation.' But no doubt these little peccadilloes—mere specks on the sun, after all—did not reach the mother's ears any more than the inevitable little social scandals could penetrate such complete solitude as the lonely precincts of Castle Coote. For there *were* 'scandals' whispered about the beauties. Even Walpole descends to repeating one about my Lady Coventry and Bolingbroke, nephew of the great earl, though he will not swear to its authenticity: 'T'other night at the masquerade the King sent for Lady Coventry to dance,' he says, 'and I believe if he had offered her a boon, she would have asked for the head of *St. John*.' The *innamorati* were, however, both short of their twentieth year, and something must be forgiven to an untutored girl who is made a lady of quality in her teens.

In spite of any whispered tales Lady Coventry continued to be as great a favourite as ever. Walpole in 1755 swears "she looked

better than ever" at one of the masquerades, while we find a tale alleging that an American lady accosted her as she removed her mask at a ball, and, courtesying to her after the manner of the day, said with feeling, "Madam, I have crossed the Atlantic to see you and I am not disappointed." Mobs still followed the sisters' steps, and dress-makers copied their costumes, and yet, if we may believe an old lady's verdict, these were not always in the height of fashion, for Lady Coventry at least seems to have had good taste enough to ignore modes that were ungraceful.

'Yesterday,' writes old Mrs. Delany, 'the duchess brought Lady Coventry to feast me, and a feast she was. She has a thousand airs, but with a sort of innocence that diverts one. Her dress was a black silk sack made for a large hoop, which she wore without any, so that it trailed a yard on the ground ; she had a cobweb-laced handkerchief, a pink satin long cloke lined with ermine mixed with squirrel-skins. On her head a French cap, that just covered the top of it, of blond, standing up in the form of a butterfly with the wings not quite extended ; frilled sort of lappets crossed under her chin, and tied with pink ribbon—a head dress that would have charmed a shepherd ! She has a thousand dimples and prettinesses in her cheeks ; her eyes a little drooping at the corners, but very fine for all that.'

What a sweet picture ! And here is another, none the less fascinating. The scene is Walpole's castle of Strawberry Hill : the company the serenely beautiful Caroline Campbell, Countess of Aylesbury, no less perfect in her mature charms than her lovely daughter, the Duchess of Richmond, who stands beside her ; Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, and Maria Gunning, Countess of Coventry, each at the ripest moment of her matchless beauty. Who could desire a fairer sight than to watch these lounge upon the great terrace, watching the sunset as they sip their coffee and fan themselves languidly with their great fans ? Walpole certainly did not, and swears he will tell the younger generation how much handsomer the women of his time were, when he could muster four such faces at a sitting, and could frankly tell that one who was a mother that she was as handsome as her own daughter. Sir Joshua Reynolds should have been there to see such a picture ; but unfortunately, among the many and many exquisite records of fair women that he has left us—the mother and daughter of this group among them—we have to regret that his brush had not yet attained its highest skill before the Gunnings' beauty was at the waning, and that the portraits he has left were scarcely true emblems of that extraordinary loveliness.

But the end was approaching for the lovelier of the two sisters. When that royal coronation took place which she had so earnestly wished to see, the poor "standard beauty" lay on a bed whence she was never to rise again. Other beauties, "coronation" beauties, are growing upon her place, and she will soon be forgotten. When the royal pageant was in course of preparation "poor lady Coventry was concluding her short race with the same attention to her looks" which she

displayed during her lifetime. "She lay," says Walpole, "constantly on a couch with a pocket-glass in her hand, and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed, and the last fortnight had no light in her room, but the lamp of her tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed without suffering them to be withdrawn. The mob, who never quitted curiosity about her, went, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. If she had lived to ninety, like Helen, I believe she would have thought her wrinkles deserved an epic poem. Poor thing ! how far from ninety ! she was but twenty-eight."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1884.

Portrait of John Bright. *Frontispiece.*

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The Story of Myra. By JULIA D. WHITTING
Topics of the Time

THE KU KLUX KLAN. ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND DISBANDMENT.—This article describes the origin of this famous, or infamous, American organization, tracing the causes which led to its great eventual power; and it leaves the history at the point where, in 1869, the "Invisible Empire," as it was called, was disbanded, though, for long after, bands of men, calling themselves Ku Klux, continued to "regulate" affairs in the Southern States on secret mob principles.

The drift of the paper is a moderate apology for the Ku Klux on the score of unpremeditated "mission" and extenuating provocation. But there can be no doubt that its members, being a people who had sought by revolution to insure the perpetuity of a slave system, and who, as the penalty of defeat, had to accept political subordination to an inferior race, created the beginnings of attempts

to reform this anomaly by bloodshed. It was the worst kind of mob violence, since a mob of the higher elements of society is worse than a mob of the ignorant and the dregs, because its example is more pernicious and lasting.

The popular idea supposes the Ku Klux movement to have been conceived in malice, for lawlessness, rapine, and murder. This was not so. The Ku Klux Klan was the outgrowth of peculiar conditions, social, civil, and political, which prevailed in the South from 1865 to 1869. Its birthplace was Pulaski, the capital of Giles, one of the counties of Middle Tennessee,—a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, and previous to the war possessed of wealth and culture, the former of which was lost in the general wreck. There, one evening in June, 1866, a few of the young men of the place met, and in the course of the conversation one of the number said: "Boys, let us get up a club or a society of some description."

The suggestion was discussed with enthusiasm; and the next evening the club was organized by the election of a chairman and a secretary, the end in view being amusement. Two committees were appointed, one to select a name, the other to prepare a set of rules, and a ritual for the initiation of new members.

The committee appointed to select a name reported that they had found the task difficult, and had not made a selection. They explained that they had been trying to discover or invent a name which would be in some degree suggestive of the character and objects of the society. They mentioned several names which they had been considering. In this number was the name "Kukloi," from the Greek word κύκλος (*kuklos*), meaning a band or circle. At mention of this, some one cried out:

"Call it Ku Klux!"

"Klan" at once suggested itself, and was added to complete the alliteration. So, instead of adopting a name, as was the first intention, which had a definite meaning, they chose one which to the proposer and to every one else was absolutely meaningless. This trivial and apparently accidental incident had a most important bearing on the future of the organization so singularly named. Looking back over the history of the Klan, and at the causes under which it developed, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the order would never have grown to the proportions which it afterward assumed, or wielded the power it did, had it not borne this name, or some other equally as meaningless and mysterious. Had they called themselves the "Jolly Jokers," or the "Adelphi," or by some similar appellation, the organization would doubtless have had no more than the mere local and ephemeral existence which those who organized it contemplated for it. Hundreds of societies have originated just as this one did, and after a brief existence, have passed away. But in the case before us there was a weird potency in the very name Ku Klux Klan! Let the reader pronounce it aloud. The sound of it is suggestive of bones rattling together! The potency of the name was not wholly in the impression made by it on the

general public. It is a singular fact that the members of the Klan were themselves the first to feel its weird influence. They had adopted a mysterious name. Thereupon the original plan was modified so as to make everything connected with the order harmonize with the name.

Amusement was still the end in view; but the methods by which they proposed to win it were now those of secrecy and mystery. So when the report of the committee on rules and ritual came up for consideration, the recommendations were modified to adapt them to the new idea. The report, as finally adopted, provided for the following officers:

A Grand Cyclops, or presiding officer.

A Grand Magi, or vice-president.

A Grand Turk, or marshal.

A Grand Exchequer, or treasurer.

Two Lictors, who were the outer and inner guards of the "den," as the place of meeting was designated.

Profound secrecy was imposed upon all members as to the order and everything pertaining to it. They desired accessions; but they knew human nature well enough to know that if they gave the impression that they wished to be exclusive, then applications for membership would be numerous.

Each member was required to provide himself with the following outfit:

A white mask for the face with orifices for the eyes and nose.

A tall, fantastic cardboard hat, so constructed as to increase the wearer's apparent height.

A gown or robe of sufficient length to cover the entire person. No particular color or material, was prescribed. These were left to the individual's taste and fancy; and each selected what in his judgment would be the most hideous and fantastic, with the aim of inspiring the greatest amount of awe in the novice. These robes of different colors—often of the most flashy patterns of "Dolly Varden" calicoes—added vastly to the grotesque appearance of the assembled Klan.

Each member carried also a small whistle, with which, by means of a code of signals agreed upon, they held communications with one another. The only utility in this was to awaken inquiry.

And the object of all this was—amusement. "Only this and nothing more." The fun consisted partly in exciting the curiosity of the public and then in baffling it, but mainly in the initiation of new members. The initiations were conducted in a solitary half-ruined building situated on the brow of a ridge near the town, covered with the limbless trunks of trees devastated by the cyclone which had partly demolished the house. It was a desolate, uncanny place; but in every way suitable for a "den," and the Klan appropriated it. When a meeting was held one Lictor was stationed at the house, the other fifty yards from it on the road leading into the town. They were fantastically dressed, and bore tremendous spears as the badge of their office.

The preliminaries of the initiation consisted in leading the candidate around the rooms and down into the cellar, now and then placing before him obstructions, which added to his discomfort if not to his mystification. After some rough sport of this description he was led before the Grand Cyclops, who solemnly addressed to him numerous questions—some of them grave and serious, some of them absurd to the last degree. If the answers were satisfactory, the obligation to secrecy, which had already been administered in the beginning of the ceremony, was now exacted a second time. Then the Grand Cyclops commanded: "Place him before the royal altar and adorn his head with the regal crown."

The "royal altar" was a large looking-glass. The "regal crown" was a huge hat bedecked with two enormous donkey ears. In this head-gear the candidate was placed before a mirror and directed to repeat the couplet:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

As the last words were falling from his lips the Grand Turk removed the bandage, and before the candidate was his own image in the mirror. To increase the discomfiture and chagrin which any man in such a situation would naturally feel, the removal of the bandage was the signal to the Klan for indulgence in the most uproarious and boisterous mirth. The Grand Cyclops relaxed the rigor of his rule, and the decorum hitherto maintained disappeared, while the "den" rang with shouts and peals of laughter. And worse than all, as he looked about him, he saw that he was surrounded by men dressed in hideous garbs and masked so that he could not recognize one of them.

Meanwhile the Klan came to be the sensation of the hour. Every issue of the local paper contained some notice of the strange order, notices which were copied into other papers, and so its fame spread. Soon applications came for permission to establish "dens" at various points in the county, which was granted, and the applications multiplied rapidly.

During the fall and winter of 1866 the growth of the Klan was rapid. It spread over a wide extent of territory. Sometimes, by a sudden leap, it appeared in localities far distant from any existing "dens." A stranger from West Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, or Texas, visiting in a neighborhood where the order prevailed, would be initiated, and on his departure carry with him permission to establish a "den" at home. In fact, it was done often without such permission. The connecting link between these "dens" was very fragile. By a sort of tacit agreement the Pulaski Klan was regarded as the source of power and authority. The Grand Cyclops of this "den" was virtually the ruler of the order; but as he had no method of communication with subjects or subordinates, and no way in which to enforce his mandates, his authority was more fancy than fact. But so far there had appeared no need for rigid rules and close supervision. The leading spirits of the Ku Klux were still contemplating nothing more serious than amusement. They enjoyed the baffled curiosity and wild speculations of a mystified public even more than the rude sport afforded by the ludicrous initiations. Such is the account of the Ku Klux Klan in the first period of its history, from June, 1866, to April, 1867. Yet all this time it was gradually and in a very natural way taking on new features not at first remotely contemplated by the ori-

ginators of the order ; features which finally transformed the Ku Klux Klan into a band of "Regulators."

The transformation was effected by the combined operation of three causes. First, the mystery and secrecy in which the Klan veiled itself worked upon the feelings of its members, who were led to expect great developments, and who were thus thrown into an unhealthy and dangerous state of mind. The second cause was the impression made by the Klan on the public, who regarded it with a feeling akin to awe and terror, as did especially the coloured population. Thirdly, there was the wholly anomalous condition of things in the South at the time.

There were two causes of vexation and exasperation which the people were in no good mood to bear. One of these causes related to that class of men who, like scum, were thrown to the surface in the great upheaval. Most of them had played traitor to both sides ; on that account they were despised. Had they been Union men from conviction, that would have been forgiven them. But they were now engaged in keeping alive discord and strife between the sections, as the only means of preventing themselves from sinking back into the obscurity from which they had been upheaved. They were doing this in a way not only malicious, but exceedingly exasperating. The second disturbing element was the negroes. Their transition from slavery to citizenship was sudden. They were not only not fitted for the cares of self-control and maintenance so suddenly thrust upon them, but they entered their new rôle in life under the delusion that freedom meant license.

* * * * *

The administration of civil law was only partly re-established. On that account, and for other reasons mentioned, there was an amount of disorder and violence prevailing over the country which has never been equalled at any period of its history. The depredations on property by theft, and by wanton destruction for the gratification of petty revenge, were to the last degree annoying. A large part of these depredations were the work of bad white men, who expected that their lawless deeds would be credited to the negroes.

Hence followed the transforming of the Klan into regulators, with, no doubt, good immediate results, but disastrous in the end. For a while the robberies ceased, and under the fear of the dreaded Ku Klux the negroes made great progress in industry and general good behaviour.

But events soon occurred which showed the danger of the transformation, and that the Klan must be brought under better control by its leaders. To disband the Klan was then impossible ; it was determined to reorganize it. A convention of delegates from all the "dens" was held at Nashville, Tenn., in the spring of 1867.

At this convention the territory covered by the Klan was designated as "The Invisible Empire." This was subdivided into "realms," coterminous with the

boundaries of States. The "realms" were divided into "dominions," corresponding to congressional districts; the "dominions" into "provinces," coterminous with counties; and the "provinces" into "dens."

To each of these departments officers were assigned. Except in the case of the supreme officer, the duties of each were minutely specified. These officers were:

The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire and his ten Genii. The powers of this officer were almost autocratic.

The Grand Dragon of the Realm and his eight Hydras.

The Grand Titan of the Dominion and his six Furies.

The Grand Giant of the Province and his four Goblins.

The Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Night Hawks.

A Grand Monk.

A Grand Scribe.

A Grand Exchequer.

A Grand Turk.

A Grand Sentinel.

One of the most important things done by this Nashville convention was to make a positive and emphatic statement of the principles of the order. It was in the following terms:

"We recognize our relation to the United States Government; the supremacy of the Constitution; the constitutional laws thereof; and the union of States thereunder."

If these men were plotting treason, it puzzles one to know why they should make such a statement as that in setting forth the principles of the order. This statement was not intended for public circulation. It is now given to the public for the first time. Every man who was a Ku Klux really took an oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

The Klan, while now courting publicity, attempted to push to the extreme limits of illustration the power of the mysterious over the minds of men. An order was issued by the Grand Dragon of the Realm of Tennessee to the Grand Giants of the Provinces for a general parade, in the capital town of each province, on the night of the 4th of July, 1867.

It will be sufficient for this narrative to describe that parade as witnessed by the citizens of Pulaski. On the morning of that day the citizens found the sidewalks thickly strewn with slips of paper bearing the printed words: "The Ku Klux will parade the streets to-night." This announcement created great excitement. The people supposed that their curiosity, so long baffled, would now be gratified. They were confident that this parade would at least afford them the opportunity of learning who belonged to the Ku Klux Klan.

Soon after nightfall the streets were lined with an expectant and excited throng of people. Many came from the surrounding country. The members of the Klan in the county left their homes in the afternoon and travelled alone, or in squads of two or three, with their paraphernalia carefully concealed. If questioned, they answered that they were going to Pulaski to see the Ku Klux parade. After nightfall they assembled at designated points near the four main roads leading into the town. Here they donned their robes and disguises, and

put covers of gaudy materials on their horses. A sky-rocket sent up from some point in the town was the signal to mount and move. The different companies met and joined each other on the public square in perfect silence; the discipline appeared to be admirable. Not a word was spoken. Necessary orders were given by means of the whistles. In single file, in deathlike stillness, with funeral slowness, they marched and countermarched throughout the town. While the column was headed north on one street it was going south on another. By crossing over in opposite directions the lines were kept up in almost unbroken continuity. The effect was to create the impression of vast numbers. This marching and countermarching was kept up for about two hours, and the Klan departed as noiselessly as they came. The public were more than ever mystified. The efforts of the most curious to find out who were Ku Klux failed. One gentleman from the country was confident that he could identify the riders by the horses. But, as we have said, the horses were disguised as well as the riders. Determined not to be baffled, during a halt of the column he lifted the cover of a horse that was near him, and recognized his own steed and saddle, on which he had ridden into town. The town people were on the alert to see who of the young men of the town would be with the Ku Klux. All of them, almost without exception, were marked mingling freely and conspicuously with the spectators.

Perhaps the greatest illusion produced was in regard to the numbers taking part in the parade. Reputable citizens were confident that the number was not less than three thousand. Others, whose imaginations were more easily wrought upon, were quite certain there were ten thousand. The truth is that the number of Ku Klux in the parade did not exceed four hundred. This delusion in regard to numbers prevailed wherever the Ku Klux appeared. It illustrates how little the testimony of even an eye-witness is worth in regard to anything which makes a deep impression on him by reason of its mysteriousness.

One or two incidents will illustrate the methods resorted to to play upon the superstitious fears of the negroes and others.

At the parade in Pulaski, while the procession was passing a corner on which a negro man was standing, a tall horseman in hideous garb turned aside from the line, dismounted, and stretched out his bridle-rein toward the negro, as if he desired him to hold his horse. Not daring to refuse, the frightened African extended his hand to grasp the rein. As he did so, the Ku Klux took his own head from his shoulders and offered to place that also in the outstretched hand. The negro stood not upon the order of his going, but departed with a yell of terror. To this day he will tell you: "He done it, suah, boss. I seed him do it." The gown was fastened by a drawstring over the top of the wearer's head. Over this was worn an artificial skull made of a large gourd or of pasteboard. This, with the hat, could be readily removed, and the man would then appear to be headless. Such tricks gave rise to the belief—still prevalent among the negroes—that the Ku Klux could take themselves all to pieces whenever they wanted to. Some of the Ku Klux carried skeleton hands. These were made of bone or wood, with a wrist or handle long enough to be held in the hand, which was concealed by the sleeve of the gown. The possessor of one of these was invariably of a friendly turn, and offered to shake hands with all he met, with what effect may be readily imagined. A trick of frequent perpetra-

tion in the country was for a horseman, spectral and ghostly-looking, to stop before the cabin of some negro needing a wholesome impression and call for a bucket of water. If a dipper or gourd was brought it was declined, and the bucketful of water demanded. As if consumed by raging thirst, the horseman grasped it and pressed it to his lips. He held it there till every drop of the water was poured into a gum or oiled sack concealed beneath the Ku Klux robe. Then the empty bucket was returned to the amazed negro with the remark: "That's good. It is the first drink of water I have had since I was killed at Shiloh." Then a few words of counsel as to future behavior made an impression not easily forgotten or likely to be disregarded.

The hopes, however, derived from the new organization were rudely shattered. Official supervision grew less rigid, and bad men became members, who could not be, or were not controlled; and, in the winter of 1867 and the spring of 1868, many things were done by members or professed members of the Klan which were the subject of universal regret and condemnation. Its enemies petitioned for the intervention of the Government to suppress it, and the end came rapidly. What with unjust charges against the Klan followed by a hot zeal on its part for self-vindication against them, in addition to the misapprehension of the nature and objects of the order by those not members of it, and the feeling of intense hostility toward the Klan felt by the negroes and others, matters grew worse and worse. On several occasions the Klan was fired into, such attacks naturally provoking reprisals; till the state of things became little short of open warfare.

Tennessee was the first State to pass an anti-Ku Klux statute. In September 1868 a relentless and bloody statute was passed; and to enforce it the Governor was authorized, if he deemed it necessary, to declare martial law in the infected counties and to call out troops. In some sections of the State a reign of terror followed the passage of this Act. In February 1869 a proclamation was issued by the "Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire" to his subjects, declaring the organization heretofore known as the Ku Klux Klan to be dissolved and disbanded.

Thus lived, so died, this strange order. Its birth was an accident; its growth was a comedy, its death a tragedy. It owed its existence wholly to the anomalous condition of social and civil affairs in the South during the years immediately succeeding the unfortunate contest in which so many brave men in blue and gray fell martyrs to their convictions. There never was, before or since, a period of our history when such an order could have lived. May there never be again!

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EASTER WEEK IN AMORGOS. By T. Theodore Bent.—Easter in Amorgos, the remotest island of the Cycladic group, is unlike Easter in other parts of Greece, for the Amorgiotes at this time devote themselves to religious observances which now scandalize the more advanced lights of the Hellenic Church ; but popular feeling, and the priests, who gain thereby, stand in the way of the liberal-minded Methodios, the Amorgos metropolitan, who cannot bear the prophetic source or oracle for which this island is celebrated.

Landing from the weekly steamer we do not find much to interest us in the few houses by the quay ; but after an hour's climb, we reached the town, situated 1,000 feet above the sea in a strong position where pirates could not molest it.

The chief feature of the place is a big rock, 100 feet high, rising straight out of the centre of the town ; from the top of this rock the view over the much-indented coast and peaky mountains of Amorgos is truly magnificent.

The first object which struck us was the costume of the elderly women ; that wretched steamer has brought in western fashion now, so that the younger women scorn their ancestral dress, but the old crones still seem to totter and stagger beneath the weight of their traditional headgear. There is a soft cushion on the top of the head, a foot high at least, covered with a dark handkerchief, and bound over the forehead with a yellow one ; behind the head is another cushion, over which the dark handkerchief hangs half way down the back, and the yellow handkerchief is brought tightly over the mouth so as to leave only the nose projecting, and is then bound round so as to support the hindermost cushion. This complicated erection rejoices in the name of *tourlos*, and is hideously grotesque, except when the old women go to the wells, and come back with huge amphoræ full of water poised on the top of it, plying their distaffs busily the while, totally unconcerned about the weight on their heads. Naturally a head dress such as this is not easy to change, and the old women rarely move it until their heads itch too violently from the vermin they have collected within.

We only saw the rest of the old Amorgiote costume on a feast day ; with the exception of the *troulos*, or *tourlos*, the silks and brocades of olden days are abandoned in ordinary life.

The demarch entrusted us to Papa Demetrios, whom he described as the only man who knew anything about Amorgos, and under his guidance we visited remote parts of the island, whilst the world was preparing for the Easter feast. As regards this, we will confine ourselves to what is peculiar to Amorgos.

First of all we will visit a convent, the wonder of Amorgos, and, next, to Megaspelaion, the wealthiest convent in Greece.

The position chosen for this convent is most extraordinary. A long line of cliff, about two miles from the town, runs sheer down 1,000 feet into the sea ; a narrow road, or ledge, along the coast leads along this cliff to the convent, which is built half way up. Nothing but the outer wall is visible as you approach. The church and cells are made inside the rock. This convent was founded by the Byzantine emperor, Alexius Comnenus, whose picture existed until lately, but they suffer here frequently from rocks which fall from above, one of which fell not long ago and broke into the apse of the church and destroyed the picture of the emperor.

We entered by a drawbridge, with fortifications against pirates, and were shown into the reception room, where the superior, a brother of the member for Santorin, met us, and conducted us to the cells in the rock above, to the large storehouses below, and to the narrow church, with its five magnificent silver pictures, three of which were to be the object of such extraordinary veneration during Easter week. The position of this convent is truly awful. From the balconies one looks deep down into the sea, and overhead towers the red rock blackened for some distance by the smoke of the convent fires ; here and there are dotted holes in the rock where hermits used to dwell in almost inaccessible eyries.

Three of the five silver *eikons* in this church were to be the object of our veneration for seven days to come.

One adorns a portrait of the Madonna herself, found, they say, by some sailors in the sea below, and is beautifully embossed and decorated with silver ; one of St. George Balsamitis, the patron saint of the prophetic source of Amorgos, of which more anon ; and the other is an iron cross set in silver, and found, they say, on the heights of Mount Krytelos, a desolate mountain to the north of Amorgos.

At nine o'clock on Easter morning we and all the world started forth to meet the holy *eikons* from the convent, at a place only a quarter of a mile from the town, at the top of the steep cliff. Here all the inhabitants of the island were assembled to do reverence.

I was puzzled as to what could be the meaning of three round circles like threshing floors, left empty in the midst of the assemblage. All round were spread gay rugs and carpets, and rich brocades ; every one seemed subdued by a sort of reverential awe. Papa Demetrios and two other chosen priests, together with their acolytes, set forth along the narrow road to the convent to fetch the *eikons*, for no monk is allowed to participate in this great ceremony. They must stop in their cells and pray ; it would never do for them to be contaminated by the

pomps and vanities of so gay a throng. So at the convent door, year after year at Easter time, the superior hands over to the three priests the three precious *eikons*, to be worshipped for a week. A standard led the way, the iron cross on a staff followed, the two *eikons* came next, and as they wended their way by the narrow path along the sea the priests and their acolytes chanted monotonous music of praise. The crowd was now in breathless excitement as they were seen to approach, and as the three treasures were set up in the three threshing floors everybody prostrated himself on his carpet and worshipped. It was the great panegyric of Amorgos, and of the 5,000 inhabitants of the island not one who was able to come was absent. It was an impressive sight to look upon. Steep mountains on either side, below at a giddy depth the blue sea, and all around the fanatical islanders were lying prostrate in prayer, wrought to the highest pitch of religious fanaticism.

The *eikons* were then conveyed, mid the firing of guns and ringing of bells, to the Church of Christ in the town, and vespers were sung in the presence of a crowded audience.

On Monday morning there was a liturgy at the church where the *eikons* were, and then a procession was formed to carry them to the summit of Mount Elias, which towers some 2,000 feet above the town.

It was curious to watch the progress up the rugged slopes, the standard-bearer in front, the *eikon* and priests behind, chanting hard all the time with lungs of iron. Not so my friend the demarch, with whom I walked. His portly frame felt serious inconvenience from such violent exercise, so we sat for a while on a stone, and he related to me how in times of drought these *eikons* would be borrowed from the convent to make a similar ascent to the summit of Mount Elias to pray for rain, and how the peasants would follow in crowds to kneel and pray before the shrine.

It is strange how closely the prophet Elias of the Christian Greek ritual corresponds to Apollo, the sun god of old; the name Elias and Helios doubtless suggested the idea, just as now St. Artemidos in some parts has the attributes of Artemis. When it thunders they say Prophet Elias is driving in his chariot in pursuit of dragons, he can send rain when he likes, like *Ἰμβριος Ζεὺς* of ancient mythology, and his temples, like those of Phœbus Apollo, are invariably set on high, and visited with great reverence in times of drought or deluge.

After the liturgy on Mount Elias the somewhat tired priests partook of the refreshments prepared for them, for Phœbus Apollo was very hot to-day and the *eikons* were heavy, and my host, the demarch, enjoyed himself vastly, for his pious effort was over, and the descent was simple to him.

All the unenergetic world was waiting below, and Papa Demetrios gaily chaffed the lazy ones on the way to vespers for their lack of religious zeal. The next day the *eikons* were to visit the once celebrated church of St. George Balsamitis, where is the prophetic source of Amorgos. It is a wild walk along a narrow mountain ridge about two miles from the town. At the beginning of the century this oracle of Amorgos was consulted by thousands, and reminds one forcibly of the shrine of Delphi of

old, or the sanctuary of Trophonius, in the fluctuations of popular favour which have attended its utterings.

There is the church on the slopes of a hill commanding an almost deserted valley, there are the tall religious cypresses towering above it. The genius of the place is decidedly awe-inspiring. No habitations are near, only the ruins of an old water-mill, garlanded with maiden-hair, which was once doubtless worked by a branch of the sacred stream. Over the doorway, as I entered, I read that the church was repaired in 1688, and then I stepped with Papa Anatolios into the dark pronaos, covered with frescoes representing the adventures of St. George, the modern Theseus, of St. Charalambos, the modern Æsculapius, and of St. Nicholas, the modern Poseidon, the tutelary deity of seamen.

On entering the narthex Papa Anatolios still demurred much about opening the oracle for me, fearing that I intended to scoff; but at length I prevailed upon him, and he put on his chasuble and went hurriedly through the liturgy to St. George before the altar. After this he took a tumbler, which he asked me carefully to inspect, and on my expressing my satisfaction as to its cleanness he proceeded to unlock a little chapel on the right side of the narthex with mysterious gratings all round, and adorned inside and out with frescoes of the Byzantine school. Here was the sacred stream, the *ἁγίασμα*, which flows into a marble basin, carefully kept clean with a sponge at hand for the purpose lest any extraneous matter should by chance get in. Thereupon he filled the tumbler and went to examine its contents in the sun's rays with a microscope that he might read my destiny. He then returned to the steps of the altar and solemnly delivered his oracle.

The priests of St. George have numerous unwritten rules which guide them in delivering their answers. Papa Anatolios told me many of them.

1. If the water is clear with many white specks in it about the size of a small pearl, and if these sink but rise again, it signifies health and success but much controversy. I was a foreigner and a guest, so politely he prophesied this lot for me.

2. If there is a small white insect in the water, which rushes about hither and thither in the glass, there is no fear of storm or fire.

3. Black specks are bad, and indicate all sorts of misfortunes according to their position in the water; if they float they are prospective. Some that appeared in my glass sank, which Papa Anatolios told me referred to difficulties of the past.

4. Hairs are often found therein; these indicate cares, ill health, and loss of money. From these I was luckily exempt, but my unfortunate servant, who tried his luck after me, had lots in his glass. Poor man, he never recovered his peace of mind till dinner time, when the enlightened demarch laughed at his fears and told him some reassuring anecdotes.

5. When you ask a direct question concerning matrimony or otherwise, the wily priest regulates his answers by these microscopic atoms which float in the glass. If the marble bowl is empty at Easter time the year will be a bad one; if full, the contrary. This is easily accounted for by the rainfall.

These and many other points Papa Anatolios told me, and I thanked him for letting me off so mercifully.

To my surprise on offering him a remuneration for opening to me the oracle he flatly refused and seemed indignant.

Meanwhile Papa Anatolios discoursed freely about his oracle. The church of the oracle is rich, and at various epochs has been filled with votive offerings, such as wedding wreaths from matrimonially inclined consulters, and silver ships from mariners whose course has been directed safely by the oracle.

All manner and kind of limbs are hung up here and there in dazzling confusion, very like, I thought, what an old heathen temple must have looked like when hung around with the *ἀναθήματα* to the gods. Nowhere is one brought so closely face to face with the connecting links between heathendom and Christendom as one is in Greece: the *eikons* themselves are worn away with kisses like that statue of Hercules at Agrigentum, which Cicero speaks of as being worn away by the same pious treatment. The lamps that burn before them, and the little household shrines, had all their parallel in the ancient belief.

The next day was spent in strolling quietly about the town and ingratiating ourselves into the good graces of the old women of the place, who had much that is quaint to tell.

I had heard of Kera Maria's wonderful skill in incantations, and accordingly wished to hear one. It is exceedingly difficult to get at these quack charms for curing diseases by the magic of certain words, full faith in which exists largely in the remote islands, to the exasperation of the local Hippocrates. The old witch in question was of course busy with her loom—her *ἀργαλέον*, as they call them here, reminding one of the Homeric word to express toil and difficulty of execution; so I sent my man before me to inform her—by no means an untruth—that the English gentleman had a pain, and having heard of her skill in magic was desirous of being relieved of the same. She mumbled to herself as I entered, and as she mumbled she made certain curious signs; her words were very indistinct, but that evening, thanks to the kindly aid of Papa Demetrios, I was able to obtain them and append a literal translation:—

“Belly ! woeful belly !

Woeful and fearful that thou art,

Down on the sea shore, down on the beach,

Are three spoons,

One of them has honey, another milk, another the entrails
of a man,

Eat honey, drink milk, and leave the bowels of the man.”

The quaintness of these incantations struck me forcibly in my wanderings through the islands. I collected many of them, but none quainter than this.

The next day was to be the blessing of the ships, the chief day in the estimation of most, since every Amorgiote is interested in shipping.

When the procession reached the shore the metropolitan priest of the island entered a bark decorated with carpets and fine linen, carrying with

him the precious *eikon* of the life-saving Madonna; he was rowed to each ship in turn, and blessed them, whilst the people all knelt along the shore, and as each blessing was concluded a gun was fired as a herald of joy. The rest of the day was spent in revelry.

On the two following days the writer did not accompany the *eikons*, but took a long trudge over hill and dale with Papa Demetrios to visit his old father, a peasant of some 80 years of age, who owns and tills the site of the once powerful city of Arkesini, to the south of Amorgos.

Papa Demetrios, on entering his father's house, touched the ground with his fingers as a token of respect before embracing him. His sisters, on the contrary, touched the ground with their fingers before kissing the proffered hand of their priestly brother. The old man was surrounded by his implements of husbandry—his plough, his sickle, and his wooden spade, his pronged hoe for trimming his vines (the *δίκελλα*, which we read of in Sophocles, and which still exists in Amorgos with its old name reduced to *δικλα*). Into the crannies of his wall he had stowed away a lot of the antiquities he had found whilst digging. These he generously placed at my disposal—old plummets for lines, old weights and measures and implements for polishing marble. Before we left he gave us a pull at his raki-bottle, drinking first himself, according to the old custom, to prove that his liquor was not poisoned.

The Sunday next after Easter may be said to be the real festival in Amorgos, for on this day the *eikons* return to their home.

The same concourse of people assembled on the spot where they met them to bid farewell, and 500 men then accompanied the three priests all the way to the convent along the narrow road, and the monks beneficently presented each with as much bread and cheese as he could carry, for which purpose large baskets full of these materials were collected at the convent door; and the Easter dole took up well nigh all the afternoon.

Towards 5 o'clock there was a going to and fro in the little plateau before the church of the town.

Old women with the large wagging *tourlos* on their heads arrived to get a good position for the sight, each with her little stool under her arm—these stools being about six inches high, and made of cross bits of wood and covered with goat's skin. Places were reserved for the demarch and ourselves on a stone ledge which runs along the façade of the church. The musicians came, and had seats placed for them under the wavy plane-tree which adorned the middle of the square. There were three of them: one with a *cithara*, another with a lyre, and another with a flute. After half an hour's delay, the chief priest came and took the place of honour, being a stone armchair on the same ledge on which we were sitting; and this was the signal for the musicians to begin. The week's veneration for the *eikons* was at an end, and the Amorgiotes were now prepared for enjoyment.

Thus gaily, amid the beauties of that famous dance, the Greek *syrlos*, which went waving round the plane-tree in the village square lighted up by the brilliant costumes of the dancers, did the writer's stay in Amorgos end.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1884.

Jack's Courtship : a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck. Chapters XXVI-

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A Blue Grass Penelope. Chapters I and II. By BRET HARTE —

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Ballade of Railway Novels. By A. LANG —

The First White Butterfly. By E. KAY ROBINSON —

Madam. Chapters XXXI-XXXV. By MRS. OLIPHANT —

SUNNY BRIGHTON.—We give a few extracts from this spirited description of the sunny town. Mr. Jefferies's vivid and glittering style was never, we think, even in the famous "Gamekeeper" articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, seen to greater advantage than in these brilliant sketches.

Some of the old streets opening out of the King's Road look very pleasant on a sunny day. They run to the north, so that the sun over the sea shines nearly straight up them, and at the farther end where the houses close in on higher ground, the deep blue sky descends to the rooftrees. The old red tiles, the red chimneys, the green jalousies, give some colour; and beneath there are shadowy corners and archways. They are not too wide to whisper across, for it is curious that to be interesting a street must be narrow, and the pavements are but two or three bricks broad. These pavements are not for the advantage of foot passengers; they are merely to prevent cart-wheels from grating against the houses. There is nothing ancient or carved in these streets, they are but moderately old, yet turning from the illuminated sea it is pleasant to glance up them as you pass, in their stillness and shadow, lying outside the inconsiderate throng walking to and fro, and contrasting in their irregularity with the set façades of the front. Opposite, across the King's Road, the mastheads of the fishing boats on the beach just rise above the rails of the cliff, tipped with fluttering pennants, or fish-shaped vanes changing to the wind. They have a pulley at the end of a curved piece of iron for hauling up the lantern to the top of the mast when trawling; this thin curve, with a dot at the extremity surmounting the straight and rigid mast, suits the artist's pencil. The gold-plate shop—there is a bust of Psyche in the doorway—often attracts the eye in passing, gold and silver plate in large masses is striking, and it is a very good place, to stand a minute and notice the passers-by. It is a Piccadilly crowd by the sea—exactly

the same style of people you meet in Piccadilly, but freer in dress, and particularly in hats. All fashionable Brighton parades the King's Road twice a day, morning and afternoon, always on the side of the shops. The route is up and down the King's Road as far as Preston Street, back again and up East Street. Riding and driving Brighton extends its Rotten Row sometimes to Third Avenue, Hove. These well-dressed and leading people never look at the sea. Watching by the gold-plate shop you will not observe a single glance in the direction of the sea, beautiful as it is, gleaming under the sunlight. They do not take the slightest interest in sea, or sun, or the sky, or fresh breeze calling white horses from the deep. Their pursuits are purely, "Social" and neither ladies nor gentlemen ever go on the beach or lie where the surge comes to the feet. The beach is ignored; it is almost, perhaps quite vulgar; or rather it is entirely outside the pale. No one rows, very few sail; the sea is not "the thing" in Brighton, which is the last nautical of seaside places. There is more talk of horses.

The wind, coming up the cliff seems to bring with it whole armfuls of sunshine, and to throw the warmth and light against you as you linger. The walls and glass reflect the light and push back the wind in puffs and eddies; the awning flutters; light and wind spring upwards from the pavement; the sky is richly blue against the parapets overhead; there are houses on one side, but on the other open space and sea, and dim clouds in the extreme distance. The atmosphere is full of light, and gives a sense of liveliness; every atom of it is in motion. How delicate are the forelegs of these thoroughbred horses passing! Small and slender, the hoof as the limb rises seems to hang by a thread, yet there is strength and speed in those sinews. Strength is often associated with size, with the mighty flank, the round barrel, the great shoulder. But I marvel more at the manner in which that strength is conveyed through these slender sinews; the huge brawn and breadth of flesh all depend upon these little cords. It is at these junctions that the wonder of life is most evident. The succession of well-shaped horses, overtaking and passing, crossing, meeting, their high-raised heads and action increase the impression of pleasant movement. Quick wheels, sometimes a tandem, or a painted coach, towering over the line,—so rolls the procession of busy pleasure. There is colour in hat and bonnet, feathers, flowers, and mantles, not brilliant but rapidly changing, and in that sense bright. Faces on which the sun shines and the wind blows, whether cared for or not, and lit up thereby; faces seen for a moment and immediately followed by others as interesting; a flowing gallery of portraits; all life, life! Waiting unobserved under the awning, occasionally, too, I hear voices as the throng goes by on the pavement—pleasant tones of people chatting and the human sunshine of laughter. The atmosphere is full of movement, full of light, and life streams to and fro.

Yonder, over the road, row of fishermen lean against the rails of the cliff, some with their backs to the sea, some facing it. "The cliff" is rather a misnomer, it is more like a sea-wall in height. This row of stout men in blue jerseys, or copper-hued tan frocks, seems to be always there, always waiting for the tide—or nothing. Each has his particular position; one, shorter than the rest, leans with his elbows backwards on the low rail; another hangs over and looks down at the

site of the fish market, an older man stands upright, and from long habit looks steadily out to sea. They have their hands in their pockets, they appear fat and jolly, as round as the curves of their smacks drawn up on the beach beneath them. They are of such that "sleep o' nights;" no anxious ambition disturbs their placidity. No man in this world knows how to absolutely do—nothing, like a fisherman. Sometimes he turns round, sometimes he does not, that is all. The sun shines, the breeze comes up the cliff, far away a French fishing lugger is busy enough. The boats on the beach are idle, and swarm of boys are climbing over them, swinging on a rope from the bowsprit, or playing at marbles under the cliff. Bigger boys collect under the lee of a smack, and do nothing cheerfully. The fashionable throng hastens to and fro, but the row leaning against the railings do not stir.

The fishing at Brighton is said to be in a doleful state. There have been "no herrings" these two years. One man went out with his smack, and after working for hours returned with *one sole*. The fisherman say they can get a better market for the fish they do catch by sending them to Paris.

I like to go down on the beach among the fishing boats, and to recline on the shingle by a smack when the wind comes gently from the west, and the low wave breaks but a few yards from my feet. I like the occasional passing scent of pitch, they are melting it close by: I confess I like tar; one's hands smell nice after touching ropes. It is more like home down on the beach here; the men are doing something real sometimes, there is the clink of a hammer; behind me there is a screen net, in which rents are being repaired; a big rope yonder stretches as the horse goes round, and the heavy smack is drawn slowly up over the pebbles. The full curves of the rounded bows beside me are pleasant to the eye, as any curve is recalling those of woman. Mastheads stand up against the sky, and a loose rope swings as the breeze strikes it; a veer of the wind brings a puff of smoke from the funnel of a cabin, where some one is cooking, but it is not disagreeable, like smoke from a house chimney-pot; another veer carries it away again,—depend upon it the simplest thing cooked there is nice. Shingle rattles as it is shovelled up for ballast—the sound of labour makes me more comfortably lazy. They are not in a hurry, and "chivy" over their work either; the tides rise and fall slowly, and they work in correspondence. No infernal fidget and fuss. Wonder how long it would take me to pitch a pebble so as to lodge on the top of that large brown pebble there? I try, once now and then.

There is a scheme on foot for planking over the ocean, beginning at the bottom of West Street. An immense central pier is proposed which would occupy the only available site for beaching the smacks. If carried out, the whole fishing industry must leave Brighton—to the fisherman the injury would be beyond compensation, and the aspect of Brighton itself would be destroyed. Brighton ought to rise in revolt against it.

All Brighton chimney-pots are put on with giant cement, in order to bear the strain of the tremendous winds rushing up from the sea. Heavy as the gales are, they seldom do much mischief to the roofs, such as are recorded inland. On the King's Road a plate-glass window is now and then blown in, so that on hurricane days the shutters are generally half shut. It is said that the wind gets between the iron

shutters and the plate glass and shakes the windows loose. The heaviest waves roll in by the West Pier, and at the bottom of East Street. Both sides of the West Pier are washed by larger waves than can be seen all along the coast from the Quarter Deck. Great rollers come in at the concrete groyne at the foot of East Street. Exposed as the coast is, the waves do not convey so intense an idea of wildness, confusion, and power as they do at Dover. To see waves in their full vigour go to the Admiralty Pier and watch the seas broken by the granite wall. Windy Brighton has not an inch of shelter anywhere in a gale, and the salt rain driven by the wind penetrates the thickest coat. The windiest spot is at the corner of Second Avenue, Hove; the wind just there is almost enough to choke those who face it. Double windows—Russian fashion—are common all along the sea-front, and are needed.

After a gale, when the wind changes, as it usually does, it is pleasant to see the ships work in to the verge of the shore. The sea is turbid and yellow with sand beaten up by the recent billows, —this yellowness extends outwards to a certain line, and is there succeeded by the green of clearer water. Beyond this again the surface looks dark, as if still half-angry, and clouds hang over it loth to retire from the strife. As bees come out of their hives when the rain ceases and the sun shines, so the vessels which have been lying-to in harbour, or under shelter of promontories, are now eagerly making their way down Channel, and, in order to get as long a tack and as much advantage as possible, they are brought to the edge of the shallow water. Sometimes fifteen or twenty or more stand in; all sizes from the ketch to the three-master; the wind is not strong, but that peculiar drawing breeze which seems to pull a ship along, as if with a tow-rope. The brig stands straight for the beach, with all sail set; she heels a little, not much; she scarcely heaves to the swell and is not checked by meeting waves; she comes almost to the yellow line of turbid water, when round she goes, and you can see the sails shiver as the breeze touches them on both surfaces for a moment. Then again she shows her stern and away she goes, while another approaches, and all day long they pass. There is always something shadowy, not exactly unreal, but shadowy about a ship; it seems to carry a romance, and the imagination fashions a story to the swelling sails.

The bright light of Brighton brings all things into clear relief, giving them an edge and outline; as steel burns with a flame like wood in oxygen, so the minute particles of iron in the atmosphere seem to burn and glow in the sunbeams and a twofold illumination fills the air. Coming back to the place after a journey this brilliant light is very striking, and most new visitors notice it. Even a room with a northern aspect is full of light, too strong for some eyes, till accustomed to it. I am a great believer in light—sunlight—and of my free will never let it be shut out with curtains. Light is essential to life, like air; light is thought; light is as fresh air to the mind. Brilliant sunshine is reflected from the houses, and fills the streets. The walls of the houses are clean and less discoloured by the deposit of carbon than usual in most towns, so that the reflection is stronger from these white surfaces. Shadow there is none in summer, for the shadows are lit up by diffusion. Something in the atmosphere throws light down into shaded places as if from a mirror. Waves beat ceaselessly on the beach, and the undulations of light flow continuously forwards into the remotest corners. Pure air, free from suspended matter, lets the light pass freely, and perhaps this absence of suspended material is the reason that the heat is not so oppressive as would be

supposed considering the glare. Certainly it is not so hot as London : on going up to town on a July or August day it seems much hotter there, so much so that one pants for air. Conversely in winter, London appears much colder, the thick dark atmosphere seems to increase the bitterness of the easterly winds, and returning to Brighton is entering a warmer because clearer air. Many complain of the brilliance of the light ; they say the glare is overpowering, but the eyes soon become acclimatised. This glare is one of the great recommendations of Brighton ; the strong light is evidently one of the causes of its healthfulness to those who need change. There is no such glowing light elsewhere along the south coast ; these things are very local.

Mr. Jefferies thinks that the demand made for trees, to plant the streets and turn them into boulevards for shade, is very foolish. It is the dryness of the place that gives it its character. After a storm, after heavy rain for days, in an hour the pavements are not only dry but clean ; no dirt, sticky and greasy, remains. The only dirt in Brighton is made by the water-carts. Trees are the cause of damp ; glowing light, dry, clear and clean air, general dryness are the qualities that rendered Brighton a sanatorium ; light and glow without oppressive, moist heat ; in winter a clear cold. Eastbourne is a pleasant place, but to visit to Eastbourne, which is proud of its trees, in October, and to feel the damp fallen leaves under foot, will show how much better off is treeless Brighton.

Let nothing check the descent of those glorious beams of sunlight which fall at Brighton. Watch the pebbles on the beach ; the foam runs up and wets them, almost before it can slip back the sunshine has dried them again. So they are alternately wetted and dried. Bitter sea and glowing light, bright clear air, dry as dry,—that describes the place. Spain is the country of sunlight, burning sunlight ; Brighton is a Spanish town in England, a Seville. Very bright colours can be worn in summer because of this powerful light, the brightest are scarcely noticed, for they seem to be in concert with the sunshine. Is it difficult to paint in so strong a light ? Pictures in summer look dull and out of tune when this Seville sun is shining. Artificial colours of the palette cannot live in it. As a race we do not seem to care much for colour or art—I mean in the common things of daily life—else a great deal of colour might be effectively used in Brighton in decorating houses and woodwork. Much more colour might be put in the windows, brighter flowers and curtains ; more, too, inside the rooms ; the sober hues of London furniture and carpets are not in accord with Brighton light. Gold and ruby and blue, the blue of transparent glass, or purple, might be introduced, and the romance of colour freely indulged. At high tide on summer Spanish mantillas, Spanish fans, would not be out of place in the open air. No tint is too bright—scarlet, cardinal, anything the imagination fancies ; the brightest parasol is a matter of course. Stand, for instance, by the West Pier, on the Esplanade, looking east on a full-lit August day. The sea is blue, streaked with green, and is stilled with heat ; the low undulations can scarcely rise and fall for somnolence. The distant cliffs are white ; the houses yellowish-white ; the sky blue, more blue than fabled Italy. Light pours down and the bitter salt sea wets the pebbles ; to look at them makes the mouth dry, in the

unconscious recollection of the saltiness and bitterness. The flags droop, the sails of the fishing-boats hang idle; the land and the sea are conquered by the great light of the sun.

There are said to be more handsome women in Brighton than anywhere else in the world. They are so common that the standard of taste rises, and good looking faces that would be admired in other places pass by without notice.

They are all plump, not to say fat, which would be rude; very plump, and have the glow and bloom of youth upon the cheeks. They do not suffer from "pernicious anæmia," that evil bloodlessness which London physicians are not unfrequently called upon to cure, when the cheeks are white as paper and have to be rosied with minute doses of arsenic. They extract their arsenic from the air. The way they step and the carriage of the form show how full they are of life and spirits. Sarah Bernhardt will not come to Brighton if she can help it, lest she should lose that high art angularity and slipperiness of shape which suits her *rôle*. Dresses seem always to fit well, because people somehow expand to them. It is pleasant to see the girls walk, because the limbs do not drag, the feet are lifted gaily and with ease. Horse exercise adds a deeper glow to the face; they ride up on the Downs first, out of pure cunning, for the air there is certain to impart a freshness to the features like dew on a flower, and then return and walk their horses to and fro the King's Road, certain of admiration. However often these tricks are played, they are always successful. Those philanthropic folk who want to reform women's dress, and call upon the world to observe how the present style contracts the chest, and forces the organs of the body out of place (what a queer expression it seems, "organs!") have not a chance in Brighton. Girls lace tight and "go in, for the tip of the fashion, yet they bloom and flourish as green bay trees, and do not find their skirts any obstacle in walking or tennis. The horse-riding that goes on is a thing to be chronicled; they are always on horseback, and you may depend upon it that it is better for them than all the gymnastic exercises ever invented. The liability to strain, and even serious internal injury, which is incurred in gymnastic exercise, ought to induce sensible people to be extremely careful how they permit their daughters to sacrifice themselves on this scientific altar. Buy them horses to ride, if you want them to enjoy good health and sound constitutions. Nothing like horses for women. Send the professors to Suakim, and put the girls on horseback. Whether Brighton grows handsome girls, or whether they flock there drawn by instinct, or become lovely by staying there, is an inquiry too difficult to pursue. There they are, one at least in every group, and you have to walk, as the Spaniards say, with your beard over your shoulder continually looking back at those who have passed. The only antidote known is to get married before you visit the place, and doubts have been expressed as to its efficacy. In the south-coast Seville there is nothing done but heart-breaking; it is so common it is like hammering flints for road-mending? nobody cares if your heart is in pieces. They break hearts on horseback, and while walking, playing tennis, shopping—actually at shopping, not to mention parties of every kind. No one knows where the next danger will be encountered, at the very next corner perhaps. Feminine garments have an irresistible flutter in the sea-breeze; feathers have a beckoning motion. No one can be altogether good in Brighton, and that is the great charm of it. The language of the eyes is cultivated to a marvellous degree? as we say of dogs, they quite talk with their eyes.

Even when you do not chance to meet an exceptional beauty, still the plain women are not plain like the plain women in other places. The average is higher among them, and they are not so irredeemably uninteresting. The flash of an eye, the shape of a shoulder, the colour of the hair—something or other pleases. Women without a single good feature are often good-looking in New Seville because of an indescribable style or manner. They catch the charm of the good-looking by living among them, so that if any young lady desires to acquire the art of attraction she has only to take train and join them. Delighted with our protectorate of Paphos, Venus has lately decided to reside on these shores. Every morning the girls' schools go for their constitutional works; there seem no end of these schools—the place has a garrison of girls, and the same thing is noticeable in their ranks. Too young to have developed actual loveliness, some in each band distinctly promise future success. After long residence the people become accustomed to good looks, and do not see anything especial around them, but on going away for a few days soon miss these pleasant faces.

In reconstructing Brighton station, one thing was omitted—a balcony from which to view the arrival and departure of the trains in summer and autumn. The scene is as lively and interesting as the stage when a good play is proceeding. So many happy expectant faces, often very beautiful; such a mingling of colours, and succession of different figures; now a brunette, now golden hair: it is a stage, only it is real. The bustle which is not the careworn, anxious haste of business; the rushing to and fro; the greetings of friends; the smiles; the shifting of the groups, some coming, and some going—plump and rosy,—it is really charming. One has a fancy dog, another a bright-bound novel; very many have cavaliers, and look at the piles of luggage! What dresses, what changes and elegance concealed therein!—conjurers' trunks out of which wonders will spring. Can anything look jollier than a cab overgrown with luggage, like huge barnacles, just starting away with its freight? One can imagine such a fund of enjoyment on its way in that cab. This happy throng seems to express something that delights the heart. I have often walked up to the station just to see it, and left feeling better.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1884.

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THE GROWING POWER OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILE.—Chile is a long narrow strip of land lying wholly within the temperate zone, between the Andes and the Pacific. Its most southern point is in latitude corresponding to that of New York ; and then the coast breaks up into a labyrinth of islands reaching as far as the Straits of Magellan, all of which belong to Chile. In territory Chile is the smallest but two of the South American States, and its population is a little over two millions. This is the State which has defeated the allied powers of two South American nations, has torn away from the conquered States the richest part of their possessions, and has now become the first American Power in the Pacific. Let us examine into the causes, near and remote, of this remarkable growth.

During all the period of the Spanish supremacy in America, Chile was regarded as a barren and unrewarding region, and was a poor and humble, almost a des-

pised, dependency to the vice-royalty of Peru. Mexico and Peru, with their comparatively advanced civilization and developed mineral wealth, drew to themselves most of those European noblemen and adventurers who sought the Spanish possessions in the New World, while Chile was colonized by hardy immigrants, mostly from the Northern Provinces of Spain. Court favorites sought appointments where the spoils were richest. Upon the west coast Lima was the point where greed and ambition centred, while Santiago di Chile was esteemed as undesirable a post as a British Governor might deem St. John's in Newfoundland in comparison with Ottawa. Chile, thus escaping foreign rapacity, was abandoned more to self-government than were the other Spanish dependencies. It also suffered peculiar hardships; its chief coast town, Valparaiso, being sacked by buccaners in the seventeenth century, and thrice in the two succeeding centuries nearly destroyed by earthquake. The consequence of these disasters was that the colonists smelted with the vigorous Indians, and a new race was developed. The Araucanian Indians, who were indigenous to the Chilcan soil, were an exceedingly powerful people, and had been the last of the native South American tribes to yield to the prowess of Spanish arms. An almost perfect union of these two absolutely unrelated races took place. The population of Chile, quite unlike that of Peru, which includes thirteen half-castes, is now made up simply of the pure-blooded descendants of the Spanish, who number one-fifth of the whole, and a single half-caste of Spanish and Indians, who are the remaining four-fifths. Indian blood pervades not only the middle and lower classes of the people, but many of the most powerful and wealthy families also, and no such contempt attaches to the mixture as does in most other Spanish-speaking countries. Nothing like this, or of ethnological significance comparable with this, has happened anywhere else in modern times.

It was thus that while Lima was the Athens of Spanish America, Santiago became its Sparta. In the wars for independence, which were waged with Spain, the fighting capacity of the Chilean race was displayed, and after its final expulsion in 1824 the republic of Bolivia was created. From that time Chile has steadily aimed, to restrain Bolivia and Peru from a union, and twice has gone successfully to war to prevent it.

After the perfection of its national independence, the Chilean Government soon passed into the permanent control of civilians, while the other Governments of the west coast remained prizes for military chieftains. Its present constitution was framed in 1833, and though it is only half a century old *it is the oldest written national constitution in force in all the world except our own*, unless the Magna Charta of England be included in the category. The political history of Chile during the fifty years of its life has been that of a well-ordered commonwealth, but one of a most unusual and interesting sort. Its Government has never been forcibly overthrown, and only one serious attempt at revolution has been made. Chile is in name and in an important sense a republic, and yet its Government is an oligarchy. Suffrage is restricted to those male citizens who are registered, who are twenty-five years old if unmarried and twenty-one if married, and who can read and write; and there is also a stringent property qualification. The consequence is that the privilege of voting is confined to an aristo-

cracy; in 1876, the total number of ballots thrown for president was only 46,114 in a population of about two and a quarter millions. The president of Chile has immense powers of nomination and appointment, and when he is a man of vigorous will he tyrannically sways public policy, and can almost always dictate the name of his successor. The Government has thus become practically vested in a comparatively small number of leading Chilean families. There is no such thing as "public opinion" in the sense in which we use the phrase, and the newspapers, though ably conducted, do not attempt, as they do not desire, to change the existing order of things.

History does not furnish an example of a more powerful political machine under the title of republic, nor one more ably directed as regards the aggrandisement of the country or more honestly administered as regards pecuniary corruption.

The population of Chile doubled between 1843 and 1875; the quantity of land brought under tillage was quadrupled; copper mines were discovered, and so worked that Chile became the chief copper-producing country in the world; some of the silver mines rivaled the Comstock lode; more than one thousand miles of railroad were built; a foreign export trade of \$31,695,039 was reported in 1878; and two powerful iron-clads, which were destined to play a most important part in Chilean affairs, were built in England. Meanwhile, the constitution was officially interpreted so as to guarantee religious toleration, and the political power of the Roman Catholic priesthood diminished. Almost everything good, except home manufactures and popular education, flourished. The development of the nation in these years was on a wonderful scale for a South American State, and the contrast between Chile and Peru was peculiarly striking.

Early in 1879 began the great series of events which were to make the fortune of Chile. At this date Chile was suffering from a general depression in business pursuits. Its government was in a bad way. The public income in 1878 was about \$14,000,000; the out-go \$21,000,000. There was a domestic debt of \$16,916,022, and a foreign debt of \$46,481,000. Chilean five per cents. were quoted in London at 64.

In this state of things the governing oligarchy of Chile decided, rather suddenly, upon a scheme which was sure to result either in splendid prosperity or absolute ruin, and which contemplated nothing less than a war of conquest against Peru and Bolivia, with a view to seizing the most valuable territory of the former country. There is a certain strip of land bordering upon the Pacific and about four hundred miles long, of which the northern three quarters belonged to Peru and Bolivia, the remaining one quarter to Chile. Upon this land a heavy rain never falls, and often years pass in which the soil does not feel a shower. It is of course void of vegetation, and the fresh water used by its people is either distilled from the sea, or brought up or down the coast on shipboard. Yet this hideous region blooms and blossoms like a rose in the eye of the capitalist and economist. Its money value is immense. From this region the world derives almost its whole supply of nitrates—chiefly saltpetre—and of iodine; its mountains, also, are rich in metals, and great deposits

of guano are found in the highlands bordering the sea. The nitrate-bearing country is a plain, from fifty to eighty miles wide, the nitrate lying in layers just below a thin sheet of impacted stones, gravel, and sand. The export of saltpetre from this region was valued in 1882 at nearly \$30,000,000, and the worth of the Peruvian section, which is much the largest and most productive, is estimated for government purposes, at a capital of \$600,000,000. Chile was, naturally, well aware of the wealth which lay so close to her own doors, and to possess herself thereof, and thus to rehabilitate her national fortunes, she addressed herself to war. The occasion for war was easily found. Bolivia was first attacked, a difficulty which arose at her port of Antofagasta with respect to her enforcement of a tax upon some nitrate works carried on by a Chilean company, affording a good pretext; and when Peru attempted intervention her envoy was confronted with Chile's knowledge of a secret treaty between Peru and Bolivia, and war was formally declared by Chile upon Peru, April 5, 1879.

This war lasted, with some breathing spaces, for almost exactly five years. At the outset the two belligerent powers—Bolivia being soon practically out of the contest—seemed to be about equal in their resources; but the supremacy which Chile soon gained upon the seas substantially determined the war in her favour.

Each nation owned two powerful iron-clads, and six months were employed in settling the question of naval superiority. This process was like a game of chess when the board has been cleared of all the pieces except two bishops and a few pawns on one side, and two knights and a few pawns on the other. The wooden ships of Peru and Chile corresponded with the pawns and the two iron-clads on each side with the knights and bishops. On the 21st of May, 1879, the Peruvian fleet attacked and almost destroyed the Chilean wooden frigates which were blockading Iquique; but in chasing a Chilean corvette the larger Peruvian iron-clad—the *Independencia*—ran too near the shore, and was fatally wrecked. So Peru lost one of her knights. The game she played with the other—the *Huascar*—was admirable, but a losing one; and on the 8th of October of the same year the *Huascar* was attacked by the Chilean fleet, which included two iron-clads, and was finally captured after a desperate resistance in which the one martial hero of Peru, Admiral Don Miguel Grau, was blown to pieces by a shell; and of the four officers next in rank two were killed and two wounded. From this moment the Peruvian coast was at Chile's mercy; the Chilean arms prevailed in every pitched battle, at San Francisco, at Tacna, at Arica; and, finally, on the 17th of January, 1881, after a series of actions which resembled in some of their details the engagements that preceded our capture of the City of Mexico, the victorious army of Chile took possession of Lima, the capital of Peru.*

* Most of these battles were sanguinary, and all of them were horribly brutal. In the figures of loss it is common to find the number of the killed equaling the number of the wounded, a fact which proves that cold-blooded butchery was practised upon the wounded on the battle-field. The proportion of killed to wounded in our battle of Gettysburg was less than one to five.

A few months before the Chilean occupation of Lima the Government of the United States entered upon the abortive series of attempts at mediation and intervention which constitute one of the most ludicrous failures in diplomacy in modern times. The financial situation of Peru was very bad indeed. But the pecuniary resources of the country were seen to be so vast after the discovery of the guano and nitrate districts that the State had been able to be a large borrower in Europe. In 1872 Peru had a foreign debt of \$200,000,000, the greater part due to England and France; and of this amount \$180,000,000 had been raised upon *bonds which expressly hypothecated to the bond-holders all its guano and nitrate fields*. Interest upon its public debt ceased to be paid in 1876, and has never been resumed.

This was the condition of things when, by the fall of Arica, the complete military success of Chile seemed practically assured. And it was at this point of time, in October, 1880, that there occurred the fruitless conference between envoys of the belligerents on board a United States' corvette in the harbor of Arica, under the mediation of Messrs. Christiancy, Adams, and Osborn, President Hayes's ministers to Chile, Peru, and Bolivia respectively. At this conference Chile's prime demands as conditions of peace were a money indemnity of twenty million dollars and the absolute cession to itself of the entire Bolivian littoral and the great Peruvian nitrate-producing province of Tarapacá. Peru and Bolivia rejected the demand for territorial cession, and offered instead a money indemnity. They also offered to submit the question of terms of peace to the arbitration of the United States,—a proposal which was promptly and peremptorily declined by Chile. It will be seen at a glance that the parties deeply interested in the settlement were not only the three belligerent powers, but also the unsatisfied European holders of Peruvian bonds. And it was the hope of Peru, as well as the apprehension of Chile, that Great Britain or France, one or both, might intervene for the assertion of the financial rights of their subjects, especially as Chile had now seized and proposed to hold the nitrate region which had been mortgaged to the European holders of Peruvian securities. The government at Lima was in a desperate state, but after some vacillation fixed its hopes upon the projects of the *Crédit Industriel*, a French corporation representing nearly all the foreign debt not raised in England, which proposed to help Peru to a treaty of peace without a cession of its territory, by persuading Chile to accept a large money indemnity simply. The sum needed for this purpose was to be advanced by the *Crédit Industriel*, which in turn was to receive, as trustee first for itself and its own great advantage, and then for Peru, an assignment of the entire guano and nitrate district. And to this project, or something like it, with a contemplated guaranty or protectorate by the United States of the *Crédit Industriel*'s possession of the guano and nitrates, to insure the stability of the project, Mr. Hayes's administration through Mr. Evarts substantially committed itself.

But Chile, as capable in diplomacy as in war, managed matters with an admirable combination of cunning and audacity. In the first place, she made many of the English and other bond-holders

believe that they would fare better at the hands of Chile than of Peru. But Chile's master-stroke was made in her use of the United States.

There was nothing she so much dreaded as active European intervention, and this she defeated by encouraging our government to mediate, and stimulating us to such a vigorous assertion of the Monroe doctrine that neither England nor France thought it best to interfere; and having accomplished this she turned upon our government, snapped her fingers in our face, and went forward to the complete despoiling of Peru according to the plan she had originally proposed to herself.

After the close of the Hayes administration, when Mr. Garfield had become president, General Hurlbut, a new envoy, was sent to Lima, and publicly proclaimed to admiral Lynch, the Chilean commander, then in possession of that city, that "the United States would support Peru in refusing to cede a foot of her territory until proof should be afforded of the inability of Peru to furnish a war indemnity in some other form." Admiral Lynch's response to this proclamation was the suspension of the Peruvian Government which Mr. Hurlbut had inspired and by the transportation of Senor Calderon, its *soi-disant* president, to Chile, where he was closely imprisoned.

At this juncture of affairs President Garfield died. Mr. Blaine began to "wind up" the business of his office; telegraphed to General Hurlbut, "The influence of your position must not be used in aid of the *Crédit Industriel*, or any other financial or speculative association," but sent Mr. Trescot, one of our most experienced diplomatists, as a special envoy to the three belligerents, with instructions which might have resulted in yet deeper entanglements. At Santiago Mr. Trescot met the president of Chile, and was informed that his country would accept war with the United States rather than submit to our dictation of the terms of peace. Whether Chile was sincere, and whether she would have been firm in this position, no one knows or will ever know. Mr. Frelinghuysen came into office under President Arthur, and at once revoked any and all discretion given to Mr. Trescot to press Chile to a peace without territorial cession of Peruvian territory.

The results of the war have thus exceeded the wildest hopes of Chile. She has taken absolute possession of the whole nitrate region, has cut Bolivia off from the sea, and achieved the permanent dissolution of the Peru-Bolivian confederation. As a consequence her foreign trade has doubled, and her revenue been trebled. The Chilean bonds, which sold at 64 in London in January, 1879, were quoted at 95 in January, 1884. She now owns three iron-clads of the first force, and is preparing to buy others. The Pacific coast is entirely at her mercy. One point is not finally settled.

* It is probable that at the outset Chile did not dream of appropriating the nitrate fields without a recognition of the foreign debt for which they had been mortgaged by Peru, the equity of redemption being ample to satisfy her early greed. But now for a long time Chile has refused to admit any claim on the part of the European mortgagees, holders of Peruvian securities, citing as a precedent for her course the behavior of Germany in annexing Alsace and Lorraine without assuming any part of the French national debt. But the English and French governments have since entered a formal remonstrance and protest against the course of Chile in this regard ; and perhaps Chile may yet be obliged to recede from her extremely selfish construction of her rights and duties.

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, 28th June 1884.

THE sudden outbreak of cholera at Toulon, one of the worst drained cities of France, has concentrated attention on that question. This time it was not the "Bombay ship" which brought the infection. Unable to trace the plague to the foreigner, the doctors are discussing whether it is of the Asiatic or the sporadic type. The Municipal Council has suddenly become alive to the necessity of cleansing the polluted holes and corners of the city. Dirt, which is matter out of place, will soon be in its proper receptacle. By a rigid application of purifying chemicals, and a careful tightening of the *Cordon Sanitaire*, the malady is likely to be localised. In the mean time the doctors are on the war-path to discover where the microbes or bacilli came from—the filth of the city, or the emanations from the hospital-ships returned from Tonquin, or both.

The proposition to place Egypt and the Canal under the collective guarantee of Europe, after the Belgium model, is naturally well received by the Continental powers; as all abdication of rights and advantages possessed by England, is certain to follow, France is delighted. She will be *ex æquo* with England at the International Council Board, and certain in time, to be supreme there. Shrewd observers, however, do not believe, the English people will accept this off-hand solution: they know too well, that guaranteed states are only respected so long as they do not block the way of a first class Power's schemes or ambitions. History has many examples of this; the most noteworthy being that of the Benedetti project between Napoleon III and Bismarck as divulged by the latter, by which France was to seize Belgium, which she had guaranteed to protect. At that time, August 1866, Napoleon III professed the most unbounded admiration for England. When such things were done in the green tree, what would be done in the dry?

France in going to the Conference, with nothing to offer England save her consent—which, as Jules Ferry plainly states, is not guaran-

feed, nor given in any way, to a reduction of the interest on the unified debt. As for renouncing formally the dual control, and engaging not to occupy Egypt when England leaves, there is not much in all that. But M. Ferry has a plan to square the finances of Egypt without demanding any reduction of interest from the bond-holders; nay more, he objects to England advancing eight millions sterling, as that would strengthen her domination. Further, he has a private combination in his portfolio by which French capitalists will supply the money; but France must then take the head rôle that Mr. Gladstone demands for England.

Bismarck has yet to show his hand; it will not be in favour of the Ferry-Gladstone solution, it is thought; he studies to separate these statesmen, and throw the ball into the hands of the English opposition, which inclines to the German rather than the French alliance.

The grand Oriental interests of England do not cross Belgium, as they do Egypt, so it is not a matter of like case, like rule. The key to the Canal is Egypt; even a philanthropist would hardly entrust the keeping of his treasure trove to avowed rivals and possible enemies. France wants England out of Egypt, to restore her own influence there; happily the surrender of the momentous rights England has in Egypt is only in the draft state. The instinctive practical sense of the House of Commons will demand more solid guarantees for a free route to the Eastern possessions of England than a Cosmopolitan Council board, where each member is jealous of her greatness, and would never put on sack-cloth and ashes were they to inflict on her a *coup de Jarnac*. Let England tighten what grip she has still on Egypt, to make up for what she has so lamentably relaxed.

The Divorce Bill has become law, and high society, where separations most abound, will be earliest in the field to avail itself of the relief afforded by the Act. The Vatican is reported to be very much annoyed at the new law, and quite incensed at the voting that theological students are to serve three years under the flag.

The Army Bill is not at all likely to become law: the social opposition against uniform service for three years, is too powerful among the middle classes. The Revision Bill may at any moment be proposed to be read that day six months. It is a complete fiasco. And yet, two years ago, it was the weapon used to slay Gambetta! The information about fresh troubles in China is too meagre to tell us if another campaign is on foot. In any case, France will very likely seize the incident to occupy one of the five open ports. The project of making the Burmah railway, to tap the southern pro-

vinces of China—the new customs' route for France—is followed with much nervous anxiety. Opinion is drifting into a serious study of Siam: that kingdom is fated to become another Egypt between France and England. It is to be hoped that England will rouse herself up in time from her Rip-van-Winkle slumber to give the world, the Orientals, and the French proof that she has not been walled up with the Seven Sleepers.

The Recidiviste Bill moves slowly in the Senate—a proof of sagacity, and of a desire to satisfy Australian interests. The importations of Indian wheat commence seriously to trouble French farmers; perhaps they may demand for “grain,” as they have for flour, the “compensating scale” of the eccentric free traders of this country.

The disputes between Prince Napoleon and his son are viewed as so much *vaudeville*: Prince Victor is a sorry “Charles Edward.”

In the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale* Dr. Léon Ardouin supplies a very interesting series of observations on the state of medicine in Japan. He draws attention to the assimilative character of the Japanese. They have, with respect to their manners and institutions, turned their coats inside out at a moment's notice. At the sound of a cannon shot, Japan, hermetically sealed till then, was opened to the Westerns; almost as suddenly there set in a transformation in the manners of the people. Ladies appeared in the latest fashions of the Bois de Boulogne, and looked as awkward as their husbands and brothers in frock coats and high hats. The Emperor, who was for the *hoi polloi* something divine, being as invisible to vulgar eyes as the Grand Lama himself, became as rapidly modernized. He descended from his Olympus; Jupiter promenaded in the streets of his capital, like a simple mortal; he reviewed his *braves* equipped *à la Européenne*; he discussed high politics with his ministers; and flirted with the question of parliamentary assemblies like the Sultan or the Khedive. Why not expect that he will crown his work of innovation by becoming one day President of a Republic, a form of Government said to divide humanity least—when they agree? M. Boissonade has adapted the Code Napoleon to Japan, as an English playwright would adapt a French *vaudeville* or comedy for a London theatre. The University of Tokio has German professors, who desire to dispute with Pasteur his laurels in the discovery of *microbes*.

Marco Polo, who has passed as a Strabo or an Herodotus, until now that discovery corroborates the exactitude of his descriptions, is the first European that refers to Japan. He alludes to a Chinese expedition in the thirteenth century, which had instructions to

emulate the objects of a Salée rover, *i.e.*, to bring back as much gold as possible. The Son of Heaven fitted out an armada of 4,000 *jonques*, manned by 240,000 combatants. A typhoon destroyed the invaders. Columbus intended to sail straight for Japan, only he was stopped by the continent of America. The obstacle satisfied and rewarded his ambition. In the sixteenth century the Spaniards and Portuguese, one might be sure, would pay a Paul-Pry visit to Japan; the former settled at Manilla, the other at Macao. Fresh or drinking water was difficult to preserve on board their little ships, but by submitting it to the three "diseases"—the positive, comparative, and superlative of decomposition—it was possible to reach the far East. In 1542, a Portuguese ship laden with leather, drifted on one of the Japanese islands; the leather sold for its weight in gold, and the sailors were permitted to inspect the country. They made a Joshua report. In 1549, François Xavier set sail for Japan to introduce a new religion; the authorities had a philosophical turn of mind: they had no objection to a fourth religion, as the three in existence existed harmoniously side by side; the Jesuits and their doctrines could well vegetate besides Kamis, Buddha and Confucius. Prince Hideyossi said, if Pandemonium wished to dwell in Japan, there was no objection, provided they observed the laws. While overlooking prejudices and a court etiquette as rigorous in its kind as that of Versailles, the Japanese expelled all Westerns as nuisances on account of their mutual fightings, and also for fleecing the natives. In the seventeenth century a little St. Bartholomew massacre extirpated the Native Christians.

From the eleventh century the Japanese depended on the Chinese for their medical science, and the profession of doctor became somewhat of an heir-loom in a few families. The common people were allowed to study astrology, astronomy and medicine; the other divisions of human knowledge were reserved for the Upper Ten. Matters thus continued till the seventeenth century. The diagnosis of a disease was judged by solemn feeling of the pulse; the right, in case the stomach was out of order, the left, if the lungs were affected. All disease was the work of an evil spirit; hence all cure ought to resolve itself into a written prayer, addressed on paper to a favourite god; the slip of paper was then rolled into the form of a pill and swallowed by the invalid. In time of a plague prayers were addressed to the gods, and the shrine of a popular worthy was carried along the highways and byways. All inflammation was caused by a bad wind, so all cure resolved itself to puncturing the swelling and liberating the confined air. A golden packing

needle was the surgical instrument first employed ; next, the finger, if the orifice were too small. Much of the virtue lay in the needle, the gold should be pure, and royal letters patent nominated special fabricators of that instrument. Rheumatism was cured by the "moxa." This was a plant whose leaves were gathered according to an astronomical formula ; they were pounded in a mortar, the fibres removed, and the residue made into a cone or "moxa" ; this was burned over the part of the body affected. It was a universal remedy, cured church-yard coughs and bad legs of half a century standing ; it was a panacea as general as bleeding is in Italy, successful alike for corns and headaches. According to the malady, three to one hundred cones were used to effect a perfect cure. Five chased away a colic ; ten stopped bleeding at the nose three burned on the big toe nail terminated a difficult accouchement Eleven burned on the thigh caused gout and sciatica to decamp like Egyptain warriors in presence of Arabs. These cones were not to be employed if the patient were angry, or in a passion. They were efficacious also in assisting ladies who were dilatory respecting the injunction to "increase and multiply." France then ought to import *moxas*—her population being low.

The Japanese do not indulge in sea baths, but this is compensated by their addiction to fresh water and mineral baths, so frequently taken as to put Mussulmans into the shade. At Nagasaki, there is a bath house in every street, and all ages, without distinction of sex, bathe promiscuously. Not to shock European prudery, a gauze screen shuts off the naiads and tritons from passers by. In summer the Japanese takes a hot bath to cool himself ; in winter the same but for warmth, before going to bed ; it is an additional blanket equivalent to the mantle of the Spaniard. In Chinese as well as Japanese theatres, a cloth steeped in boiling water and wrung out is passed from spectator to spectator, to wipe face and hands and thus become cool. To prevent apoplexy, the head is sponged with cold water before taking the hot dip. At the Spas, the invalid reposes in the bath—as at Plombières—the greater portion of the day ; smokes, drinks tea, and reads. Marat, whom Charlotte Corday assassinated, lived in his bath. At present Japan patronizes European methods of medicine.

M. Girard draws attention to Greece. The isthmus of Corinth will soon be cut through ; in the meantime the overland journey is agreeably performed in $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Corinth, which has a population of 8,000, has been entirely rebuilt on the site of the city destroyed by an earthquake in 1858. Since 1834, instruction is obligatory and

gratuitous in Greece. In Greece, moreover, religion is not confounded with politics; the Church is not in rivalry with any form of government. The kingdom possesses 116 journals, of which 72 are political. One-half of the total appear at Athens. Where there are Greek centres, there are journals in that language; thus Constantinople has 8, Alexandria 2, Cyprus 2, and London 2. The Lord Chief Justice has a salary of only £288 a year.

M. Alfred Begis tells us about the press prosecutions and persecutions of journalists and publishers during the Reign of Terror, an account which does not leave one much to envy in the reign of François I, that odd "Father of Letters." The Revolutionary Tribunal condemned to death all editors who criticised the decrees and acts of the Convention, although liberty and equality were painted up conspicuously everywhere, even on the prisons. The printers were doomed to the same fate, and even the clerks in the offices of the obnoxious newspapers.

Jean-Joseph Gironard, printer and publisher of the *Gazette de France*, is the most typical illustration of such hard times. He was condemned to death and executed, 8th January 1794. He seemed to be a general printer. His presses were broken in 1792, and when arrested, he was printing a work for de Sade which the latter had written in the Bastille. He was accused of wearing on his breast a portrait of Louis XVI that he had printed, having for inscription the motto, "*O Louis, O mon roi*." Then he was associated with a lady, one Fenchère, with whom had been found a glass goblet, having for ornamentation a *fleur de lys*, with the motto *Vive le roi!* This goblet was ordered to be broken at the foot of the scaffold, and all the anti-revolutionary publications by Gironard were burned by the executioner. Liberty demolished the Bastille, but no citizen could express an independent opinion. Madame Fenchère was condemned because she received the subscriptions for the *Gazette de France*.

Sterne's *Voyage Sentimental en France et en Italie* has certainly been published to satiety, both in France and Italy. The present is an edition remarkable for its illustrations by Maurice Laloir. As vignettiste, he may proudly take rank alongside Meissonier; his 220 designs, aided by all the perfections of heliograving, are very happy and brilliantly elegant. M. Laloir has successfully comprehended the ideas of Sterne, and seized the spirit of the times in which he lived; nothing is left to hazard; all has been drawn from truth and nature; there is nothing too much or too little. It is a model of the best taste of the second moiety of the nineteenth

century. The translation has been specially made for this edition by M. Blémont, and is well done; it is agreeable and easy reading.

Stendhal's (Henri Beyle) masterpiece, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, also is presented under the most favorable auspices by the young publishing house of Conquet. This edition has been printed from the original text, with 76 vignettes and other illustrations. The witty preface has been written by M. Louis Chaperon, recently deceased, an enthusiastic admirer of Stendhal's works. It was said that Chaperon might be found at church without his missal, but never without *Le Rouge et le Noir*. Stendhal has two classes of admirers, one for this last volume, and the other for his *Chartreuse de Parma*. I have heard poor Chaperon recite whole pages of *Le Rouge et le Noir* without an omission. Stendhal passed for an Italian conspirator: hence the reason why he patronized no less than sixty-seven pseudonyms. Arsène Houssaye pretends that Stendhal in his *Le Rouge et le Noir* aimed at marking the eternal rôle of hazard in human affairs, and at showing us his heroes rolling from black to red on the green carpet of fate. Professor Caro inclines to this assumption. Chaperon, on the contrary, contends that red and black signify the executioner and the priest, republicanism and clericalism. The last sheets of Red and Black were being printed off while the cannon of the July Revolution of 1830 were thundering in the street, as the author himself stated. The engravings are by M. Dubouchet; the drawing is correct, graceful, and varied, curious and living in depicting manners, along with a science at once precise and charming.

The fashion at present reigns for highly finished, luxurious editions. This is no whim on the part of bibliophiles: its votaries do not belong to that category of people whom Pope describes as buying clothes, and worse, wearing them, simply because made by a fashionable tailor. At the present time the eye is educated: it can distinguish and appreciate finesse of engraving, beauty of type, pages with margins in harmony, and the whole in faultless taste. Quality, not number, of books is sought after for libraries. These observations naturally lead to a few remarks respecting the society *Amis des livres*, of which the Duc d'Aumale is the honorary president. He invited the fifty members of the society to dine with him at Chantilly, and a pleasanter evening no educated mortal could desire to pass. The Duke is a most entertaining, not talker, but *causeur*, full of good humour and abounding in anecdote. Though suffering from gout, he none the less insisted on being the guide and philosopher of his guests through the treasures of his picture galleries and libraries. Aware of the value of time, he had specially ranged on tables the

most valuable books in his collection, a collection estimated at a quarter of a million sterling. There were priceless manuscripts, and volumes whose very name is a delight. The visitors could all examine, handle and even "caress." One may be excused falling in love with a book, as well as with a statue. That library is a paradise for the bibliophile. Jules Janin, some sixteen years ago, described the contents of the Duc D'Aumale's library as a depot of marvels : and the owner buys and buys at all important sales in Europe—and has been busy doing this for forty years. Indeed, the Duke expends his vast fortune in repairing his historical castle and stocking his library. The amiable intention of cooling the fever of pleasure contracted in the libraries may explain the reason of the duke's next conducting his guests in his carriages through the magnificent and historical park.

The *Blasphèmes* of Jean Richepin has certainly taken hold of the reading public. It is a volume, unique in its way, of the state of mind of the present century. The close of the last century was familiar with the elegant and witty form of *blasphème*, which boldly amused itself at the expense of all that the ancients venerated. In the early period of the present century, the same was embodied in the satanic personages of Byron, and later in the melancholy dandies of Musset. Richepin gives us the Zola idea of the same contagion as it is to be met with to-day, which pauses at no filthy comparison, which hesitates at no improper words. But all these brutalities of language and hysterical frenzies are simply regulated like so much theatrical scenery. In all these attacks on Providence and Flaubert-challenges to the deity, the sentiment is no other than what is peculiar to bagmen's philosophy over their walnuts and wine. The style of the verses is on the lines of the latter days of Victor Hugo—of Hugo in decadence. There is nothing new in Richepin's attacking ancient dogmas ; Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Leopardi, have preceded him in pessimism. Yet the author has intelligence. However, it is not by shaking his fist at Heaven, that he will be able to find God, or obtain the sympathy of mankind.

Au Rebours, by M. Huysmans, is the pendant, in prose of M. Richepin's work. The author up to the present was chiefly and only known by the *Sœurs Vatard*, which indicated him to be an able Zoliste. *Au Rebours* is a singularly curious work, full of subtle appreciations. The modern *névrose* is at home in the volume. It would be difficult to describe the exact character of the book. It is a kind of philosophical and social synthesis, illustrating that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. The interesting points are not

those intended for the gallery, as in the days when young France, imitating the Huns, drank its wine out of human skulls as loving cups, to frighten the middle classes. No, the point is that of a soul in agony, which will not believe, and wants to believe. It is curious, all the same, to see the religious forming the unique question of the day.

M. Huysmans claims Daudet as a member of the same school. But Alphonse Daudet is not at all troubled on general ideas, as his *confrères*. Like the painters, he sees man and woman as they are, and instinctively depicts them on paper such as he has seen them. That is Daudet's realism. Thus he differs from those artists who create a certain world of their own, and then set to work to people it with beings of their fancy. It is thus that his *Sapho* is classed as his best artistic romance. Its aim is to warn youth against debauchery, and to illustrate how the sowing of wild oats too often results in a life-harvest of tears and sorrow. And yet it is a novel based simply on a study of the human mind.

In the way of novels the most clean appears to be *Les amours cruelles*, by Albert Delpit. It consists of six short tales.

Causeries sur les origines et sur le moyen âge littéraires de la France, by Professor L. Garreaud, of Vienna, is a solid and interesting work, between a history proper and a simple manual. It is neither prolix nor dry; he treats French literature as, one might say, the ages of man in its period of formation, infancy, adolescence, youth, and ripe age. All is set forth with lucidity, and, above all, with accuracy, and controlled by modern historical discoveries. It is condensation without compilation, and the authorities are given.

Monsieur Thiers, by Charles de Mazade, deputy, is a brief relation of fifty years of contemporary history. Thiers appears to live in these 480 pages, and, let him be hated or loved, Thiers possessed the talent to attract; he had enormous activity, great powers of work, and loved his country and her glories without reserve. And he appears more and more colossal beside his pigmy contemporaries as years roll by. The work is divided into seven chapters, commencing with the earliest years of Thiers, and is interesting and carefully written. The leading events in which he was an actor; the remarkable men with whom he came in contact; his defeats; his triumphs; his retirement and his death, all are well depicted. There is nothing politically wild in the book; the author, an Academician, is too conservative for that. All that is wanting is a little more of vivacity in his style, which would be more in harmony also with his subject.

C. DE LUTECE.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

IF, as appears inevitable, Sir W. Harcourt's Bill for the better government of London, the second reading of which was moved in the House of Commons on Thursday, should be withdrawn or rejected, the present Session of Parliament will present the extraordinary and unprecedented spectacle of a Cabinet which possesses the practically absolute command of a majority of some hundred and thirty votes, having, through a combination of unexampled mismanagement with inordinate pretentiousness and inflexible obstinacy, failed to carry a single measure of importance.

The time which should have been devoted to legislative work has been so largely occupied with debates on the foreign policy of the Ministry which the most moderate display of capacity would have averted and interrogations which the most ordinary frankness would have rendered unnecessary, and the work of legislation itself has been so seriously impeded by contentions which a more statesmanlike moderation would have prevented or a more conciliatory spirit composed, that but one solitary Bill of first rate importance has been carried through all its stages in the House of Commons, and that one only to encounter deserved and inevitable shipwreck elsewhere.

The cynical defiance of public opinion which the Ministry have exhibited in the one case is but the ultimate expression of the same despotic spirit that has led them to disregard the just claims of the minority in the other. The history of the Franchise Bill in Committee has been a history of the triumph of Party considerations of the most immoral character over private convictions, aided largely, it must be admitted, by the timidity, the indolence, and the disunion of their adversaries. The men who would willingly see the basis of power transferred definitively to the proletariat are still but a small minority in the House of Commons, but there is hardly a Liberal who does not prefer trusting to the vague chance of something turning up to avert such a catastrophe rather than to see the administration of the country even temporarily trans-

ferred to a Party which is without leaders or discipline or faith in itself, and whose accession to office would, in all human probability, place the key of the situation in the hands of the Home Rulers.

Personal considerations of various kinds—obligations, antipathies, ambitions—at present stand in the way of that reconstruction of Parties on which the best, perhaps the only, hope for the future of the Constitution depends, but it is impossible to watch the course of events without seeing that such a reconstruction would involve far less sacrifice of principle on either side than the unnatural alliance which keeps Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in power.

Some hope was at first entertained that Mr. Grey's clause would meet with such general support from the moderate Liberals as to induce Mr. Gladstone either to accept it or leave it to be discussed on its merits. Had it been agreed to, it would not improbably have secured the safe passage of the Bill through the House of Lords. There were obvious reasons, however, why Mr. Gladstone should object to any avoidable extension of the time during which a dissolution would involve an appeal to the old constituencies, and consequently the risk of its falling to the lot of a Conservative majority to settle the problem of redistribution. So, while expressing his readiness to meet the views of those who thought that a date should be put to the Bill, by accepting Mr. Fowler's clause proposing that it should come into operation on the 1st January 1885, he had a multitude of specious reasons to offer against postponing that event to the 1st January 1887, and Mr. Grey, on the strength of this assurance, consented to withdraw his amendment.

Were it not for the well known simplicity of Sir Stafford Northcote's character, one might be inclined to suspect that, in expressing a hope that the Committee would consent to this course, he was actuated by a feeling that, in the absence of an absolute guarantee for the Government proceeding with a Redistribution Bill before allowing the new franchise to come into operation, the more obnoxious the form in which the present Bill might be sent up to the Lords, the better it would be.

A few days later Mr. Gladstone fulfilled his promise by formally accepting Mr. Fowler's clause; but, as, in any case, without a special Registration Bill being passed, there could be no registration till the autumn of 1885, and therefore no election under the new Act till 1886, the concession is practically valueless except on the assumption that, as the Attorney-General hinted, the Ministry were prepared to convict themselves of insincerity by introducing such a Bill, and that the House would have passed it.

The course which the House of Lords might be expected to adopt with reference to the Bill was clearly foreshadowed by the protest entered by the Opposition, during the debate, against the illusory character of the guarantee afforded by the clause in question.

Mr. Balfour pointed out that, if the Government were not sincere, it gave the House no security whatever. They had only to bring in a Bill which the House did not like, and there was an end of the matter, for it was absurd to suppose that the House could deal with redistribution on its own initiative. If the clause were adopted, it would hamper any Minister who would otherwise advise the Crown to dissolve Parliament next year.

What position, asked Mr. Lewis, would the Opposition be in next year with regard to the gentlemen below the Liberal gangway? The latter would say to them: "We have got our Franchise Bill. We do not care how long you discuss the Redistribution Bill, because you will bring us nearer to our Elysium—the period when redistribution shall be remitted, not to the old, but to the new, constituencies. 'Surely in vain the net was spread in sight of any bird.'"

Sir R. Peel considered the amendment unconstitutional since it tied the hands of Parliament. Unless the Conservative Party took great care, they would have this Redistribution Bill thrown in their faces next year, and its acceptance forced upon them by the knowledge that, if they rejected it, an appeal would be made to the Constituencies with this enormously enlarged franchise without redistribution.

But the Conservative Party, through their representatives in the Upper House, have taken the care which they were powerless to take in the Lower.

Fortunately, if the amendment secured the Government a year during which, if not previously compelled to dissolve, they could appeal to the country with the result thus pointed out, it also supplied the Opposition with the strongest possible motive for forcing a dissolution at the earliest possible date. Seeing that the Bill itself must furnish them with the necessary opportunity for this purpose, the blindness, or the self-confidence, of Mr. Gladstone in refusing to meet their just claims is almost incomprehensible. Not so the motives of the Radicals at whose instigation he acted, for their open declarations place it beyond doubt that they court the conflict which the policy of the Government has rendered inevitable.

The Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons on

the 26th ultimo, when, with reference to the rumour that the Lords were likely to reject the Bill, Mr. Gladstone departed so far from Constitutional usage as to indulge in language which, coming from such a source, can be regarded only as an invitation to the country to engage in a campaign against that body.

"I am bound," he said, "to say that I hold the question of this evidence to be a matter of the greatest importance, because even the remote probability of a conflict between the two Houses upon such a question as this I take to be the most serious prospect that has been opened during my recollection since the crisis of the Corn laws. I will not undertake, to put a limit to the mischiefs and difficulties that might result. Most grave, I am confident, too painfully confident, they will be. What the ultimate issue of it will be, I have not a doubt."

For once even Sir Stafford Northcote was moved to indignation by this incendiary utterance from the first Minister of the Crown.

The speech he had just heard, he said—

was not a speech upon the merits or demerits of the Franchise Bill, which we are now asked to read a third time; it was a speech upon the question whether the House of Lords is any longer to form a part of the Legislature of this country. It was a question whether the House of Lords is to be at liberty to examine, and to vote upon, and to take any part in, the legislation which affects the Constitution of the country, or whether the House of Lords is bound at the will of a majority of the House of Commons, or something even worse than that, the will of an imperious Minister to listen to threats, and affected by those threats to refuse to do the duty which lies upon them. I admit that it is not for us to discuss here what course the House of Lords may think it right to take upon any measure which comes up from the House of Commons and has to be examined by that Assembly, but when the right honorable gentleman comes forward, and in a most theatrical manner makes a declaration, the meaning of which it is impossible to misunderstand, he is raising an issue which the country must take care to notice, perhaps in a manner different from that which he expects.

After insisting, in a speech of telling force, on the right of the House of Lords to demand from the Ministry a full explanation of details which were essential to a right judgment on the Bill, but which they had hitherto studiously concealed, he added:—

I repeat that if the threats of the right honorable gentleman against the House of Lords are to be held as representing the opinions of his colleagues or the opinions of the independent Party in this House, it is the most serious declaration I have ever heard, that, I venture to say, this House has ever heard, from a Minister of the Crown, and I can only hope that the right

honorable gentlemen will in due course of time learn a little more wisdom, a little more discretion, and a little more respect for the principles of the Constitution.

On the 29th ultimo the Bill was read a first time in the House of Lords. On the 1st instant a meeting of Conservative Peers was held at Lord Salisbury's residence, when it was unanimously resolved to move the rejection of the Bill. Lord Cairns, accordingly, on the following day, gave notice that, on the second reading, he would move an amendment to the effect that the House, while prepared to concur in any well-considered and complete scheme for the extension of the franchise, does not think it right to assent to the second reading of a Bill having for its object a fundamental change in the Constitution of the electoral body of the United Kingdom, but which is not accompanied by provisions for so apportioning the right to return members as to ensure a true and fair representation of the people, or by any adequate security in the proposals of the Government that the present Bill shall not come into operation except as part of an entire scheme.

On Monday evening Lord Kimberley moved the second reading of the Bill in the Upper House in a speech in which he made the remarkable admission that it was likely to lead to a considerable increase in the number of those who supported Mr. Parnell in Parliament, and warned the House of the danger of rejecting it at a time when revolutionary ideas were making such formidable progress. On Lord Cairns moving the amendment a debate ensued which was brought to a close on Tuesday evening, when, on a division, the second reading was rejected by 205 to 146.

It is believed that, during the day, an ineffectual attempt was made to effect a compromise, and it is still open to the House of Lords to reconsider the second reading of the Bill, if any reasonable guarantee should be offered by the Government that redistribution shall precede the operation of the proposed new franchise.

Only one Prelate, the Bishop of Exeter, supported the amendment, and Lord Tennyson gave his first vote in favour of the Government.

As soon as the Resolution arrived at by the meeting at Lord Salisbury's became known, a number of Liberal members telegraphed to their local associations urging the necessity of prompt action being taken in view of the coming struggle between the two Houses, and widespread agitation is being organised throughout the country with the view of over-awing the Peers.

Among the measures already resolved on is the inevitable

gathering in Hyde Park, which is now to be converted into a meeting for denouncing the action of the House of Lords. On Monday Mr. Labouchere, in the House of Commons, in pursuance of a notice previously given, asked the Prime Minister whether he would advise Her Majesty to create such a number of Peers as would render it more difficult than at present for that House to throw out measures introduced into the House of Commons by Liberal Ministries and passed by it by large majorities, and whether he would introduce a measure which would insure that in future important Bills, which had received the assent of the representatives of the people, would become law without unnecessary delay.

To these questions Mr. Gladstone, who, by this time, probably feels that he went too far in his speech of the 26th ultimo, replied that nothing had as yet occurred to lead the Government to consider the expediency of advising an increase in the number of Peers, neither had they any measure to submit for securing that measures passed by the Commons should pass more rapidly, though he thought the first thing to be done was for the Commons to remove the beam from their own eye and amend their own procedure.

The various amendments of the Bill which were moved in Committee in the Commons have now ceased to possess more than historical interest ; but the question involved in that of Mr. Woodall, to extend the franchise to women, is one which is certain to be re-opened on the first opportunity. As it is one which involves no essentially party issues, and as a large number of Liberals, including at least two members of the Cabinet, were known to favour the extension, some hope was entertained that Mr. Gladstone would allow it to be discussed on its merits. In spite of strenuous efforts to induce him to adopt this course, however, he not only declined to do so, but condemned the proposal with a vehemence of language which would seem to show that anything but its merits were uppermost in his thoughts. The ostensible grounds of his opposition were the inopportuneness of dealing with a question of so much importance without much ampler consideration ; the necessity of dissociating it from party politics and, the danger of loading the Bill with additional matter.

To the first of these objections the obvious answer is that the question is one which has been discussed for years in season and out of season. The second and third are irrelevant, since it was in the power of Mr. Gladstone himself to dissociate the question from party politics by leaving it an open one, while it is notorious

that no course which the House might have adopted regarding an amendment discussed on such an understanding would have had any effect whatever on the fate of the Bill.

It is possible that Mr. Gladstone may have been actuated by a fear lest, in an important political crisis, the female vote should have told in the scales against his Party. If so, it is questionable whether the apprehension does much credit to his sagacity; for, though it is probable that the majority of women are Conservatives it is more than probable that, of the few who would use their power of voting the majority would be Liberals or Radicals.

The course which the Ministry are likely to adopt in the event of the Bill being thrown out by the Lords is the subject of conflicting rumours. It has been stated with an air of authority that they will not dissolve at once, but wind up the business of the Session as quickly as possible and prorogue Parliament at an early date with the view of calling it together again in the autumn and re-introducing the Bill.

The Radical Party, who would like nothing better than a struggle which would furnish them with a pretext for demanding a revision of the Constitution, are using all their efforts to induce the Prime Minister to send the Bill up again in its present form, unaccompanied by a Redistribution Bill, and then appeal to the country if it is again rejected; and it was at first stated positively that this course would be adopted. Possibly, however, Mr. Gladstone may be less eager for the fray than the extreme section of his followers, and in that case he will be disposed to meet the very moderate wishes of the Upper House by either combining the present Bill with a scheme of redistribution, or adding to it a clause providing that it shall not come into operation till a Redistribution Bill has been passed. Lord Cairns, in moving his amendment, distinctly invited the Government to declare its readiness to accept such a clause.

It would be difficult to say which of the three courses open to the Ministry is the least dangerous to them.

Should they elect to fight the battle out on the issue raised by Lord Cairns's amendment, they will forfeit the sympathy of every independent voter of moderate views. Should they, on the other hand, attempt to combine the two measures, they will run great risk of being able to carry neither; but, unless their scheme of redistribution should be an obviously unfair one, their position in the country would, as far as this particular question is concerned, be unimpaired. Should they, finally, pass the Franchise Bill with a

clause making its operation contingent on redistribution, they will have to face the risk of being hoist with their own petard.

In the meantime, there is a strong probability of their being relieved from the embarrassing necessity of choosing between these different leaps in the dark.

If there is any meaning in the concluding sentence of the speech in which on the 23rd ultimo Mr. Gladstone announced to the House the result of the negotiations with France, the Government has staked its existence on the acceptance by Parliament of a policy with respect to Egypt the folly of which dwarfs all its previous blunders in that quarter into insignificance. By the agreement in question, as described by the Prime Minister, England pledges herself to evacuate Egypt at the end of 1887, without any compensation whatever for the sacrifices she has already made, or may in the interval make, there, "in case the Powers of Europe should declare that the state of the country is such as to allow her departure without peril to its peace and order," or, in other words, in case the Powers should declare that it is unnecessary for her to make any further sacrifices for its advantage and theirs. She further agrees to extend the powers of the Commissioners of the *Caisse* by giving them a consultative voice in the preparation of the Budget and the right to veto any expenditure in excess of that of 1885, to be settled by the Conference, and she at the same time undertakes to settle with France a plan for the neutralisation of Egypt, including the Suez Canal.

France, on her part, formally renounces the *Condominium*, which had, in fact, long since ceased to exist, and engages not to send troops to Egypt, which she would never have been allowed to do, after the British evacuation.

If this were the full extent of the self-sacrifice which England is to be asked to make, it would amply justify the eulogium passed by M. Ferry on the "lofty disinterestedness" of the Prime Minister.

We are not only to obtain no consideration of any kind for what we have already done, spent, and suffered in Egypt, but we are to go on doing, spending, and suffering there for other three years and a half, under circumstances which make it morally certain that the fresh sacrifices imposed on us will far exceed those we have already incurred. After that period we are to retain no special authority, influence, or interest in Egypt, but leave the country without any other reward than its gratitude, which will probably take the form of curses, and the thanks of Europe, which, judging from past experience, will be liberally tempered with abuse.

But this is not all.

The negotiations which have resulted in this agreement were ostensibly entered on for the sole purpose of inducing France to attend a Conference called together by England to consider certain financial proposals. It might, therefore, have been reasonably expected that these proposals were highly advantageous to England.

No official statement has yet been made regarding them ; but the *Observer* has published an account of their main features, which has not been contradicted, and which is generally believed to be essentially correct.

According to this account, they embrace :—

1. The interest on the Unified Debt is to be reduced from 4 per cent. to $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
2. The interest on the Preference Debt is to be reduced from 5 per cent. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
3. The interest on the Daira Debt is not to be reduced at all, supposing the revenues hypothecated to this debt suffice to pay the stipulated interest. But in the contrary event the Egyptian Exchequer is only to be called upon to make up the amount less $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
4. The Domains Loan is to be left untouched, in consideration of the facts that it was advanced to pay off the Floating Debt under conditions which would never have been granted unless the security had been regarded as absolute : that Egypt derived great benefit from this loan : and that, therefore, it stands in a completely different category from all the other loans.
5. The sinking funds on both the Preference and the Unified Debts are to be suspended for the present.
6. The interest paid by Egypt in respect of the Suez Canal shares held by England is to be reduced either by $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. as circumstances may render advisable.
7. The British Government is either to advance itself, or to guarantee the advance of, a sum of 8,000,000*l.* to the Egyptian Government for the payment of the indemnities and other expenses. This loan is to take precedence of all existing loans.

Thus, it would appear that the only inducement held out to the country to surrender its position in Egypt is the privilege of lending eight millions sterling to that country, without any substantial guarantee, and under circumstances of exceptional risk.

It is unlikely, however, that Mr. Gladstone will go to Parliament with such an account of his bargain as this ; and, when the entire ministerial scheme comes to be submitted to that body, we shall probably find that the Government has executed a complete change of front.

After first deluding the country with the assurance that their sole object was the re-habilitation of Egyptian finance, and then pretending that the negotiations with France were an unexpected incident of the course adopted to attain that object, we shall find the Government appealing to the neutralisation of Egypt and the Canal as the essential feature and chief justification of their arrangement.

In this, we shall be informed, the country has at least secured the means of retiring with safety and honour from a position which was from the first intended to be only temporary ; from which they were pledged to Europe to withdraw at the earliest opportunity, and the burthen of which, even if it could have been retained without breach of faith, would have been altogether disproportionate to its advantages.

As for the sacrifices which we have already made, or may yet be called upon to make, in connexion with Egypt, these, we shall be told, are, from the nature of the case, irredeemable. For the time being Egypt is bankrupt, and the most that can be hoped for in the future is that, if her creditors consent to forego a portion of their existing claims, she may, with the help of the British tax-payer, be hardly able to pay her way. Even if we annexed the country, though we might ultimately make both ends meet, yet, owing to the more expensive methods of administration which our finer moral sense would impose upon us, we should, for a long time, have to contribute heavily to the cost of administration.

It becomes necessary, then, to enquire how far the plan of neutralisation is likely to furnish an efficient guarantee for the security of those interests to protect which we went to Egypt, and the least uncertain mode of guarding which we are relinquishing.

The answer is—absolutely none.

Neutralization would, at the best, furnish a provisional guarantee against the invasion of Egypt by a European Power ; but it furnishes absolutely no guarantee against Arab hostility, or civil war ; no guarantee that our retirement will not be followed by disorganisation more complete, and bankruptcy more irredeemable, than any by which the country has yet been assailed.

If any of these contingencies, all of which would be perpetually imminent, were to occur, which of the guaranteeing Powers is to grapple with them ?

If England, are we to go and restore peace and order and solvency on the same terms as before, pouring out our blood and our treasure for the sake of others, and then retiring without compen-

sation or reward, to see our work undone again, and the whole horrid problem created afresh ?

If France, what probability is there of her emulating our "lofty disinterestedness," and sparing us the necessity of a European war in defence of our Indian empire ?

If France and England conjointly, then shall we not be confronted with all the inconveniences of the *Condominium* in an aggravated form ?

If England is to have the privilege of restoring order and solvency in Egypt at her own cost, surely she is at least entitled to some better guarantee than this that her money and her trouble will not be thrown away. That, in the absence of such a guarantee, Parliament will deliberately permit the Government to throw good money after bad, is inconceivable. It is a question, not merely of our having all the kicks and others all the half-pence, but of our submitting ourselves to all the kicks and paying others handsomely not to object to the process.

Mr. Gladstone's statement of the 23rd ultimo was followed by a desultory debate in which both the terms of the agreement and the incompleteness of the information laid before the House were severely criticised.

The following day, in reply to a question, he declined to communicate to the House the financial proposals of the Government, and on the 25th Sir Stafford Northcote, on behalf of Mr. Bruce, gave notice of a vote of censure to this effect :—

That the terms of the agreement between her Majesty's Government and the Government of France, as indicated in the correspondence recently presented to Parliament, were not such as, in the opinion of the House, would lead to the establishment of tranquillity and good government in Egypt, or justify the assumption by this country of any responsibility by way of loan or guarantee in the settlement of Egyptian finance.

On the 26th notice of a similar motion was given by Lord Carnarvon in the House of Lords.

On the 28th the Conference held their first meeting, when Lord Granville was elected President, and, after making over the British proposals to the financial experts for examination, the assembly adjourned to a date to be fixed thereafter.

Monday, the 30th ultimo, having been fixed for Mr. Bruce's motion, Mr. Gladstone, on that date, after assuring the House that the whole arrangement would be submitted to Parliament and a vote asked sanctioning, or rejecting it, moved that the order

of the day be postponed to enable it to be taken into consideration. Thereupon Mr. Forster having suggested that, after the statement just made by the Premier, the moment was inopportune for raising a discussion on the subject, Mr. Gladstone again rose and stated that, though, under the pressure of circumstances, he was bound to give facilities for the vote of censure, he considered its discussion inopportune and injurious to the public interests.

Mr. Goschen followed and recommended the House, under the circumstances of the case, to refuse to postpone the order of the day, and Sir Stafford Northcote having insisted on taking the opinion of the House on the question whether the agreement with France ought to be made the basis of the further proceedings, a division ensued, in which the Liberals and Radicals, with the exception of Her Majesty's Ministers and two others, voted against the motion of their Chief, which was lost by a majority of 190 to 148.

Lord Carnarvon's motion in the house of Lords was, under these circumstances, prudently withdrawn; and it will be generally considered that the Conservative leaders in the Commons committed a serious tactical mistake in dividing the House against the evident sense of that portion of the Liberals who were known to condemn the Government policy, but who were certain to avail themselves of the loophole afforded them by the incompleteness of the evidence for avoiding the odium of voting against their Party.

On the 3rd instant Mr. Chamberlain announced that, in view of the near approach of the close of the Session and the opposition with which the measure, even in its amended form, was threatened, he was reluctantly compelled to withdraw the Shipping Bill.

The same evening Sir W. Harcourt moved the second reading of his Government of London Bill in a speech, the sanguine tone of which shows that he seriously underrated the strength of the opposition to that ambitious measure. An amendment was thereupon moved by Mr. Ritchie, deprecating the vesting of the control over the levy and expenditure of rates in one central body to the practical extinction of local self-government, and a debate ensued which stands indefinitely adjourned.

It is not unnatural that the Cabinet should cling with tenacity to the last hope, however frail, of saving, in some shape or other, at least one fragment of the wreckage of their magnificent programme; but the prospect of a Bill containing so much debate-

able matter, attacking such ancient and powerful vested interests, and so generally unpopular, being passed through all its stages during the short remaining period of the Session, even if the House should agree to read it a second time, is so infinitesimal, that the course adopted in persisting with it is generally regarded as deplorable waste of time, and strong efforts are being made on the Liberal side of the House to procure its withdrawal.

Among the other Bills, which have occupied the attention of the house, that of Mr. Leatham, to put a check to the corrupt practice of the sale of advowsons, possesses, perhaps, the most general interest.

Mr. Leatham proposes to empower the Queen Anne's Bounty Commissioners to purchase livings at half their market value and recoup themselves by a charge on the livings after the next avoidance, the patronage being thereupon vested in the Crown. The Bill appears to enlist general approval, and, after an amendment moved by Mr. A. Grey, to give parishioners the power to veto presentations had been rejected, it was read a second time and referred, together with Mr. Stanhope's Bill on the same subject, to a Select Committee.

Not the least noteworthy of the Parliamentary events of the past month was the powerful Philippic against the working of the Irish Land Act delivered in the Upper House on the 16th instant by the Duke of Argyll, who showed conclusively that owing to the "boundlessness and lawlessness of the power" rested in the Land Commissioners, the effect of their operations had been to render land throughout Ireland unsaleable. The capitalist will not buy it, because he does not know how soon the Legislature may again step in and rob him of part of what he has purchased for the benefit of some one else; and the tenant will not buy it, because he lives in expectation of the State stepping in again and giving him all that is left of it for nothing. Improvements have been stopped, for where the action of the Commissioners has not already deprived the landlord of the means of making them, he has no guarantee that he will be able to recoup himself for their cost. In the meantime the object of the Legislature is as far from being attained as ever. The actual tenant has been aggrandised at the expense of the landlord, but the most exorbitant prices are asked for tenant right, and consequently the much more numerous class who are without land have as little chance of getting it as before.

The grounds on which Mr. Trevelyan justifies his Purchase of

Land Bill are in themselves a confession of the deplorable condition to which the country has been reduced. It is confessedly for the purpose of recreating the sense of property in land, and the security for order and progress which it implies, that he proposes to empower the State to borrow twenty millions sterling for the purpose of advancing to the tenant the entire purchase-money of his holding on terms of repayment not more burdensome than his actual rent ; and it is a striking illustration of the irreparable nature of the mischief that has been done, that it is exceedingly doubtful whether the tenant will avail himself of the offer.

"My Lords," said the Duke of Argyll, referring to this remarkable confession, "we know that the ownership of land is the great object and desire in every civilized country, and we know that in proportion to the civilization of the country, to the wealth of its inhabitants, and to the confidence they have in the law, in that direct proportion the ownership of land is valued and the price of it is high. My Lords, we know that the fate of Governments in this country hangs upon what are called votes of want of confidence, but the fate of Government is determined by votes of want of confidence which do not affect the character or reputation of the statesmen who fall in consequence of them. Such votes may be carried by the chance action of all parties equally, and turn out a Ministry. In such cases there is not even a presumption against the policy and public character of the Government. But there is another kind of vote of want of confidence, when the whole people of a country refrain from the ordinary transactions between man and man, when it is a vote of want of confidence in the law and in the stability of the law or in the principles under which the law is administered ; and many are the votes of want of confidence that have been passed against this Government in respect to Ireland. The people of Ireland now look upon the ownership of land as a thing above all others to be avoided. Occupancy of land is at its full value, and the ownership of land is destroyed."

The state of affairs in the Soudan has apparently undergone little material change since the date of my last retrospect.

On the 10th ultimo a fresh rumour of the fall of Berber reached Cairo, and was confirmed, some days later, by a message from the Governor of Dongola, who further reported that a large body of the rebels was advancing against the latter place. Still later, circumstantial accounts of the catastrophe were received, according to which it occurred at the latter end of May and was attended by a general massacre of the garrison. Messengers were at the same time said to have been seized with letters from Berber bearing the Mahdi's seal. These statements, however, have since been contra-

dicted, and up to the present moment nothing certain is known of the fate of the place.

The Mudir of Dongola, in spite of repeated orders to evacuate that place, still continues to hold it; and the latest news is that he has defeated a body of thirteen thousand of the rebels at Debbah.

The 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment has lately been despatched to Assouan, and the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry left Siout some days since, for Keneh.

Including these two corps, the total force now in Upper Egypt is four thousand seven hundred men, of whom three thousand five hundred are Egyptians.

From General Gordon no news of any description has been received; but it is commonly reported that, up to the beginning of last month, he had succeeded in repulsing the attacks of the rebels.

The enemy continue to harrass the garrison of Suakim with frequent attacks, but have made no serious effort against the place.

Major Kitchener, with a body of Arabs, has reconnoitred to within four days march of Korosko and reports the road free, though the Bisharun Arabs in the neighbourhood of El Hamad have gone over to the Mahdi.

Among the events of the month on the Continent the outbreak of cholera in the South of France may fairly claim the first place.

Of the origin of the disease, which first appeared at Toulon on the 14th ultimo, and which has since spread to Marseilles, all that is known for certain is that the earliest cases occurred among the shipping in the harbour. It was not till after an interval of a week that the infection appears to have spread to the town; and it seems probable that, had the authorities, instead of concealing the facts, taken proper steps to prevent communication between the infected ships and the shore, the epidemic might have been cut short.

Rumour in the first instance attributed the introduction of the disease to the *Sarthe*, one of the transports newly arrived from Tonquin. But the evidence on this head is conflicting. On the one hand, it is stated, as the result of an enquiry instituted by the Academy of Medicine, that there had been no cases of cholera on board the *Sarthe* after she left the China seas, and that the first persons attacked were two sailors on board the *Montehello*, who had had no communication with the shore or any other ship. On the other hand, it has since been positively asserted that the books of the *Sarthe* show that several cases had occurred on board during the voyage, and that they had been concealed by the officers of the ship.

The outbreak, which has already reached Aix, and the borders of Italy, has been the signal for the most discreditable panic, not only at Toulon, the greater part of the inhabitants of which place have dispersed, but throughout France, Italy, and Spain.

A stringent system of quarantine, accompanied by arrangements for personal disinfection of the most annoying and ludicrous character, and indicative of utter ignorance, not only of the nature of cholera, but of physiology in general, has been instituted on the Spanish and Italian frontiers ; and every thing that human folly can do, is being done, to convert a very ordinary visitation into a calamity of appalling magnitude.

After a discussion, which had extended over several weeks, the French Chamber agreed, on the 22nd ultimo, to read the Army Recruiting Bill of General Campenon a second time, and on Sunday last, M. Ferry's Revision Bill having passed unscathed through the Chamber, was laid before the Senate, where it seems likely to encounter the same fate that has just overtaken Mr. Gladstone's Franchise Bill in our own House of Lords.

The Senators of the Centre Left had held a meeting the previous day to decide what course they should adopt with regard to the Bill, when Mr. Leon Say pronounced strongly against it, and only three members out of thirty-four supported the Government.

The only question debated in the Senate on Sunday was the apparently unimportant one, whether the Committee to consider the Bill should be appointed on Tuesday, or Thursday next, and on this the Government was defeated, though by a small majority. A coalition of the Left with the reactionaries is threatened, and, should it be realised, the Bill must inevitably be rejected.

The recrudescence of the Franco-Chinese difficulty in an aggravated form, though the events out of which it has arisen took place on Asiatic soil, can hardly be excluded from a review of continental politics.

The first article of the Convention, over which there was lately so much exaltation in Paris, provided for the immediate evacuation of certain frontier garrisons, including that of Langson, and it is asserted by the French that, under a separate agreement entered into between Mr. Fournier and Li Hung Chang, the Chinese undertook to give up these places on or before the 26th June. General Millot appears to have interpreted this understanding as entitling him to occupy Langson without any preliminary arrangement with the Chinese Commandant. But, on his advancing for the purpose,

he was attacked by the regular troops of the garrison, and repulsed with loss.

Explanations having been called for, the Peking Foreign Office, where the war party are probably again in the ascendant, justify the action of the Commander of the garrison on the plea that the evacuation was conditional on the signature of the definitive treaty; and, whether this plea can be sustained or not, it was, no doubt, contrary to usage for General Millot to attempt to occupy the place by force, as it is alleged he did, without first giving the Chinese Commander formal notice and ample time to withdraw.

A peremptory demand for satisfaction, including, it is understood, a heavy pecuniary indemnity has been preferred by the French Government, and there can be little doubt, in the present temper of the French people, that, if it is not promptly complied with, coercive measures, for which energetic preparations are in progress, will follow.

The most noteworthy incident in the German politics of the month is, perhaps, the important speech on his Colonial policy made by Prince Bismarck at a meeting of the Committee of the Reichstag for the consideration of his Bill to subsidise a double line of steamers to Australia, and the East. Adverting specially to the Angra Pequena imbroglio, the Chancellor, while disclaiming all intention of embarking in a system of colonisation after the British or French model, insisted on the necessity of extending the ægis of the Empire to all German Colonists, and their property abroad, wherever situated.

As to the case of Herr Luderitz and his possessions at Angra Pequena, he announced the receipt of a despatch from the British Government waiving all objection to the German Government taking them under its protection. Passing from the question of Angra Pequena to that of the Congo, he announced that Germany could not recognise the Anglo-Portuguese treaty, but was prepared to support Belgian enterprise, which aimed at the erection of a free State on the Congo that would take account of German commercial interests. After that speech no surprise was felt, when, a few days later, Lord Fitzmaurice intimated to the House of Commons that the British Government had informed Portugal that, owing to the opposition of certain of the other Powers, it would be useless to ratify the treaty in question.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, *July 9th*, 1884.

P.S.—All doubt regarding the policy of the Ministry in the matter of the rejected Franchise Bill was removed last night,

when Mr. Gladstone announced that they had come to the conclusion that they had no option but to make a sweeping sacrifice of all but two of the Bills still before the House, with a view of calling Parliament together again in the autumn for the purpose of considering it *de novo*.

July 11th, 1884.

INDIA.

THOSE of our readers who take an interest in the state of education in India, and would have liked to obtain some information on the recent Commission's views thereon, but considering the shortness of life have refrained from commencing the perusal of the Commissioners' gigantic report, will feel grateful for the publication of a very complete "analysis and abstract" of it recently published. The Rev. J. Johnston, who has compiled this abstract, signs himself Honorary Secretary to "The General Council of Education," and, considering the toil that this publication must have cost him, we are not inclined to grudge him the assumption of any title, however ecumenical. The *Times* has given an abstract of the Abstract, and to its leader on the subject we may refer those who wish to see in brief the gist of the Commission's recommendations.

The recent session of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has been rendered more than usually lively by the consideration of Mr. Hastie's appeal, and by the tremendous indictments that he brought against several Fathers of the Church. Mr. Hastie's charges were rebutted with the same vehemence with which he made them, but his speech, eight hours in length, appears to have been listened to with a malicious satisfaction by the younger members of the Assembly, who seemed to feel the old Roman delight in the vigour of the blows of the Reverend gladiator. When the orator hesitated to "smite down, as he believed he could do, some of their leading and prominent men" by launching "the thunderbolts in his possession," his audience, thirsting for more blood, cried "Go on," and tarred him on to the attack. Mr. Hastie, however, despite the parallel that he drew between his own temper and that of John Knox and St. Paul, lost his case by a large majority, and thereupon severed his connection with the Church of Scotland. That Church however, must not flatter herself that the last has been heard of Mr. Hastie. He has obtained a further hearing in the Edinburgh Presbytery, and that body will now, it may be presumed, have some lively times.

The pluck and ingenuity shown by the Meingoon Prince in his late somewhat mythical escape from Chandernagore to Calcutta, hidden in a big box, and thence disguised as a coolie on board the S.S. *Tibre* to Colombo, has occasioned some regret that the Imperial Government have thought it necessary to nip in the bud his romantic enterprise. This Pretender has, it appears, a fair claim to the throne of Burmah, being son of the late King's seventh wife; the bloodstained and besotted Nero who now misrules at Mandalay is a son of a ninth or extra wife, eight spouses being the orthodox number for a King of Burmah. Compared with Theebaw's, Prince Meingoon's hands are almost unstained by the blood of relations; while the latter is credited with getting an obnoxious uncle put out of the way. Theebaw has slaughtered hecatombs of sisters and all his brothers but two, the Meingoon Prince and another. This is not the first time that the Indian Government has had to interfere with the projects of this aspirant to the Golden Umbrella. Some two years back the Court at Mandalay was electrified by the news of the Meingoon's escape from surveillance at Benares; it was well known how many enemies to his rule Theebaw's deeds of blood and shame had raised throughout his capital, and support would have been given to the Pretender, had he succeeded in landing in Burmah, strong enough to have thrown the whole of Ava into a state of revolution and civil war. It is believed that there was a tacit agreement between the French and the English Governments that the Prince should be regarded as a State prisoner at Chandernagore; on his absence from that place being noticed, he was traced to the Messageries steamer, and on arrival at Colombo, was met by the French Consul, and invited to pass some time at Pondicherry. Having been interviewed by a special correspondent of the *Times of India*, he is reported to have expressed considerable gratification at his hospitable treatment by the French authorities as compared with the surveillance to which he was subjected by the English. Prince Meingoon may yet prove a good piece to move up when the present King has further complicated his position at Mandalay.

The tyrannous barbarities reported to have been practised by the eldest son of the Maharajah of Indore have called forth much indignation, and have at length induced the Maharajah to disown these acts and to publish an edict absolving his subjects from obedience to his heir. Holkar's desire to have the question of his conduct during the Mutiny reopened is brought no nearer to fulfilment by the complaints made not only against the Prince, but against

his own arbitrary conduct, and the general maladministration prevalent throughout his dominions.

Considerable surprise and disappointment is being felt throughout the military service in India at the appointment of Sir Peter Lumsden as chief representative for England on the Anglo-Russian Delimitation Commission ; the general feeling of the army and of the public having indicated Sir Charles MacGregor for the post, or, if a civilian were chosen, Sir R. Temple. The reasons for preferring the Military Member of the Indian Council to the other distinguished men whose names were suggested have not yet become known ; perhaps the real reason is that Sir Peter is the Military Member of the Council and his light is therefore not hidden under a bushel. He is not generally considered to have qualifications for such a mission equal to those held by Sir Ashley Eden, Sir E. Hamley, or even Sir Oliver St. John, to say nothing of Sir Lepel Griffin. Several of these have quite as much knowledge of Central Asian affairs as Sir Peter Lumsden, while the present Quarter-Master General of the Indian Army has the advantage of a personal knowledge of the country through which the demarcation line will probably pass. The questions of the *personnel* of the remainder of the Commission, of the amount and character of the escort, and of the route to the scene of the Commission's labours are not yet fully settled, though the appointment of Colonel Ridgeway, Captain Durand, and Mr. Griesbach has been announced at Simla.

The kindly feeling still indulged in by many for the old Corporation of the Oriental Banking Company, Limited, will be gratified by the fair prospect of success that seems opening for the New Oriental Bank. The Directors state that they mean to confine the new Bank's operations to those large ports at which the old Bank always did a profitable business, and so avoid the possibility of losses, such as were recently incurred in Ceylon and Mauritius by advancing money on landed estates. Half a million sterling, or half the capital to be subscribed, is reserved for investors hailing from the East or from British Colonies.

The late site of the temporary buildings of the Calcutta Exhibition retains but few signs of its demolished treasure-houses beyond *débris* of bricks and plaster, and these are rapidly being carted away, while the grass grows high where lately stood that unfortunate speculation of Government, the Camp Hotel. From the report of a Commissioner dispatched by the Government of Bombay, at the instance of the Exhibition Committee of that city, to obtain information from Colonel Trevor and others who had directed the Calcutta Exhibition, we extract a few statistics of interest. The net cost of the

material was lent by Government, and a considerable portion of the buildings were taken over by Government at cost price. Without such aid the buildings would have cost nearly eight lacs. The cost of establishment was Rs. 25,500, exclusive of the salaries of the officers lent by Government. On the receipts side the items are—for space, Rs. 95,000; premium for bars and refreshment rooms, Rs. 6,300; for catalogues, Rs. 7,000; fees on objections to awards and miscellaneous receipts, Rs. 5,600; entrance money; season tickets, Rs. 29,700; cash taken at gate, Rs. 1,78,000; total, Rs. 2,07,700. It is calculated that the whole number of entrances, excluding Exhibition officials and workmen, was not under 1,000,000.

Bombay has at last earned, in connection with her proposed Exhibition, a reputation for enterprise with which she is so fond of crediting herself, by subscribing some twelve lacs of rupees as a guarantee fund. The year in which the Exhibition is to be held is not, however, yet fixed, though M. Joubert proffers his opinion that it must be next year or never.

We cannot enter into the merits of the question which during the latter half of this month has been dividing the Calcutta Press and populace into two hostile camps, *vis.*, the letter of the local Government informing the Municipal Commissioners of the "grave displeasure" with which their shortcomings in the matter of sanitary measures is viewed, and proposing the appointment of a committee to point out their duty. The Commissioners claim that, even including the mortality caused by the severe epidemics of small-pox and cholera in March last, the last year was shown by the death returns to have been a comparatively healthy one, and that before the presentation of the memorial calling for Government interference (though not, we believe, before public feeling on the subject was beginning to run high), they had taken up the matter of bustee reclamation in sad earnest and with a vigour never before expended on the subject. The meeting recently held in the Town Hall to protest against Government interference is described with amusing diversity by the different Calcutta newspapers, one reckoning the audience at only some 800 persons, of whom not a few were school boys, while the opposite pole is reached by another reporter who, in the interest of his employers, managed to enumerate as present some 3,000 supporters of the Municipal authorities. The legal aspect of the question seemed characteristically to possess most charms for the Bengali rate-payers, though as Government only invites the Municipality to join the proposed committee, the words of the law do not seem to have much to do with the matter. The general feeling of the European Community seems to be that it will do the Commission no harm to have an occasional stimulus to activity applied to

the orators of the Town Council, and whether the Committee be appointed or not is regarded as a small matter compared with the prospect of some real work being done in the purification of bustees, instead of its being made the subject of "dialectic exercises" and then shelved till a "more convenient season."

The lamented death of Rai Kristo Das Pal Bahadur, which occurred with startling suddenness on the day after Sir Stuart Bayley had congratulated the Council at Simla on their valued colleague's being out of danger, has inflicted a loss on the cause of the moral and political elevation of India which we are constrained to call for the present, at all events, irreparable. His fellow countrymen own that there is no one among them to take his place, and his worth is most ungrudgingly recognised by the European community. It is, perhaps, as Editor of the most influential native journal, the *Hindu Patriot*, and as leader of the Native Press that his loss will be most conspicuous, though the zemindars will have great difficulty in finding a representative of equal ability to uphold their interests in the Supreme Council at this important crisis in the history of legislation on the relations of landlord to tenant. Kristo Das Pal was distinguished above his fellow journalists of the Native Press for the comparatively lofty view that he took of a publicist's duty; under his editorship the *Hindu Patriot* discussed public questions in a temperate and statesmanlike strain, and especially formed an honourable exception to the majority of Native journals in not being made the vehicle of those intemperate and often groundless personal attacks on individual European officials that rob the Native Press of much of its influence and credibility. As an example of the honesty of purpose and of the judicial temper of Kristo Das Pal, we may refer to the attitude assumed by the *Hindu Patriot* towards the pseudo-religious agitation so unscrupulously fomented throughout the country in the Saligram case. No popular cry received his support merely because it was popular.

As a speaker he was distinguished among his many eloquent fellow countrymen by a command of idiomatic English, and by a terse directness of style, typical of the straightforward and practical cast of his mind.

It would be no unmerited panegyric to apply to him the English Laureate's verses on the great English Soldier-Statesman :

His voice is silent in your council-hall
For ever ; Yet remember all
He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with the Eternal God for power,

GENERAL NOTES.

[*Erratum*.—In the "General Notes" of the last (July) number the extract entitled "Recent Verse" should have been entered as quoted from the *Saturday Review*.]

Recent American Poetry.

It is hard to say exactly what it is that makes some one of half a dozen volumes of current poetry a success, while all the rest are failures. Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes, and Later Lyrics," shows, perhaps, no more imagination than Mr. Henry Abbey's "The City of Success," and no more emotion than Mr. S. H. M. Byers's "The Happy Isles." But it attains its aim quite as surely as the others miss theirs; it succeeds, namely, in pleasing the public and satisfying the judicious. The secret of Mr. Aldrich's poetical prosperity we take to be that he has himself thoroughly in hand, that his talent is quite self-possessed. To his every fancy or sentiment he brings the daintiest expression, the neatest workmanship. There is no sprawling in his poetry. He knows what he can do, and he does it—well.

"Mercedes," which is in prose, is less a tragedy than a dramatized incident—an incident in Napoleon's Peninsular campaigns; in which it is told how a Spanish peasant girl disarms the suspicion of the French soldiery by drinking herself, and giving to her baby to drink, some of the poisoned wine that has been left behind by the fleeing villagers. She thus kills her own French lover, who, unknown to her, is among the soldiers and has partaken of the wine, and they die one after another in the usual manner of the fifth act. There are two pretty songs in the play; the local coloring is, we presume, correct; there are the conventional *padre* and old grandmother, Ursula, who remind one vaguely of Longfellow's "Spanish Student." But Mr. Aldrich's genius is not dramatic. He carefully prepares a little scenic effect in the first act, which strikes us somehow as characteristic,—the stage direction calling for a sentinel on the cliff overhanging the camp, and for the guard to be relieved in dumb-show, while the "lyrical interlude" is being sung.

It is, indeed, for the picturesque that Mr. Aldrich has the quickest eye. The movement and flash of a guard relief on the cliff while a song is sung to guitar and castanets in the foreground; Chiquita's "complexion of a newly minted napoleon," and Pepita's tortoise-shell comb and coal-black hair; the

"strip of indigo sky

Half-glanced through a Moorish gate,"
the golden-brown masonry and the mule-bells

on the height: it is these, and similar bright points of color, architecture, costume, that represent Spain for Mr. Aldrich, whose muse, for the most part, is frankly external. It is Spain, too, which gives the prevailing tinge to the present volume. "On Lynn Terrace" is a series of reminiscences, in regretful mood, of European scenes, rapidly and cleverly sketched. "At Two-score" is an epilogue to the muse, half-pensive, half-playful, and wholly charming, with a slight breath of Bohemia about it. "Prescience" has a depth of feeling and reflection which makes it more of a real poem and less of an "intaglio" than anything else in the collection.

PRESCIENCE.

The new moon hung in the sky, the sun was
low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the church-yard
paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old
dream over:
The light winds wandered by, and robins
chirped from the nest.
And low in the meadow sweet was the grave
of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet and the
ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and
over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little
mound up-piled.
Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and
clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a
sorrow I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her
tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow
that was to be!

Mr. Abbey is given over to allegory. The two most ambitious poems in his book, "The City of Success" and "The City of Decay," are labyrinths of vast and imposing imagery, enshrouding some dimly desecrated moral. The reader will really have to go back to "The House of Fame" or "The Romaunt of the Rose" to get anything corresponding. The poet has a sufficient imagination, moreover, and we give a few stanzas from the name-poem which are certainly strong work. They are from the description of a chariot-

race on the city wall, which seems to symbolize the career of ambition :

At the goal were cressets two,
Flinging up flame-arms of blue,
And, just beyond, abruptly stood an angle of the wall ;

The unmoving feet of this
Rested on a precipice,
And the pebbles men flung down it seemed to never cease to fall.

In the shining, jeweled sword,
Belted, with a twinkling cord,
To the thigh of bright Orion, where he stands august in space,

Is a gulf of darkness great,
Where no sun's rays penetrate,—
An awful gulf of nothingness,—a black and wordless place.

So appeared the dread abyss,
Down the wall and precipice,
To those who, in the night, with fear, looked o'er the balustrade ;

Even the cressets angry bloom
Parted not the heavy gloom
Which lay appallingly beneath, in one dense bush of shade.

Mr. Abbey's art is frequently at fault. Newspaper English, like "palatial dwellings," "sparsely populated," etc., jars on the ear in a passage of poetry ; and none but an amateur in verse would be capable of writing such an awkward couplet as the following :

With her through the city go,
She thee it will fully show.
"She thee it !"

Ellen M. Hutchinson, Owen Innsley, Edith Thomas, and Helen Gray Cone are names (real and assumed) of young American women who have very recently come before the public as writers of verse of unusual merit, though of these four only the first two have yet published in volume form. To these poets must now be added the name of Louise Imogen Guiney, whose "Songs at the Start" include several poems of great beauty and finish, and of an indefinable charm. When the author comes in later years to revise the present volume, she will perhaps omit from a serious collection like this such alien notes as those struck on pages 21, 76, and 80 ; she may, perhaps, also discard or recast some other pieces in the book, but not such fine and well-wrought poems as "Hemlock River," "An Epitaph," "Poete my Maister Chaucer," "Charondas," "Crazy Margaret" (with its ending touch of fate), "My Neighbor," "To The River," "My Soprano," and "Spring." This new poet—for poet she surely is—has a young and healthy maturity of thought and art, a nice verbal sense, a sincere human sympathy, and a lyrical grace, that give the lover of poetry a keen pleasure, and promise still stronger performance in the future. The gem of these songs is a little poem of two stanzas. A famous writer of exquisite verses once said, "How grateful we ought to be to a poet who writes even but a single poem that we love and remember !" And a poem to love and remember is

SPRING.

"With a difference."—*Hamlet*.
Again the bloom, the northward flight,
The fount freed at its silver height,
And down the deep woods to the lowest,
The fragrant shadows scarred with light.

O inescapable joy of spring !
For thee the world shall leap and sing ;
But by her darkened door thou goest
Forever as a spectral thing.

Many things could be said in praise of the above lines, but the best of it is that the author shows in many parts of her first book the same qualities which go to the making of this perfect lyric.—*The Century*.

Heine's Mountain-Idylls.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME.

On the mountain stands the shieling,
Where the good old miner dwells ;
Green firs rustle, and the moonbeams
Gild the mountain heights and fells.

In the shieling stands an armchair,
Carven quaint and cunningly ;
Happy he who rests within it,
And that happy guest am I.

On the footstool sits the lassie,
Leans upon my lap her head ;
Eyes of blue, twin stars in heaven,
Mouth as any rosebud red.

And the blue eyes gaze upon me,
Limpid, large as midnight skies ;
And the lily finger, archly
On the opening rosebud lies.

"No, the mother cannot see us—
At her wheel she spins away ;
Father hears not—he is singing
To the zitter that old lay."

So the little maiden whispers,
Softly, that none else may hear,
Whispers her profoundest secrets
Unmistrusting in my ear.

"Now that auntie's dead, we cannot
Go again to Goslar, where
People flock to see the shooting :
'Tis as merry as a fair.

"And up here it's lonely, lonely,
On the mountain bleak and drear :
For the snow lies deep in winter ;
We are buried half the year.

"And, you know, I'm such a coward,
Frightened like a very child
At the wicked mountain spirits,
Goblins who by night run wild."

Suddenly the sweet voice ceases ;
Startled with a strange surprise
At her own words straight the maiden
Covers with both hands her eyes.

Louder outdoors moans the fir-tree,
And the wheel goes whirling round ;
Snatches of the song come wafted,
With the zitter's fitful sound.

Fear not, pretty one, nor tremble
At the evil spirits' might ;
Angels, dearest child, are keeping
Watch around thee day and night.

Macmillan's Magazine.

Chimes, and How they are rung.

By far the most interesting and varied method of ringing is the "change," upon which many books have been written with the view of thoroughly explaining the art and teaching it to beginners. To ring these changes demanded unusual skill, acquired only after long practice. It was considered a high honor to belong to a company of skilful ringers. Indeed, it is mentioned as a matter of great interest how college students—presumably before the days of cricket and boating—used to take trips from town to town, ringing these changes and "amusing the people with their strange antics." Changes are nothing more than the ringing of a set of bells, three or more in number, in every possible order without repetition. Thus three bells may be rung in six different ways without any repeat, four in twenty-four ways, five in one hundred and twenty, and so on; till with ten bells we have 3,628,800 changes, which would require one year and 105 days of constant ringing to complete the peal. Twelve bells would take over thirty-seven years to complete it. In fact, changes are based upon nothing more than that simple branch of higher algebra known as "combinations." The art of ringing consists, first, in the skill of ringing a swinging bell correctly; and secondly, in knowing when and how to alter the course of the striking. The different ways of ringing, or rather the different changes, are known by such mysterious names as "plain-bobs," "bob-triples," "bob-majors," "bob-minors," "grandsire-triples," "grandsire-bob-caters," etc., while such terms as "hunting," "dodging," "snapping," are only a few of the many terms connected with the art.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

At an Apple-stand.

WHAT I SAID.

Hi, boy! I've come to get some more—
Those apples that I had before—

Yes, these my little shaver.
One bite brings back my boyhood; I'm
Transported to a by-gone time
By their familiar flavor.

Alas! since from a neighbor's trees
I plucked exactly such as these.

With cheeks to crimson shaded,
And taste like this—a pleasant tart—
And sound and perfect to the heart,
Full twenty years have faded.

How often, on the way to school,
• I took the path above the pool
Beneath that fruity shadow,
• Through which the sun of summer bright
Cast down a dappled net of light
Upon the emerald meadow!

And how that leafy covert rang
When all the feathered minstrels sang!
The twitter of the linnet,
The merry robin's gurgling gush,
The bluebird, bobolink, and thrush,—
I hear them all this minute.

And there sweet Kitty Ransom came
With eyes of blue and cheeks aflame,
As home from school she wended,
As nimble-footed as a fawn,—
A fleck of light upon the lawn,
Of grace and goodness blended.

I clasped her trembling finger-tips
One morn, and kissed her glowing lips,
And pledged my love to Kitty;—
But twenty years have fled since then—
And that was Kennebunk in Maine,
And this is New York City.

WHAT THE BOY SAID.

Say! I was borned in Kennebunk,
And 'fore she married Jacob Munk
My ma was Kitty Ransom!
These is the fruit yer talkin' 'bout!
Now, Mister, hev a peck? Shell out!
You'd ought to come down han'som.

W. A. Croffut.

The Century.—*Bric-a-Brac*.

The Indian Review.

No. 12.—SEPTEMBER, 1884.

RECENT ENGLISH FICTION.

FICTION TO-DAY IN ENGLAND exhibits an amorphous phase of transition; it seems to be passing through a new and interesting period of its history. To realise this fact we must not look to the writers who have been weaving stories for so many years, each after his own method, to Mr. Black or Miss Braddon, to Mr. Besant or Miss Broughton. It is in the work of the younger writers that we find this indefiniteness and hesitation of aim, this striving after new methods, which among some arouses fears for the future, but to others seems the promise of a new departure in the fields of fiction. Dr. Karl Hillebrand, who has perhaps a wider acquaintance with European fiction than any living critic, has lately been deploring what he considers the decadence of the novel. Morals and science, he says, are rapidly destroying the freedom and joy of art. Our conventionalism and gentlemanly delicacy of speech are making real tragedy in art impossible, save among the lower classes, "where alone there still survives a direct relation between language and sensation." With the pessimism to which those are naturally inclined who have outlived the intellectual activities amid which they grew up, he even adds to these lamentations a word of contempt for that which is probably one of the most encouraging signs in contemporary fiction. "'Become another,'

is not that," he says, "the first requirement of a novel hero in our days?" It is the story-teller's art. If we go back to Ariosto or Cervantes, or Byron's *Don Juan*, or even to Fielding's *Tom Jones*, is largely independent of sympathy. But the self-identification of the reader with the personal reality of a soul laid bare—*sympathy*—lies at the root of our conception of the novel. And because this is so, the modern novel is allied to the current of recent thought in morals. In France, where the novel has attained greater perfection than elsewhere, and has become more conscious of its aims, it is possible for the brothers de Goncourt, for instance, to declare at the outset of a novel that they are concerned with contemporary moral history and with nothing else or less. And whether the novelist intends it or not, he cannot help writing contemporary moral history. George Eliot, who is our greatest artist, is also our greatest representative of sympathy in fiction. And in the following pages I shall have to point out more than once—when speaking of the more significant among those novels which have appeared during recent years—how the modern moral conception of sympathy has permeated the novel. Morals and science, so far from destroying, have re-created fiction.

In putting a title at the head of this paper I purposely chose the very large word *fiction*. For it is part of the incoherence, the wide divergence of aim, that marks the present phase of that art-production called the *novel* that very few novels indeed are justly entitled to the name. The novel strictly considered is a study of the human soul in its relations at certain dramatic periods; it is a kind of artistic psychology. But the works of fiction which have excited most interest during recent years are certainly not this. They may be stories, romances, hybrids of all sorts, but not novels. *John Inglesant*, whatever else it may have been, was certainly not a novel in this stricter sense of the word. And perhaps this may largely account for the peculiar treatment it has received. It is certain that no recent work of fiction has attracted greater attention. Its dreamy and morbid mysticism, dressed in a modern coat, and set in action amid the paraphernalia of an historical romance, was found irresistibly piquant. And therefore the absence of organic unity, the narrow and incomplete psychological interest, the failure of historical sense, were completely ignored. And it has not been till quite lately that the voice of true criticism has been heard—a voice that has been adverse even on the points at which *John Inglesant* seemed strong. Thus, not only has Mr. Gairdner severely criticised Mr. Shorthouse's historical representation, but one of

but few genuine modern mystics has recently expressed his condemnation of its mysticism. And when Vernon Lee—a pseudonym that hides a lady of fine critical insight—who has devoted special attention to the same times and topics, recently had occasion to speak of *John Inglesant*, it is its "positive unwholesomeness and repulsiveness, its false optimism" that impresses her. At the same time she very well and appreciatively describes Mr. Shorthouse with one touch: "This literary Fra Angelico, with the vague humour and pathos of that mystic among humourists, Jean Paul." Mr. Shorthouse not long since published a short story which has been more fortunate in gaining Vernon Lee's approval, and with some justice. *The Little Schoolmaster Mark*, which Mr. Shorthouse appropriately describes as *A Spiritual Romance*, sketches the history of a simple-minded, pure-spirited boy, trained in piety and innocent of all guile, at the little court of a German Serene Highness of the 18th century, at the period when the wave of the Italian Renaissance had at length reached Germany, spreading a veneer of luxury and corruption and artificial beauty over society. The point of the story lies in the contrast between Mark's simplicity, sincerity, and genuine faith in the supernatural, and the mild scepticism, the elegant though limited culture, the cheerful and refined licentiousness of the 18th century. "When I look at you, little one," the *Æleccchino* said to Mark, "I feel almost as I do when the violins break in upon the jar and fret of the wittiest dialogue." The youthful Faustina Barti, with her wonderful voice and her Bohemian freedom, serves to bring out this contrast more vividly. She tells Mark about the Princess and the Count, her *Cavaliere-servente*.

"He is the devil himself."

The little school master's face become quite pale.

"The devil!" he said, staring with his large blue eyes.

"Oh, you foolish boy!" she said, laughing again, "I don't mean that devil. The Count is a much more real devil than he!"

The boy looked so dreadfully shocked that she grew quite cheerful again.

"What a strange boy you are!" she said, laughing. "Do you think he will come and take you away? I'll take care of you—come and sit on my lap;" and, sitting down, she spread out her lap for him with an inviting gesture.

Mark's nature does not change. At the end he is made an unconscious actor in a medley of classic and mediæval story which is performed in the open air, and, so far as Mark is concerned, becomes tragic. This little story is worth alluding to here, because it embodies in a very felicitous way a certain aspect of modern feeling. We can never hope to understand what is really significant or great in fiction

unless we see its relation to the dominant tendencies, in thought or feeling or practice, of contemporary life.

There was another remarkable work of fiction published not long after *John Inglesant*, which produced less sensation, but was perhaps more remarkable, though in a singularly different direction. *Mehalah*, which is generally attributed to the brilliant and versatile Mr. Baring Gould, whose *Lives of the Saints* are in some of the later volumes marked by a picturesque cynicism which recalls the author's *John Herring*, is as little of a novel in the true sense as *John Inglesant*, though for widely different reasons. Swinburne has compared it to Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights*.

Though its art is less fine and perfect, there is a broader masculine power about it with, superadded, a marvellous feeling for colour. Indeed it would be difficult to name any work of fiction which gives the reader a sense of colour so vivid as to be almost physical, and which sometimes seems to recall the large harmonies of Venetian art, sometimes the rich deep tones of Rembrandt. The pure ideal figure of *Mehalah* on the tragic background is highly impressive: "A scarlet blaze on a background of indigo gloom," one might call it in the words that the writer applies to *Mehalah*'s sailor-cap as she stands in the little cottage in the Essex marshes where the scene is laid. But the Titanic, half-demoniac figures and passions that move through *Mehalah*, and are its strength, place it on a pedestal by itself, as a great and powerful artistic creation that belongs to no school and has had no models. In *John Herring*, Mr. Baring Gould's more recent novel, he seems to have attempted an approximation to more conventional conceptions of the scope of the novel. The result is not altogether satisfactory. A melodramatic element of conventional type has been introduced. It is a very distinct descent from *Mehalah*'s half-mad lover and the strange unearthly atmosphere of passion in which he lives and works to the Ophir gold-mining swindle as it is carried on by vulgar villains like the Tramparas. And the book throughout is of lesser texture. Success seems to have made Mr. Baring Gould careless. There is, however, one figure in the book that reveals what is most characteristic in his genius. I mean that peculiar insight into the working of ignorant, half-mad, half-brutal, yet fiercely passionate natures. Joyce Cobbledick, the young savage, who had never crossed a threshold in her life, whose father lives in a cask, who licks the hand of the man she loves, and finds an outlet for her devotion in learning to knit stockings for him, being at length raised by her love into a beautiful and human woman, is a figure that is worthy to stand with *Mehalah* and her lover.

Before passing to the novel proper—which I have defined as psychology treated artistically—there are certain less clearly defined fictional growths which must be touched on. There is, for instance, such a story as Vernon Lee's *Ottilie*. This very carefully written little "eighteenth century idyl" is in reality an essay, a study of German life in the last century. It is certainly not a novel, and is throughout unreal, dreamlike, and fantastic. The writer is not a novelist, and all her power and charm of writing are unable to make *Ottilie* in the least like a novel. And the same is true of Miss Edith Simcox's *Episodes in the Lives of Men, Women, and Lovers*. Another book of a very different kind, Mrs. Campbell Praed's *Nadine*, is the type of a large class of stories, having in them elements of creativeness and power over the elements of character, which have a certain interest for those readers who care little for mere stories. *Nadine* excited attention when it appeared, and this was not altogether undeserved, for it exhibits skill of a very distinct kind throughout. And it has another interest too. *Nadine* represents, almost typically, a certain phase of our civilisation. I mean that phase which is marked by the morbid excess of exaggerated feeling which, under our social conditions, can find no satisfaction in the normal activities, and so spends itself in a kind of diffused hysteria, and seeks to soothe its depraved vitality by chloral and bromide of potassium. This type has perhaps found its most perfect exponents in France, and, like many French novels, *Nadine* is a study in neurotic pathology. Nadine Senguin, under these conditions and having a temperament impulsive and yet hard, selfish and unselfish by turns, sometimes frank, often artificial, always fascinating, is one of our most distinctive modern heroines. But as a work of art *Nadine* is still shallow and mechanical. It is of the essence of a true novel that it should be deeply and searchingly felt. It may or may not be a story, but it must be that. The professional story-teller in England seems, as a rule, unable to feel his subject deeply, and that seems to be one chief reason why he so seldom produces a novel. One of the most popular stories of recent years has been Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. But that pleasant book is even far less strictly a novel than—to go back a very long way—many of the *novelle* of Boccaccio. Its popularity was due, to a large extent, to the philanthropic mania which had just then attacked society. One of the earliest and most agreeable symptoms of opium-poisoning is a sense of goodwill towards everybody. The gigantic benevolence of Mr. Besant's story produced sensations of a similar kind on its readers.

Not long since an Englishman interviewed M. Zola. As the great novelist, seated in that large room at Médan which is his literary workshop, proudly pointed to the piles of *documents* by which he was surrounded, he remarked that he had heard bad news of the novel in England; it was, he had been credibly informed, largely in the hands of women. If M. Zola was right in his fact, his inference was less trustworthy. In France it is true that all the best novels have been written by men. I doubt even if there is a single instance of a really great novel written by a Frenchwoman. I do not even forget the long array of brilliant and fascinating books by which George Sand's splendid and vivid nature used to throw off its old dead selves. *Consuelo* and *La Mare au Diable* are not great in the sense in which *Madame Bovary* and *Silas Marner* are great. But in England one might count on one's fingers all the great novels that have been written by men, from *Tom Jones* down to *Far from the Madding Crowd*. It has been Englishwomen who have produced novels in the strict sense of the word, and, strange to say, their work has exhibited precisely those qualities of power, precision, subtle analysis, emotional force, that characterise the best French novels. There are no Englishmen to put beside Beyle, Flaubert, Balzac; but we may put Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot. Only the Englishwomen have had more emotional ardour, more ethical instinct, and also, sometimes, less science and less art.

It is not surprising then that the novelist who, since George Eliot's death, has perhaps stood at the head of English novelists—I mean Thomas Hardy—was for some time supposed to be a woman who had adopted the common device of a masculine pseudonym. It is to be regretted that Mr. Hardy has, with the exception of a few brief magazine stories, been silent during the last two years. His wonderfully delicate, yet strong and searching method of dealing with a certain range of character, his marvellous knowledge of the English peasant, and his subtle appreciation of certain aspects of nature, are always delightful to those who care for insight and for true art, though there are probably many who cannot help feeling a kind of cynicism and absence of deep feeling in his work. I doubt whether that feeling is really justified, but it is certainly felt by many. It is therefore the more to be regretted that Mr. Hardy's last novel, *Two on a Tower*, has raised the anger of those who dislike, and even of many of those who admire, his work. Even, however, if the irony which makes his art has here been carried to an extravagant extent and is unsupported by many of those elements which chiefly gave charm to his earlier works, no one can question the

mastery of his art which Mr. Hardy has attained in *Two on a Tower*.

There is another writer who may be classed with Hardy, who has his command of irony, and, if he does not possess his delicate art, is of sterner intellectual fibre. Mr. George Meredith, indeed, is in many respects a masculine writer. There is a condensed, brusquely expressed energy of thought in his work which recalls his favourite poet Browning. But I have no hesitation in saying that in Mr. Meredith, too, we possess those qualities—knowledge of passion, insight, creative power—which have been most fully revealed in our women novelists, and no one who reads any of his books can fail to observe how keenly he feels the feminine aspects of things. His *Tragic Comedians* was a singularly powerful rendering of the strange love-adventure which terminated the life of the great Socialist leader, Ferdinand Lassalle. In *Diana of the Crossways*, which has just appeared in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Meredith has written a study of a woman which is quite in his own characteristic manner. Diana is “a queenly comrade, and a spirit hoping and shining like a mountain water”; she has in her, according to her own account, something of the tigress, and Mr. Meredith has concerned himself with the history and entanglements of this finely-natured woman, subsequently to her marriage to a certain commonplace Railway Director.

A novel, published not long since by a young writer, merits some attention, if only as a vigorous attempt to introduce a somewhat French conception of the novelist's work and scope. *A Modern Lover*, by George Moore, who has previously, I believe, published a volume of poems, is the history of a young artist who rises from poverty to wealth and distinction. Lewis, the “modern lover,” has this at least in common with the creations of the most recent French school; he is thoroughly repulsive. He has the soul of a Tito Melema with sufficient common sense to avoid pitfalls. When with only a shilling in his pocket he stood at the theatre door, watching the elegant women enter, the cravings of his young, hungry, sensuous artist-nature are described in a way that faintly recalls Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*. There are other reminiscences of French novelists that are less creditable. It is well known that English dramatists are largely and avowedly indebted to French writers; perhaps it is not so well known that English novelists sometimes seek to alleviate their labours by borrowing from their French brethren. I remember reading in a novel by Miss A. Betham Edwards a chapter which was incorporated with some modifications from Paul de Koch.

And for an amusing episode in *A Modern Lover*—Mrs. Bentham's visit to M. Worth and the way in which Lewis assisted the great man's inspirations regarding her dress—Mr. Moore seems clearly indebted to a scene in Zola's *La Curée*. The occasional touches of crude realism seem to indicate an imitation of French models. But realism cannot be artistic unless it is woven into the very texture of the work; it must spring from the heat of the subject. I think that Zola frequently accomplishes this; Mr. Moore certainly does not. Although *A Modern Lover* is a strong and well constructed book, the impression it produces is, on the whole, unpleasant and disappointing. We have lost that sense of underlying *soul* which marks the best English novels, and we have not gained that wealth of temperament, that elaborate artistic strength, which distinguishes the best French novels. At the beginning of the story we are introduced to a work-girl, living in the next room to Lewis, who loves him, and when he has no money to pay for a model consents at last to stand to him for a Venus which becomes the first step in his upward career. Perhaps this incident is the best in the book. We are told that the story will be largely concerned with showing its results on the girl's after-life. But this promise is scarcely fulfilled. She disappears, to become subsequently lady's maid to Lewis's wife. At the end she "realised her mistake in a vague way" and married a small tradesman.

It is pleasant to turn from *A Modern Lover* to another novel which is genuinely English, and which in its own line of art is quite perfect. Miss Poynter's *Among the Hills*, it may be said frankly at once, belongs to the school of George Eliot, and betrays, especially, the influence of *Silas Marner*. But it is yet a masterpiece with a delicate individuality of its own, although the writer seems to have succeeded in effacing her own personality. Miss Poynter has undertaken to write of Haysted, a little midland English village of thirty years ago, taking as her centre the small establishment of the village dressmaker. Mrs. Adams is a quiet, busy, shrewd, commonplace woman, with perhaps a faint reminiscence of Mrs. Poyser about her, and she is assisted in her business by her daughter Jenny and her niece Hetty. Jenny, with her flower-like freshness and womanliness, and her charming little notions of duty and propriety, is like a ray of sunshine woven in and out of those threads of the story that are sometimes more sombre. There is Reuben Frost, the young farmer, with a strong sense of his own importance, who makes love

to Jenny. There is Richard Armstrong, the manly and generous-spirited young watchmaker, who finally wins Jenny ; Mr. Griffiths, the village schoolmaster, good, cultured, and ugly, who for one moment thinks that Jenny may love him, but who has learnt to find the satisfaction of his own desires in a larger life outside him ; and there is his sister who was matron of an infirmary, and who has had too active a life to think much of her own troubles. But the centre of this group is Hetty Adams. Hetty is deformed, and this is the fact about her which chiefly moulds her life. She has a small soul and not a great intelligence ; she is pleasure-loving, slightly sensual. Even at the end she remains incapable of overlooking her own life, of merging it in a larger life, as Mr. Griffiths has merged his ; the strong, greedy desires remain even when she attains that power of self-sacrifice which renews her life. The main object of the story is to trace the growth of this new power in Hetty's soul. Her chief passion is the gold which she earns by embroidery. Every night before going to bed she gazes at this gold and knows the appearance of every individual piece. But by-and-bye another passion to some extent supersedes this. Armstrong, sorry for her deformity and isolation, talks to her ; she loves him and in her blindness she thinks that he loves her. It is the shock of discovering her mistake that is the great crisis in Hetty's life. She is able at last to sacrifice her gold in order that Armstrong's lame niece may go away to gain strength and he and Jenny be married at once. Hetty has gained a new life, but still her old bitterness has not disappeared. At the last, when Armstrong and Jenny come to see her before leaving for Switzerland, where the former has accepted a business, she calls him back to tell him how he has made her life different for her. But when, a few minutes afterwards, Miss Griffiths enters she finds Hetty weeping with that despair that finds no relief in tears : " Oh ! " she said, with a bitter cry that would for once find utterance, " why haven't I ever been like other girls ? I might have been happy then. I could have loved, too—Jenny never loved as I could have loved—and no one cares, and it'll all die with me. Oh, it's hard, it's hard. I could have loved—I could." Miss Poynter has not George Eliot's emotional energy, nor has *Among the Hills* all the originality and power of *Silas Marner*, but it is a story to be lingered over and studied ; its simplicity and realism have the touch of art on them at every point, and nowhere is there any strain or tone of exaggeration.

Allusion may here be made to an important group of novels which are inspired largely by a strong sense of some more or less

vaguely defined wrong in the present social condition of women. *A Fearless Life*, by Charles Quentin (a name which possibly hides a feminine personality), was a strikingly powerful example of this class. It was simply the history of a girl brought up under conditions of ordinary conventionality in a town on the West Coast of England, and the tragedy of the book lies in the efforts of this girl to live a strong and independent life. The conflict of her efforts, not so much with any great moral laws as with the whole mass of social thought and feeling by which she was surrounded and which inevitably misunderstood her, is finely worked out, and her life ends in failure. But there was a considerable degree of power and freshness in the book and one would wish to meet the writer's name again. There were one or two scenes which bore on them the mark of genius. Another novel which deals in another way with the same subject appeared last year and excited considerable attention. *Whom Nature Leadeth*, by G. Noel Hatton, is clearly written by a woman. It is to be regretted that she does not appear to have done herself complete justice. The early parts of the book are shallow and artificial, a wildly melodramatic element is introduced into the middle, and there are throughout solutions of continuity that might easily have been avoided. But notwithstanding these deductions the book possesses a great deal of charm and of power. G. Noel Hatton possesses a style of very brilliant quality which sometimes rises to genuine eloquence. Also she has strength and facility in the delineation of character, though one feels that with a little care this would have produced even better results. The "lesson" that G. Noel Hatton wishes to inculcate is that there will never be a good world for women till our social conditions are altered. The alterations that she desires do not seem of a very radical nature, indeed almost trifling when compared to the passion with which she denounces the falsity, the absence of freedom, the multifold and overwhelming nexus of petty duties in which women's souls and bodies are entangled. However little we may care for novels with a moral, it is clear that for G. Noel Hatton it is largely the ethical burden which she has to deliver which imparts fervour and strength to her work.

The Story of an African Farm, by Ralph Iron, although it has a larger significance, allies itself to these books because the writer is profoundly impressed by the questions that concern women. The ultra-masculine pseudonym obviously conceals a woman's personality. Ralph Iron has not G. Noel Hatton's fervour and eloquence, but she has the same burden to deliver of women's im-

puissance under the existing conditions of society. But *The Story of an African Farm* is not merely interesting from this point of view ; it is original and it reveals genius. Its most obvious characteristic is its picturesqueness. This is, in part, owing to the unfamiliarity of the scene described, but more largely to the writer's power of creating a picture in strong vivid outline. From the first chapter in which the African farm comes before us, with its square red-brick dwelling-house and the bare sand and the low wall enclosing the two straggling sunflowers, this peculiar and intense quality of picturesqueness is constantly felt. And when, as sometimes happens, the description is even too brief and concise for complete or clear presentation, the reader still retains faith in the writer's intense realisation of the scene ; the picturesqueness has only become implicit.

This, the dominating quality of the background, is the most obvious quality in many of the minor figures. Bonaparte Blankins and Tant Sannie, the Boer-woman, are especially distinguished by a strong cold power of external observation. There is perhaps some failure of insight, a lack of sympathy, here. "If a huge animated stomach like Bonaparte," Ralph Iron says, (or rather, by a slight artistic mistake, makes Tyndall say), "were put under a glass by a skilful mental microscopist, even he would be found to have an embryonic doubling somewhere indicative of a heart, and rudimentary buddings that might have become conscience and sincerity." Now the novelist is this skilful mental microscopist, and it is precisely his business to dissect out all those structures which indicate growing or decaying function, which are perhaps invisible from the outside, but when the man is looked at from the inside, are seen to be essential to his true and complete presentation. It is when we come to the central figure of the book, Tyndall, and the figures that surround her, Waldo, Gregory, and the old German, that the writer's genius becomes clearly manifest. Every true novelist carves his most real creations out of his own soul. It has been said, probably with exaggeration, that Maggie Tulliver is George Eliot's only real woman. And Maggie Tulliver was George Eliot herself. In the same way Charlotte Bronte was for ever describing her own life and experience. Tyndall and Waldo have the same sort of reality. The record of Waldo's childish religious experience has an unmistakeable stamp of reality. It is perhaps a little doubtful whether Waldo possesses all the elements of a complex human individuality. Ralph Iron is sometimes satisfied with making the part do duty for the whole. But we cannot fail to notice the delicate art with

which Waldo's resemblance to his father, the old German, is brought out. This old German is a very perfect and charming little sketch of character. But here again we might doubt whether we had all those delicate touches which go to make up a complete personality, such as George Eliot has given us in Caleb Garth who to some extent resembles the old German. Ralph Iron has, however, the power of grasping and seeing from the outside, as well as from the inside, those familiar things of which the stuff of life—whether in novels, or the world—must always be woven. In Tyndall whatever genius Ralph Iron possesses for the creation of character comes clearly out. Tyndall is a very dazzling little creature, intensely alive throughout. She is the true centre and heroine of the book. With her little hands and feet (Ralph Iron is fond of little hands and feet) her "immense" eyes, her delight in her own beauty and intense self-consciousness, her eager and passionate desires, and her power of attracting and subduing all with whom she came in contact, Tyndall is, and remains in the reader's memory, the dominating figure in *An African Farm*—a figure that is truly tragic.

The climax of the book is attained in the chapter called "Gregory's Womanhood," in which Tyndall's death is narrated, and the devotion of the shallow-natured Gregory transformed by his love for her into something of finer quality. An element of great interest in *An African Farm* lies in those passages in which the writer speaks in her own person, sometimes throughout whole chapters. These digressions are often full of keen thought and insight vividly expressed, though not always artistically introduced. The allegory in the first volume is an example of what a novel should not contain, though the chapter called "Dreams" is admirably worked into the texture of the story. The introduction of another called "Times and Seasons" may be a mistake, but it is certainly one of the most delightful in the book. It reveals the writer's peculiar power of describing the inner experiences of childhood; they are narrated in a style that is a strangely beautiful and powerful union of child-like simplicity and passionate intensity. It is this style that marks, more distinctly perhaps than anything else, the genius of this writer. There are in it the out-leapings of passionate utterance, of the most vividly direct and simple expression. Indeed I do not know any writer who possesses a style which is so perfect a vehicle for certain phases of strong and simple emotion. There are sentences and phases that burn, that cling to the memory and will not be forgotten. It is impossible to extract any of a narrative kind, but one may take this: "The road to honour is paved with

thorns; but on the path to truth, at every step you set your foot down on your own heart." Or again this: "When a soul breaks free from the arms of superstition, bits of the claws and talons break themselves off in him. It is not the work of a day to squeeze them out." The way to touch the soul of a thing—which is the aim of art in style—are in Ralph Iron's style attained at once. It is sometimes so strong and simple that it might be mistaken for almost pathetic crudeness, but it is in reality the home accent of genius and genuinely artistic. If the art of the book is deficient, it is in the conception of the whole. There is an absence of organic unity, and it is dangerous to dispense with that. Sometimes, too, Ralph Iron indulges her delight in broad, vivid, picturesque strokes for delineating character, after a Franz Hals-like fashion, to the neglect of deeper and finer *nuances*. She has hardly learnt to combine the two.

I have spoken rather at length about *The Story of an African Farm*, because I think that it indicates something that in most of our recent novels I do not find. *A Modern Lover* is a book that, with considerable power, carries on the traditions of a school. *Among the Hills*, a far more perfect work of art than *An African Farm*, derives its inspiration from George Eliot. But I cannot say so of this book. It is original. It would not be fanciful to find in it that union of races, in contact with a new environment, from the clash of which, as it has been so often shown, genius leaps forth. It is common among some writers, Ruskin for instance, to speak contemptuously of novels, but the mass of contemporary fiction has a value that is little realised and perhaps is not likely to be fully realised for some time to come. There is a very large and wonderful and little-read collection of fiction, the *Acta Sanctorum*, in which the whole life and soul of a remote period are laid bare to us. It is, like our own fiction, a fiction that is more than half reality, and it has often seemed to me that the novels of this century will in the future be found to have precisely the same value as the *Acta Sanctorum*. For the novel is contemporary moral history in a deeper sense than the de Goncourts meant. *Nadine* and *John Inglesant* and *Among the Hills* and many other novels will be found to express the distinctive features of our age as truly as the distinctive features of another age, its whole inner and outer life, are expressed in Gothic architecture.

It is in novels that for the great mass of people to-day the desires and struggles and ideals of the soul are most completely mirrored.

William Morris, who looks back yearningly to the popular art of the middle ages, deals out scorn to the novel; he fails to see that fiction *is* our modern popular art. After all it is the human soul in its myriad and ever-changing aspects which is the one permanently interesting thing; it is of little consequence what art it chooses for its expression. And that is why novels have a significance that is not exhausted in the brief hour of amusement that they give us—a significance which, if we will see it rightly goes deep down to the roots of our life.

H. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

SOME NOTES ON INDIAN FOLKLORE.*

IN HIS LATEST VOLUME, M. Renan has, as a recent critic has pointed out, strikingly portrayed the remarkable and radical difference between Hindu and Chinese civilization, and the immense gulf which, as regards their intellectual and moral qualities, separates the two races. While China, he says, offers us the unique spectacle of "a society founded upon a purely human basis, without Prophet, without Messiah, without Revealer, without Mythology;" of a society calculated merely for temporal well-being;—"India, on the other hand, shows us a not less surprising spectacle of a race exclusively speculative, living by the ideal, building its religion and its literature in the clouds, without any intermingling elements drawn from history or reality." The Chinese, turning away impatiently from the supernatural, concentrates his attention on the present; his is the true nation of shopkeepers, and, next to England, the greatest colonizing nation in the world; and age after age he goes on storing up the national archives of successive dynasties, and ordering his vast system of competitive examinations, careless of matters beyond his ken. Not so the Indian; he treasures up no records; he regards the history of the present life as not worth writing down; for him "it is but an episode in a series of existences, a passage between two eternities."

Moreover, the physical characteristics of the two races, as M. Renan shows, strikingly support and accentuate this contrast between them. "The bright, oblique eye, the flat nose, the short neck, the cunning look" of the Chinese mark him out as a man of the world, fitted to deal with the common affairs of life; while "the noble outline of the Indian, his slim figure, his broad, calm brow, his deep tranquil eye," indicate a race gifted with a power of meditation and speculation, a race from whose gaze the "visionary gleam,"

* For part of the materials of this paper the writer is indebted to the original research of Mr. S. François Le Feuvre, of Monghyr, to whom he desires to express his acknowledgments.

the dream-like splendour of higher things than earth and time can yield, has not altogether "faded into the light of common day."

Modern aspects of religious life and observance in China and India tend to support this view. It is true that in China the ancient Mongolian naturalistic worship which deifies the sun and moon, the wind and the rain, is the official religion of the Empress and of educated men, while, no doubt, idol-worship is common among the mass of the people ; but it is equally true that the great majority of the middle and governing classes are totally indifferent on religious subjects. They follow the official forms of worship, but without believing in them, and despise all religions alike as all equally false.

In India, on the other hand, though the simple faiths of Christianity seem to have taken as little hold of its Aryan populations as of the Chinese, we find mystic forms of religion, such as the Mongol would treat with the profoundest contempt, making gradual, perhaps, but steady progress among the middle classes. The transcendental beliefs, the metaphysical flights, of Brahmoism, of Theosophy, or of Spiritualism are the manna and the honeydew on which the imaginative soul of the Indo-Aryan delights to feed, rejecting the harsh crudities of atheism and materialism as distasteful to his finer palate.

The doctrines and scientific dogmas of a Herbert Spencer and of a Frederick Harrison may, perhaps, here and there, commend themselves to a few harder intellects, but even these are apt to find that they are leading but a starved existence and gradually fall away ; the light (to change the metaphor) is too dry. Of converts to Positivism how few can India boast ; in China you have a nation of Positivists.

And yet in spite of this higher spirituality of temperament which marks the Indo-Aryan as distinguished from the Mongolian race, we find (since human nature is one at bottom) almost equally rude and primitive forms of belief prevalent among the lower orders of the people of both countries ; though even here we may, I am inclined to believe, trace in some at least of the instances which will form the main subject of this paper, a certain poetical or imaginative tinge which distinguishes them from and raises them above the coarser forms of Chinese superstition. We shall hardly find the Hindu flogging his idol as the Chinaman does when it is too persistent in refusing to grant his prayers.

Not that a kind of Fetichism, of all forms of superstition the lowest, does not prevail to a considerable extent among the ignorant classes both of the Hindus and the Mahomedans. The belief in

Charms has, indeed, hardly died out in European countries, and as late as the year 1874, we find a Wiltshire labourer's wife asking her parish clergyman for a "sacrament shilling," that is, a shilling taken out of the church offertory, that she might hang it round her son's neck as a remedy for the fits to which he was subject.* And is not the "notary public" in Longfellow's *Evangeline* beloved by the village children for the stories that he could tell of

How on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell ?

—the old notion being that, as the unfortunate spider pines away, so will the disease gradually wear itself out.

Charms, in India, as elsewhere, are of three descriptions—written, oral, and material, the last consisting mainly of roots of certain plants or of herbs. Their object is, for the most part, to prevent the attacks of diseases, especially cholera and small-pox, and sometimes rheumatism and spleen. Headache and toothache, *drishti* (the evil-eye), and snake-bite may also be warded off by the use of charms. The written charms consist of mystical characters, believed by the Hindus to have been first used by Dhanvantari, the Hindu *Æsculapius*, who was presented by Brahmá himself with a book full of all kinds of such magical hieroglyphics ; the Mahomedans, on the other hand, affirming that these mystic syllables are to be found in the Koran.

Oral charms are uttered only by the Ojhás, or professional dealers in such ware, who, as they pronounce them over the patient, will gently brush him with a broom or with the leafy branch of some plant. At other times they will repeat them before a *gotí* or glass of water, which the sufferer is made to drink, or before a cup of oil, with which he has to anoint his eyes. Then, twisting a cord of red, black, and white cotton, they place it round the neck of the patient, and scatter mustard-seed round his bed.

Nature Worship or Totemism, a stage higher in the religious category than Fetichism, prevails still to a large extent among the higher as well as the lower races of India. Water-worship, the deification of rivers, and the dedication of wells, while common in all ages and countries, seems to have taken hold of no nation so strongly as it has of the Indian peoples. The divinity of rivers was, as every reader of Homer knows, fully recognised among the early Greeks. We find, for instance, Peleus dedicating a lock of his son Achilles's hair to the river Spercheios ; while the Pulians are

* Dyer, *English Folklore*.

represented as sacrificing a bull to the famous stream of Alpheios. Okeanos, the ocean, was himself a divinity, the beginning of all things, the parent alike of gods and men. Nor among later European nations is this water-worship absent. "In Brittany," writes Sir John Lubbock,* "there is the celebrated well of St. Anne of Auray, and the sacred fountain at Lanmeur in the crypt of the church of St. Melars, to which crowds of pilgrims still resort." In our own country "St. Fillan's blessed well" at Comrie in Perthshire was visited, as the same writer tells us, by numbers of sick people, as late as 1791, who came or were brought to drink of and bathe in its waters. There are said to be few parishes in Scotland without a holy well; and both Scotland and Ireland are full of legends, still believed in by some, of the Kelpie or Spirit of the waters, a sort of Keltic Proteus, which assumed various forms, appearing as a horse, a bull, a man, or a woman. With such water-wraiths we may doubtless identify the Vedic Apsaras or water-nymphs, children of the mists that rise ghost-like from the surface of the flood.

In India, however, water-worship is exceedingly inveterate and wide-spread. For rivers especially the Hindu reserves his most enthusiastic veneration, and they are the scenes of some of his greatest religious festivals. Certain places on their banks are regarded as peculiarly sacred. Such are the source of the Ganges, the junction of the Sarasvati and the Pruyagu, and of the Ganges and the Jumna at Allahabad. All castes venerate the Ganges, and its banks form the most desirable places of worship, since, according to the Shastras, the merit of ritual is prodigiously augmented by being performed there. In Boishackha (April), Joyisthi (May), Kartikh (October), and Magh (January), the merit is greater than in other months; and at the time of the full moon in these months is still more enhanced. So far is the notion of this famous river's sanctity carried that the Puránas declare that the sight, the name, or the touch of Gangá takes away all sin, however heinous; that even the thinking of Gangá when at a distance from it, is enough to remove the taint of sin; while bathing in its stream confers blessings of which the imagination cannot conceive. The custom of carrying Ganges water to their houses by the Hindus for religious and medicinal purposes, and that of dragging their expiring relatives from their beds that they may die on its sacred brink, are too well known to be more than glanced at here.

When the moon is at the full in Asharh (June) many thousands of Hindus assemble at Prutapaguru, a spot to the west of Lucknow,

and bathe in the Godavari or in what remains of it at this dry season. On the last day of Choitru (March) there is also a large gathering at Moduphurpore (Muzufferpore), about sixteen miles from Patna, where the Gandakhi, the Sarayu, and the Ganges meet. The festival lasts eight days, and a large fair is held on the spot, to which horses, camels, and, as some say, children are brought for sale. On the same day some twenty thousand people, principally women, assemble at Ujodhya to bathe in the Sarayu.* These bathing festivals are in fact so many and so frequent that we cannot attempt to enumerate them here.

It was, doubtless, the constant movement of flowing water, its eddies and ripples, its gurgling murmurs or torrential roar, that led savage humanity from the earliest times to regard it as a thing endowed with life, while its fertilizing power and general usefulness to man soon obtained for it the attributes of divinity. In exactly the same way we can understand how the whispering of the leaves and the sough of the branches, made still more impressive by the lonely gloom of forest shades, would easily induce men from the first to look upon trees as living beings, and then, from the invaluable services they render, as beneficent deities.

Tree-worship has been widely prevalent in all ages of the world's history, and Fergusson† has associated it with serpent-worship as one of the primitive cults of mankind. It is well known to have formerly existed in Assyria, Greece, Poland, and France. The sacred groves of Germany, as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out, are mentioned by Tacitus, and the old Druidical worship of the oak is familiar to all English readers. Throughout the vast tracts of Central Africa trees are still objects of worship, and along the Guinea Coast almost every hamlet has its sacred grove. To the present day, in Europe, the village tree has survived, if not as a divinity, as a recognised and abiding institution, charged with the memories of past delights when

All the village train, from labour free,

Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,

and not ungifted with a kind of speechless sympathy for the joys and sorrows of its children, the villagers, over whose generations it has kept watch, from its station on the green, through the long years. Nay, has not the Laureate given this mute feeling a voice in verses which, at the same time, have nothing Wordsworthian in their tone :—

* Ward, *View of the Hindus*.

† Tree and Serpent Worship.

To yonder oak within the field
 I spoke without restraint,
And with a larger faith appeal'd
Than Papist unto saint.

For oft I talked with him apart,
 And told him all my choice,
 Until he plagiarised a heart,
 And answer'd with a voice.*

In the old days "the sound of a going (or marching) in the tops of the mulberry trees"† came to the most inspired of the Jewish kings as an omen and a signal for victorious attack upon the hereditary foes of his nation; and to-day the Hindu ryot in the darkening twilight hears, or thinks he hears, the topmost branches of the Pipal tree (*Ficus religiosa*), as the wind whispers amid its trembling leaves, "brushed by the hiss of rustling wings" of airy spirits.

Trees are worshipped as the forms of particular gods by the Hindus, who grow them near their dwellings and carefully tend them. They may be seen in the morning cleansing the surrounding space with water mixed with cow-dung, and in the evening placing there a tiny lamp in honour of these vegetable Penates. Hindu women who never go out into the streets will plant a sacred tree within the enclosure of their houses, that they may not lose the merit of watering it during the sultry months.

Trees used for sacrificial purposes are the Kadamba (*Sarcocophalus cadamba*), the Vata (*Ficus Indica*) or Banyan, the Bêl (*Egle marmelos*), the Jogyodamur (*Ficus glomerata*), the Tulsi (*Ocimum villosum* or *sanctum*), the Jawa (*Hibiscus rosa sinensis*), and some others. The Tulsi and the Vata are also particular objects of worship, and it is not uncommon to see a Hindu make a salaam to the Tulsi, or prostrate himself before it, repeating a form of prayer or praise. The Hindus have great faith in the power of its leaves to cure diseases, and use them with incantations to expel the poison of snakes. When a sick person is brought to the river side, his friends insert a branch of this tree in the ground near the dying man's head, and, walking round it, bow reverently to the plant—an act which is considered highly meritorious. The reputed origin of the worship of the Tulsi may be found by the curious reader on page 392 of Mr. Wilkins's "Hindu Mythology."‡

* "The Talking Oak." The italics are, of course, mine.

† 2 Sam. v, 24. The rustling of the trees indicated the presence of heavenly auxiliaries.

‡ Thacker, Spink & Co., 1882.

in consequence of this legend, the Hindus always place one leaf of the Tulsi upon, and another beneath, the Shalgrāma or sacred ammonite.*

As regards the Vata or Banyan, the Hindus not only prostrate themselves before it, but also occasionally pour milk or water at its root, and anoint it with oil and *sindur* (cinnabar), taking care to keep the spot clean and free from jungle.

Some trees again—such as the Pakar (*Ficus infectoria*), the Bakal (*Mimusops elengi*), the Nim (*Melia azadirachta*), the Haritaki (*Terminalia chebula*), the Amalaki (*Phyllanthus emblica*), the Madar (*Calotropis gigantea*)—are looked upon as harbouring the spirit of some god, and to cut down or injure one of these trees is sure to bring down the wrath of the inhabiting deity upon the offender's head.

There was, I have been told, a lunatic in the Dacca Asylum, whose grandfather had cut down a Madar tree, soon after which act of sacrilege not only did the man himself become mad, but his son and his grandson inherited his madness—the avenging curse of the deity, whose place of shelter he had rashly destroyed. A slip of the Shij or thorny Cactus (*Euphorbia nivulia*) is often planted by the Hindus in an earthen pot, and allowed to grow on the roof of their houses, in order to prevent cholera or any evil spirit from approaching their dwellings.

The practice of washing the leaves of the Běl and other trees before offering them to the gods is reputed to have arisen in the following way. It is related that the priest Anstabakra once visited the king Chatrabhana of Oude, and found him performing a fast. On his enquiring the cause, the king told him that he had been a fowler in a previous state of existence, and that one day, while in pursuit of game in a dense forest, he had lost his way and wandered about for the whole day without food. Being overtaken by the darkness, and fearing to be devoured by wild beasts, he climbed a Běl tree to pass the night amid its branches. There he began to reflect upon his miserable condition, and was so much affected that he wept like a child, whereupon a leaf, wet with his tears, dropt from the tree upon Siva, who with his wife happened to be sitting beneath. This pleased the god so much that Chatrabhana, notwithstanding his innumerable crimes, was admitted into heaven after his death, and, as a reward for that pious act, a kingdom was bestowed upon him in his present life. Thereupon, in gratitude to the

* Ward, *View of the Hindus*.

god, he established this fast, which the Hindus to this day observe on the day before the Amaboisha (new moon), in the month of Magh (January), and call it the Sib-chotur doshi; and hence also the reason why the priests introduced the washing of the Bél leaf before offering it, as a practice highly acceptable to the gods.

The minute and scrupulous Hindu ritual also prohibits some fruits and vegetables from being eaten on certain days, and attaches penalties to each offence. Thus, if a man eat the Kamra or sweet pumpkin (*Cucurbita pepo*) on the 1st or the 16th day of the moon, he will lose money; if he eat Brihati (*Solanum ferox*) on the 2nd or the 17th, he will be reduced to a mean condition; Putul or Pulbul (*Tricosanthus diæca*) eaten on the 3rd or the 18th will cause the increase of his enemies; radish eaten on the 4th or the 19th will bring him poverty; if he eat Bél on the 5th or the 20th, he will become miserable; if Nim Sar on the 6th or the 21st, he will become a beast in the world to come; cocoanut eaten on the 8th or the 23rd will make him a great dunce; and, worst of all, if he eat either the Lauká or white pumpkin (*Lagenaria vulgaris*) on the 9th or the 24th, or the Kalmi, the leaf of the water-lily, on the 10th or the 26th, he will become an out-caste, since these two things, when eaten on the prohibited days, are, by the Hindu ritual, regarded as equivalent to beef.

The origin of the worship of animals has hardly yet been satisfactorily explained, though some writers ascribe it to the practice of naming, first individuals, and then their families, after particular animals—the Totemism still so common among the American red-skins. Possibly in the case of the Indo-Aryans, the growth of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls led them to attach to animals the reverence that would be paid to dead ancestors, a reverence which might gradually be developed into an actual cult.

Among the animals worshipped by the Hindus, the cow, of course, stands pre-eminent. It is the symbol of plenty, is called the mother of the gods, and is declared to have been created by Brahmá at the same time with the Brahmans; so that, while the latter read the sacred formulas, the cow might afford milk and clarified butter for the burnt offerings. Cow-dung figures as the great purifier in the Hindu ceremonial, and many Brahmans will not go out of their houses in the morning till the door-way has been rubbed with cow-dung. The cow was created on the 1st of Boishakha (April), and this is the day of her annual worship. But those who are strict in their religious observance, worship the cow daily. After bathing they throw flowers at her feet and feed her with fresh grass, saying

"O Bhagavati (goddess), eat," and then walk round her three (or seven) times making obeisance. The Shastras contain many injunctions with reference to the treatment of cows, which animals, however, it is to be feared, benefit but little from the odour of sanctity that surrounds them. If, for instance, a man sell his cow, the sacred writings threaten him with the torments of hell during as many years as there are hairs on her body. If a man neglect to burn cow-dung in the cow-house to keep mosquitos away from the cows, he will descend into the hell of mosquitos and gadflies. The gift of a cow to a Brahman is an act of great merit. If, again, a cow die by violence or accident, the owner is bound, on pain of being out-casted, to make a *prdyashchit*, or present to the Brahmans; if he should be too poor to afford a present, he is obliged to go about with a strip of cloth twisted in the form of a rope round his neck, and beg for alms with which to propitiate the gods.*

The jackal is mentioned in the Tantras as an incarnation of Durgá, and hence all the worshippers of the female deities, especially the Brahmacharis, worship this animal. In temples dedicated to Durgá, in some parts of India, a stone image of a jackal is placed upon a pedestal and daily worshipped. When a jackal passes a Hindu he must bow to it, for the circumstance is most ominous; it is better to meet one on the left than on the right hand, and better still if the beast eyes the man as he passes.*

The looking upon the howling of dogs as a prognostic of misfortune is a very ancient superstition, common among the Romans, one of whose poets, alluding to the misfortunes of his countrymen in the Pharsalian war, writes

Obscænique canes, importunæque volucres

Signa dabant,

and in England we find scattered here and there various charms for averting the evil consequences believed to result from the howling of these creatures. Similarly in India the howling, both of dogs and of jackals, especially should the latter occur during daylight, is looked upon as ominous of misfortune, in the shape of plague or famine or family bereavement.

Of other animals, the long-tailed monkey, Hanumán, is held in particular veneration, especially at the well-known "monkey institution" in connection with the temple of Durgá at Benares. The elephant, the lion, the bull, the buffalo, the rat, the deer, the goat, are worshipped at the festivals of the gods whom they are respectively represented as carrying, *vis.*, of Indra, Durgá, Siva, Yama, Ganesa,

* Ward; *View of the Hindus*.

Pavan, and Brahmá. The cat is the *vahan* of Sastí, the goddess of married women, hence Hindu mothers especially avoid hurting this animal, lest the goddess should avenge herself on their children.

As denizens of the upper air, and as a kind of link between earth and heaven, man and the gods, birds would naturally become objects of worship with the primitive races, and after they had ceased to be *divinities* they would still remain the best *diviners*, for, sharing as they did in the counsels of the gods, from them would be derived the most trustworthy omens and prognostications of coming events.* Hence, among the Greeks, we find birds as the attendants and prophetic messengers of the gods: Zeus had his eagle, Apollo his hawk, Athenê her crane, and Aphroditê her doves. In the same way, among the Indo-Aryans, Vishnu rides upon the bird Garuda, the destroyer of serpents, and king of birds, perhaps representing the ibis, or the gigantic crane, the adjutant. According to the legend, the Garuda once obtained permission from one of the gods to devour all the serpents that he could find, and hence the Hindus when they lie down to sleep repeat this bird's name three times that so they may obtain protection from snakes during the night.†

The Shankaru Chîl or white-headed kite, commonly known as the Brahmani kite, is regarded as an incarnation of Durgá and revered as such by the Hindus, who bow to it whenever it passes them. They also honour the Khanjan or wagtail in the same manner, considering it as a form of Vishnu on account of the mark on its throat, which is supposed to resemble the Shalgráma, a form of Vishnu. The peacock, the goose, and the owl are worshipped at the festivals of Kartikeya, Brahmá, and Lakshmi respectively.‡

In all times the croaking raven and the "nightly owl" have been regarded as ominous of ill:

The raven himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements:

while Spencer speaks of

The ill-fac'd owle, death's dreadful messenger.

Similarly, in India, the croaking of a raven on a tree within any one's premises is looked upon as ominous of death to some member of the household, and it is, therefore, invariably driven away with cries of "Dúr, dúr (avaunt)!" Not only the owl but the vulture and any other unclean bird, such as the heron, the dove, and the

* Keary, *Outlines of Primitive Belief*.

† Wilkins, *Hindu Mythology*.

‡ Ward, *View of the Hindus*.

hawk, if they perch upon a house, also betoken the death of one of the inmates, or some other severe calamity. The means to prevent this are somewhat expensive: the house, or its value in money, must be given to the Brahmans; or a peace offering of an extraordinary nature must be offered, and propitiatory oblations be made to Vishnu and the nine planets, to Udbhuta and to the household gods; and the Brahmans must be entertained with clarified butter, rice, and milk, besides the payment of a handsome sacrificial fee.* By the Mahomedans the crowing of a cock in the early part of the night is regarded as an omen of death or other grave misfortune.

According to the Purānas the fish was one of the incarnations of Vishnu, but the worship of fishes does not appear to be common in India. The Hindu women, however, residing on the banks of the Padma, on the 5th of the waxing of the moon in Magh (January) are accustomed to worship the Hilsa fish when it first arrives in the river, and can then partake of it without fear of injuring their health.†

Formerly, in England, for a bridal party to come across a lizard on their way to church was looked upon as fatal to the happiness of the union;‡ and, with the Hindus, the *Tiktiki* or lizard is a highly ominous creature. To a person going out of doors on some errand or starting on a journey, the *tick* of this little animal is a sure sign of evil, and accordingly the business must be deferred to some more propitious season. It is of great importance, however, to notice the direction whence the sound proceeds; for, should it be heard over one's head, from the north-west, or from the north, success, wealth, or the realization of one's wishes will be the consequence, as the case may be; whereas, if the sound comes from the east, the south-east, the south, the west, or the north-west, it indicates that danger, disease, animosity, discord, or death will respectively overtake the unfortunate victim. Again, should a lizard fall upon a person's head, he will become a king; should it fall on his cheek or neck, he will wear new ornaments; if on his eye or left side, it is a token that he will meet an intimate friend; if on the nose, he will enjoy sweet perfumes; if on the mouth, he will eat sweetmeats; if on the breast, he will be fortunate; if on the back, he will come into the possession of landed property; if on the waist, he will have new clothes; if on the thigh, he will die prematurely; if on the foot, he will be driven forth from house and home; while if it fall on his right side, he will quarrel with his friends.

* Ward, *View of the Hindus*.

† Dyer, *English Folklore*.

Passing to folklore superstitions of a more general character, we find the belief that eclipses are caused by evil spirits or demons who attack or devour the sun or moon still prevalent in many regions both of Asia and Africa, as well as among the American Indians. Hence we can understand the ill-omened character attributed to these occurrences. "These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us," says Gloucester in *King Lear*. Thus, during an eclipse of either sun or moon, a woman in a state of pregnancy must not cut anything with a knife, otherwise her expected offspring is likely to be born *minus* a limb, or disfigured by a hare-lip or some other deformity. During one of these phenomena, also, all the earthen utensils of the household must be thrown away, and new ones taken into use after the eclipse is over. This is done because Ráhu, the black demon, who is supposed to swallow the sun or moon when an eclipse takes place, is an out-caste and unclean, and hence his mere reappearance in the universe pollutes everything connected with the kitchen and larder. No food consequently can be taken during an eclipse, and the majority of the Hindus observe a strict fast on the day on which it occurs.

Reflex motions of the body carry their particular prognostications. The tingling of the ears and the burning of the cheek are still commonly regarded, in England and other European countries, as having their special significance. Similarly the quivering of various parts of the body is, among the Hindus, considered as ominous. If the sensation occurs in any part of the head, then the man who feels it will be a king; if in the forehead or the thigh, he will die prematurely; if in the eye, he will have an increase of servants or dependants, or else he will gain wealth; if in the arm, it betokens his marriage; if in the back, defeat in battle; but if felt in the breast, it prognosticates victory.

Constant nodding or dozing is considered unlucky; and should a person in dozing fall against another sitting beside him, the latter is at liberty to administer either seven or nine kicks or thumps to the offender with the view of warding off the contagion of ill luck that would otherwise befall him. The Hindu practice of filipping a person on the mouth when he yawns probably owes its origin to a similar superstition.

But want of space rather than deficiency of materials compels me to draw to a conclusion. Two conclusions are pointed to by the investigation and comparison of popular tradition. One is, in the words of Sir George Cox, that "it owes its existence to words and

phrases which expressed the sensations and thoughts awakened in primitive generations of mankind by the sights and sounds of the outward world." The other is the essential unity of Aryan mythology and folklore ; a unity which is also maintained in the case of Turanian tradition as regards its lower phases, but not in relation to the higher imaginative beliefs, which seem to be the distinguishing characteristic of the former ; a conclusion which carries us back again to the consideration with which the present paper opens.

W.

LILIES AND ROSES.

The flowers break forth
 In white and amber clusters,
 At the breath of thy pure presence,
 And the radiance on thy brow.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

1.

I have a garden lonely,
 Love planned in cunning wise ;
 Where every flower blooms only
 To please my lady's eyes.

Up glance the snowdrops tender,
 Her loveliness to spy ;
 And little violets render
 Sweet tribute silently.

To wander there her will is,
 When spring its buds uncloses ;—
 A lily she of lilies
 And a rose of roses.

2.

My love has dainty fancies
 And thoughts both blithe and sad ;
 And my quaint garden pansies
 They know her step and are glad.

And there when sometimes hold her
 Grave moods and lofty dreams,
 Each full-blown rose seems bolder,
 Each lily prouder seems.

And when faint noon has found her,
 Sleep nestling in her eyes,
 Light airs that hover round her
 Hush all their perfumed sighs.

3.

My love, in quest of posies,
 'Into my garden came ;
And all my garden roses
 Blushed red with love and shame.

The golden daffodillies
 Flamed, as my love drew near ;
And all the stately lilies
 Turned pale with love and fear.

The violets did uncover
 Their purples shy and sweet ;
And the apple-boughs above her
 Dropt pink-white blooms at her feet.

4.

I gave my love a posy
 With lilies and roses dight ;—
She turned as the roses, rosy,
 And then as the lilies, white.

The violets' odours quickened,
 Brightened the daffodils' gold,
And the apple-blossoms thickened
 That did her steps enfold.

5.

A great cloud westward sweeping
 Hung forth its shadowy veil,
Over the roses creeping,
 Over the lilies pale.

Each violet back did cower,
 Wan waxed each daffodil,
And a single apple-flower
 Slowly fell and was still.

6.

No more in the garden I tended
 The feet of my love shall tread ;
For the song of the lilies is ended,
 And the roses are dead.

W. TREGO WEBB.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

INDIAN IDYLLS. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. *London: Triibner & Co.* 1883.—Mr. Arnold, as the popular exponent and interpreter of the poetry of India for English readers, is naturally prone to magnify his office. He admits, indeed, in his Preface to the volume before us, that of the 220,000 lines which go to make up the Mahábhárata as it now exists, many consist of "large additions and corrections interpolated in Brahmanic or post-Buddhistic times;" and, further, that even a cursory examination of this huge poem will disclose "defects, excrescences, differences, and breaks of artistic style and structure." But this is to take a comparatively mild view of the matter. There seems to be no doubt that, in the case of the Mahábhárata, the original epos is imbedded and overwhelmed beneath a mountain of extraneous matter which has gradually accumulated itself upon and around it; and that the early framework of the poem is almost entirely lost and hidden under the monstrous pile of dreary interpolations and cumbrous accretions which Brahmanical fancies and priestly ambition have heaped upon it. Hence it is that much of this vast poem, though so highly revered by the Hindus, can have but little interest for ordinary Western readers. For, while other epics, such as the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* as they have come down to us, partake, doubtless, of the same composite character, yet in their case the main lines of the old legends are preserved and the stories move on with but few breaks and inconsistencies; whereas, in the case of the Hindu epic, the narrative is continually interrupted and confused by miraculous incidents and episodes of asceticism, which, however much they may redound to the ascendancy of the Brahmans and the sanctity of caste, destroy the artistic continuity of the poem, and spoil, in a great measure, its interest for any save the orthodox Hindu or the European archæologist.

Further, Mr. Arnold claims for the simpler and nobler sections of the Mahábhárata "an origin," to use his own words, "anterior to writing, anterior to Puránic theology, anterior to Homer, perhaps even to Moses." The evidence in support of this somewhat bold contention is, the writer tells us, too long and recondite for citation

in his Preface, but we may remark that one point which he does mention, *vis.*, that the Sanscrit verse of these sections is "oftimes as musical and highly-wrought as Homer's own Greek," would hardly appear to be an argument in favour of their high antiquity. The fact is the question is one that is, and must be, involved in the greatest uncertainty. One conclusion, however, may be safely arrived at, *vis.*, that the war between the Pandavas and the Kauravas, which forms its main subject, is one version of the Achaian or Hellenic myth which relates the wars of the Heraclidæ or descendants of Hercules, and that the framework of both stories belongs to that distant time when the Aryan forefathers of the Hindu and the Greek had still their common home in Central Asia.* Similarly the legend of Krishna, occurring in the Mahābhārata, is merely another form of the old Greek story of Cephalus and Procris, where both Krishna and Cephalus represent the sun-god that looks down upon and loves the dewdrops which reflect his splendour.

To return, however, to the confused character of the great Hindu epic, it is this consideration which justifies the selective method adopted by Mr. Arnold, and renders his able and sympathetic interpretations the more interesting and valuable. His present work comprises blank verse translations of five fresh selections from the mighty Sanscrit poem, along with three others which have already appeared in the author's "Indian Poetry," also one of Trübner's Oriental publications. It is somewhat difficult to see the reason or propriety of reproducing parts of a previously published volume in a new one of the same series.

In the later poems the blank verse does not appear to be so carefully and musically written as in the older versions. Take, for instance, the following passage from "Sāvitṛī; or Love and Death," the translation with which the volume opens:—

She (Sāvitṛī) set herself to make the "Three-fold Fast,"
Three days and nights foregoing food and sleep;
Which when the King Dyumutsena heard,
Sorrowful he arose and spake her thus:
"Daughter! a heavy task thou takest on;
Hardly the saintliest soul might such abide."

In this passage the fourth line, besides being defective in its rhythm, is hardly grammatical; the line that follows is, if anything, worse, its syntax also being faulty ("takest on" being put apparently for "takest upon thyself"); while the style of the whole extract is inelegant and prosaic. The myth itself relating the wisely affection

of Sāvitrī who unweariedly follows the death-god Yama till he at length yields up her husband's ravished life as the final reward of her devotion, is a slightly different version of the Greek legend of Admetus and Alcestis, the loving bride who dies for her husband and is afterwards rescued from the grasp of death by Hercules. In the former version, Sāvitrī is the Dawn who follows her husband the Sun into the night of death, to bring him back again in revived splendour ; in the latter, it is the Dawn, Alcestis, the bride of the Sun, that must die, but only to live again restored to her lord in all her pristine beauty.

Mr. Arnold, however, if he nods sometimes, retains still his old power of pictorial delineation. The following melodious verses, forming part of a description of the wild forest through which Damayanti wandered in quest of her lost husband, Nala, may be cited in illustration :—

Therewith were intermixed—

Round pools where rocked the lotus—Amalaks,
Plakshas with fluted leaves, Kadambas sweet,
Udumbaras ; and on the jungle-edge
Tangles of reed and jujube, whence there rose
Bél-trees and Nyagrodhas, dropping roots
Out of the air ; broad-leaved Priyālas ; palms,
And date-trees ; and the gold Myrolaban,
And plant of fear, Vibhītika. All these
Crowded the wood ; and many a crag it held
With precious ore of metals interveined ;
And many a creeper-covered cave, wherein
The spoken word rolled round ; and many a cleft
Where the thick stems were like a wall to see.

The whole passage, from which a part has been quoted, is remarkable for the musical sense imparted to it by the skilful use of proper names, an art whose melodious effects Homer and Vergil, and Milton after them, knew so well.

The main feature of the story of Nala, the loss of his wife and kingdom by gambling, after which he is compelled to lead a hermit's life in the forest, is merely a repetition of what happened to King Yudisthira and Draupadī, and seems to be a favourite catastrophe in Hindu legend. It reappears as one of the incidents in the life of the Punjáb hero, Raja Rasālu, whose "Adventures" we reviewed in our last number. Similarly Damayanti's determination not to allow her husband to proceed alone to the forest—

Ah no ! while thou dost muse on good days fled,
Hungry and weeping, I in this wild waste
Will charm thy griefs away, solacing thee—

is closely paralleled by the similar behaviour of Sith towards her husband Rāma in the *Rāmāyana*. In English song it forms, as our readers will remember, the *raison d'être* of the ballad of the "Nut-brown Maid."

In conclusion, we can recommend these idylls, many of which possess an old-world pathos of their own, to those of our readers who may wish to make an easy and pleasant acquaintance with some of the noblest and most touching episodes of the great Hindu epic.

NOTES ON CRIME AND CRIMINALS ON THE PESHAWAR FRONTIER. By G. R. Elsmie, B. C. S., Judge of the Chief Court of the Punjab, and late Additional Commissioner and Sessions Judge, Peshāwar. *Lahore: W. Ball.* 1884.—The ordinary non-professional reader who may open these records of leading types of Pathān crime will find that they possess all the ghastly interest of a Newgate Calendar; while young officers on the Frontier, for whose assistance they are more particularly designed, will find them a most useful aid towards the detection and punishment of those offences, of the worst conceivable kind, that are of almost daily occurrence along the Afghān Border. The principal crime dealt with is of course murder,—“murder in all its phases: unblushing assassination in broad daylight, before a crowd of witnesses; the carefully planned secret murder of sleeping victims at dead of night; murder by robbers; murder by rioters; murder by poisoners; murder by boys, and even by women, sword in hand.” At the time of the annexation of the Punjab in 1849-50 murders are said to have been committed at the rate of one *per diem* in the Peshāwar District; in 1878 the number had fallen to 53 for the year. This result is due, no doubt in some measure, to the quality of the work of the Sessions Court, over which Mr. Elsmie presided, and also to the judicious use of No. 14 of 1873 of the Frontier Regulations, whereby the Deputy Commissioners of certain districts are empowered to refer cases to the decision of a *Presbytery* or *jirgah* of Pathāns or Bilochs, convened according to ancient usage; these councils of elders can punish only by fine; but, the author thinks, there is little doubt that they are able to bring home crime to many offenders against whom sufficient evidence could not be adduced in a British Court of justice.

The two great causes of quarrel between Pathāns, as they themselves confess, are land and women. “With all his blood-thirstiness and general haughtiness,” says Sir Richard Temple in his “*Oriental Experiences*,” “the Afghān as a farmer and cultivator

is second to few in the world"; and in the Pesháwar Valley disputes regarding interests in land and irrigation give rise to much violent crime. But the old question "What is her name?" might be appropriately asked in the majority of Pathán murder cases. It is not only husbands that consider themselves bound to a bloody revenge for wrong: brothers will seek to destroy the injurer of their sisters or sisters-in-law: parents will murder their daughters who have been dishonoured before marriage: disappointed lovers will kill from jealous spite innocent girls whom they have been unable to obtain in marriage,—the latter form of vengeance being one not entirely unknown to the civilized West. And jealousy in cases where none of the opposite sex is involved is so frequent that it is said to be hardly ever absent from the minds of native assessors in Pesháwar trials as a possible motive for murder.

In a word, the spirit of murder seems latent in the Pesháwar Valley; and, given a motive for revenge, murder is to the Pathán the natural and warrantable result.

Mr. Elsmie thinks that little dependence can be placed on the action of the village police, and less on that of the regular police, for the detection of crime. "Though the people know the avowed design of one person to kill another, no one will attempt to prevent it by word or deed. The village watchmen, not being regularly paid, are thoroughly inefficient."—(Review by Punjab Government of Police Report for 1871.) Again: "The fact is the police are altogether wanting in detective ability. * * *. It seems to be thought that it is the business of the friends of the murdered men to find out the murderer and to produce the evidence."—(Report of Sessions Judge of Pesháwar for 1883.) Moreover, a standing source of difficulty with which both village and regular police must contend is the proximity of independent territory. Escape across the border is easy and the murderer finds a ready asylum with a society that approves of murder.

As a specimen of the style of crime not uncommon among Afgháns, we quote, from the criminal's own confession, the details of a murder by a woman of the Kohat District, and the judgment of the Sessions Court.

"Ghufár, deceased, was my husband's sister's son. From his infancy he has lived with me, and I have treated him as if he were my son. For the past six years he was a bad character, and one night he came into my house and on to my charpoy and dishonoured me by force. For shame I never told any one of this, but I told deceased that sooner or later he would come to harm. He replied: "Is there any one who will kill me?" I answered that I would kill him myself some time or other. Since then he has frequently robbed me of my

goods, notwithstanding remonstrance on my part. Four months ago, deceased married Mussammát Asha, a prostitute. About three days before his murder, deceased, on pretence of a quarrel about the children, struck me a blow on the left arm with a stick. As I kept in mind my intention of killing him ever since he dishonoured me, I waited until some night I should find him sleeping alone, intending then to kill him. On the night of the murder I saw him sleeping alone on his charpoy. It was about ten o'clock at night, when I took the large knife (Afgháni *chakra*) from my house (the knife before the Court), and with both my hands I struck deceased on the right arm, cutting it through. Deceased called out: 'What you said you have done.' I replied: 'Yes! it is necessary to kill one's enemy oneself.' I took the knife with me outside and I told Músa, lambardar, when he came up, that I had killed deceased. In the meantime Mussammát Asha appeared, crying out that some one had killed Ghufár. I said I had done the deed, and I re-entered and, in her presence, I struck deceased a second blow across the neck, and he died. Músa and Sheru and Abdulla Sháh came up and arrested me with the weapon in my hand. I and deceased lived in the same enclosure, but in different houses. I murdered deceased with the knife before the Court. I had no accomplices.

I took the knife in both hands and struck deceased with all my force across the right arm, believing that I had either killed him or that he would die from the effects. He did not die, but was crying out, and on finding that he was still alive I returned and with both hands I struck him again with the knife across the throat. There was scarcely any interval between the two blows."

* * * * *

JUDGMENT.—5th August 1873.

This is one of the clearest cases which has ever come before me. The prisoner has pleaded guilty to the charge of murder, and I can see no reason why she should not be convicted on her own plea. The facts are clearly and concisely set forth in the Magistrate's committing order, and they are described by the woman herself. The motive assigned by the woman for her deed is that deceased, who was her husband's nephew, raped her three years ago. She declares that she resolved to be revenged upon him, and awaited her opportunity. There is no evidence forthcoming as to the alleged rape; but even if it be conceded that that offence was actually committed, I am unable to find any sufficient reason for not passing a capital sentence. The murder was cold-blooded, treacherous, and even, according to the prisoner's own showing, it had been premeditated for a very long time. If I were to refrain from passing a capital sentence, the only reason I could give for my forbearance would be that as the prisoner is a woman and that as the law provides an alternative punishment, one would naturally desire to sentence a woman to the lesser penalty. But I feel certain that it is not the intention of the law that an intelligent, deliberate murderess of the type of the prisoner who now stands before the Court, should escape the extreme penalty on consideration of her sex alone.

Mr. Elsmie adds that the sentence of death was confirmed by the Chief Court, but that he was himself by no means satisfied that the murderess gave the true motive for her act. Ghufár's recent marriage might have excited her jealousy, if it were supposed that they had previously carried on an intrigue.

Some interesting cases are quoted of killing of wrong-doers, robbers and adulterers ; and also one of murder of the "wrong" man by mistake.

The concluding chapter of the book is devoted to practical advice on points touched on in the judgments quoted, such as the "credibility of oral testimony" and the "value of the opinion of assessors." Many of Mr. Elsmie's remarks might be studied with profit in other districts of India far south of Pesháwar. The book is calculated to be as instructive as it is interesting.

WOMANISH ; OR, HOW MY NEIGHBOUR MARRIED HIS BOY AND GIRL. By K. Raghunathji. Reprinted from *The Orient*.—The Anglo-Indian is apt to judge of all native writings by the feeble rubbish of the vernacular periodical press and the sublime balderdash that so distinguishes the Indian B.A. when he takes it into his head to make a speech and get it published ; but it is very far from the truth to say that all, or nearly all, that is written and thought by the natives of India consists of the noisy ravings of half-educated babus. Behind all the empty flourish of trumpets of the native "editor" is to be heard the still small voice of the earnest native "reformer," if one will only listen long and attentively enough. The "editor" is noisy, because it is the nature of emptiness to be loud and vain ; and the "reformer" goes quietly and silently about his work because it is the nature of worth and earnestness to be quiet and silent. It is the old, old story of the still waters and the half-filled pitchers ; the emptiness within the drum.

In looking over advertisements in books and newspapers it is not uncommon to see a work advertised, without any particular show about it, as treating the introduction of widow marriage and the abolition of that of babes and children. Small and for the most part earnest and useful papers are started for these and similar objects, and societies got up to propagate them. Now and then a man of mark and position gives his countenance to the schemes of reform, but there is little noise about it all—a paragraph in a newspaper corner, a meeting of an obscure local society and a donation. That is all ; but the good work goes on nevertheless.

In Faizabad, in Oudh, there is printed a small periodical in Urdu called the *Arorâns Parkâsh*, which aims at reforming the Aroras only, a caste claiming kinship with the Khatris, and this is reprinted in Gurmukhî characters at Lahore, where the caste is most numerous. All over Northern India the late Swámí Dáyá-nand Saraswatî's Society, the Aryá Samâj, is doing quiet reforming

work, some of it at the personal risk of the members, among whom are to be found men bold enough to withstand caste prejudices. This religious teacher's great work of translating the Vedas into the *bhāṣā*, the language understood of the people, still proceeds month by month, taken up by another hand where death compelled him to leave off. In Lahore is published *Beeve-ki-faryād*, ~~the~~ *Widow's Appeal*, in Urdu, purporting to be a didactic novel, though it bears little enough resemblance to what we English would call such. It is a sort of life of a Hindu "caste" girl from marriage to widowhood. Rewards by advertisement are sometimes offered to widows by rich persons if they will remarry, and sometimes in the native papers are to be found advertisements of men willing to marry widows. Strange and funny as many of them seem to us, they are penned in real earnest, and betoken a breaking away from caste prejudices and familiar teachings in a manner most of us little reckon of. And so the work goes on.

The *brochure* before us is one of the works aiming at reforming child marriage and the extravagances indulged in on such occasions. Written by a native, it has a force that no English writer could impart to the subject, and is of course full of "local colour." It purports to tell how a worthy Hindu of education, a henpecked clerk in an office, is cajoled into marrying off his two children, a boy and a girl, by his wife and female relatives; how the extravagances he unwillingly indulged in lead him into debt, and debt to loss of office and thus to loss of his hereditary homestead, and so to suicide. The whole story is exaggerated, no doubt, to give force to the moral, but there is much to interest and attract the attention as the story proceeds.

The poor father, highly educated and knowing much better, is coerced into consenting to the marriage by his wife, egged on by the family priest, mainly by the taunt that he is a reformer, a man belonging to the newfangled sects. This no doubt is a rock on which many a good man is shipwrecked. And then the pitiful story proceeds, how the priest, while disclaiming all worldly motives, sticks to his extravagant fees, how the wily banker cajoles the wife into inducing her husband to sign away his birth-right for the money necessary for the weddings, how one extravagance leads to another, and how even then the harpies who feast on such occasions are not satisfied.

There is one amusing point well brought out. The wife who has said never a word at the fees to the Brahmans, to the ridiculous

demands of the brass band, and to the preposterous bill for cocoanuts, sticks at the printed invitations. The printer's bill for 300 cards is six rupees, but Krishnabai cries out, "What for? a few shreds of paper blotted over with ink six rupees! I wouldn't give six pice!" Her husband, however, well knows what he is about, and insists on paying what is really a moderate charge.

The *brochure* ends with an account of the sad and lonely widowhood of Krishnabai, when "she understands that neither the gods nor destiny are to be blamed for the desolate and wretched old age that lies before her, but only her own obstinate folly and wickedness."

And it is to be hoped, for their own benefit, that the Hindus at large will learn the same lesson.

THE CREAM

OF

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

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THE FUTURE OF THE CONGO.—The enormous central mass of tropical Africa seemed as if foredoomed by nature to isolation. North and south it is hemmed in by thirst; east and west by fever; and lest deserts and swamps should prove ineffectual, cataracts and rapids are added. Here, then, the conquests of civilization must be by assault rather than by simple advance. That assault is even now being delivered on the barricaded approaches constituted by the Nile, the Niger, the Zambesi, and the Congo, by the simultaneous advance of the Christian Powers on all the African coasts, Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, the Red Sea, Madagascar, South Africa, and the Congo.

Meanwhile the scattered efforts of travellers and missionaries have been aided by the action of an organised and organising body. Although eight years have not yet elapsed since its foundation, the International African Association takes rank amongst the great powers of the world.

In September 1876, a conference met at Brussels with a view to afford the means of combining their energies to all, without distinction of country, interested in the welfare of Africa. An Association was formed, of which his Majesty the King of the Belgians accepted the presidency; and to his royal munificence and zealous personal supervision the

extraordinary success, so far, of one of the most conspicuous and, at least in its inception, one of the noblest enterprises of our time, is mainly due. The objects of the Association were such as would, it was hoped, appease national rivalry and secure universal co-operation. Excluding and disclaiming all purposes of political or mercantile aggrandisement, they rested on the broadest principles of philanthropy and civil culture. The abolition of the slave trade, the rescue from barbarism of a large section of the human race, the enlargement of geographical and scientific knowledge, were alone aimed at; and the means designed to be used for the securing of those ends were of an equally peaceable, disinterested, and irreproachable character with the ends themselves.

Twice before a similar design was formed and proved abortive—once by João II of Portugal (1481—95), who aspired to penetrate and Christianise the interior of Africa and join hands with the legendary Prester John, and again by the African Association, founded in London in 1788, which enlisted the services of Mungo Park, but was merged, in 1807, in the more purely humanitarian "African Institution."

In 1876, the prospect was brighter. The slave trade was prohibited, the route from Zanzibar to the equatorial lakes had become almost a beaten path, and the Savage Court of Uganda by the shores of Lake Victoria had become the familiar rendezvous of the pioneers of light in the dark heart of Africa.

From the east, then, the International Association resolved to begin its labours, proceeding thence, step by step, westward as time and opportunity should admit. A chain of posts, forming so many oases of culture in the wilderness of barbarism, was thus gradually to be drawn across the whole of the as yet trackless equatorial region, and beneficent enterprise of every kind was to be assured, at convenient intervals, a refuge, a starting-point, and a link of communication with the extra-African world. They were to be, in short, ganglia in a vast nervous system of civilising influences. The first international station, then, was founded in August 1879 at Karema, on the eastern declivity of the rifted hollow forming Lake Tanganyika, and a second, on the western shore, has since been added. In the meantime, however, an event had occurred by which a totally new complexion was given to African enterprise. Stanley had crossed the continent by the great waterway of the Congo.

The Congo, the expiring ripples of whose impetuous flood are said by seamen to be felt 300 miles off the West Coast, has no delta. It discharges into the sea by a single, unbroken estuary, 7½ miles across, with a depth of 200 fathoms or more, and a current running at 5 to 7 knots an hour. It stands next only to the Amazon for the unvarying copiousness of its waters, a volume estimated at 2,000,000 cubic feet per second, and it never runs low. This noble stream was first made known to Europe by Diogo Cam, a Portuguese

navigator, in 1484, and it derives its present name (it was formerly called the Zaire, a corruption of the local title *Nzadi*, "river") from the powerful native kingdom of Congo, since disintegrated, through which it flowed to the sea.

The origin of this mighty equatorial drain long remained involved in obscurity.

On March 31, 1871, at Nyangwe, some two hundred miles west of Lake Tanganyika, Dr. Livingstone stood on the bank of a great river rolling a dark-brown flood, at the rate of two miles an hour, towards the north. With the earlier stages of its career he was already in some degree acquainted; he had, indeed, contributed more than any other towards their elucidation. Rising in the Mapurumuka Mountains, a couple of score of miles east and south of the southern extremity of Tanganyika, at an altitude of 4,600 feet above the sea, it assumes from the first, under the name of the Chambeze, the character of a majestic stream; forms and traverses the vast sheet of Lake Bangweolo; leaves it, as the Luaqula, to reverse its southern flow, and fill the extensive basin of Lake Moero; whence it emerges, with the title and bulk of the Lualaba, to bear past Nyangwe, in the lowest ebb of the dry season, an estimated volume of 124,000 cubic feet of water per second. The more attentively Livingstone considered these imposing proportions, the more intimately he became convinced that he had before his eyes the upper course of the Nile—the true aqueous trunk, of which the Victoria Nile was only one of the principal branches. He refused to believe—although his persuasion was aided by desire, and not untroubled by misgiving—that any inferior stream to that of the Pharaohs and the Pyramids could present, from the first, so noble an aspect. And in the fatal and fallacious pursuit of a discovery to which he clung with tenacious enthusiasm, as the destined crown of an illustrious career, he died in the wilderness, May 4, 1873.

In truth, the comparison of volumes, as well as of levels, rendered his supposition an impossible one. The Lualaba carries three times as much water as the White Nile, and its valley lies considerably *below* the valley of the Upper Nile. But, if not the Nile, the Lualaba could be no other than the Congo; and of this view Stanley's memorable voyage in 1877 was the practical demonstration.

The International Association was prompt to seize the full bearings of the situation. On November 25th, 1878, the Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo was formed; the scene of action was shifted from the eastern to the western verge of the African plateau; and the services of Stanley were engaged. Of the difficulties of the enterprise, and of the inducements to vanquish those difficulties, we will now attempt to give some idea.

The whole of Central Africa constituted in ancient times, according to the conjecture of geologists, one vast inland sea, of which the present lake-systems are the scattered and diminished representatives. Through the channels of the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Congo, when these rivers had found or forced their several issues to the coast, the superfluous waters gradually

drained off, leaving exposed a boundless field for the riotous prodigality of tropical vegetation, and the restricted needs of savage man. The western edge of this elevated interior basin is flanked by a massive bulwark of Cambrian rocks, hardly rising to the dignity, yet bristling with the asperities, of a mountain range. This mass of slate, sandstone, quartzite, and shales, 200 miles across, and 1,500 to 2,500 or 3,000 feet in altitude, runs approximately parallel to and at an average distance of perhaps fifty miles from the coast, here and there showing traces of the volcanic action by which its elevation was doubtless accompanied. This formidable barrier the Congo alone has completely succeeded in penetrating. Other rivers debouching on the West Coast—the Ogowe, the Kuilu, the Quanza—take their rise within its gullies and hillsides; but for the extensive overflow of the equatorial rains no more than one waste-pipe is provided. It is necessarily such a capacious one as we find it.

The passage, however, is not easily effected. Throughout, it bears the marks of struggle and violence. Too impetuous to be arrested, the strong rush of the stream is continually harassed by obstructions, which produce and appear in the thirty-two cataracts of the Middle Congo.

Below all is smooth. At the very mouth of the estuary, on its northern shore, a commodious harbour is formed and protected by a narrow spit of land, fortified against the encroachments of the river on one side, and the sea on the other, by arts with which the Dutch—its earliest occupants—have become familiar in their native country. Here is situated the important settlement called—*lucus à non lucendo*—‘Banana,’ no specimen of that invaluable plant being discoverable in the neighbourhood. The most prominent feature in the vegetation for a score and upwards of miles along the river—as far, indeed, as mud and brackish water extend—is the amphibious mangrove,—the pile-dweller, it might be said, amongst trees—raising itself on a tangled mass of subaërial roots above the swamps which it haunts, embowers, and eventually solidifies into dry land. Behind, ‘the Bush’ stretches inland; a magnificent growth, such as the Tropics alone can show, of palms in infinite variety—giant-palms, dwarf-palms, wine-palms, oil-palms, date-palms (*Phoenix spinosa*), of stately bombaxes, flecked with the snowy tufts of their bursting seed-pods, delicate acacias, ungainly baobabs, hung over, like a Christmas tree, with waxen flowers and pink-fleshed calabashes—all profusely intertwined and festooned with parasite creepers, and here and there illuminated, through the gloom of over-arching foliage, with a vivid blaze of ardent colour.

At Ponta da Lenha, some 35 miles from Banana, ocean-navigation ceases, and the river divides into three branches. At Boma, 30 miles higher up, the true trough of the Congo is entered.

Constricted by rocky banks, gradually rising, as the barrier-district is more deeply penetrated, to precipitous heights of 1,000 feet, the stream rushes and swirls, as if impatient for the freedom of the plain. It exchanges, in a word, more and more completely its character of a great water highway for that of a mountain torrent on a gigantic scale. At Vivi, 115 miles from the coast, this unwelcome transformation becomes unmistakable. Here the region of cataracts begins which terminates at Stanley Pool—a distance directly traversed,

of 140 miles, but lengthened out by the uneasy sinuosities of the vexed water to 230. The last and most terrible stage of Stanley's descending journey was here, where the river seemed to have become endowed with a demoniac power of almost personal malignity, from the long struggle with which he came out victorious, but with hair whitened as if by the lapse of half a lifetime.

The shores of the river are scarcely more practicable for travel than its surface, the rolling uplands being intersected by numerous, profound, and precipitous ravines, the work and the beds of multitudinous torrents.

The labour of traversing these endless groups of separate elevations is indefinitely aggravated by the gigantic and *ferocious* grasses (we use the word advisedly)—standing six to ten, or even sixteen feet high—with which they are not so much clothed as defended. Grass in Africa bears much the same relation to the tender herbage of our English meadows that a crocodile watching for his prey on a tropical river-bank bears to the harmless lizard that slips unheeded across a woodland path in Devonshire. It shows the full capabilities for offence of the structure. The graminaceous foes of the traveller are separately armed for cutting, bruising, and pricking; they drench him with hoarded moisture; they discharge upon him showers of barbed missiles; they obstruct his sight; they entangle his feet; they form an ambush for his foes. Their reign, however, is not perennial. When, with the advance of the rainless season, the grassy jungle becomes dry and sere, the natives set it on fire, not otherwise than in the days when Hanno and his Phœnicians were terrified by the 'igneous floods' with which, night after night, the unknown torrid shore was deluged. These annual conflagrations present a curious, and sometimes an imposing, spectacle, as they sweep in billowy volumes of smoke and fire over the hills attended by rapacious flocks of eagles, vultures, and hawks, watching to pounce on the half-guiled vermin unhoused by the unlooked-for calamity.

At Stanley Pool, a new region—the region of the Upper Congo—opens. Here will be placed the focus of European intercourse with Central Africa. Hither the native routes converge; and from hence upwards the great river can be navigated for close upon a thousand miles, with steamers equal to the largest of those that ply upon the Mississippi,—giving access to an area of 900,000 square miles of country, perhaps the most fertile on the face of the globe.

Stanley Pool is a rudely circular expanse twenty-three miles in diameter, the unruffled tranquillity of which affords a marked and pleasing contrast to the furious agitations of the foaming tracts below. It is formed by the separation or decay of the picturesque sandstone bluffs which guard the course of the river as it descends in a south-easterly direction from the Equator. With eyes hungry for home, Stanley seized a reminiscence of England in the resplendent white ridge surmounted with emerald verdure stretching to his right as he entered the Pool from above; and though the likeness be scarcely more than skin-deep, it has since then borne the name of 'Dover Cliffs.' The lacustrine scene thus heralded is varied by many islands, some affording a foothold to noble specimens of the palm tribe, some mere floating rafts of bamboo and papyrus; enlivened by the operations and cries of a busy populace of ibises, parrots, pelicans, cormorants,

adjutants, scissors-bills, spur-winged geese, scarlet-beaked terns, by the heavy plunge of a hippopotamus, or the snort and splash of a buffalo ; softened by the gentle undulations of the folded hills, clad in the velvety plumage of primeval forest, or in perfumed draperies of jasmine and landolphia ; while a background of more distant and elevated ranges adds a dignity the spectator is too much pleased and occupied to miss.

The surface of this lake (for so it may be called) lies—in round numbers—1,000 feet above the sea, and is removed from it 345 miles by the devious course of the river, or about 280 in a straight line. The climate is all that could be desired. During the hottest season the thermometer seldom rises above 87° in the shade, and with due attention to the native precaution of building on elevated ground, there appears little reason to fear malaria.

Since, across the broad equatorial belt of the earth, the rains follow the sun, and the sun passes twice a year through the zenith of each spot, there is a corresponding double wet season.

On the Congo the summer extends from October to far on in May, bringing a long series of torrential and prolonged showers, broken only by an interlude of two months—known as the ‘little dries’—in December and January. Even this is encroached upon above Stanley Pool. Terrific thunderstorms accompany the ‘greater monsoon’ (February to May) ; but the lightnings are, with the rarest exceptions, perfectly harmless. During the ‘cacimbo,’ or dry season (June to September inclusive), the sun is rarely seen in a clear sky ; dense fogs veil his rising and setting, and are commonly persistent enough to spare those sensitive to his rays the trouble of carrying an umbrella. A sere and forbidding air is then worn by the landscape. The ascendancy of evergreens preserves indeed, much of its opulence of foliage to the forest, though without the festive decorations of the flowering season ; but the aspect of the more open savannahs, scorched by drought and devastated by frequent conflagrations, is altogether lugubrious, and is not enlivened by the gaunt presence of leafless baobabs standing exposed in nude and colossal grotesqueness.

It is more easy to tell what are not, than what are, the productions of this favoured region. With the riches of the tropics may be combined the cultivation of the choicest delicacies of the temperate zone. Most European vegetables thrive even on the Coast ; vines bear abundantly ; root crops can be obtained from seed sown two to four months previously ; maize gives two, or even three, crops a year on the same ground. The coffee-plant and the pine-apple, introduced by the Portuguese, now grow wild over vast districts, with the manioc or cassava, the adopted but chief food of the indigenous population.

The actual exports from the Congo are at present few ; as it is, they are valued at a million sterling annually. Palm-oil and kernels, ground-nuts, caoutchouc, ivory, coffee, beeswax, gum copal, sesamum seeds, and baobab fibres for paper-making, are the chief objects of trade. It must be remembered that the opening of these provinces

to legitimate traffic is but of yesterday—the result of the decline of the slave trade.

A more doubtful theme remains to be touched upon—the inevitable one of humanity.

The whole of Southern Africa, from five or six degrees north of the Line to the Cape of Good Hope, is inhabited by a single variety of the human species, designated as the Bantu stock. They are believed to have come from the north-east, and to have displaced aboriginal inhabitants, of whom representatives survive in Hottentots and Bushmen, and perhaps in some dwarfish tribes of the interior. Of a higher type than, though closely related to, the negro race, the Bantu peoples have, in many parts of the continent, brought to a high pitch the arts needed for the supply of their rude wants, while those wants themselves show no traces—we had almost said, no possibility—of being touched with any finer feeling. Amongst them there unquestionably exist cannibal tribes, although the practice has not been brought home with certainty to any of the dwellers in the valley of the Congo. All these latter are keen traders and rigid monopolists; and to Stanley's unwitting contravention of the iron customs blocking the navigation of the great river, the unrelenting hostility everywhere encountered by him on his first voyage was probably due, rather than to the mere loathsome greed of human flesh. In a similar spirit, the coast tribes have immemorially arrogated to themselves the privileges and profits of intermediaries between European traders and their customers from the interior, clinging to both with a tenacity which effectually barred access to the country behind. These mischievous monopolies, however, have now at last been submerged by the great wave of progress carrying the enterprise, the curiosity, and the philanthropy of Europe to the centre of Africa.

The inhabitants of the districts below Stanley Pool may all be comprised under the appellation of 'Bakongo,' or 'people of Kongo.' Once united to form the imposing kingdom of that name discovered by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century, they have since lost all trace of national cohesion, and there is reason to believe that civil disintegration has been accompanied by social, if not by moral, degeneracy. They prove to be, in general, an inoffensive, though scarcely a very estimable, race. Morality they have none; in lying, stealing, and cheating they are 'to the manner born'; their memory for benefits is fleeting; their laziness is unconquerable and incurable. Yet they are not devoid of kindly impulses, and glimpses of, and desires for, better things. These, however, are embedded in the mud of gross and cruel superstitions, by which the vague aspirations towards the unknown implanted in every human breast are turned into the fatal instruments of further degradation.

The Bateke and Bayansi tribes, encountered at and above Stanley Pool, present a wilder, if less sordid, aspect than the population of the littoral and the intermediate territory.

Their bodies are stained with camwood, ochre, and charcoal, or decorated with cicatrices raised into fanciful patterns; their faces are hideously distinguished by deep tribal cuts; the merciless extirpation of eyebrows and eyelashes is aesthetically supplied for by glaring circles of red and yellow paint; their exuberant hair stands erect in a multitude of porcupine-quill plaits, or rises in

hornlike, or depends in proboscoidal excrescences, or, in those of simpler tastes, is severely straitened into a pigtail; their scanty clothing is of native grass-cloth, dyed deep red with camwood. Yet the lighter tinge of their chocolate-brown complexions, as well as the nobler cast of their physiognomies, attests a higher type of humanity than that of the Bakongo, who, it is conjectured, have adulterated the purity of their Bantu descent by admixture with the lower races they drove before them towards the sea. Indeed, the villages on the Upper Congo can occasionally show specimens of the perfectly developed human form recalling the beauty of a Greek statue. Moreover, the arts of life are cultivated with increased diligence and success. The houses (constructed, as usual, of palm-fronds or dried grass woven over a frame-work of light poles) are spacious and well-built; weapons and utensils show no common skill in the finish; an air of comfort and prosperity surrounds these plantain-shaded dwellings. A more vital improvement is the relaxation of the tyranny, and disappearance of the chief terrors of fetichism and witchcraft, accompanied with the retention in a more distinct though still shadowy form of the idea of a Supreme Being.

M. Brazza estimates the population of the Congo basin at 80,000,000, Mr. Stanley at 49,000,000. The latter estimate is probably nearer the truth, and we may say, boldly and bluntly, that the desire to secure the custom of these 50 millions of savages is the motive power chiefly impelling European action in the valley of the Congo.

It now becomes of interest to consider the progress made in opening up these magnificent regions. And here the International Association, mainly through their judgment in employing as chief agent Henry Morton Stanley, has distanced all competitors.

In August, 1879, he reached the mouth of the Congo, and prepared to lay formal siege to its defences. To one of fewer resources they might well have appeared impregnable. The first 'civilising station' was planted at Vivi, where the river ceases to be navigable. Thence to Isangila, a distance of fifty-two miles, a road had to be constructed, along which to transport the sectional steamers destined for the exploration of the immense aqueous tracks above. The obstacles were enormous, and cost sixteen months of unremitting toil to overcome. For the first time, the natives of the Congo witnessed the triumphs of engineering skill; and their admiration is concentrated and commemorated in Stanley's local title of the 'Rock-breaker' (*Bula-matade*). A second station was established at Isangila; and it was there found possible to trust, for some seventy-three miles, to the ready-made, but rude and treacherous, water-path for the transport of the expeditionary material. By the end of May 1881, the whole pioneering force was collected at a third station near the native market of Manyanga, whence Stanley Pool—the goal of so many endeavours—lay in a remoteness of about ninety-five miles. Some delays, caused by sickness and negotiations, interposed before Stanley was able to realise his project of pushing on in front to survey and secure building ground, and establish friendly relations. It was thus the end of July before he reached the vital spot. He had the mortification to find that he had been anticipated.

Count Pietro Savorgnan de Brazza, born at Rome in 1852,

entered in 1868 the Naval school at Brest, and after several African explorations, heard the result of Stanley's *experimentum crucis* as to the Lualaba. He then perceived that two rivers which he had previously discovered, the Alima and the Licona, must belong to the Congo system, and on September 10th, 1880, he concluded with the 'Makoko,' or King of the Batekes, the famous treaty ratified by the French Chamber, November 21st, 1882. The practical upshot was the establishment of the French, in a position of privilege and precedence, on the shores of Stanley Pool.

But Stanley actually commanded the 'resources of civilisation' which De Brazza's flags and parchments only symbolised. A preliminary repulse, due to the strong Gallican prepossessions of the tribes, served only to quicken his resolution. He pushed on the completion of his road from Manyanga, pacified and won over the chiefs, founded Leopoldville (the 'great Empire City'—that is to be—of Central Africa, in Mr. Johnston's glowing anticipation), and launched, December 3, 1881, the first steamer by which the tranquil surface of Stanley Pool was furrowed.

Both leaders repaired to Europe in the autumn of 1882, to report progress and recruit health.

This visit marked the close of one and the opening of a fresh struggle for priority. De Brazza had won the race to Stanley Pool. A new goal was now before him. Returning to the coast in March 1882, he had discovered a hitherto untried route, of which he was not slow to discern the advantages. A fine river, some 1,200 feet wide, enters the Atlantic about 110 miles north of the Congo. It is there known as the Kuilu, though higher up it is designated the Niari. De Brazza's mobile mind at once grasped the idea of its importance to his position at Stanley Pool. A short road or railway connecting its navigable waters with those of the Jué, which enter the Pool hard by Brazzaville, would, he perceived, bring the French station within 280 miles of the sea, whereas its line of communication by means of the Alima and Ogowe is reckoned to measure 500.

Not without the expenditure of much eloquence and energy the French Chamber was induced to provide the cost of a fresh expedition, destined, primarily, for the occupation of the Kuilu valley. But it was now Stanley's turn to play the forestaller—to

"Seize the arrow's barb

Before the tense string murmur."

While he was still generally supposed to be enjoying well-earned repose at Nice or Madrid, he was already on the coast of Africa; and De Brazza learned, by severe experience, that preparations often prove abortive for the precise reason that they have been clamorous. His ships reached the mouth of the Kuilu only to find it in full Belgian occupation, and he had reluctantly to content himself with the seizure of the two not unimportant coast settlements of Loango and Ponta Nera.

Since the execution of this *coup de main* the progress of the Belgian Association has been rapid and splendid. Its blue flag with a golden star is displayed at thirty-odd stations; close upon

20,000 persons are in its employment; the territory ceded to it is measured by degrees of latitude; a flotilla of 13 vessels keeps up communications along the "moving highway" of the great river.

But as an "International" concern the organization may be said to have utterly broken down. The "note" of universality has long ago departed from it, and the parent institution, through repeated secession, finds itself surrounded by, while separated from, a number of independent bodies.

We see, then, before us, not now a mere civilising and scientific body, but a power, albeit a highly nondescript one, playing an important part in the politics of the world. Its possessions, whether actual or prospective, are vast enough to suggest a scheme for their consolidation into a Federal Union of Central African Free States; the provinces of the Kuilu-Niari district alone, recently entrusted to the administration of Captain Grant Elliott, are said to equal England in extent, and the flag of the Association now flies along an unbroken coast-line of 300 miles. The provisions of certain treaties with native chiefs, of which the latest instalment of parliamentary papers relating to Africa includes a transcript, show these prodigious territories to have been acquired, in full sovereignty, for purely nominal considerations; while the prompt acceptance encountered by General Gordon's remarkable offer of handing over to the Association two spacious provinces out of the wreck of the Egyptian Soudan, suggests that its 'land-hunger' is still far from being appeased.

Over the whole of the huge but indefinite region which, in the audacity of its sudden *prestige*, it has been emboldened to acquire, the Belgian Association claims to exercise the rights not only of sovereign sway, but of private property. It claims to legislate, to administer, to levy tolls and taxes at discretion, to conclude alliances, to enlist armed auxiliaries; it claims no less the sole privilege of developing, for its own advantage, the natural riches of the country, of cultivating waste lands, of fishing, mining, felling timber, gathering caoutchouc, copal, wax, and honey. Its agents, no longer the disinterested pioneers of universal commerce, are themselves traders as well as rulers, and traders of the most exclusive type. It is true that the Association is prepared to barter the monopolies to which it pretends for the official recognition of its status as a sovereign power; and the condition has recently been accepted by the United States. But other civilised nations may well hesitate to admit to their equality an organisation without a responsible head, subject to none of the restraints holding established communities in check, secret in its operations, intangible in its representatives, evanescent, it may be, in its brilliant flare of prosperity.

Meanwhile the failure of the treaty recently negotiated between Great Britain and Portugal and the arrangements since concluded between France and the International Association render doubtful the prospect of unrestricted access to the wide region of the Upper Congo.

The Association, it may be said, has made its will, and has appointed France its residuary legatee. The demise of the testator may not—we cannot tell—be long delayed. And in the meantime confidential relations have succeeded

to former rivalry, and a narrow and retrograde commercial policy threatens to prevail. These considerations appear to us to justify our regret at the failure of the arrangement entered into with Portugal, provided that arrangement had been extended by the acceptance of other Powers. The case is one which admits of no exclusive privileges or agreements. Mere national rivalry would be singularly out of place, where the only real contest lies between civilisation and barbarism ; and the future of the Congo can only be fairly regulated by opening those waters on equal conditions and under reasonable regulations to the commerce of the world.

THE CREAM

Of the Monthly Reviews.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1884.

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HODSON OF HODSON'S HORSE.—The modern historian, who devotes his time to upsetting our old beliefs that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning, to rehabilitating the character of the Empress Theodora and whitewashing "bloody Queen Mary," might well support his theory of the worthlessness of contemporary records of character by pointing to the conflicting evidence forthcoming as to the deeds and motives of Hodson of Hodson's Horse. Between the account given by his brother in his *Memoir*, which made out that Hodson united in himself the qualities of a paladin of romance with those of a Christian hero, and the damaging charges made so unsparingly against his memory in Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, there is room enough for an intermediate and, we believe, a safer estimate of the good and the evil, each so strongly marking the character of that dashing soldier and leader of soldiers. The value

of such a composition as Mr. Hodson's *Vindication* manifestly depends mainly upon minute accuracy of detail, and to determine whether such accuracy has been attained is in the power only of those who can examine sources of information, which are always difficult of access, and can weigh the testimony thus collected with scientific precision. Mr. Holmes has endeavoured to do this, and the results of his investigations are summed up in the article before us.

We pass over the account of Hodson's school days at Rugby, where he was respected for strength of character as well as for strength of wind and limb, and where, as a non-official preceptor, he kept his house (Mr. Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, was his house-master) in excellent order. From Rugby he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and there too was known as an athlete; he subsequently accepted a commission in the Guernsey militia, and left the island in September 1845 for India, taking with him a testimonial from Colonel William Napier, Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey, couched in the following words: "His education, his ability, his zeal to make himself acquainted with military matters, gave me the greatest satisfaction during his service with the militia. I think he will be an acquisition to any service."

The first important mark in Hodson's career was the friendship formed for him by Henry Lawrence. The experienced soldier-statesman and the ardent young subaltern took to each other at once.

Among the traits which most endeared Lawrence to the hearts of all with whom he came in contact, were his delight in the society of younger men, his generous eagerness to spend himself in promoting their welfare and helping them to opportunities for developing their powers. He saw at once that his new friend was far abler, far better educated than the mass of young subalterns, and resolved to do all he could to give him scope for turning his gifts to account. On the other hand, he did not fail to perceive that Hodson was too fond of thinking about his own powers, that he was arrogant in manner and conversation, and that, being six or seven years older than most of the officers of his own standing in the service, he took no pains to conceal that he felt himself their superior. Hodson, for his part, at once respected and soon learned to love his newly-found friend. From his conversation he learned much about Indian politics, and, in return, he eagerly helped him by copying letters and making digests of official documents. In the course of a political journey to Cashmere, the two learned to know and esteem each other still better.

We pass on to the great rise which Hodson soon got by his appointment as second in command of the famous Corps of Guides.

The idea of forming this corps had originated with Henry Lawrence. His object was to raise a body of men who would not only guard the

north-western frontier of the Punjab against the savage tribes who were always ready to swoop down upon it, but also hold themselves in readiness to undertake any errand of war which acquired a knowledge of the enemy's country and of his language. The recruits were raised in parties of twenty or thirty in different districts of the Punjab. They included representatives of many races and of many creeds. Notorious criminals, dare-devil highwaymen were to be found among them. Indeed, no questions were asked about the character of a candidate for enlistment. He need only show that he had a thorough knowledge of the roads, rivers, mountain passes, and resources of the neighbourhood in which he lived. Unlike the pipe-clayed battalions of Hindostan, the men were dressed, at Lawrence's suggestion, in their own loose, dusky shirts and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans. It was wisely resolved to subject them to the sort of discipline which best suited their genius,—that of personal ascendancy rather than of rules and regulations. Like the black soldiers whom Sir Samuel Baker raised in the Soudan, under a weak captain they would become a dangerous mob, but for a leader who could both dominate them and win their affections they would go anywhere and do anything. Such leaders were Lieutenant Harry Lumsden, the first commandant of the corps, and his second in command.

* * * * *

A few weeks passed away ; and the scene of his labours again changed. The second Sikh war broke out. Hodson had no part to play in its more decisive scenes ; but he did good service with the Guides in various districts which suffered from the attacks of the rebels. With only a hundred and twenty men to support him, he held his own in a large tract of country, dislodged the rebels, and drove them headlong out of it, collected its revenues, and raised from it supplies sufficient to feed five thousand men and horses for six months. How thoroughly the Sikhs appreciated his services, is evident from the fact that they sent out party after party to take his life, and that at one time he could not gallop a mile without running the risk of being shot at from behind some bush or wall.

In the spring of 1849, following the advice of Henry Lawrence and Thomason, he left the Guides and obtained the post of Assistant Commissioner at Umritsur. But he soon grew weary of the unexciting work.

He had felt the bounding enthusiasm of winning personal ascendancy over high-spirited soldiers ; and he yearned to go back again to his wild Guides. After some months, he became so ill from the effects of the climate and of uncongenial labour, that he was obliged to go for a tour with Henry Lawrence in Cashmere. Each delighted in the company of the other ; but the younger man, though he had a boundless admiration for his companion, never hesitated to attack his opinions when they happened to differ from his own. 'He has his faults,' wrote Lawrence to his brother George, 'positiveness and self-will among them ; but it is useful to us to have companions who contradict and keep us mindful that we are not Solomons. I believe that if Sir Charles Napier stood on his head and cut capers with his heels, he would consider it quite right that all commanders-in-chief should do so. . . . Toryism and Abso-

lutism are right, Liberty only another name for Red Republicanism. So you see we have enough to differ upon.

In 1852 he had another great stroke of luck, as he thought it, in being appointed to the command of the Guides, and he saw some hard service with them against the hillmen of the Black Mountain in Hazara. His unfailing cheerfulness and gaiety under hardships, and the high state of discipline in which he knew how to keep his men, gained him both affection and esteem. As ex-officio Magistrate and Assistant Commissioner of Eusofzai he had plenty of civil work to do amid the turbulent Pathans.

There is another point of view, however, from which Hodson's connexion with the Guides must be regarded. Mr. Holmes states, on the authority of General Sir Harry Lumsden, "who knew Hodson well and liked him," and of an old officer of the Guides who served under Hodson's command, that,

not content with enforcing discipline and exacting the obedience which was his due, he rapidly withdrew all legitimate authority from the officers under his command, and concentrated it in his own grasp. Nay, so selfishly eager was he to force the men to regard him as their sole master that, in their presence, he more than once deliberately insulted and humiliated a subaltern. One night at mess, noticing that an officer had a bottle of French liqueur on the table, he said, with a joking air, "Would you let me see that?" The officer passed the bottle to him. Holding it up, Hodson said: "I can't allow you to drink such unwholesome stuff," and then, calling his orderly, told him to take it away and empty the contents outside. Nor were his subalterns the only persons who complained of his high-handed proceedings. It happened that there was no baker at Murdan, and consequently the officers were obliged to eat the unleavened cakes of the country, instead of bread. One day Hodson said to the surgeon of the regiment, who managed the mess, "Bob, I am going to Peshawur, and I'll bring you a baker." "I fear you'll not be able," replied the surgeon, "as I have tried, and none will come out to this wilderness." Nowise discouraged, Hodson, accompanied by one of the camel-riders attached to the regiment, rode off to Peshawur; and, on his arrival, sent for a native baker, and asked him to come out to Murdan and bake for the Guides. The man declined the offer. Hodson, however, was not at the end of his resources. Calling the camel-rider, he asked the baker whether he might give him a lift home. With profuse expressions of gratitude, the baker mounted. The camel-rider understood his master's meaning. Away went the camel, at full speed, towards Murdan; and the kidnapped baker remained with the regiment for many years. It is not to be wondered at if, with such an overbearing temper and such a reckless contempt for the rights of others, Hodson made many enemies.

Sorrow and trouble were now in store for him. Early in June 1854 he was summoned to Murree to watch the sick bed of his little girl; she died after a fortnight's illness. "It has been a very, very bitter blow to us," he wrote; "she had wound her little being round our hearts

to an extent which we neither of us knew until we woke from the brief dream of beauty, and found ourselves childless." This sorrow was the precursor of other troubles; we give Mr. Holmes's account in full.

The officers whom he had humiliated, feeling that their men no longer respected them, became exasperated against him. For some mysterious reason, he had taken a dislike to the Pathans of the regiment, splendid soldiers, to whom his predecessor had been warmly attached, and had discharged many of them without even giving them their arrears of pay. As time passed, the officers and many of the men who remained came to suspect him of misappropriating public monies which passed through his hands. The Chief Commissioner of the Punjab was worried by receiving complaints against him both from officers and from civilians. At length he received an order from the Punjab Government to furnish a return of all the men whom he had discharged from the regiment, and to state the reasons which had led him to discharge them. He drew out the required document in his own handwriting, forwarded it to the Government, and then left Murdan on leave. During his absence, the document was sent back to the officer who was temporarily commanding the regiment, with a request that the Adjutant's signature should be affixed to it. The Adjutant, however, refused to affix his signature, on the ground that certain statements in the document were untrue. The result was that, towards the end of the year, Hodson was summoned, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, to appear before a Court of Enquiry at Murdan. His bearing in the face of the approaching ordeal was characteristic. "Pray," he wrote to a friend, "impress upon John Lawrence's mind that I am not in the smallest degree disposed to shrink from the strictest enquiry into any act of mine in command of the Guides." A short time before the enquiry began, Hodson went to the quarters of one of his subalterns, and asked him in whose favour he intended to give evidence. The subaltern replied that he hoped he should not be called upon to give evidence at all; but that, if he were, he should simply give truthful answers to such questions as might be put to him. "Oh yes!" rejoined Hodson, "of course we must all tell the truth; but there are different ways of doing it. At all events, if I find myself falling, I shall drag you with me; so I give you warning."

The Court was composed of officers of various regiments quite unconnected with the Guides. It sat for several weeks, minutely investigated Hodson's account-books, and cross-examined a number of witnesses on oath. On the 15th of January, 1855, the proceedings terminated; and the conclusions at which the Court arrived were unfavourable to Hodson's character. In his letters to his brother he stoutly maintained that the verdict had been founded on one-sided evidence, and that he had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts. "I can only trust," he wrote, "in the eventual production of all the papers to put things in their proper light. In the meantime, I must endeavour to face the wrong, the grievous, foul wrong, with a constant and unshaken heart, and to endure humiliation and disgrace with as much equanimity as I may, and with the same soldier-like fortitude with which I ought to face danger, suffering, and death in the path of duty." Again and again he demanded that his accounts should be minutely examined by another authority. At length, in the month of August, his demand was assented to; and certain papers which, there is strong reason to believe, he had not shown to the Court at all, were placed by him in the

hands of Major Reynell Taylor. This officer, after a thorough investigation, presented to the Chief Commissioner of the Punjab a report in which he completely exonerated Hodson from all guilt. On an impartial review of the case, it may be confidently pronounced that the decision of the Court of Enquiry was correct. That Court was composed of officers none of whom can be suspected of having had any motive for judging Hodson unjustly. It is certain that they examined his accounts with the most scrupulous care. On the other hand, it was believed at the time, and is still believed by men who had the best opportunities for forming an opinion, that the papers submitted to Reynell Taylor had been garbled by Hodson. Be this, however, as it may, it is impossible to believe that Hodson would have tried, as he did, to intimidate one of his officers into giving evidence in his favour, that he would have spoken of the possibility of his being found guilty, if he had not been conscious of guilt.

Before this, Hodson had exposed himself to an accusation of another kind. The Peshawur valley swarmed with Mahometan fanatics and with cut-throats who, at their bidding, would, at any moment, attempt the assassination of a European. In September, 1853, Colonel Mackeson, the Commissioner of Peshawur, was assassinated; and, a few months later, a murderous attack, which, however, proved unsuccessful, was made upon an officer of the Guides, called Lieutenant Godby. Hodson obtained what he regarded as convincing evidence that one Kader Khan, a chieftain of Euzofzai, had instigated both the assassination and the abortive attack. But, as his conduct on two subsequent occasions proved, Hodson was unfit to judge of the value of evidence; and he had, apparently, no idea that justice demanded that a prisoner should be tried and convicted before he was punished. Constituting himself the judge of Kader Khan, he confiscated his property, and sent him into Peshawur in chains. For five months the accused man remained a prisoner in the Peshawur gaol. At the end of that time he was arraigned by Hodson, in the Commissioner's Court, on the charge of having instigated the attack on Lieutenant Godby. The case for the prosecution completely broke down; and Kader Khan was honourably acquitted.* Herbert Edwardes, who was then Commissioner of Peshawur, had been one of Hodson's warmest admirers; but now he naturally felt that a man so hasty and so liable to be hurried by his feelings into committing acts of injustice as Hodson had shown himself to be, was unfit to be trusted with civil power over fierce tribes for the management of whom tact was needed as well as firmness. On public grounds, therefore,† he caused a report of the whole affair to be sent to the Governor-General. Lord Dalhousie severely condemned Hodson's proceedings, and directed that he should be dismissed from civil employment, and from the command of the Guides. Considering that that command was linked with the civil charge of a district, and that it was of vital importance that its holder should be not only a good soldier but also a civil officer of tact and judgment, no impartial judge will pronounce that the Governor-General was unduly severe.

* I have examined MS. copies of all the correspondence connected with the case. Robert Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner of the Punjab, and Captain James, the Deputy Commissioner of Peshawur, both agreed with Edwardes that Kader Khan was innocent, and that Hodson had treated him unjustly. It is to be observed (1) that Kader Khan was not originally confronted with his accusers; (2) that Hodson did not enquire into the truth of the charge against him until after he had arrested him; (3) that one of the witnesses told Edwardes that, when giving evidence against Kader Khan in Hodson's Court, he had acted from fear.

† Mr. Hodson has stated (*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 123), without any foundation, that Edwardes "was, both on public and private grounds, opposed to" Hodson.

Passing on to the Mutiny times we find Hodson appointed Assistant Quartermaster-General on the personal staff of the Commander-in-Chief, General Anson. It was then that he was ordered to raise a new regiment of Irregular Horse, and his success in this undertaking has attached his name an epithet as permanent as that of the "swift-footed" Achilles or William of Deloraine "good at need ;" he will always be called "Hodson of Hodson's Horse." Here is an incident characteristic of his best qualities.

On the evening of the previous day he had set out in the mail-cart for Kurnaul, to make arrangements for the shelter of the advanced detachment of the troops which were being assembled for the march against Delhi. While he was engaged in this work he conceived a daring idea. Before the Commander-in-Chief could begin his march, it was necessary that he should communicate with the General at Meerut. But the road from Kurnaul to Meerut was believed to be in possession of mutineers. In this extremity, Hodson sent a message to the Commander-in-Chief, offering to open a passage to the distant station. Anson, who saw the difficulties of the undertaking, but did not fully appreciate the union of reckless daring and calm judgment which characterized Hodson, withheld his consent for a time : but Hodson's earnest remonstrances prevailed ; and on the 20th of May the telegraph brought him a favourable reply. At two o'clock he rode off with no other escort than a few horsemen lent by a friendly chief, the Rajah of Jheend. "Hodson is at Umballah, I know," said an officer at Meerut, "and I'll bet he will force his way through and open communications with the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves." The officer knew his man. In seventy-two hours, having ridden a hundred and fifty-two miles through an enemy's country, delivered his message, and obtained all the required information, Hodson returned to Kurnaul. Hurrying on in the mail-cart, he presented himself within another four hours before his chief at Umballah. Now that he had acquired the information for which he had waited, Anson drew up his plan of campaign, and recorded it in a despatch which he wrote for the instruction of the General at Meerut.

Space will not allow us to recount the well-known incidents of the leaguer of Delhi, and the mistakes and hesitations of the successive commanders. Hodson conducted the duties of the Intelligence Department with such tact and skill that the General was always kept well supplied with information respecting the doings of the mutineers. It was jokingly said that Hodson could tell day by day what the King had had for dinner. He had more than one enemy in the camp ; and there were others who sincerely believed that he was an unscrupulous and dishonest man, but the stories of his prowess were in everybody's mouth. As a fighting man he was admitted to be almost without a rival. On the left and rear of the camp, which were especially exposed to attack, he kept watch with an eye that nothing could escape, and at whatever point the battle might be raging, he was

sure to appear in moments of difficulty, and restore the fortunes of the day by swift counsel or strong succour.

From letters written at this time to his wife, we learn how truly he mourned for Henry Lawrence's fate, and how the tale of Cawnpore roused in his mind the passionate thirst for vengeance. "There will be a day of reckoning," he writes, "for these things, and a fierce one, or I have been a soldier in vain." Would that the vengeance when it came had been restrained by justice and honour. That it was not always so in Hodson's case must be admitted, as the following sad story will show; it is told by Mr. Holmes on the authority of General Crawford Chamberlain, who had learnt the facts from eye-witnesses on the spot, and who subsequently vouched for the correctness of Mr. Holmes's account given in his *History of the Indian Mutiny*.

During the earlier days of the siege, it chanced that a native, named Shahabodeen, came to Hodson's tent, and informed him that one Bisharut Ali, an officer of the 1st Punjab Irregular Cavalry, had mutinied, and was living at his village, within a few miles of Delhi. The man added that Bisharut Ali's relatives were mutineers. Bisharut Ali was no stranger to Hodson. Some years before, at Peshawur, when Hodson had been at his wit's end to know where to turn for money, Bisharut Ali had stood his security for more than four thousand rupees, to enable him to borrow that sum from the banker of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. Shahabodeen, too, had known Bisharut Ali before. He had formerly been a trooper in the regiment to which Bisharut Ali belonged, but had been dismissed from the service for an assault on one of his comrades; and his conviction had been founded, mainly, on evidence furnished by Bisharut Ali. He was a man of infamous character; and it was to revenge himself on Bisharut Ali for having borne witness against him that he now turned informer. The story which he told to Hodson was a deliberate invention. As a matter of fact, Bisharut Ali was a brave and honourable man: he had been sent by his commanding officer, Major Crawford Chamberlain, to his village, on sick leave; and some of his relations, who were represented by Shahabodeen as mutineers, had never, for a single hour, been in the Government employ. But Hodson was in no mood to ask himself whether the unsupported statement of an ex-convict deserved to be regarded as evidence. It was enough for him that a nest of mutineers were said to be lurking within his reach. Taking with him a few of his horsemen, he rode off to the village; sought out Bisharut Ali's house; and, after a fierce struggle with the inmates, in which much blood was shed on both sides, established his footing within. Returning to his camp, whither Bisharut Ali had gone, he met him, and charged him with being a mutineer. Bisharut Ali indignantly denied the charge, and demanded that he should be taken to the British camp, and there formally tried. Common justice required that Hodson should grant the request. And it might, surely, have been expected that a motive more powerful than the sense of justice should impel him to give every chance of proving his innocence to the man who had helped him in his hour of need. But the desire to destroy a supposed rebel was uppermost in his heart; and justice and gratitude, if they pleaded at all, pleaded in vain. A hasty trial was held; and Bisharut Ali was declared guilty. Raising his

carbine to his shoulder. Hodson deliberately aimed at his benefactor and fired. The shot did not kill Bisharut Ali; and, looking Hodson full in the face, he shouted, "Had I suspected such treachery, I would have fought it out instead of being shot like a dog." The troopers fired, at Hodson's command. Bisharut Ali was slain: his nephew, a child of twelve years, was slain, clinging to the knees of another uncle; his innocent relatives were slain; and Hodson, having taken possession of his horses, his ponies, and some of his personal property, rode off to another village to hunt down more mutineers.

There were others whom Hodson longed to slay, and of whose guilt he might, with greater show of justice, feel assured. The time was coming when the King of Delhi and his sons were to be called to their account. John Nicholson, fresh from his victorious march through the Punjab, led his column into camp early in August, and in a few days after his arrival gained an important victory. It was the beginning of the end. "If I get into the palace," wrote Hodson, in words that mark the man, "the House of Timour will not be worth five minutes purchase I ween." Early on the following month the siege train arrived; by the evening of the 14th the British, after a fierce struggle, had gained possession of the outer portion of the city. Several days' street-fighting followed: the King's palace was reached, its gates blown down, a few fanatics found inside were slaughtered, and the British flag was hoisted; the hurly-burly was done, and Delhi was lost and won.

While the actual siege had lasted, Hodson as a cavalry officer had of necessity played a comparatively unimportant part. His work now began; the King was still at large.

He had been urged to share the flight of the mutineers; but one of his nobles, Meerza Elahee Buksh, wishing to purchase the favour of the conquerors by some signal service, had persuaded him that, by separating himself from his army, he would gain the credit of having originally acted under their compulsion. Yielding to the tempter, he had consented to remain with his family for a short time at the tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, which was situated about six miles from Delhi. Hodson was promptly informed of his whereabouts by a spy named Rujub Ali, and at once resolved to effect his capture. He went to Wilson with the story which his spy had told him, and, pointing out that the capture of the city would avail but little so long as the King remained at liberty, asked whether he did not intend to pursue him. Wilson replied that he had no European troops to spare. Hodson then volunteered to go himself with some of his own irregulars. Still Wilson refused. At last, however, he gave way. Hodson then asked for permission to promise the King that his life should be spared, explaining that otherwise it would be impossible to induce him to surrender. To this request Wilson at first emphatically refused to assent; but, after some further argument, he reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of those around him.* It must not, however, be imagined that Hodson was influenced by pity.

* This is stated on the authority of Lieutenant-Colonel (then Lieutenant) Turnbull, who was Wilson's A.D.C. See also a letter from Sir T. Seaton (*Hodson of Hodson's*

for the King. He had, indeed, himself declared that the King was old and well-nigh impotent, that he had throughout been a mere tool in the hands of others; but nevertheless he longed to take his life, and regretted that policy forbade him to do so.* After receiving his instructions, he set out on his errand with fifty of his troopers. Approaching the tomb, he concealed himself and his men in some old buildings near the gateway, and then sent messengers to demand the surrender of the King, on the sole condition that his life should be spared. Two hours after they brought back word that the King would surrender, if Hodson would himself go, and pledge his word for the fulfilment of the condition. Hodson consented, and rode out from his hiding-place. A great crowd was gathered in front of the tomb. Presently the King's favourite begum and her son passed out through the gateway, followed by a palkee bearing the King. Hodson rode up, and bade the King give up his arms. The King in reply asked Hodson to confirm the guarantee which his messengers had given. Hodson solemnly promised. Then in the presence of a crowd who were too awed to strike a blow in his behalf, with the glorious white marble dome of that imperial mausoleum to remind him of the majesty of his ancestors, betrayed by his own kinsman, his city captured, his army defeated and dispersed, his hopes shattered, the last king of the House of Timour gave up his arms to an English subaltern, and was led away captive to wait his trial.

But the King's sons were still to be brought to their account. Never doubting that these men had hounded on the murderers of their women and children, Hodson and his comrades were too entirely possessed by the desire for the condign punishment to think of asking for proofs of their guilt. Hodson, therefore, resolved to go and capture them as he had captured the King. At first Wilson would not be persuaded to give his consent, but Hodson was importunate; Nicholson from his dying bed vehemently supported him; and Wilson at last yielded.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st, he started with Lieutenant Macdowell, his second in command, and a hundred picked men of his own regiment. Let the reader try to picture to himself the departing cavalcade,—wild-looking horsemen wearing scarlet turbans and dust-coloured tunics bound with scarlet sashes; their leader, a tall, spare man attired like them, riding his horse with a loose rein, with reddish-brown hair and beard, aquiline nose, thin, curved, defiant nostrils, and blue eyes which seemed aglow with a half-kindled light. Arriving at the tomb, he sent in Meerza Elahee Buksh and Rujub Ali, both of whom he had brought with him, to say that he had come to seize the princes for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. For more than half an hour the two Englishmen were kept in suspense. At last the messengers returned to ask Hodson whether he would promise the princes their lives. He replied that he

Horse, pp. 231-2). Hodson himself wrote on September 24, 1857, "I assured him (Wilson) it was nothing but his own order which bothered him with the King, as I would much rather have brought him into Delhi dead than living." (*Ibid.*, p. 223.) But, on February 12, 1858, he wrote, "General Wilson refused to send troops in pursuit of him (the King), and to avoid greater calamities I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground and solely on the ground that there was no other way of getting him into our possession." (*Ibid.*, p. 230.)

* *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. 223, 230.

would not. The messengers went back. Hodson and Macdowell waited on, wondering whether the princes would ever come. They heard furious shouting within. It was the appeal of a fanatical mob of Mussulmans to their prince^s to lead them out against the infidels. At length a messenger came out to say that the princes were coming. Hodson sent ten men to meet them; and Macdowell, by his order, formed up the troop across the road, to shoot them down if there should be any attempt to rescue them. Presently they were seen approaching in a small bullock-cart, with the ten troopers escorting them, and a vast crowd behind. Hodson and Macdowell rode up alone to meet them. Once more they begged Hodson to promise them their lives. "Most certainly not," he replied, and ordered the driver to move on. The driver obeyed; and the crowd were following simultaneously, when Hodson imperiously waved them back, and Macdowell beckoning to his troop, formed them up between the crowd and the cart, the latter of which was thus free to pursue its way, while the former, baffled, fell slowly and sullenly back. Then Hodson galloped up to the troopers who were escorting the cart, and told them to hurry on to the city as fast as they could, while he and Macdowell dealt with the mob. Hastily rejoining his subaltern, he found the mob streaming up the steps of the gateway into the garden of the tomb. Leaving the bulk of the troop outside, he followed with his subaltern and but four men. Then, seeing the necessity of instantly awing the crowd, he commanded them in a firm voice to surrender their arms. They hesitated,—there were some six thousand of them confronting him. He sternly repeated the order; and they obeyed.

Within two hours five hundred swords and more than five hundred fire-arms were collected; and Hodson, having fulfilled his object of keeping the crowd occupied, rode off with the troop to overtake his prisoners. As he drew near, he saw a large crowd surging round the cart, and menacing the escort. He had intended to have the prisoners hanged: but now he felt that, unless he slew them on the spot, the mob would rescue them, and, emboldened by success, turn upon himself and his troopers. He rejoiced that circumstances had given him the opportunity of playing the part of executioner*. Galloping into the midst of the crowd, he reined up and addressed them, saying that the princes had butchered the women and children of his race, and that Government had now sent their punishment. Then, seizing a carbine from one of his men, he ordered the princes to strip off their upper garments, and, when they had done so, shot them all dead. Finally, while the crowd stood by, awe-struck and motionless, he ordered the corpses to be taken away, and flung out in front of the Kotwallie. On this spot the head of a famous Sikh Gooroo, Jey Bahadoor Khan, had been exposed by order of Aurungzebe. A prophesy had long been current among the Sikhs that they should reconquer the city of the persecuting emperor by the aid of the white men. The prophesy was now in their eyes fulfilled! and Hodson had avenged the martyr of their religion.

"I cannot help being pleased," wrote Hodson, "at the warm congratulations I receive on all sides for my success in destroying the enemies of our race.....I am too conscious of the rectitude of my own motives to care what the few may say, while my own con-

* "I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches."—*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 224.

science and the voice of the many pronounce me right." Since then, however, it has been asserted by some that the deed, in remembrance of which Hodson exulted, was a brutal murder, and that, if he had survived till men's passions had cooled down, he would have been a marked man for life. There were some even who went so far as to assert that his motive for slaying the princes had been the desire to possess himself of the ornament which they wore. He himself afterwards asserted that if he had not overawed the crowd by killing the princes, the crowd would have killed him. Mr. Holmes thus sums up the case :—

If his character for humanity had been above suspicion, we might, remembering that he was convinced that the princes were murderers, acquit him of all blame, and simply admire the cool courage which he undoubtedly displayed. We should hardly have called a man a murderer who had shot Nana Sahib without a trial. But, when Hodson slew the princes, his hands were red with the innocent blood of Bisharut Ali. He himself declared that he would have rejoiced to slay the aged and impotent King. By confessing his delight at having had the opportunity of slaying the princes, he forfeited the right to excuse himself, on the plea of necessity, for having slain them. A Neill or a Havlock, however strongly he might have been convinced of their guilt, would have insisted on the duty of giving them a fair trial; and, if he had felt obliged by circumstances to slay them himself, would have done so under a solemn sense of responsibility. But Hodson, in slaying them, showed, as he had shown in the case of Bisharut Ali, that he was too eager for retribution to care about justice; he exulted in shedding their blood with his own hands. While then we may acquit him, for want of evidence, of the baser motives that have been laid to his charge, while we may not lightly condemn him for having assumed, as others did, that the princes were murderers, it is my deliberate opinion that, in slaying them as he did, he was, at heart, guilty of an outrage against humanity.

Another adventure is narrated. Colonel Seaton had been deputed to lead a column from Delhi to Futtegurh and there join the main army. He begged Sir Colin Campbell to allow Hodson to accompany the column. "He is a soldier of the highest class," he pleaded; "I have unbounded confidence in him, and would rather have him than five hundred men." The request was granted, and Hodson received an order to join the column with his Horse.

On the night of the 29th of December the column was at the station of Mynpoorie; and it was believed that the main army was at Goorsaingunge, some forty miles distant. Hodson, knowing that Seaton wished to communicate with the Commander-in-Chief, offered to ride to Goorsaingunge with despatches. Seaton accepted the offer. The venture was a perilous one; for it was known that for some days past the road to Goorsaingunge had been closed against all Europeans; the Commander-in-Chief's whereabouts was uncertain; and it was quite possible that the volunteers might fall in with roving bands of the enemy. But Hodson always knew exactly what

was possible, though, when there was an important object to be gained, he never hesitated to attempt what was all but impossible. At six o'clock next morning he rode off with his devoted subaltern, Macdowell, and seventy-five sowars. After riding fourteen miles, they entered a village called Bewur. Here Hodson ordered a halt; and, after he and his friend had eaten a few sandwiches, they mounted again and rode on with five-and-twenty men, leaving the remaining fifty to await their return. At another village, fourteen miles further on, they left the twenty-five men, and proceeded alone to Goor-saungunge. There they were disappointed to learn that the Commander-in-Chief had moved to another spot fifteen miles off. On they rode, and entered the camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. Hodson was cordially welcomed by the Commander-in-Chief, who invited him and Macdowell to dine at the Headquarters mess. It was already dark when the two set out on their return journey. For some time they met with no adventure. About midnight, however, they were suddenly stopped by a native, who had for some hours been looking out for them. He told them, that the twenty-five sowars had been attacked by a party of the rebels, and that the latter were probably lying in ambush near the road, a little ahead. For a few minutes the two Englishmen deliberated. At last Hodson decided that they must push on at all risks. "At the worst," he said, "we can gallop back; but we'll try and push through." At a foot's pace they went on, the native walking beside them. The moon shone brightly; but the night was piercingly cold; and every few minutes a bitter blast swept down upon them, and chilled them through and through. Fearing that the sound of their horses' hoofs might rouse the rebels, they moved off the road on to the soft strip of ground that ran alongside it. Still walking at their horses' heads, they listened for every faintest sound, and strained their eyes to see whether any dark figures were lurking behind the trees that lined the road. Suddenly the guide stopped, and, pointing to a garden in a clump of trees on the right, whispered, "They are there." A faint humming sound was distinctly audible. They were now just outside the village in which they had left the twenty-five sowars. Stealthily they made their way through it; and, as they passed along the main street, they saw the corpse of one of the sowars lying stark and ghastly in the moonlight. Emerging from the further side, they bade their guide good-night, and then, springing into their saddles, dug their spurs into their horses' flanks, and galloped for their lives the whole fourteen miles into Bewur. As they rode in, they were met by a number of men whom Seaton had sent out to look for them. Dismounting, they entered a hut, and flung themselves down on mattresses to rest. "By George, Mac," said Hodson, "I'd give a good deal for a cup of tea!" and, turning over, he went to sleep. Next morning the column marched into the village; and Seaton joyfully congratulated the two friends on their escape.

At the end of January Hodson was wounded, but early in February, chafing against inaction, he started from Futteghur to take part in the campaign.

He was still so weak from the effects of his wound that he could not ride; and accordingly one of his friends, Colonel Pelham Burn, drove him in his buggy. A story has been told respecting this journey, which contrasts painfully with the record of the gallant feats of arms performed by Hodson during the war.

Colonel Burn noticed that he had with him several boxes, besides his ordinary baggage. These boxes contained various articles of value, which Hodson had amassed, as booty, during the campaign; and, after his death, their contents were seen by an officer whose duty it was to examine his effects.* That this was not the only loot which Hodson had acquired, is proved by the fact that, whereas, at the outset of the Mutiny, he was deeply in debt, he had just remitted several thousand pounds to Calcutta.

But Hodson's adventures were nearly at an end. There remains little to describe beyond the closing scene at Lucknow. On the 10th of March he received the welcome news that he had at last been promoted to a Brevet Majority. On the 11th he wrote, as though he had a presentiment that the end was near: "If anything occurs, I will get Colonel Napier or Norman to send you a telegram." This was the last letter which he ever wrote.

On the same day he was riding by himself, looking for a camping-ground, when he heard the sound of firing. Galloping forward, he found that one of the palaces, known as the Begum Kothee, was about to be stormed. Colonel Napier was examining the breach. Suddenly he looked up, and saw Hodson standing before him. "I am come to take care of you," said Hodson, with a smile. In a few moments the signal was given; and Colonel Adrian Hope's brigade advanced to the assault. Captain Clarke, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, waved his sword in the air, and rushed straight upon the breach, shouting "Come on, 93rd!" The 93rd answered the call by a ringing cheer: a Punjaub regiment followed in support; and though for a few moments the garrison, trusting to their vast numerical superiority, maintained their footing in the breach, they were soon overborne by the vigour of the attack, and fled through the courtyard. After the first fury of the contest had spent itself, Hodson and Napier passed through the breach side by side. Many of the rebels had run for shelter into the dark arched buildings which surrounded the court of the palace; and the stormers were striving to dislodge them by throwing in bags of powder with lighted fuses attached to the ends. Suddenly Hodson, who had got separated from Napier in the confusion, saw two soldiers running towards him. They cried out that they were going to fetch some more powder-bags. Drawing his sword, Hodson instantly started off towards the spot from which they had come. Seeing an officer of the 93rd Highlanders standing by the corner of one of the buildings, he shouted to him, "Where are the rebels?" The officer pointed to a doorway. Hodson was just going to rush in, when the officer cried, "Don't, it's certain death; wait for the powder!" Heedless of the warning, Hodson pressed on; the officer stretched out his hand to drag him away from the doorway; and in a moment there was a flash, and Hodson rolled over on the ground. "Oh, my wife!" he cried. He could say no more, for he was choked with blood. His orderly, a powerful Sikh, raised him, and carried him a few paces off; and the officer helped to lift him into a litter which had just been brought round. As he was being carried to the place where the surgeons were at work, the powder-bags were

* See letter from Mr. Bosworth Smith to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, February 5, 1884.

brought up; and in a few moments the Highlanders rushed into the room, and drove their bayonets through the bodies of the rebels. Presently the surgeon of Hodson's regiment came to see him; and, after examining his wound, saw that it was likely to be mortal. All night long he lay beside him, holding his hand to help him to bear the pain. Rallying under the stimulants which had been given to him, the wounded man slept for a time; and, when day broke, he said, with a touch of his old energy, that he felt very well. About nine o'clock the surgeon had him carried in the litter into a room that he might suffer less from the din outside. Soon afterwards he began to bleed again profusely; and the surgeon told him that recovery was impossible. The dying man then begged that Colonel Napier might be sent for. Presently the colonel came, and sat down beside the litter. Hodson grasped his hand, and would not let it go. "I should like," he murmured, "to have seen the end of the campaign" and to have returned to England to see my friends, but it has not been permitted. I trust I have done my duty." Soon afterwards Napier had to go back to his work; and when he returned, he found that his friend was dead.

Hodson was buried the same evening; and the Commander-in-Chief attended the funeral. When the body was lowered in the grave, it was seen that tears were flowing down the old man's cheeks. "I have lost," he said, "one of the finest officers in the army."

There were others who grieved yet more bitterly that they had lost in Hodson a tried comrade and valued friend, for, if he had many enemies, if some could see only the darker side of his character, the few who loved him, loved him well. Among these was Thomas Seaton. "Hodson's care of me," he wrote, recalling the months which they had spent together in their tent on the Ridge, "I shall never forget. He watched and tended me with the affection of a brother..... I mourned for him as a brother..." "There must have been something that was noble," remarks Mr. Holmes, in conclusion, "in the character of a man whose comrades, brave soldiers and high-minded gentlemen, could write of him in terms like these. Posterity will not, indeed, be blinded by the glamour of his military exploits. They will not admit him to a place among the nobler heroes of the Mutiny. But while they will not be able to forget that he enriched himself by dishonest means; that heedless of justice, of gratitude and even of honour, he was swift to shed innocent blood, they will remember that he was an affectionate son, a good comrade, a tender husband, that he rendered brilliant services to his country" and that

—he died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand for England's right.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1884.

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THE POLITICAL CRISIS.—The real point at issue between the two parties in the present great political struggle has never, maintains the writer, been at once publicly and accurately stated.

For how have the two combatants been accustomed at various times to describe each other's position ?

At the outset of the quarrel the Liberals began by alleging that the Conservative majority in the House of Lords were endeavouring to resist the enfranchisement of the county householder ; and the Conservatives retorted with the assertion that the Liberal Government were bent on compelling their adversaries to accept an unfair measure of redistribution. Neither accusation was true ; neither was quite believed by those who made it ; both belong to that order of charges which political disputants easily persuade themselves to regard as legitimate. It is not to be supposed, of course, that the Conservative peers are in love with the extension of household suffrage ; but, on the other hand, it is not the fact that they have attempted to resist, or even to delay, *for the mere sake of delaying*, the inevitable. Their private feelings on the subject are, of course, their own secret ; but so far as their action goes, Lord Salisbury's argument, addressed rather to the country than his opponents, in the debate on Lord Wemyss's motion, is surely final. If the Lords had really desired, and had thought it possible, to resist enfranchisement—both of which conditions must precede an "endeavour" to resist it—they would have thrown out the Bill on the second reading.

So much for the first charge against the Conservative peers. The retort to it was fully as unjust, besides being more absurd.

That the Liberal Government meditate the "gerrymandering" of the English electorate—that they propose, in other words, to rearrange the constituencies in such a manner as will reduce the political influence of their adversaries to a minimum throughout the country, all other considerations being subordinated to this object—is an accusation which is not only not founded on evidence, but is unsupported by possibility. The design attributed to Ministers is not a practicable one, even if it were one at all likely to be entertained. To "gerrymander" the constituencies in this sense is beyond the power of any ingenuity, however consummate. Whatever might be possible to the arts of the electioneer in an American State, the mere distribution of population and political opinion, of urban and rural voters, in this country renders it obviously impossible for any Government to effect, and therefore makes it absurd to charge them with contemplating the insidious operation in question.

Later on the Ministerialists ceased to accuse these peers of endeavouring to resist enfranchisement, and charged them with striving to "force a dissolution under the existing franchise." The Conservatives, on their part, dropped the charge of meditated "gerrymandering," and declared that the Government, conscious of having disappointed and disgusted the constituencies, was determined not to face them until after having swamped their hostile opinions with a flood of new and grateful votes—in both cases, an imperfect explanation of the dispute.

The open secret of the whole struggle may be put into a single short sentence.

It is a fight between the two parties, not about enfranchisement, nor even about the principles of redistribution: it is a fight for *the privilege of doing the work of redistribution*. The Liberals being in power, naturally claim that right for themselves. The Conservatives, upon pleas to be noticed shortly, contest it; and though this issue has given rise, as is usually the case, to subsidiary disputes which tend to obscure it, it is and remains the "bottom fact" of the situation.

Putting aside all the foolish talk engendered by the truculence of Radicalism or the timidity of Conservatism, it is still easy to understand the distrust with which the two parties regard each other in this matter; and this distrust supplies a full explanation of all the successive phases of the recent Parliamentary struggle.

It led naturally and inevitably to the deadlock which has ended in the loss of the Franchise Bill. It rendered it impossible for either party to give way on the question of postponing the operation of the measure until the scheme of redistribution should be before Parliament. There was no answer to the Liberal who said: "How can you ask us to postpone enfranchisement until after redistribution in order that you may throw out redistribution bills at your ease till you force us to dissolve Parliament under the old franchise?" But neither was there any answer to the Conservative who said: "How can you ask us to accept enfranchisement before redistribution, in order that you may present us with any sort of redistribution that you please, however inequitable, which we should be obliged to accept under penalty of an appeal to that monstrosity, a new undis-

tributed electorate?" Such questions never are answerable on either side when mutual distrust exists. If a sober-minded Conservative were asked whether he seriously believed that the Government deliberately intended to put before him an inequitable Redistribution Bill when once he had got the historic "rope round his neck," he would perhaps have hesitated to answer "Yes." So, too, if a Liberal of like temperament were asked whether he seriously believed that, in the event of enfranchisement being postponed, the Conservative Peers deliberately intended to throw out any Redistribution Bill, however moderate and equitable, with a view to forcing an appeal to the existing constituencies, he, too, would perhaps have scrupled to reply in the affirmative. But all the same, and without imputing any *mala fides* to each other, the Conservative would still cling to his suspicion that the scheme of redistribution ultimately submitted to him would prove to be unacceptable, while the Liberal would still remain firmly persuaded that, however equitable and moderate might be his redistribution scheme, the Conservative would find some plausible reason for rejecting it. Hence, both parties argue that the best way of ensuring that their interests shall be duly safeguarded is to act in respect of redistribution upon the familiar maxim, "If you want a thing done properly do it yourself."

This, then, is the real kernel of the dispute—the question of which party is to apportion the new voting power among the constituencies of the United Kingdom. The Liberals claim this as the natural privilege of the "Hans," the Conservatives reply that there are cases where the accident of holding office confers no moral right upon the party in power to claim such a privilege. As to the Liberal contention that they are undertaking this legislation in pursuance of a direct mandate from the constituencies in 1884 the Conservatives say—

First, that the same is not true in fact; and for a second reply to the allegation aforesaid, they say that if it is true of enfranchisement, it is not true of redistribution—inasmuch as it cannot be supposed that the existing electorate, even if it had commanded the admission of 2,000,000 new voters to share of political power with themselves, intended to surrender all voice in the question how the shares should be apportioned.

Having ascertained what the political quarrel really is about, we come to the part played in it by the House of Lords, which is just this.

Acting on behalf of a minority who are unable to give effect to their wishes in the House of Commons, they have claimed the right to give practical effect to the Conservative argument above set forth, and to compel a reference of the redistribution question to the country. That is in effect the meaning of the charge and counter-charge that the Lords are arbitrarily endeavouring to force on dissolution, and that the Government are unconstitutionally shunning an appeal to the people. It means merely that the Government assert a "possessional" right of rearranging the constituencies on their own plan, and of using for that purpose the whole force of a large Parliamentary majority which might or might not be diminished, but could not possibly be increased by a general election; and that the Lords, denying the validity of that claim, on the grounds

and under the circumstances stated, are bent upon compelling the Government; if possible, to go to the constituencies to obtain express authority to deal with the matter.

The question then is, how far is this action on the part of the House of Lords theoretically and practically justified ?

We must begin by rejecting the extreme Radical view that under no circumstances could the existing House of Lords be justified in overruling a legislative decision of the House of Commons. Its only logical basis would be an objection to any second Chamber whatever.

In theory, the only duty incumbent upon the House of Lords in the due exercise of their veto is to confine it to those cases in which, according to their best light, they deem its employment to be dictated by the spirit of the constitution. Practically, no doubt their non-representative character may, as Lord Derby told them, impose upon them the duty of considering with special care whether a theoretically defensible exercise of their privilege will in any given case be as a matter of fact acceptable to the country. Were it not that the latter proviso almost compels a temporary suspension of judgment on their recent action, I should be disposed to hold, upon as impartial a survey of the question as is possible to me, that the action of the Lords on the Franchise Bill is justified. For in order to justify it from the constitutional point of view, it is not necessary to ascertain whether the constituencies will or will not approve of it in the ultimate result. All that is necessary is that the Lords should be able to allege reasonable and probable (not, be it observed, conclusive) grounds for supposing that the electorate will ratify their action ; and it appears to me to be altogether too much to contend that no such allegation is open to the Lords in the present instance.

The wisdom of their line of conduct and the probability of its success is another question ; but the justification on the ground of "reasonable and probable cause," apart altogether from the sufficiency of that cause in point of *fact*, is open to the House of Lords, and from the constitutional point of view that would be enough.

Unfortunately, however, the very strength of their theoretical case only serves to bring the weakness of their practical position into clearer relief. To the mere fact that their exercise of their right of veto, even coupled with the direct demand of an appeal to the people to ratify it, has excited, or can be made use of to excite, so much popular clamour, one ought not perhaps to attach any very great importance. In itself, at any rate—more especially in these days when the organization of the means of publicly expressing opinion has been brought to a pitch of somewhat deceptive perfection—the fact referred to is certainly not conclusive. What is far more significant is the absence of any support to the action of the Lords, and the circumstance that many even of those who are suspending their judgment on the matter until the nation has an opportunity of pronouncing upon it in the regular way, are evidently prepared in the adverse event to pronounce the severest condemnation on what, in view of their own present uncertainty, they could hardly represent as an inexcusable

mistake. Assuredly this is not the temper which the exercised veto of a Second Chamber should tend to arouse in comparatively neutral minds. If its action in such a case as the present, and on grounds so plausible as can be alleged for it, is so coldly and distrustfully viewed even by those who might be expected to give it a different reception, there must obviously be some alienating quality in the assembly whereby its natural supporters are repelled.

The chief cause of this deficiency the writer does not believe to be the hereditary character of the House. There is no reason to believe that the grossest political anomaly provokes, *as such*, any widespread resentment in England. Though the incapable commoner, who gets into the House of Commons by a well advised use of his wealth for his political advancement, represents just as great an anomaly as the incapable peer, the English electorate has always shown itself perfectly contented with him.

No; the real weakness of the House of Lords—the real reason why it has to take momentous decisions with bouncing threats of penalty ringing in its ears in the event of mistake—the real reason why many moderate persons regard its action with rather a presumption against it—is not to be sought in the *qualification* of the Upper House, but in its composition and mode of transacting business.

No one who compares its average attendance with the numbers collected for a great division, can wonder for a moment at its want of authority. The influx of Peers summoned to decide on a question which they have not heard discussed, is a scandal comparable only to a "whip" of country parsons brought up to reject a Liberal "statute" at Oxford. Lord Salisbury put in a plea the other day for the competency of absentee Peers on the ground that the skilful administration of an estate in the country was as good a training as another for the faculties of the politician, and did not in the meantime disable the absentee from keeping abreast by means of the newspaper with the politics of the day. Lord Salisbury, however, would hardly say as much, we may suppose, for "training" of another sort. The race-course, the yacht, the cricket-field, Continental lounging, the pursuit of "big game" in remote countries, the rivalries of the "masher" at home—there is nothing in these scenes and occupations to develop political capacity, and one should know what proportion they engage of the habitual absentees brought up for great divisions, before the value of Lord Salisbury's plea can be estimated. The general public, it is to be feared, will not rate it highly. They are apt to suspect that too many of the recruits resemble the hero of that story *ben trovato si non vero*—in which a young Peer, unable on one of these occasions to bring his unfamiliar face to the recollection of an officer of the House, was compelled at last to use this "one plain argument" to convince him. "Do you think," asked his lordship, in half-humorous resentment at the recollection of the more congenial scenes from which he had torn himself at the call of duty, "do you think I should be such a ——— fool as to come to this place if I were not a Peer?" Unquestionably this young man should obtain the dispensation which he evidently desires. Both the House of Lords

and himself would be the gainers by his being relieved from attendance. It is here undoubtedly that the much-talked-of reform of the House of Lords will have to begin whatever other improvements, if any, it may be found advisable or possible to introduce. Lord Rosebery recently brought up again the question of life Peers in one of his characteristically clever speeches ; and his suggestion secured unwonted support—at any rate of the verbal kind—from various quarters of the House. But no creation of life Peers from among the distinguished men of the scientific, literary, and artistic professions—unless it were to be carried to an extent which nobody contemplates, and which might too probably exhaust the supply of celebrities—would serve to neutralize the influence of the absentee Peer, and to abate the scandal which it creates. Unless that can be removed—as, for instance, by the nomination of a genuine legislative body, committee-fashion, by the Peers themselves, from among their working members—it is idle to expect that the decisions of the House on questions important enough to set the “party whips” vigorously at work, can ever possess the weight which ought to belong to the deliverances of a Second Chamber.

The infusion of the life Peer ingredient might have a useful result. It is highly desirable that the conservatism which occasionally opposes itself to the progressive tendencies of the Lower House should possess more of the quality of the natural conservatism of individual character and temperament, and less of that of the conservatism of party. The one form of opposition would be much more patiently borne with, even when it was regarded as mistaken, than the other.

As to more ambitious proposals for dealing with the House of Lords—from the cry of its “abolition” down to the demand that its veto should be made suspensive only—it is clearly premature to discuss them at present. Whatever may be thought of the demand that the Franchise Bill should be referred to the constituencies, it is surely not too much to suggest that proposals of vast constitutional change should at least be held in reserve until the country has pronounced upon the minor issue.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AUGUST, 1884.

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AN AMERICAN CRITICISM OF THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.—

This article gives a short summary of the report just published of Commander Goodrich, the officer of the American Navy attached to the Head-quarters' Staff of the British Army during the late Egyptian Campaign.

The broad inference which the reporter draws from the essential facts of the bombardment of Alexandria is that vessels are not, and never will be, able to fight on even terms with forts: that is, when the object of the vessels is to reduce the forts—the ability of forts to stop the progress of modern ships is another question. He does not deny that for the latter enterprise the works of Alexandria would have been utterly powerless against the British fleet, 'which need hardly have paid them the compliment of a passing shot.' But in the case of fight between ship and fort, he points out that the responsibility of the attack belongs to the former, while the latter gains the credit of a drawn battle. The former cannot continue the action beyond a certain time, limited by the capacity of shell-rooms and magazines. The garrison of the latter may quietly wait under cover until the ship's fire slackens, can then return it with interest, and continue it until the ship, if she be able, retires *re infecta*.

In fact, he contends, the bombardment of Alexandria was not in a technical sense a triumph, for though the forts were badly bruised, in the generality of cases the real damage they sustained could have easily been repaired in a single night. It was the strain of the

unequal strife and the heavy casualties that broke down the courageous resistance of the Egyptian artillerymen.

Commander Goodrich specifies the 'Condor's' share in the action, and the conduct of the landing party under Lieutenant Bradford of the 'Invincible' as 'the two brilliant episodes of the day.' But just as Fort Mex was in his opinion the only one of the Alexandrian defences that could not have renewed the action on the following day, and that because of the damage wrought it by Bradford's spiking-party, so he holds that if the constancy of the garrison had been of a higher type, the task of that landing party would have been very arduous.

He thus pithily expresses himself:—

The actual garrison was whipped, and thoroughly whipped, after a most creditable and determined resistance, but it is hardly to be doubted that if it had been of a *personnel* similar to that on board the attacking fleet, the spiking-party would have had difficulty in executing their task, and on the 12th of July the challenge from the ships would have been promptly accepted.

What if that challenge had been accepted? The Egyptian resources of ammunition were enormous, while the bombardment of the 11th of July had drained the British fleets' stock to a dangerously low ebb. With a heavier sea running to render the fire of the fleet less accurate, and to embarrass the operation of replenishing its almost empty magazines from the ammunition vessels in the outer roadstead, can we doubt, says Commander Goodrich, that the struggle would have been vastly prolonged even if the final result had been unaltered?

He further asserts that we have no gun now afloat which can send a projectile through, or seriously damage a well-packed earthen parapet 30 feet thick at ordinary ranges. It follows that the aggressive action must chiefly concern itself with dismounting the guns of the defending batteries and exploding their magazines. But hammering at a target, which is comparatively speaking a mere pin's point, is a prolonged and precarious operation. A successful hit must mean either good luck, or phenomenally good shooting. The American reporter suggests an expedient for quickening-up results.

If [writes he in italics] Admiral Seymour had possessed a vessel carrying both heavy modern high-powered guns and large howitzers or other shell-guns capable of great elevation, and thus somewhat similar to the mortar in application, she would have been of immense value, for she could have run close into the forts, driven the Egyptians away from their batteries with her shell-guns and her machine-guns, and then dismounted the latter with comparative ease at short range with her high-powered ordnance.

The bombardment of Alexandria conclusively proved that ships engaging forts, not superior in force, gain more in accuracy of fire by anchoring than in safety by keeping under way; but a ship engaging in the hazardous close-range enterprise he suggests should

diminish her risk as much as possible by keeping under way, at least until the gun-teams on the shore defences had been driven from their batteries. As to the machine guns so largely employed by the British fleet, he writes : —

If mounted in the tops, and used at short range against low parapets, as at Mex, they may be very useful, but in a general engagement at long range (as in the case of the outside fleet, where the fall of the bullets could not be observed and the aim corrected, owing to the distance of the object aimed at and the thickness of the smoke), they cannot be considered as really formidable.

The American officer is enthusiastic as to the adroitness and secresy with which the change of base by Lord Wolseley to Ismailia was carried out.

The nocturnal occupation of Port Said was clearly a piece of work after his own heart. He notes, what is not mentioned in the official despatches, the workmanlike position in which the 'Monarch' and the 'Iris' were moored in front of that place, the former with her forward turret-guns commanding the main street, the latter outside her comrade, where she could shell the beach and the Arab town. In proof of the thorough obedience to the order of silence that ruled the night surprise, he mentions that the people on board the French ironclad, moored to the same buoy as the 'Monarch,' remained in utter ignorance that anything was being done. The seizure of Ismailia by Captain Fitzroy's mixed force of blue-jackets and marines, although completely unexpected and almost unresisted, he calls an undertaking 'dangerous in the extreme' owing to the proximity of a large armed force of Egyptians. Perhaps in using such an expression Commander Goodrich speaks too strongly, seeing that Fitzroy was able not only to hold his own without support in Ismailia, but also to dislodge the enemy from Nefiche, and effectually hinder him from re-establishing himself there until Graham landed with the advance guard of the army and covered the front.

* * * * *

Himself a naval officer, he glories in the checkmate the English commander was able to administer to M. de Lesseps in virtue of the skill in navigation of British naval officers ; and he manifests a grim satisfaction at the artistic style in which the attempted desertion of the French Administration of the Canal at Ismailia was thwarted by the fast torpedo launch with which the British senior naval officer barred the entrance to the Canal from Lake Timsah.

To the results of the battle of Kassassin, William Goodrich attaches very great importance. It showed us that our task was not to be a mere parade across the desert, and its value on the moral of the British troops, in giving them self-reliance, was incalculable. The critical period of the campaign was the interval between Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir, and it was the transport difficulty which gave it that character.

Kassassin was but twenty miles distant from the base at Ismailia, where supplies abounded in profusion, yet at Kassassin there was discomfort reaching to privation. The railway was temporarily unavailable ; the army transport

had 'completely broken down,' and 'but for the boat service on the Sweet Water Canal, a detailed and most interesting account of which is given by Commander Goodrich, he regards it as doubtful whether it would not have been necessary to draw in temporarily from the advanced position taken up at Kassassin. Half the wheeled transport was from the first unavailable, because to draw each vehicle through the sand the regulation team had to be doubled; the waggons and carts were discarded, and their teams applied to the more purposeful service of hauling trucks on the railway and craft on the Sweet Water Canal.

On this head the American officer writes :—

The chief reason for the breakdown in the transport was undoubtedly the attempted adherence to a rigid system, absolutely unsuited to the country in which the operations were to be conducted. The native inhabitants may be generally assumed to understand fairly well their own needs in this particular. In Egypt from time immemorial they have used pack animals exclusively. Had the British transport corps landed at Ismailia with an adequate and well-organised mule train, the heavy desert and the interruption in the railroad would have failed to check the flow of supplies to the front, and the army would have been spared the annoyance of seeming to suffer almost within sight of the base.

For the same reason he shows that mountain batteries are superior under such conditions to wheeled artillery, and suggests as desirable for service over sandy soils "some sort of broad tire capable of ready application to the wheels of all vehicles."

The concentration to the front being made, was followed by the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The following are the American's modest and pertinent remarks on that combat :—

In view (says he) of the decisiveness of the victory comment appears unnecessary. It may be alleged that the mode of attack adopted was hazardous to the degree of imprudence; that no commander would dare to employ such tactics on European territory; that a night march of nine miles could only be followed by a properly disposed and immediate assault under circumstances so exceptional as to be providential. It must, however, be remembered that General Wolseley understood his enemy, knew his military habits and numbers, as well as the ground intervening, had a fairly good idea of his entrenchments, a just appreciation of his *moral*, a strong conviction as to the proper manner of engaging him, and confidence in the officers and men of his own command. What he would have done if the enemy had been of another character is another question, whose consideration does not come within the province of this report. It seems a sufficient answer to such criticisms as are referred to above to remark that the means were adjusted to the end to be reached, and that the justification (if any be needed) of the risks incurred lies in the success which attended them, a success as rare as it was complete.

He expresses the meanest opinion of the conduct of the Egyptian officers; each, he says, knew *he* would run, but hoped his *neighbour* would stay. The men, however, in his opinion, displayed real courage, as their heavy loss in killed abundantly proves.

More intelligence and less downright cowardice in the upper grades might have converted these men into a formidable enemy.

Of the British officers as a body Commander Goodrich writes :—

The most indifferent observer could not fail to notice on their part a desire to be in the midst of the work, whether campaigning or fighting ; a cheerful manner even under the most trying circumstances ; and a commendable spirit of goodfellowship. Their great object was to secure the opportunity of distinction, and to profit by it when secured. If fortunate in this respect, the troubles and hardships incident to their life were as nothing. The commander-in-chief was supported by a set of officers who only required permission to go ahead and do their duty—the execution followed at once, and was marked by intelligence, zeal, and perseverance.

He was also impressed by the intelligence displayed by the non-commissioned officers, as well as by the very large share they seemed to have in the business routine of the companies. Of that much maligned person, the British soldier, he writes :—

The good behaviour of the troops on the whole was a matter of constant remark. I take pleasure in recording as the result of my own observation, extending over many weeks, the rarity of cases of intoxication or other misdemeanour, the soldierly bearing, neat appearance, and generally good behaviour of the British troops in Egypt.

Finally, with reference to the short-service system, which he regarded as on its trial in the Egyptian campaign, he formulates his opinion thus on the issue :—

The long-service men might have been hardier, more seasoned—indeed, the evidence drawn from the record of the marines is clear on this point (the younger men furnished more than their quota of invalids)—but that they would have behaved with more steadiness on the march and coolness in the fight cannot be shown. While (he continues) the enemy encountered in Egypt was not of a nature to develop the highest qualities of the British soldier, still as a fairly adequate trial of the scheme that has been working into operation for the last decade, the campaign, although full of lessons in detail, must be regarded also as abounding in promise for the future. Given (he concludes) a few years for the method to crystallise, it is not to be doubted that the British infantry will be counted as of old, most formidable, and its presence on a European battle-field as a most potent factor in the result.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The high tide of feeling that is now running in England with regard to the action of the Upper House on the Franchise Bill, and the violent attack recently made on the collective character of the Peers by the Radical Professor who signs this article, give a certain interest to this exposition of his views.

Professor Thorold Rogers begins by tracing the history of the House of Peers from its earliest days.

Every schoolboy who learns history knows that the House of Lords is the descendant of the great council of the realm, in which all tenants holding lands directly of the crown were present as of duty and not of right ; that in course of time the absence of the less opulent tenants was condoned, and the attendance of only the most considerable was claimed ; and that the persons thus summoned were reluctant in their attendance. The king directed his writs to whom he pleased. He rarely omitted any great lord, for as absence without leave was construed as a sign of disaffection, it was not likely that any powerful subject would be excused from waiting on the king. The presence of the opulent ecclesiastics, bishops and abbots, was similarly an obligation, which some tried to evade, setting up charters or other evidence of exemption from attendance. But the issue of a writ to other great tenants of the crown was at the pleasure of the Sovereign, or even dependent on his caprice ; for there are no two lists of units alike in the annals of Parliament during the

times of the Plantaganet Sovereigns. In order to insure attendance, the king took securities from the absentees, under the name of proxies, who were sureties for their fellows, and responsible for their action. In course of time what was intended to be personal liability, and a serious one too, was made the foundation of a most irrational and mischievous privilege.

Outvoted largely, if the assembly ever came to a vote at all, by the bishops and the heads of religious houses, who were far more numerous than the temporal lords, and much more regular in their attendance, the Lords relinquished to the Commons at an early date not only the practice of petitioning for redress of grievances, and for legislation, but the initiation of grants for the service of the crown, and the habit of doling out supply as popular demands were satisfied or disappointed. It was the Commons and their leaders who, at their risk, curbed the prerogative of the crown, and extended popular rights in a rough and clumsy fashion, but with indisputable intentions ; for the statute 7 Hen. IV., cap. 15, under which the largest county franchise was accorded, a franchise not even conceded by the bill which has passed the lower house, was enacted at "the grievous complaint of the Commons." The Lords have never, except on one occasion, when the country was unanimous, ever vindicated public liberty, or taken guarantees against arbitrary government, but have almost invariably been timid in the defence of public right, though eager and unscrupulous in maintaining and enlarging the privileges of their own order.

When the religious houses were dissolved, the temporal Peers became a majority in the House of Lords ; but they either cared not or dared not to withstand the Royal prerogative. Even the privilege of free speech was secured at the instance of the Commons, though Stroud's Act was not declared to be a general Act till a century or more after its being passed. It was in the Commons that the spirit of resistance to arbitrary Government was matured during the reign of Elizabeth, to be translated into action during the long period between the accession of James and the election of the Long Parliament, when the king and the greater part of the aristocracy were marshalled on one side, and the vigour, wealth and conscience of the nation on the other.

In the second parliament of Charles I, the king withheld his writ from the Earls of Bristol and Arundel, perhaps for other reasons than those which he alleged, the latter having been also imprisoned. Parliament met on February 2nd, and on March 22nd Bristol petitioned the House of Lords to the effect that they would mediate between the king and himself so as to procure the issue of his writ. The Lord Keeper, on the presentation of this petition, told the Lords, that he was commanded by the king not to send any writ of summons to the Earl. The Lords, on this, remitted the case to their Committee of Privileges, which on March 30th reported that after "diligent search, no precedent has been found that any writ of summons hath been detained from any peer, that is capable of sitting in the House of Parliament," and added "that it will be necessary humbly to beseech his Majesty that a writ of summons be sent to this petitioner, and to such other lords to whom no writ of summons hath

been directed by this Parliament" But the statement, like most assertions by the Lords about their privileges, must be incorrect. For example, in 1305 writs are issued to 75 abbots and 94 barons; in 1306, to 15 abbots and 63 barons; in 1307, to 48 abbots and 86 barons, in the same year to 54 abbots and 71 barons, and in the following year to 12 abbots and 47 barons; and it must be perfectly clear that a wide discretion was exercised by the crown in the issue of writs to the heads of the regular clergy and those nobles who were under the degree of an earl. But a writ is not even uniformly issued to earls. Thus in the year 1310, the Earl of Surrey is summoned, in 1311 he is not summoned. In short, an examination of Dugdale's writs of summons would prove the case conclusively, that the issue of a writ was a matter of discretion with the crown, and not a matter of right with the individual peers, and that the report of the committee on March 30th, 1626, is like many other such reports of the peers, inaccurate or untrue. Of course the list of writs issued from the chancery to the peers is a different document from the roll of the peers, which was copied after the journals commence into that series.

Towards the latter end of the session of 1626, and just before the dissolution, the peers voted that they would not transact business till Arundel was released. In the next parliament it appears that writs were issued to all the peers. The king was about to enter on an increasingly acrid dispute with the Commons, and was not disposed to quarrel with both houses at once. But in the case of a house, the whole of whose privileges, legislative powers, and authority is a mass of self-assertions, grounded on no action of the legislature whatever, precedents gathered from the ancient relations of the crown and the lords are of importance and may be of supreme use. A law may take all meaning out of a precedent. The commons during the Tudor and Stuart times, constantly determined at their own discretion with whom the Franchise resided in the boroughs. Since the Acts of 1429 and 1432 the House of Commons has been disabled from deciding at its discretion on the County Franchise, and since 1832 on that in the boroughs also.

In 1649, the House of Lords fell with the monarchy. The Commons voted "the House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." The next day a similar resolution was passed with regard to the monarchy. But in effect, it must have been in the minds of the Commons that the writs to the peers had been issued by the authority of the Crown, and that their vitality was lost with that of their origin.

The peers assume a new and very different position after the Restoration.

The struggle with the Crown as to the right of Parliament to impose taxes was over, and the king had no reason to regret that he had relinquished the claims of his father. But the peers set up the most preposterous claims to independence and authority. They wanted to challenge the right of the Commons to the custody of the public purse. They claimed an original jurisdiction in suits and in various appellate judgments they delivered grotesque and scandalous decisions, which lawyers declined to report. They carried the doctrine of *scandalum magnatum* to an absurd extent. They strove to carry a bill for many years under

which the trial of persons of their own order was to be regulated, a bill which the Commons regularly rejected. But their most audacious act was the resolution of June 18th, 1678, by which they asserted, in defiance of numerous precedents, that a peer could not by deed relinquish for himself and his heirs, a title which had been conferred on him, or on his ancestors. There were persons living who remembered that Lord Stafford had so surrendered his barony in 1640, and many similar deeds were quoted by the Attorney-General in his defence of the instrument by which Viscount Purbeck was allowed to relinquish his dignity.

The Lords had much to do with the Revolution of 1688, and a majority of them remained Whigs till the Treaty of Utrecht. During this time they formulated the reign of the families, which was continued till the revolt of George III and the Administration of Pitt. Meanwhile the number of peers—160 at the date of the Scotch Union—had greatly increased. They had become the owners of the small boroughs, and almost administered the affairs of the whole nation. Since 1832 they have been in the main in opposition, for a party in the House of Commons, which deprived them of their influence a generation and a half ago, has on the whole served the country, and has attempted legislation, though always under the difficulties of having to deal with a permanent opposition in another place, and with a distinctly avowed determination on the part of the majority of the peers to mutilate or reject whenever they can venture on doing so.

The House of Lords is now a body of over 500 persons, most of them having been ennobled in comparatively recent times, out of lawyers, military and naval persons, and opulent country gentlemen. If these persons commit felony, they are triable by their own order only; and in case the trial takes place during the session of Parliament, by the whole order. If they commit treason, they are always triable by the whole body. As, however, Parliament is now constantly kept sitting with intervals of prorogation, and a new Parliament is also elected immediately on the dissolution of its predecessor, it is probable that any felony committed by a Peer would be triable by the whole body, and that all the 500 odd would be summoned to the function. Since they have been tried by what is practically the whole of their own order, only one has been capitally punished, *viz.*, Lord Ferrers in 1760; though not a few scandals have been created by the virtual impunity which so monstrous a court accords, as, for instance, the acquittal of Lord Mohun, in 1693, for one murder and his pardon, in 1697, for another. This privilege of trial in the court of the High Steward is a survival of a franchise anciently enjoyed very generally. The charters of the two greatest English Universities confer on them the privilege of holding courts, in which a High Steward presides, or is supposed to preside, and where the functions are those of holding trials for felonies and all analogous offences committed by scholars. The course of civilization and the development of a central judicial system has rendered these local jurisdictions as obsolete as the old manor

courtfeets. The grotesque system is kept alive in the case of the Peers only by the privilege of Parliament and an impression that the courts of law could not conveniently come into collision with the House of Lords.

The decisions which the Lords have come to as the heritable character of peerages conferred by writ, a theory which the writs in Dugdale would show to be a late opinion, their assertion in the Purbeck case, already alluded to, as to the inalienable character of a peerage, and their resistance to all legislative action touching their own order, have practically disabled them from exercising any discipline over any of their own members, however scandalous such conduct may be. The House of Commons, sensible of the mischief which would arise from the retention of persons within its walls, who, though not legally disabled from sitting, are nevertheless a discredit to it, has always expelled certain offenders. It did so for bribery, as in Speaker Trevor's case; it did so for perjury in Atkinson's. But Lord Macclesfield, though his offences were as scandalous as those of Trevor, was allowed to retain his peerage, and, by an equality of votes, was still allowed to hold office, place, or employment. He even had the advantage of a remainder to his heirs female in his patent, and therefore gained and kept a perpetuity to his honours. The virtual acquittal of Sheffield, Lord Normanby, by his peers in 1695 was more than a scandal. His elevation to a dukedom eight years afterwards made the matter worse. It may be, as the peers may give testimony on their honour, but they are not liable to the penalties of perjury.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of high-handed action on the part of the Lords, in the heyday of their power during the reign of Anne, was their resolution of December 20th, 1711. The Duke of Hamilton was created an English peer by the title of the Duke of Brandon and his name as an English peer was entered on the roll which was supplied to the Lords by Garter King-at-Arms. The Lords determined on excluding him and all other Scottish peers, and refused to consult the judges as to the legality of the course which they were pursuing. They then affirmed that no patent of honour granted to any peer of Great Britain who was a peer of Scotland at the time of the Union can entitle such peer to sit and vote in Parliament, or to sit on the trials of peers. It is possible that when a Tory majority was created in the Upper House, they would have reversed the resolution in favour of their champion and favourite, but Hamilton fought a duel with Mohun less than a year afterwards, when both were killed. But the resolution remained, and for more than seventy years Scottish peers admitted to English titles were disabled, till the judges decided that no disability, such as that alleged in the resolution, was created by the Act of Union, and the Lords thereupon reversed their decision, a remarkable but by no means a solitary instance of the audacity with which the Lords have asserted and maintained their interpretation of their own privileges and rights.

Not long ago a peer of Parliament was proved to have committed forgery. He had done it so frequently that the patience of the relative, on whose good nature and unwillingness to expose him he had long trespassed, was at last exhausted. He was not committed for trial, nor did the Peers take steps to deal with so scandalous a case.

The Professor doubts if the Lords could or would pretend to exclude any of their order for notorious unbelief, or for such offences as would disable men from a seat in the House of Commons.

The most cherished privileges, then, of the peerage, their *incontestable right* to a writ of summons, the heritable character of a writ of summons, the incapacity to surrender a peerage, are self-assertions unwarranted by any positive law, and contradicted by numerous precedents. The Lords complain that they are bound like Theseus to a rock, from which no Hercules can relieve them. They can be by the sacrifice which the hero made—a surrender of the meaner part of his nature. But I cannot conceive, even if the function of the Lords were extinguished or neutralised, that the other House would allow them to retain their privileges and immunities and admit them to voting and sitting. On the other hand, if they were to recall their resolution of June 18th, 1678, I cannot conceive that any member of the House of Commons would be so stony-hearted as to put them into the category of the clergy, and the civil servants of the Crown. It is, to be sure, possible to imagine, that if some of them did not mend their ways, the permission to relinquish the dignity might be refused, and that the Legislature might even adopt the precedent of Florence, and degrade to the condition of nobility those of the Commons who might be found mischievous and inconvenient.

But we should lose the characteristic of an ancient nobility. As far as regards antiquity, there are not half-a-dozen peerages, other than baronies revived by the discretion of the House, and are therefore constituencies of a single elector which the Lords have themselves created, but which date before the Reformation. Every one knows the history of the Reformation peerages, though the representatives of some among these are among the most respectable, and, speaking historically, the most consistent in our annals. But little good can be said of those which were created in the Stuart period. The most distinguished is that of the younger branch of the house of Cecil, a family which became opulent in the first place by the plunder of the church, a plunder which, when Burleigh was gorged, he was induced to stop. The first noble of the younger stock was the adviser of arbitrary taxation in the reign of James, and gave the earliest occasion for the quarrel which led to the overthrow of the monarchy and the execution of the king. His son became a parliamentarian, and, as far as a peer could be, a regicide, for he sat in the Lords till the Commons extinguished it on February 6th, 1649. The fourth earl became a papist, and was associated with the bigotry of James and the crimes of Sunderland. Thenceforward the family became obscure, was duly raised to the marquissate, and is now represented by the reputed leader of the opposition, who has been educated in the House of Commons and by the *Saturday Review*, from the latter of which teachers he has probably derived his incessant and startling inaccuracy, his habitual recklessness, and his lofty contempt for anybody but himself.

The traditions of the English peerage are in every way disastrous. The order is protected against its own vices by secret and mischievous conveyances, which often give an appearance of opulence to members of a body who are all the while impoverished, and who, generation after generation, defraud their creditors.

The existence even in a moderate degree of a pauper section in the house would be a serious scandal, and in consequence families, as is notorious, are bolstered up by private Acts of Parliament, and even by sinecure offices. The House of Commons is now engaged in mitigating, not without considerable offence and vexation, one of these disreputable jobs in connection with the Middlesex registration court. Nor is a secured position conducive to morality. Perhaps we have no concern with the immoralities of private persons, though even this indifference may be carried too far, but for decency's sake we have an interest, and ought to have an interest, in the personal character of public functionaries. If an official in the civil service were to misconduct himself publicly, the most lenient administration would force him to retire, even though the offence was not malversation in office. Are the most eminent members of the civil service to claim to make laws for us and to do so at their discretion? They have latterly been engaged in an act of legislation, which is so strict in its requirements of personal morality as to be, in the opinion of many, unworkable, and are they to be above criticism? But to deny that there is a vast amount of recklessness and profligacy among the peers, a far larger proportion than in an equal number of five hundred persons who are before the public, would be ridiculous, as it would be to doubt that, owing to peculiar influences, much does not come before the light. One of the silliest and falsest of platitudes is that of the fierce light which beats on persons in exalted positions. They have every opportunity to screen their doings, every inclination beyond a cynical contempt for public opinion towards doing so, and an abundant array of accomplices and parasites who will aid them in the process. The fact is, the institutions which protect English nobles assist the survival of the unfittest.

Professor Thorold Rogers thinks the surroundings of a young noble are most unfavourable to the growth of morality and the development of a reasonable judgment in him. The wholesomest part of his education is at a public school, but at the University he is privileged. The Professor has over and over again seen at Oxford that noblemen have been condoned for misconduct, which would in any other person have involved disgraceful expulsion, if not civil penalties.

The situation is, moreover, eminently unfavourable to the competence of their judgment.

It is seldom the case that a peer who has not had a preliminary training in the House of Commons, however considerable his abilities are, is able to be dispassionate, and not always after that. The Duke of Argyll is a very able man, very lucid in speech and writing, very eloquent, didactic, convinced and forcible. But I never heard of any human being, or any human opinion with which the Duke was ever in sympathy. A nation may be driven by oppression to passive rebellion, or open acts of outrage, but the Duke has no regard for any body but the oppressors, if they belong to his own order, or to interests analogous to his. The wrongs of the Irish peasant, the distress of the Scottish crofter, the despairing discontent of the British farmer are met by him with an insistence on the sacred rights of one kind of property. He has misrepresented the anxious reasoning with which farmers have defended their interests in agricultural improvements. Even when he undertook the easy task of exposing the economical fallacies and the

crude inferences of Mr. George, he could not refrain from insulting him. I do not wonder at this. It is the *insita superbia* of a nobleman, who instinctively concludes that any one who criticises him or his order must be in the wrong, and who thrusts into the scales of controversy, like Brennus in the story, his coronet, with the very premature cry of *vas victis*. Even the light-hearted and genial wit of Lord Rosebery is slow to see any but its own humour. Lord Carnarvon cannot superintend the erection of a monument to Falkland, without perverting history, and making the ceremony an occasion of factious declamation. He talks of his political opponents with an acerbity which is always unfair, and is frequently abusive. I do not wonder at it, he has never had the opportunity or inclination for admiring any one but himself, for peers live in a paradise which I do not care to characterise.

We now come to the burning question of the hour, which, no doubt, evoked this article as well as Professor Rogers's spoken diatribes, "their late most preposterous demand to dissolve the House of Commons at their will, and to claim a plebiscite from a limited number of electors on the question as to whether a number of other Englishmen should be admitted to the franchise." This demand is characterised as supremely ridiculous, as supremely impertinent, as utterly hypocritical, as supremely mischievous, and as conspicuously unfair.

It is ridiculous because

it is to the effect that the majority of five hundred persons, casual beyond description, and incompetent to judge beyond parallel, should arrest all legislation, remit the representatives of the people to the people, and exercise the prerogative which Charles I exercised till the nation was provoked into the Long Parliament. It would be to go back three centuries, and to substitute for what was, however wrongheaded, an intelligible faith, that in the divine right of kings, an absurd, unintelligent, and impossible faith, that the self-assertion of five hundred accidents is to be taken for something, and is to be meekly submitted to at the instance of the five hundred.

It is impertinent because

it is to the effect that the five hundred casualties are better judges of how far the popular wish inclines to Parliamentary reform, than the five hundred and more persons who are elected by a more or less popular suffrage, who are in more or less immediate communication with the persons they represent, and who have to consider whether their acts will be in harmony with their past pledges and their future political prospects. But even from a Tory point of view there is nothing to be said for the demand. None of the county members sitting on the Conservative side ventured to say that they would not extend the county franchise, even on the lines of the Bill. It is hardly possible for Lord Salisbury to say that they did not know the mind of their future constituents, however faithfully they may represent the present electors. There is not a Tory member for a county who did not know, if he had divided the House against the second reading, and the Bill passed, that he would lose his seat, who does not feel that by voting for the absurd proposal that reform and redistribution should go together, he might and now has

seriously imperilled it, or is particularly easy that he was induced to approve of the action of the Lords.

It is hypocritical because

the Lords do not want a plebiscite on the Reform Bill. They thought, whether rightly or wrongly, that they might get an advantage out of the Government's foreign policy, and that the English people, who condemned the prodigious recklessness of the late Government, would condemn the overcaution of the present. I venture on asserting that there was not one Tory in the House of Commons, and I almost believe there was not one Tory in the House of Lords, who believed the accuracy of Lord Salisbury's statement, or believed in his own candour when he echoed the statement, that the country had not made up its mind on parliamentary reform, that it was indifferent to the issue, and that therefore it ought to be formally consulted.

It is mischievous because

if the pretence of a right to dissolve Parliament is an arrogant assumption on the part of the Lords, and is a more audacious act of usurpation than the dissolutions of the rash and mendacious Charles, so the attempt to elicit the voice of the electors by a plebiscite on a single issue is an imitation, and a bad imitation, of the policy of the Second Empire. Napoleon, called the Third, did occasionally, to the serious mischief of France, invite, by a popular appeal, a vote of confidence in his administration. It was disastrous to his people, it was more disastrous to himself, for it led him into the fool's paradise of 1870. No enemy of free institutions could devise a scheme more hostile to them than a plebiscite on a single issue, no friend of free institutions could fight too energetically against so hateful a conspiracy. It strikes at the root of that confidence which should be reposed in representatives, till they have betrayed their trust, that of a free judgment within recognised lines, a compact which the most shifty politician confesses to be binding, a breach of which is such bad faith, that the person who commits it, is, by the unwritten law of Parliament, bound to retire or seek re-election.

It is unfair because

the Lords demand that the House of Commons should be dissolved, in order that a verdict should be delivered on the policy of the majority. If the majority is condemned by the country, and no reasonable man believes that it would be on this issue, the Lords would decree that the county voter should not be emancipated, and would mulct the majority with the loss of their seats. If the majority is reinstated, they would have vindicated themselves, though, as was proved, superfluously, and with great loss of private money and labour and public time. But the wager is wholly unfair. It would be, "Heads I win, tails you lose," as the saying is. The Lords would be none the worse for being vanquished. They would be just as able to pick a quarrel with the new House as they were with the old, perhaps just as willing, and with absolutely no fear for the consequences, with nothing but a rebuff, which they are too splendid to care for, and too thick-skinned to feel, whatever they might do.

But however harshly the demand may be with justice characterised, the motive by which the demand was formulated and was to be enforced was even more grotesque.

The Opposition pleaded against extension without redistribution on the ground that the little boroughs might swamp the counties. Who believes them? *Quis tulcrit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* Who has hitherto kept the little boroughs? Have the Liberal party desired to retain the pitiful villages which send members to Parliament? Are we responsible for Woodstock and Eye, and, to be fair, for Petersfield and Wallingford, though in the former pair the members are nominated, in the latter pair elected against territorial influence? Why we shall next be told that Mr. Ashmead Bartlett was naturalised by the present Home Secretary, instead of that function, one of the highest crimes of the late Government, having been performed by the wise and far-seeing genius of Mr. Cross. To imagine that the peers intend, in the process of redistribution, to institute any real relation between population and representation, is to credit them with a fairness of which they have never given proof. What they wished to do was to baffle the Government and reform by imposing on the former an impossible task, and on the latter a fatal obstacle. They probably hoped that there would be much discontent on one side of the Liberal party if the disfranchisement (not now, it will be remembered, as in former Reform Bills, of individuals, but of localities), were extensive, and much discontent of the other side, if small constituencies remained unduly represented. They wished to stir up the mud of the most ignoble partisanship, and the motives of their zeal are manifest. If any event could discredit the capacity, the intelligence, the patriotism, the foresight, the reputation of the House of Lords, it would be the demand which Lord Salisbury made, and his followers accepted, and the motion which Lord Cairns formulated, and the majority affirmed.

The writer has never found in the whole history of the House of Lords since it became a power, that it did more than one good thing.

I allude to the resistance of the Whig peers, during the reign of Anne, to the occasional Conformity Bill, promoted by Nottingham, whose family has greatly fallen, and the High Church Tories. As is well known, the Whigs, in order to hold the power which they felt slipping from them, through the genius and intrigues of Bolingbroke, sacrificed their allies, the Dissenters, and consented at last to the Bill. They got no good by their perfidy, as perfidious people seldom do. But since that time the business of the Lords has been to countenance all oppression, and to resist all justice. They never raised their voice against the atrocious penal codes of the eighteenth century, though most of these bloody laws were passed at the instance of the Whigs and the traders, the latter of whom they cordially detested.

It is an open secret that much just and necessary legislation would long since have been effected, but for the open and the secret tactics of the Lords. They have never resisted one foolish act of the Commons, such, for example, as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. One cannot discover a single act of high political morality in the action of the Lords, and it would be easy to exhibit plenty of acts conducted in a contrary spirit. They have never helped to bring the people of England out of Egypt and the house of bondage,

and he would be a very false priest indeed who ascribed such a mission and such a function to the golden calf of the English race.

The Tories desire the aid of the Lords in order to prevent, as Mr. Howorth has told the *Times*, the Liberals from jerrymandering the Redistribution Bill. To jerrymander, I believe, is to do dishonest work, and I well remember how Mr. Disraeli dealt with the redistribution in connection with the Reform Bill of 1867. He clapped, without regard to propriety, county districts on to boroughs which returned Liberals, with the avowed object of neutralising the party. He did so at Oxford as I know, he tried to do so at Birmingham, when Mr. Bright stopped him, and he retreated. But the Liberal party is bound to approximate as nearly as possible to the principle of apportioning representation to numbers, a power which Mr. Howorth and his allies may call jerrymandering, as they may in trade call a fraud a composition. But the redistribution which we advocate we also call fair dealing.

If the English people likes, it will keep the House of Lords and leave it alone with powers strictly limited, or reform it. But it will be vain, if we can judge from the past, to expect that this second Chamber will ever be other than an obstacle, or to imagine that it will give wise counsel or restrain rash action. When it cannot obstruct, its debates and its resolutions are of no more account than those of the Oxford Union. Hence it can only vindicate its existence by obstruction, because it is in this that its only vitality consists.

There is an institution familiar to the people, though unknown to the constitution, as we are told, which fulfils all the functions of a second Chamber. It checks irregular and hasty action, it invites debate, it lives by the popular will. Those members of it who are in the House of Lords are more or less amenable to public opinion, for their term of office depends on it. It can stop all legislation which it deems unsuitable, for the sturdiest private member has never following enough to defy it. It is constrained to be prudent, for if it gets the reputation of success, it bears the ill repute of failure. It is bound up with the Parliament which it controls. It checks its followers by one set of risks, its followers check it by another set of risks. It is called the Cabinet, and, in my opinion, it is not only the best second Chamber devisable, but the only second Chamber which is necessary.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1884.

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SOME LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS. IX.—With the present paper Mr. Payn's reminiscences come to a close. At 32 years of age came the writer's first success in literature, though he had written many books and a very large number of miscellaneous articles before. This was "Lost Sir Massingberd." The story appeared in the "Journal" and very largely increased its circulation. The proprietors dealt very liberally with him; and this, Mr. Payn says, he mentions because there is a notion abroad that justice has but a legal foothold in Paternoster Row, generosity none at all. He proceeds to aver, with much simplicity:—

It is far from uncommon for publishers to give very considerable sums to successful authors beyond what they have bargained for. Of course it may be urged—for there are some people who never will give the devil his due—that this has been done as a retaining fee in order to keep their clients. I can only say that I have known cases where such a motive could not possibly have been imputed, and as they have happened—among others—to myself, I may venture to be quite positive upon the point.

He then relates the following story to illustrate their merits told him by a "Reader."

He was in the great house of Paternoster, Row and Co., but (one cannot but think fortunately for him) Row was dead. One day my friend received one of those charming *brochures* so common now-a-days, full of ill-natured gossip about literature and its disciples. Among other disagreeable things, it said that that eminently successful work 'Disloyala: or the Doubtful Priest,' which had run through fifty editions, had been rejected by his house some years ago. He showed this libel with much indignation to his friend and employer, Mr. Paternoster.

'Is not this,' he cried, 'an infamous statement?'

'What *does* it matter?' was the quiet reply; 'this sort of gentleman will say anything.'

'But I really can't stand it,' persisted the Reader. 'It is a gross libel upon us both, but especially upon me; I shall write to the man and give him a piece of my mind.'

'I wouldn't do that if I were you,' said Mr. Paternoster, still more quietly than before.

'But why not? I really must—'

There was a twinkle in Mr. Paternoster's eye, and a smile at the extreme corners of his mouth, which attracted the other's attention, and interrupted his eloquence.

'Is there any reason why I should not contradict this man?'

'Well yes, the fact is we did reject the book.'

'What? Do you mean to say I rejected "*Disloyala*?"'

'I am afraid so; at all events we did it amongst us. I don't blame you; I think it even now a dullish book.'

'And you never told me? Never let fall a word of it all these years?'

'Certainly not. I thought it might distress you. I should not have told you now, but that I was taken unawares.'

Mr. Payn's advice to a young author is to look upon his first venture as an advertisement, and not reckon to make his fortune by it. Even if it does not "pay" it may pave the way for its successor. "*Lost Sir Massingberd*" was the writer's fourth book; from which time he began to receive considerable sums for his works. Still it was at least ten years before he reached those "four figures" which are supposed to indicate the position of the popular author. And yet what a beggarly account do the profits of literature present beside those of the bar, medicine, or trade.

Trollope and Scott were exceptionally quick workers, but there are few men who can write a three-volume novel, worth reading, under nine months; in the same time a popular painter can produce at least three pictures, for each of which he gets as large a sum as the popular writer for his entire book. Nor does his work take out of the artist as it does out of the author. Indeed, if a man looks for wealth, the profession of literature is the very last I would recommend him to embrace. On the other hand, such guerdon as the novelist does receive is gained very pleasantly and accompanied by many charming circumstances. He can choose his society where he likes, for all doors are open to him. If fool enough to prefer swelldom to comfort, he has no need to struggle for it, as men in other callings with ten times his income must needs do. At the tables of the great he is not placed according to the degrees of rank (or Heaven knows where he would be), but enjoys a status of his own. In ordinary society, too (which is much more 'particular' than the 'best circles'), he is regarded with an exceptional charity. His position, indeed, among the most respectable people always reminds me of a lunatic among the Indians: 'the Great Spirit' has afflicted him with genius they think (or at all events with something of that nature), and it behoves them to wink at his little infirmities. Nobody dreams of asking whether he is High Church, or Low Church, or even no Church. However much he may

be 'at his ease in Zion,' nobody accuses him of irreverence. It has been said of a certain personage that a great many more people know T. F—— than T. F—— knows ; but the number of people who want to know your popular novelist is almost incredible. His photograph is sighed for by literary maidens beyond the seas, and by professional photographers (who take him for nothing) at home ; his autograph is demanded from some quarter of the world, by every post. Poems are written on him, books are dedicated to him, paragraphs about his failing health (often when he is quite well, which makes it the more pleasant) pervade the newspapers, as though he were a bishop who gives hopes of a vacant see. If vanity is his ruling passion (a circumstance not altogether unprecedented), he should indeed be a happy man.

Moreover his work is always delightful to him, and can be pursued anywhere and at any time ; he is tied to no place, and can take holiday when and where he will ; while, above all, his occupation brings him into connection with the pleasantest and brightest people. Thus "Lost Sir Massingberd" brought the author the kindly praise of Wilkie Collins and of Dickens. What was really remarkable about the book was, that the hero's name was the very name of a gentleman who had been missing for years, and to this day has never been heard of by his friends.

Of the late Duke of Albany, the author thus writes :—

Years ago, long before he took that title, one of my works was so fortunate as to beguile some hours of pain, and led to my introduction to him. I visited him at Boyton Manor, the house he had in Wiltshire, and subsequently at Claremont, and elsewhere. He was a most cordial and kindly host, and never could have been mistaken, even by the most cynical nature, for a patron. His love of literature was so great and genuine as to excuse my mention of him in this place, even if the interest attaching to his memory were less deep and general. He had an hereditary talent for languages, and the passion of his race for music. These things were lost upon me and he knew it, and (as if I had been the Prince and he the Courtier) took pains to avoid those topics in my company. It was the same in politics, in which we had not an opinion in common. I remember visiting him at the time of the Turco-Russian war, and he observed on receiving me (in playful reference to my wrong-headedness in other matters) 'I do hope, Payn, you are at least a good Turk.' And when I was obliged to shake my head, he said, 'Well then, we won't talk about it ;' and we never did. If this courteous reticence were more generally observed, a new charm would often be given to hospitality. As a host, indeed, Prince Leopold was almost faultless. He never forgot, however great might be the interval between their visits, the little peculiarities of his friends. In royal residences the early hours which are essential to my private comfort are not usual, nor is it customary to retire before the master of the house. But long before it grew late, he would make some pleasant observation about the habits of those who were not night birds, which left me free to go to roost. He was not a student in the ordinary sense of the word, though his knowledge of science and philosophy was probably much superior to mine, but he was well acquainted with the lighter branches of literature, and took great

pleasure in them. I had the satisfaction of introducing him to the works of Lefanu, and his admiration of that author (so strangely neglected by the general public, notwithstanding the popularity of some of his imitators) vied with my own. He was fond of humour, though not of the boisterous kind (which perhaps requires physical health for its appreciation), and his favourite modern author was Thackeray. In Scott, too, he took great delight, and pointed out to me with pride a memento which had been given him by his hostess at Abbotsford, the bog oak walking-stick which Sir Walter brought away with him from Ireland, and of which he made such constant use. He had had his choice of richer relics, but had the good taste and sense to know what to choose.

Mr. Payn dissuades his literary brethren from publishing anonymously, as he himself did in the case of "Lost Sir Massingberd," for in that case some one else is sure to claim the authorship. He continues:—

A literary gentleman in Glasgow, upon the strength of the authorship of this very book of mine, collected money from the charitable for some weeks. He said that the writer of the work in question had been very ill remunerated, and appealed with confidence to the spirit of fair play inherent in every British breast. Nay, curiously enough, so late as last summer there was another Richmond of this kind in the field; for my friend Walter Besant writes to me from a North-country inn as follows: 'I met a man in the coffee-room here who gave me many mysterious hints of his great position in the world of letters, and, finding him very anxious to be interrogated, took care not to trouble him with any questions. I asked the landlady, however, who he was. 'Oh!' said she, 'he is quite a famous literary gent; he wrote "A Confidential Agent."' My correspondent concludes his letter: 'I have always suspected this; he is a much more distinguished-looking fellow, and more likely to have done it, than you.' Such are the so-called friendships between literary men in the same line of business.

The writer gives some of his experiences with F——, the famous spiritualist.

I can see him now, a very fat, white-skinned man, with a face something like that of the first Napoleon, and I should think as great a scoundrel. His mode of procedure was to direct us to write down the names of a dozen dead friends on pieces of folded paper, and place them on the table. Then he would take one up in his large white hand, and inquire whether the spirit named herein was on the premises; and, after two or three trials (for success was never achieved the first time), the reply came in the affirmative. H——, though a man of great acquirements and intelligence, was of an exceptionally reverent nature, and he did not much like dealing with his dead friends so lightly; but eventually he did what was required of him. He wrote down, among others, the name of some one I had never heard of. It was a woman's name—let us call it Lucy Lisle—and, of course, I was unaware that he had done so. Suddenly the table at which we sat was violently perturbed—indeed, it was almost thrown upon us—and F——, in something like convulsions, raised his sleeve and displayed, written in letters of blood upon his arm, the words Lucy Lisle.

H——, greatly agitated, got up at once, and we left the house and took a walk together in Hyde Park, where we discussed the matter. As luck would

have it, there we met W. G. Clark, of Cambridge, and confided to him what had occurred, and he agreed to take a guinea's worth of supernatural information from F—, in my company, the next morning. What had happened, as we both agreed, was that the conjuror, while 'making hay,' as it were, of the dozen pieces of paper, had contrived to possess himself of one of them, and afterwards of its contents (this was afterwards found to be the case, but he had also a blank slip, which he dropped when he took up the other, so that there should always be the right number upon the table). What puzzled me, and delighted Clark, were the letters of blood.

The very same thing took place as on the former occasion. F— pitched upon one of Clark's friends, and produced 'Henry James' upon his naked arm in gory characters.

'That is very curious,' said Clark in his dulcet tones. 'You have reproduced quite accurately the name that I wrote down; but I see that, by a mistake, no doubt arising from my official position' (he was Tutor of Trinity at the time), 'I have written it with the surname first; the deceased gentleman's name was James Henry. That you have read my slip of paper is certain; for that Mr. Henry, even in his disembodied state, should not know his surname from his Christian name is incredible. I shall not hesitate to say what has happened here wherever I go, and I should recommend you to leave London.'

F— took this excellent advice within twenty-four hours. It was afterwards found, by experiment, that letters written by a stylus upon a white skin will remain, and apparently in blood, for more than a minute. It was certainly a very effective performance.

Next comes up the name of Charles Collins, brother of the novelist and son-in-law to Dickens, and himself an excellent writer.

His 'Cruise upon Wheels' is one of the most charming books of travel ever written, and his short sketches—notably those two accounts of a visit to the Docks, one supposed to be written under local influences, and the other the next day in all statistical sobriety—testify to his great powers of humour. He was in weak health, and endured with admirable patience more physical suffering than his friends were aware of. He, however, sometimes exhibited a whimsical finality. 'No one gives less trouble than myself,' he once observed to a friend of mine who was his host, 'but I like my little tastes consulted. Your bacon at breakfast is not very streaky, and *would* you be so kind as to ask your man to hang up my great coat by the loop?'

Mr. Payn then relates how a great jewel robbery was committed at the West End under very ingenious circumstances.

A gentleman and lady staying at a fashionable hotel had ordered a large quantity of valuable goods—chiefly diamonds—to be brought to them for their inspection. They drugged or chloroformed (I forget which) the jeweller's assistant who brought them, and got clear away with all the swag. It so happened that the whole adventure had been, as it were, prefigured in 'Chambers's Journal' twelve months before; a contributor had imagined and written the incident just as it afterwards occurred, and the story had so recommended itself to some member of the criminal class that he had put it into practical execution. The jeweller thereupon wrote to the editor of the 'Journal' (poor me), charging him, not indeed with actual complicity with the crime, but as

having been accessory to it before the fact. 'Under the pretence of elevating the masses,' he indignantly observed, 'you suggest to them ingenious methods of robbing honest tradesmen.'

Whereupon the writer replied by pointing out to him that if honest tradesmen would only read that respectable Journal, they would easily put themselves on their guard against such catastrophes. Meanwhile, the offenders did not send the writer of the article even a ring in acknowledgment of what he had done for them.

Mr. Payn gives instances of how nature even plagiarises upon story-writers. Thus some years after the publication of "Lost Sir Massingberd," the very circumstance there related was discovered to have actually taken place. A large oak blown down in the Miami Valley was found to contain the bones of a Roger Vanderburg, a Captain in the Revolutionary Army. In endeavouring to escape, after capture, and being hard pressed, he saw the hollow in the oak, and dropped in.

Then came a fearful discovery. He had miscalculated the depth of the hollow, and there was no escape. O, the story told by the diary of the oak's despairing prisoner! How, rather than surrender to the torture of the stake, he chose death by starvation; how he wrote his diary in the uncertain light and the snows! Here is one entry in the diary:—'November 10.—Five days without food! When I sleep I dream of luscious fruits and flowing streams. The stars laugh at my misery! It is snowing now. I freeze while I starve. God pity me!' The italicised words were supplied by Mr. Rogers (who found the diary) as the trembling hand oft-times refused to indite plainly. The entries covered a period of eleven days, and in disjointed sentences is told the story of St. Clair's defeat.

Again in "Murphy's Master," the writer got rid of a great number of disagreeable characters on an island in the Indian Seas by submerging the island itself.

Some critics thought it audacious; but Nature was so favourably impressed by my little plan, that she used it herself two years afterwards, and in a more comprehensive way than I should have dared to invent; an island in the Bay of Bengal, with the Kinshra lighthouse upon it, with seven scientific assistants, being submerged in a precisely similar manner.

I do not wish to be hard upon Nature, and, without giving details, which could not but wound her *amour propre*, will merely remark that she committed a similar act of piracy in the case of my novel 'Found Dead.'

The chiefs of his own profession, Mr. Payn continues, are always ready to give a helping hand to juniors, but Dickens looked upon this as an imperative duty. Many young would-be contributors have called upon the writer, bringing a much-frayed letter from the master as a passport to his attention.

'He wrote me this letter himself,' they would say, as though there were but one 'He' in the world. It was generally a pretty long one, though written at a time when minutes were guineas to him, full of the soundest advice and tenderest sympathy. There was always encouragement in them (for of course these were not hopeless cases), and often—whenever, in fact, there seemed need for other help besides counsel—some allusion, couched in the most delicate terms, to 'the enclosed.' Dickens not only loved his calling, but had a respect for it, and did more than any man to make it respected. With the pains he took to perfect whatever proceeded from his own pen everyone who has read his life must be conversant; but this minute attention to even the smallest details had its drawbacks. When an inaccuracy, however slight, was brought home to him, it made him miserable. So conscious was I of this, that I never liked to tell him of a mistake in 'Dombey and Son,' which has escaped the notice of 'readers,' professional and otherwise, in every edition. The Major and Cleopatra sit down to play piquet; but what they do play—for they 'propose to' one another—is écarté.

In 1871 Mr. Payn lost his old friend Robert Chambers, and soon after the editorship of the "Journal." His late contributors presented him with a silver inkstand, suitably inscribed, which he values beyond any other of his possessions.

In adding some experiences of literary life, the writer remarks on the relief afforded to the brain by some favourite amusement—in his case, the noble game of whist, which he has played regularly for two or three hours a day for the last thirty years.

Men of letters are rarely good card-players—Lord Lytton and Lever are almost the only exceptions I can call to mind—but some of them have been fond of whist, and have enlivened it by their sallies. A few of these, which I have happened myself to hear, seem worthy of record.

A guest being asked to a dinner party which was to precede an evening at cards, thus apologised for coming in morning costume, 'The suit is surely no matter, so long as one is a Trump.'

A man who had his foot on a gout-rest was holding very bad cards, and complaining alike of his luck and his malady. Upon being reproached by his more fortunate adversary for his irritation, he suddenly exclaimed, 'It's all very well for *you*, but a "game hand" is a very different thing from a "game leg."

On another occasion the same gentleman (whose temper, gout or no gout, was always a little short) jumped up from the seat where he had been losing and declared that he would play no more. 'But you'll break up the table,' pleaded the others pathetically. 'If it is broken up there will still be three "legs" left,' was his uncompromising reply.

A whist-player, who even though he was a loser, ought to have known better than to have jested upon such a tender subject, once remarked with reference to the considerable number of novels for which I have been responsible, 'Nobody can deny, my dear fellow, that you have great "numerical strength."'

As regards the play-house, Mr. Payn's merits have never been recognised on the boards. His "Substitute" ran for six weeks out

of the season, at the Court Theatre, and then, he supposes, ran right away, for he has never heard of it since. He has, however, nothing to complain of his reception off the boards. '

The observation of a great writer on having half-a-dozen bottles of brandy sent him by an anonymous admirer, is well-known. 'This,' he said with complacency, 'is true fame.' For my part, as is only in accordance with the rules of proportion, I have had to be content with much inferior liquor—mere ginger-beer, a drink which is effervescent no doubt, but while it lasts is refreshing enough. I once lost a Persian cat, which (I had almost written 'who') was very dear to me, and went to a suburban police office for professional advice as to hand-bills and rewards. 'What is your name, sir,' inquired the intelligent inspector. (It is cynically observed that inspectors are always called in the newspaper 'intelligent'; but this one, as will be seen, fully deserved the title.) As my business was a lawful one, I of course gave him no *alias*.

'James Payn?' he echoed. 'Are you the story-teller?'

I modestly murmured that I was.

'Then I tell you what,' he said, in a tone in which generosity and gratitude were finely blended, 'you are out of my district, *but I will take the case.*'

And he took it. That was *my* brandy.

I have also had sums of money borrowed of me at various times by admirers of my genius—but that has given me less satisfaction.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1884.

"A Prelude" (<i>Frontispiece</i>)
Artist Strolls in Holland.—V. By GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.
Some work of the "Associated Artists." By MRS. BURTON HARRISON
The Gateway of Boston. By WILLIAM H. RIDEING
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The Manor-House of Kersuel.—A Story. By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID
The Building of the Muscle. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE
Salt Lake City. By ERNEST LINGERSOLL
Judith Shakespeare.—A Novel.—Chapters XXII.—XXIV. By WILLIAM BLACK
From the Mountain-top.—A Poem. By LUCY LARCOM
The Great Hall of William Rufus.—I. By TREADWELL WALDEN
Richfield Springs. By F. J. NOTT, M.D.
The Garden of Fame.—A POEM. By ANNIE FIELDS
Nature's Serial Story.—IX. By E. P. ROE
Monterey Bay.—A Poem. By LAURA M. MARQUAND
Only a Riddle. By EDWARD LASSETER BYNNER
Editor's Easy Chair
Editor's Literary Record
Editor's Historical Record
Editor's Drawer

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN MONTANA.—Of all the large game of the far West, none furnishes grander sport to the expert rifleman than the antelope (*Atilocapra Americana*). His habitat being the high open plains, he may be hunted on horseback; but his keen eyesight, fine sense of smell and intense fear of man render him most difficult of approach.

To start with, we will presume that you are an expert rifleman; that you are in the habit of making good scores at the butts; that at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards you frequently score 200 to 210 out of a possible 225 points. We will also suppose that you are a hunter of some experience; that you have at least killed a good many deer in the States, but that this is your first trip to the plains. You have learned to estimate distances, however, even in this rare atmosphere, and possess good judgment as to windage. You have brought your Creedmoor rifle along, divested, of course, of its Venier sight, wind-gauge, and spirit-level, and in their places you have fitted a Beach combination front side and Lyman rear sight. Besides these you have the ordinary openstep

sight attached to the barrel just in front of the action. This is not the best arm for antelope hunting; a Winchester Express with the same sights would be much better; but this will answer very well.

We are up before daylight, and a brisk ride of ten minutes brings us to the foot-hills, and then we rein up, and ride slowly and cautiously to near the top of first one. Dismounting, we crawl slowly and carefully to the apex, and peer over. What are those small gray objects away off yonder to the left? They are antelope, busily feeding, two bucks, a doe, and two kids. They are nearly in the centre of a broad stretch of tableland.

Now your experience at the butts may serve you a good turn. After taking a careful look over the ground, you estimate the distance at 850 yards, and setting up your Beach front and Lyman rear sights, you make the necessary elevation. There is a brisk wind blowing from the right, and you think it necessary to hold off about three feet. We are now both lying prone upon the ground. You face the game, and support your rifle at your shoulder by resting your elbows on the ground. The sun is now shining brightly, and you take careful aim at that old buck that stands out there at the left. At the report of your rifle a cloud of dust rises from a point about a hundred yards this side of him, and a little to the left, showing that you have underestimated both the distance and the force of the wind—things that even an old hunter is liable to do occasionally.

We both lie close, and the animals have not yet seen us. They make a few jumps, and stop all in a bunch. The cross-wind and long distance prevent them from knowing to a certainty where the report comes from, and they don't like to run just yet, lest they may run toward the danger instead of away from it. You make another half-point of elevation, hold a little farther away to the right, and try them again. This time the dirt rises about twenty feet beyond them, and they jump in every direction. That was certainly a close call, and the bullet evidently whistled uncomfortably close to several of them. They are now thoroughly frightened. You insert another cartridge, hurriedly draw a bead on the largest buck again, and fire. You break dirt just beyond him, and we can't tell for the life of us how or on which side of him your bullet passed. It is astonishing how much vacant space there is round an antelope, any way. This time they go, sure. They have located the puff of smoke, and are gone with the speed of the wind away to the west. But don't be discouraged, my friend. You did some clever shooting, some *very* clever shooting, and a little practice of that kind will enable you to score before night.

We go back to our horses, mount, and gallop across the tableland to the northern margin of the plateau. Picketing our horses, we ascend a high butte and from the top can see three more antelope, about a mile to the north of us. Now begins the tedious process of stalking them. We walk briskly round the foot of a hill for a quarter of a mile to where it makes a turn out of our course. We must cross this hill, and lying flat down we crawl painfully over it. The ground is covered with cactus and

fifty rocks, and our hands and knees are terribly lacerated. But every rose has its thorn, and at last the critical part of our work is done, and we descend in a comfortable walk into another draw.

This we follow for about two hundred yards, until we think we are about as near our quarry as we can get. We turn to the right, cautiously ascend the hill, remove our hats, and peer over, and there, sure enough, are our antelope quietly grazing, utterly oblivious to the danger that threatens them. They have not seen, heard, or scented us; so we have ample time to plan an attack. You take the standing shot at the buck, and together we will try and take care of the two does afterward. At this short distance you don't care for the peep and globe sights, and wisely decide to use the plain open ones. This time you simply kneel, and then edge up until you can get a good clear aim over the apex of the ridge in this position. The buck stands broadside to you, and at the crack of your rifle springs into the air, and falls all in a heap, pierced through the heart.

And now for the two does. They are flying over the level stretch of prairie with the speed of an arrow, and are almost out of sure range now. You turn loose on that one on the right, and I will look after the one on the left. Our rifles crack together, and little clouds of dust rising just beyond tell us that, though we have both missed, we have made close calls. I put in about three shots to your one, owing to my rifle being a repeater, while you must load yours at each shot. At my fourth shot my left-fielder doubles up and goes down with a broken neck; and although you have fairly "set the ground afire"—to use a Western phrase—around your right-fielder, you have not had the good fortune to stop her, and she is now out of sight behind a low ridge.

During the long ride home, I will give you (says the writer) a point or two on "flagging" antelope. Antelopes have as much curiosity as a woman, and will run into all kinds of danger to investigate any strange object they may discover. They have been known to follow an emigrant waggon with a white cover for miles, and the Indian often brings them within reach of his arrow or bullet, by standing in plain view wrapped in his red blanket. The most reliable object, however, to attract them is a little bright red flag.

In the fall of 1881 I was riding down the Yellowstone River in company with my friends Huffman and Conley, on our return from a hunting expedition to the Big Horn Mountains. While passing over a piece of high table-land overlooking a portion of the valleys of the Yellowstone River and Big Porcupine Creek we met a couple of hunters, who told us that a large herd of buffaloes were grazing on the Big Porcupine about fifteen miles from us; and knowing that antelope are nearly always found hanging on the outskirts of every herd of buffaloes, we at once began to scan the country with our glasses in search of them. We were soon rewarded by seeing a number of small white specks on the dead grass away up the Porcupine that seemed to be moving. We rode toward them at a lively gait for perhaps a mile, and stopped to look again. From this point we could easily identify them, although they still seemed to be about the size of jack-rabbits. We again put spurs to our horses, and rode rapidly to within a mile of them, when we picketed our animals in a low

swale, took out our "antelope flag"—a piece of scarlet-colored calico about half a yard square—attached it to the end of my wiping stick, and were ready to interview the antelopes.

I crawled to the top of a ridge within plain view of the game, and planted the flag. The breeze spread it out, kept it fluttering, and it soon attracted their attention. This bit of colored rag excited their curiosity to a degree that rendered them restive, anxious, uneasy, and they seemed at once to be seized with an insatiable desire to find out what it was. Huffman went to the top of another ridge to my right, and some distance in advance, and Conley crawled into a hollow on the left, so that we three formed a half-circle, into which we intended, if possible, to decoy the game.

When they first discovered our flag they moved rapidly toward it, sometimes breaking into a trot. But when they had covered about half the distance between us and their starting-point they began to grow suspicious, and stopped. They circled around, turned back, and walked a few steps, then paused and looked back at the, to them, mysterious apparition. But they could not resist its magic influence. Again they turned and came toward us, stopped, and gazed curiously at it. The old buck that led the herd stamped impatiently, as if annoyed at his inability to solve the mystery. They walked cautiously toward us, again down an incline into a valley which took them out of sight of the flag.

This, of course, rendered them still more impatient, and when they reached the top of the next ridge they were running. But as soon as the leader caught sight of the flag again he stopped, as did the others in turn when they came in sight of it. They were not more than a hundred yards from me, and were still nearer to my friends. There were seven in the band—two bucks, three does and two kids. Their position was everything we could wish, and though we might possibly have brought them a few yards nearer, there was a possibility of their scenting us even across the wind, which, of course, we had arranged to have in our favor, and I decided that rather than run the risk of this and the consequent stampede, I would open on them where they were. It had been arranged that I was to begin the entertainment, and drawing a fine bead on the white breast of the old buck, I pulled. Huffman's and Conley's rifles paid their compliments to the pretty visitors at almost the same instant, and for about thirty seconds thereafter we fanned them about as vigorously as ever a herd was fanned under similar circumstances. The air was full of leaden missiles, and the dry dust raised under and around the fleeing quarry. Clouds of smoke hung over us, and the distant hills echoed the music of our artillery, until the last white rump disappeared among the cotton woods on the river-bank. When the smoke of battle cleared away, and we looked over the field, we found that we had not burned our powder in vain. Five of the little fellows, two bucks and three does, had fallen victims to their curiosity. The two fawns had, strangely enough, escaped, probably because they, being so much smaller than their parents, were less exposed.

The speed of the antelope is probably not excelled by that of any other animal in America, except the greyhound, and, in fact, it is only the finest and fleetest of these that can pull down an antelope in a fair race.

In the little village of Garfield, Kansas, there lived a man some years ago—the proprietor of a hotel—who had two pet antelopes. The village dogs had several times chased them, but had always been distanced. One day a Mexican came to town who had with him two large, handsome greyhounds. Immediately on riding up to the hotel he saw the antelopes in the yard, and told the proprietor, gruffly, that he had better put “them critters” in the corral, or his dogs would kill them. The proprietor said he guessed the “critters” were able to take care of themselves, especially if the dogs did not spring upon them unawares. This aroused the Mexican’s ire, and he promptly offered to wager a goodly sum that his dogs would pull down one or both of the antelopes within a mile. The challenge was accepted, the stakes deposited, and the antelopes turned into the street, and the “greaser” told his dogs to “take ‘em.”

The dogs sprang at the antelopes, but the latter had soon reached a vacant lot across the street. They started off down the river. For a distance of four miles the river-bottom was an open prairie, and as level as a floor. As the quartette sped over this grand natural race-course, the whole populace of the town turned out *en masse* to see the race. Men and boys shouted, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Betting was rife, the natives offering two to one on the antelopes, the Mexican and the few other strangers in town being eager takers. It was nip and tuck, neither animals gaining nor losing perceptibly, and when at last the four went round a bend in the river four miles away, and were hidden by a bluff, the game was, as nearly as could be seen by the aid of good field-glasses, just about the same distance ahead of the dogs as when they left town.

Some hours later the dogs returned, so tired they could scarcely walk. The Mexican eagerly looked for hair on their teeth, and although he could find none, was confident that his dogs had killed the antelopes. A mounted expedition to search for the carcasses and settle the question was agreed upon, but as it was too near night to start when the dogs returned, it was arranged to go in the morning. But when the parties got up the next morning they found the antelopes quietly grazing in the hotel yard. The Mexican left town in disgust, followed by his lame, sore-footed dogs, and muttering that he “never seed no varmints run like them things did.”

The antelope, says the writer, is fast disappearing from our broad plains, owing to its ceaseless slaughter by skin-hunters Indians, and foreign noblemen who come year after year and spend the entire summer in hunting. Thousands are killed by the last class every summer, and left to rot where they fall. And what I have said of the antelope is true of all the large game of the great West. Soon, very soon, all these noble species will be extinct. The sportsman or naturalist who desires to preserve a skin or a head of any of them, must procure it very soon, or he will not be able to get it at all.

TEMPLE BAR.

AUGUST, 1884.

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Some Points in this Year's Art	—
Mrs. Forrester's Secret. Part III. (<i>Conclusion</i>)	—

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES READE.—Mr. Coleman remarks that his own career has probably been more varied, and associated with more remarkable incidents than that of most men of his age and profession. He has often beguiled the time by relating his adventures to Charles Reade, who over and over again urged him to commit them to paper. The last time Mr. Coleman saw him, he returned to the charge more earnestly than ever, and finally offered to launch the book with the support of his name attached to it as editor; now, by the irony of fate, these mementoes are published as the first instalment of the work he himself so often suggested. A sketch of the life of Charles Reade having already appeared in the *Indian Review*, we confine our extracts mainly to Mr. Coleman's own recollections of his intimacy with the great dramatic novelist.

At the commencement of his career the Haymarket was under the management of Mr. Morris. Mrs. Seymour, a charming and accomplished actress, then in the very flower of her beauty, was one of the principal attractions of the company, and Mr. Reade was as much impressed with her ability as by her personal charms. He frequented the theatre nightly, studied the actress's method, and composed a comedy, of which he intended her to be the heroine. Obtaining an introduction from his friend young Morris, he carried his play under his arm, and presented himself in Jermyn Street, where he found the pretty actress at tea, or, to be more precise, at the actors' popular "tea-dinner," with her husband, and Captain Curling, who divided the expenses of the household with the Seymours. Mr. Reade impressed the little family

partly so favourably that they invited him to join them. During his first visit, he was shy, nervous, and embarrassed. A few days later, on returning from the theatre, Mrs. Seymour found that the servant, after having helped herself to her mistress's wardrobe, had taken her departure, without preparing the tea-dinner. At the very moment when Reade called to pay his second visit, the fair Laura was vainly endeavouring to light a fire to set the kettle boiling, and the young author volunteered to assist her. This incident he afterwards utilised, and elaborately developed in the highly humorous dramatic situation between Charles and Nell Gwynnie, in the last act of "The King's Rival."

The Seymours did not think much of the comedy, but they thought very highly of the author, and finding that he occupied very expensive apartments, invited him, with a view to economise his resources, to join their modest *ménage* as a member of the family upon the same footing as Captain Curling. Hence commenced an intimacy which terminated only with the death of Mrs. Seymour long subsequent to the decease of her husband, and his Pylades, Buncé Curling.

Mr. Reade's "Gold," which, Mr. Coleman says, was destined to become a landmark in the history of dramatic literature, was followed by a drama founded upon certain romantic incidents connected with Reade's own history, which occurred during his sojourn in Scotland.

This play he sent to the late Tom Taylor, then a rising and popular dramatist supposed to possess considerable influence with the managers of the day. Mr. Taylor himself informed me that he read the drama through one night, while swinging in his hammock at his chambers in the Temple. He was struck with the power and vigour of the diction, and the exciting nature of the incidents, but thought the plot quite unsuitable for dramatic action. Under this impression he got up in the "wee small hours ayont the twelve," and wrote to Reade, urging him to convert the drama into a story, suggesting a particular mode of treatment, and concluding the letter with the famous quotation, "'Yea by—— I' said my uncle Toby, 'it shall not die!'"

Adopting Taylor's suggestion, Reade ultimately converted the drama into the delightful story of "Christie Johnstone." He, however, alleged to me, no later than last September, that he still felt that his first idea was the correct one, and in corroboration of the opinion, he quoted the fact that 'Christie Johnstone' had been adapted and acted in America, with remarkable success, thousands of time.

In her youth Mrs. Seymour had enjoyed the advantage of being on terms of friendly intimacy with all the distinguished actors of her time, including Macready and Charles Kean. Many a time and oft, when people used to complain of Macready's temper, have I heard her exclaim, "Ah, you didn't know him! He was a darling, and the truest, noblest gentleman in the world!" Charles Kean she also declared was a most loveable, charming fellow (and so he was). Owing to Mrs. Seymour's influence with Kean, Reade and Taylor's now almost forgotten play of "The first Printer" was produced with questionable success at the Princess's. This was soon followed by "The Courier of Lyons," in one respect a truly remarkable piece of stage craft.

Most Reade's dramas are distinguished by prolixity and redundancy, but here in adapting another man's work, he produced a masterpiece of construction. Except Palgrave Simson's adaptation of Edmund Yates's novel, 'Black Sheep,' which is a model of dramatisation, there is nothing on the modern stage which for terseness, simplicity, and strength, can compare with Charles Reade's arrangement of the third and fourth acts of 'The Courier of Lyons.' This is a mere expression of individual opinion, but it may at least be accepted as an impartial one, since I myself had previously adapted the play, and had acted it repeatedly; but upon seeing Reade's version, I put my own behind the fire. Excellent as his manipulation of the work was, "The Courier of Lyons" did not at that time do much to advance Mr. Reade's reputation. Finding the majority of theatres closed against him, and determined not to be kept out, he, in conjunction with Mrs. Seymour, went into management at the St. James's on his own account, where he commenced his campaign with "The King's Rival," a strong but clumsy play, remembered principally for being the medium to introduce Mr. Toole to a London audience, and for Mr. Seymour's inimitable performance of Nell Gwynne, and above all for the noblest epitaph on the Lord Protector (the great Oliver) the English language (no disrespect to Carlyle) has yet produced.

It was to his having been struck with the dramatic possibilities of "Never too Late to Mend," which brought Reade with one bound into popularity as a novelist, that Mr. Coleman owed his personal acquaintance with the author.

On arriving at Bolton Row, I was shown into a large room littered over with books, MSS., agenda, newspapers of every description from the *Times* and the *New York Herald*, down to the *Police News*. Before me stood a stately and imposing man of fifty or fifty-one, over six feet high, a massive chest, herculean limbs, a bearded and leonine face, giving traces of a manly beauty which ripened into majesty as he grew older. Large brown eyes which could at times become exceedingly fierce, a fine head, quite bald on the top, but covered at the sides with soft brown hair, a head strangely disproportioned to the bulk of the body; in fact I never could understand how so large a brain could be confined in so small a skull. On the desk before him lay a huge sheet of drab paper, on which he had been writing—it was about the size of two sheets of ordinary foolscap; in his hand, one of Gillott's double-barrelled pens. (Before I left the room, he told me he sent Gillott his books, and Gillott sent him his pens.)

His voice, though very pleasant, was very penetrating. He was rather deaf, but I don't think quite so deaf as he pretended to be. This deafness gave him an advantage in conversation; it afforded him time to take stock of the situation either to seek refuge in silence, or to request his interlocutor to propound his proposal afresh. At first he was very cold, but at last, carried away by the ardour of my admiration for his works, he thawed, and in half an hour he was eager, excited, delighted, and delightful.

When I said that I wanted to dramatise his book he told me he had dramatised it already, that he had sent printed copies to every manager in London, and they had not had the decency even to acknowledge his letters on the subject. He had lost all hope and heart about it, he said, but if I liked I might take the book and read it, and form my own opinion as to its

chances of success. I read the play that night, and breakfasted with him the next morning, when we arranged to produce it forthwith at my theatre in Leeds.

Mr. Reade's frank egoism is so well-known, and he was so *naïve* and manly about it, that I cannot refrain from chronicling my first impressions of it. After breakfast, he asked me to read him George Fielding's farewell to the farm. There was a lady present and tears rose in her eyes at the touching lines about "church bells, and home." Seeing this, Reade rose, and paced the room in violent agitation, muttering to himself, "Beautiful—beautiful—music—music!—isn't it?" He then turned upon me abruptly, and desired me to give Tom Robinson's curse in the prison scene. I did, to the best of my ability. When I had done, he became quite wild with excitement, and exclaimed, "Sublime! sublime! My only fear is, if you let him have it like that they'll be sorry for that beast of a Hawes. Now—seriously, on your honour, sir, do you think that Lear's curse is 'in it' with this?"

When we laughed at his almost boyish exuberance, he was not at all offended, but laughed heartily, as he said:

"No, no, it isn't exactly that—but I can't help kicking when those d—d asses, the critics, try to hang dead men's bones round living men's necks!"

When Mr. Reade chose he could be austere as a stoic, dumb as an oyster; but when he unbent, he was a boy, and could talk like a woman. Mr. Coleman found him on that evening as frolicsome as the one and as garrulous as the other.

Boucicanit was, and is, a delightful *raconteur*—the ladies, too, contributed their quota, and Dr. Dickson was inimitable. Availing himself every now and then of a pause in the witty warfare between the two authors, he would let out some quaint pawky saying, which evoked continual laughter. I had just been reading "Hard Cash," and Dr. Dickson's manner struck me so much, that I could not help hazarding the remark: "Pray pardon me, but you remind me wonderfully of Dr. Sampson." At this, there was a roar. Dr. Dickson was Dr. Sampson himself, and his honest face flashed with gratified vanity, as indeed did the author's at my involuntary compliment to the fidelity of the likeness.

"Ah! you villain," said Dickson, "see how brutally you have caricatured me; since this boy is enabled to spot me the moment he sees me, I'll bring an action for libel against you, Charlie, I will now, 'pon my soul, I will!"

Some time afterwards, speaking to Mr. Reade about his remarkable portraiture of this gentleman, he said, "Come into my workshop, and I'll show you how it is done." We went into his study, where he picked out of a hundred huge sheets of drab millboard, one headed "Dickybirdiana." ("Dicky" was a pet name for Dickson.) The sheet was divided into sectional columns, like a newspaper, and every column was filled with MS. in Mr. Reade's writing, containing anecdotes, traits of character, peculiarities of pronunciation, and a perfect analysis of Dr. Dickson. It was thus that Mr. Reade laboured from first to last in the construction of character, and in the building up of all his works.

'It is Never too Late to Mend' was produced for the first time at Leeds, where it was by no means a success; but Mr. Coleman had

faith and arranged a tour of the principal towns, beginning at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. The sequel justified his confidence, and wherever they went, the theatre was crowded nightly.* The play at last made its way to the Princess's in London.

The first night at the Princess's was made memorable by a deplorable scene, not wholly unprovoked by a revolting piece of realism, introduced against my advice, in the Prison scene. A perfect riot ensued, and a by no means undistinguished man of letters so far forgot himself as to jump up in then stalls, and harangue the audience, protesting against the conduct and character of the drama.

Annoying as it was to the author and actors at the moment, this shameful scene served to attract attention, and indeed was a sensational advertisement. The play was a great commercial success, and crowded the theatre nightly until the termination of the season.

After its production at the Princess's, the late Benjamin Webster reproached me bitterly for not having recommended the play to him, utterly oblivious of the fact that it had passed through his own hands, and he had never taken the trouble to read it, although he knew Charles Reade to be the author. I have dwelt upon the circumstances relative to the production of this play at length, for the encouragement of young authors. Here was a work of great popularity, by a very able writer, which went begging from stage-door to stage-door, and no manager would look at it, yet after its production in the provinces it became a great metropolitan success, and is so to this day.

Mr. Reade's way of working is thus described :—

One day every week was devoted to his agendas, and scrapbooks ; magazines and papers of every description, from all parts of the world, were piled round him in shoals. Armed with a long pair of scissors, sharp and glittering as a razor, he would glance over a whole sheet, spot out a salient article or paragraph—a picturesque illustration from "Harper's," or "Frank Leslie's Pictorial," the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, the "London Journal," down, to the *Police News*—snip went the scissors, slash went the article as it dropped into the paperbasket. During these operations, he would sometimes pause to let out an exclamation of astonishment, or disgust, or a Gargantuan roar of laughter, or occasionally he would read a more than usually interesting paragraph aloud, and comment on it. When the slashing was completed, and the room was littered over in every corner, the maid was called in to clear away the *débris*—then came the revision. Paragraphs and illustrations were sifted, selected, approved or rejected. Those that were approved, were there and then pasted into scrap-books, and duly indexed—long articles were stowed away into one or other of his numerous agendas, so methodically that he knew where to lay his hand upon them at a moment's notice."

Of his contemporaries Charles Reade yielded the palm alone to Dickens. Him he always acknowledged as his master. Next for variety and scope he placed Bulwer. His remarks on other authors of his day are worth quoting.

Carlyle, he said, was "a Johnsonian pedant, bearish, boorish, and bump-tious egotistical and atrabilious. His Teutonic English was barbarous and

cacophonous; yet, notwithstanding, every line he wrote was permeated with vigour and sincerity, and his 'Cromwell' is a memorial to two great men, the hero and the author.

Macaulay always posed himself:

"As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!'"

but with this intellectual arrogance he combined a grand rhythmical style, a marvellous learning, and a miraculous memory.

Disraeli was "the most airy and vivacious of literary coxcombs, the most dexterous and dazzling of political harlequins, the most audacious of adventurers, the most loveable of men (when you got on his weak side), and altogether the most unique and remarkable personage of the age."

"Esmond," he headed, "is worthy of Addison at his best, but some of 'The Yellow Plush Papers' would be a disgrace to Grub Street, and the miserable personal attacks on Bulwer, who has written the best play, the best comedy, and the best novel of the age, are unworthy of a gentleman, and a man of letters!"

"Trollope wrote a good deal that was interesting, and a good deal that was—not interesting."

"For literary ingenuity in building up a plot, and investing it with mystery, give me dear old Wilkie Collins against the world."

"George Eliot's *metier* appears to me to consist principally in describing with marvellous accuracy the habits, manners and customs of animalculæ as they exist under the microscope."

"Ouida has emerged into dignity, and there is nothing in literature more touching and beautiful than the tale of 'Two Little Wooden Shoes.'"

"Victor Hugo is the one great genius of this century; unfortunately he occasionally has the nightmare."

"George Sand should have been a man, for she was a most manly woman."

"Glorious old Alexandre Dumas has never been properly appreciated—he is the prince of dramatists."

"Walter Scott was one of the world's benefactors."

Reade execrated poetasters, but adored poets; although he maintained that there was no nobler vehicle to give expression to thought than nervous, simple prose.

Tennyson, he alleged, "is more pretty than potent." When "The Cup" was produced at the Lyceum, he said, "It might have proved an interesting spectacle if the words had been left out!"

"Browning is a man of genius, but he gives me too much trouble to understand."

"Buchanan is a poet, but I like his prose best; it is most poetic prose."

"Edwin Arnold has sparks of the divine afflatus, and holds his own amongst the best."

"Swinburne has a heart of gold, a muse of fire—a little too fiery perhaps; but I was young once myself, and I, too, love the great god Pan!"

He always harked back to Byron, Shelley and Scott—the latter, however, was his greatest favourite, and he would recite by heart, with fervour, cantos of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake."

Amongst our neighbours Reade admitted that Rachel and Lemaitre were geniuses, but he could not endure Fletcher.

One night, during the latter's management of the Lyceum, we went to see 'The Master of Ravenswood.' During the contract scene, Edgar became very angry with Lucy, and in approaching her, gesticulated so violently, that for a moment it seemed as if he were about to strike her. Reade growled: "He'll hit her in a minute. Ah! it's always the way with those Frenchmen where women are concerned—when they are not sneaks, they are bullies."

The tea-cup and saucer comedy with the semi-chambermaid heroine, and the *petit croul* hero thereof, he despised utterly.

"Give me," he would exclaim, "a man—one of Queen Elizabeth's men. A woman—none of your skin and bone abominations, but a real woman; let both man and woman have heads on their shoulders, hearts in their bodies—limbs they know how to use, and 'hair of what colour it shall please Heaven'—voices that I can hear, voices that fire me like a trumpet, or melt me like a flute. Those God-like instruments make more music for me than all the fiddles that ever squeaked since the time that Nero fiddled, when Rome was a-fire."

But disappointment was in store for Reade. The occasion was the production of "The Double Marriage" at the inauguration of the new Queen's theatre.

The play began well—the audience were pleased; as act succeeded act, they became more and more interested. At last came the great situation of the fourth act, which, it was confidently anticipated, would take the house by storm, and it did—but not in the way the author intended.

Josephine, the heroine of "The Double Marriage," has given birth to a child under circumstances which, though ultimately explained satisfactorily, appear at the moment most compromising. The child is discovered—the unfortunate mother's honour, happiness, her very life, are at stake. In this supreme moment, her sister, a young girl the incarnation of truth, purity and innocence, comes forward in the presence of her affianced husband and her mother, the haughty Comtesse Grandpré, and, to save Josephine from shame, brands herself with infamy. Taking the child in her arms, the innocent girl declares that it is hers.

I can conceive no dramatic situation in existence stronger than this. Miss Ellen Terry had returned to the stage—to her well-grounded skill was entrusted this striking incident. Circumstances had invested her first appearance with unusual interest. She was equal to the occasion—her form dilated—her eyes sparkled with fire—her voice trembled as she exclaimed in tones of passionate emotion: "I am its mother!"

At this moment, Reade told me that there burst forth a roar of derision which shook the building, and a howl of savage laughter arose, which he should never forget if he lived to the age of Old Parr. The curtain fell amidst yells, and the piece was doomed there and then; indeed it was only kept in the bill until something could be prepared to take its place.

Owing to the success of 'The Colleen Bawn' and of 'It is Never too Late to Mend' it occurred to Boucicault and Reade that their names to a joint production would be enough to conjure by, and 'Foul

Play' was the result. In its narrative form it was highly successful but forgetting that "when two men ride a horse, one must ride behind," the fellow authors decided to part and each to bring out a dramatic version. Boucicault took his to the Holborn Theatre, where it failed most signally. Reade took his to Coleman, who made a few practical suggestions and brought out the play in Leeds; it was an immediate and pronounced success, and Mr. Coleman calls it "one of the best acted and best mounted plays that has been produced in this generation."

Despite his elaborate theories about art, Reade was in reality guided only by practical results.

I have frequently known him take grave exception to an actor's conception of a part at rehearsal, but if the offender struck fire at night, the end justified the means, even if his views were diametrically opposed to those of the author. If from some adverse circumstance—a bad house, an east wind, an unsympathetic audience—the play did not elicit the usual modicum of applause, then the actors were stigmatised as "duffers"—"Duffers, sir, who have defiled my composition, mixed ditch-water with my champagne, murdered my work." The next night perhaps there was a good house—perhaps the wind was not in the east, perhaps thousand things—at any rate, if the play was received enthusiastically, then all was condoned and forgiven. The popular applause was music to Mr. Reade; he would ensconce himself in his box, turn his back to the stage, and as the audience laughed or cried he laughed and cried with them, and their tears or cheers were always his barometers of the actor's ability. I have often heard him say that he thought the great orator or the great actor quaffing the full wine of applause crushed in one moment into a golden cup and drained from the public heart, was the most enviable of human beings.

As a sample of two opposite sides of Reade's character, Mr. Coleman quotes two incidents. A certain pressman had announced his intention of "slating" Mr. Coleman's company, and turned up at the theatre so drunk as to be unable to get up the stairs without assistance. He slept quietly and composedly through the greater part of the performance, but produced the promised "slating" next morning. Mr. Coleman found this more than he could stomach, knowing its origin, and rushing at pen, ink and paper, produced a vigorous and vituperative reply which he shewed to Reade.

He read it carefully and said very quietly :

"Yes, a good letter, very good; couldn't you make it a little hotter?"

"I'll try," said I, and in the innocence of my heart I took it away, and after half an hour spent in polishing it up, and embellishing it with every epithet of scorn and contempt in my vocabulary, I returned with it in triumph.

"Not hot enough by half, my boy," said he. "Put it by for a week, then read it; put it by for another week, and then—put it in your scrap-book, or better still, put it in the fire. Stop! I'll save you the trouble," and he put it on the fire, there and then, saying, "Now it is as hot as it can be made." So there was an end of that letter.

The obverse of the picture follows:—

During the run of 'Foul Play' in Manchester we had gone over, to pass Sunday, at my house in York, and on our way back, after my wont, I bought all the papers and magazines I could lay my hands upon at the railway station. Amongst them was a copy of a satirical journal called the "Mask." Upon opening it, I found a loathsome caricature of Reade and Boucicault on the first page, and further on a violent personal attack on both authors, accusing them of wholesale robbery from a French drama (by an author whose name I have forgotten) called 'La Portfeuille Rouge.' Side by side with the Boucicault and Reade composition was printed the text of the French author. As I looked up I saw Reade, in the opposite corner of the carriage, with his eyes closed. In certain moods he had a facility for feigning sleep, just like a cat waiting to spring upon an unfortunate mouse. Holding my breath I furtively tried to slip the "Mask" under the seat. At this moment to my astonishment, he opened his eyes wide and said "John, when you've done with that yellow magazine, hand it over this way."

I handed him the "Cornhill," and tried to hide the other behind me.

"Not this!" he said, "the other *yellow* thing!"

"There was no help for it, so I gave it him. He cast a disdainful glance at the caricature and shrugged his shoulders in silence; but when he had finished reading the *acte d'accusation* he flushed up to the eyes, exclaiming, "It's a lie, an infamous calumny! I never even heard the name of the infernal piece!"

Reade has been accused of extensive plagiarisms from French authors and, no doubt, 'Les Chercheurs d'Or' was the foundation of 'Gold,' while the inimitable 'Jacky' was suggested by a long forgotten drama called 'Botany Bay.' But 'It is Never too Late to Mend' is English to the backbone.

The men are sons of the soil; Susan Merton is as sweet an English maiden as ever came out of Berkshire; the lines are idyllic English. There is not a pastoral scene in the story either in England or Australia in which the spectator does not "see green meadows and hear the bleating of sheep," while the crude savage of 'Botany Bay' is transformed by the hand of genius into the wonderful creation of 'Jacky.' All authors are more or less plagiarists; but *il y a façots et façots*. Since Homer's time, men have more or less parodied his incidents and paraphrased his sentiments. Molière alleged that he "took his own where he found it." But "the thief of all thieves was the Warwickshire thief," who stole right and left from everybody; but then, he "found things lead, and left them gold." Reade's complaint was that his plunderers found his work gold and left it lead!

'Tis quite true that he utilised Macquet's 'Le Pauvre de Paris' in 'Hard Cash'; 'tis also true that he adapted his novel of 'White Lies,' and his drama of 'The Double Marriage' from the same author's 'Le Chateau Grantier'; it is equally true that he founded 'Drink' upon Zola's 'L'Assommoir'; but in each and every one of these instances he recognised the justice of the French authors' claim by obtaining their consent and paying them a liberal commission for the right to utilise their works.

We hope to give further extracts, in our next number, from another instalment of Mr. Coleman's "Reminiscences."

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1884.

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A SKETCH FROM MALVERN.—A few quotations from this delightful sketch will not be unpleasing to dwellers amid the "brand-ed summers" of the East.

The view from the Malvern Hills, says the writer, must always have been a magnificent one.

The first time we visited Malvern, when shown into an upper chamber in the "Foley Arms," we were literally taken aback. We can hardly say more than that the prospect struck us as far finer than that from the terrace over the Thames at Richmond. It is wider in the first place, for it stretches away till the billowy outlines of a softly wooded landscape blend themselves with the fleecy clouds that are floating on the horizon towards sunset. The standpoint is more commanding, and it is very gradually you realise that you are looking down upon breezy heaths and commons, upon eminences which seem at first sight to be but the accidents in a level table-land. There in the foreground are the bright flower-borders and the shrubberies of the hotel gardens, hanging on a steep descent towards the line of the railway; and in the middle distance of a most perfectly arranged picture is a great cathedral city, with frequent church spires and villages. Yet the picturesque panorama seen from the windows of the hotel embraces but half a segment of the grand circle on which we gaze from the summits of the solitary hills behind.

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There is a cloud-capped jumble of heights to the north and the westward, where thunderstorms will gather in the brightest summer day; while away towards the south and the east, all is tranquillity and softness. The contrast is emblematic of the stormy lives led by those who dwelt under the shadows of the Malverns, in the days when "wild Wales" was a hornet's nest of ruthless marauders. And the memory of those troublous times is perpetuated in the names of the Worcestershire and the Herefordshire Beacons. For the

Malverns, as the plural implies, are no single eminence. The ridge, rising and falling gracefully from crest to crest, runs along from north to south for a distance of nine miles or more. The loftiest of these crests are the Worcester-shire and the Herefordshire Beacons, respectively 1,444' and 1,370 feet in height.

Conspicuous to the northward, we see the rounded hog's back of the Wrekin in Shropshire, which must have looked down on the castle of the Garde Doloreuse, undyingly associated by the genius of Scott with the story of the Welsh inroads. In later days outlaws and evil-doers found a safe refuge in the forest that then clothed the slopes of the hills, and covered the surrounding country with its thickets.

Great is the change now-a-days; nor is there anywhere in England a brighter or a more attractive watering place.

The soil is fertile, yet singularly dry; the air is bracing and invigorating; and the water, said to be the finest in the world, has made the "wells" of Malvern the headquarters of hydropathy. Dr. Gully, who had afterwards a less enviable notoriety when he got himself mixed up with the Balham *cause célèbre*, showed himself wise in his generation when he set up his establishment there. Malvern, though on the easterly slope of the hills, seems to have much more than its natural share of sunshine. The town stands 250 feet above the sea-level, and the perpetual currents of the freshest air explain the extraordinary purity of the atmosphere. Nowhere does the sunlight stream more brightly, and nowhere are the falling shadows more sharply defined. The tints of the short turf upon the hills, which are rather yellow than green, lend themselves wondrously to the lighting up of the landscapes. It is something between the verdure of ordinary English lawns after rain and the colour of the hills in Greece or in Sicily, which are only redeemed from the reproach of sterility by the radiant lustre of the sun-glow. Yet the Malvern Hills, unlike the Sussex downs, are richly covered with foliage on their lower slopes. Above the High Street, the gardens of charming villas and cottages, hanging somehow or anyhow on to the sides of the steep, run up under shady groves and gracefully feathering copses. And in the hottest days the saunterers may find seats which are fanned by the fresh breeze, although the sun-rays are excluded. As all roads in Christendom are said to lead to Rome, so all the paths in Upper Malvern lead more or less circuitously to the tops of the hills. We should say there was no better place for schoolboys or schoolgirls; for health and appetite are to be had for the seeking, in the shortest run on those downs between lesson-hours.

The Cockneys of the West affect the place, who, along with the invalids, patronise the donkeys, the hire of which is one of the staple industries of the place. We come upon picnic parties too in the nooks and hollows, but a sharp twist over the shoulder of the nearest hill will soon carry us beyond all unromantic sights and sounds.

There is nothing to be heard but the sweet song of the larks over-head,

the bleating of unshepherded sheep, and the low tinkle of the sheep-bells. And there in the depths of a grassy cleft are a cottage or two, as secluded to all intents and purposes as if they were on an island in the South Seas or an oasis in the Sâhara. Should you leave one of the meandering foot-tracks or bridle-paths and strike straight downwards, you are likely to make some such awkward slips as Christian when he descended into the Valley of Humiliation. In fact, during a drought, the turf is so slippery that you may well lose your footing and roll down ignominiously. So in climbing, when you have set your face to the stiff brae, you often seem to be losing more than you gain. But as "Excelsior" is of course your ultimate motto, you are landed somehow at last on the plateau of the Worcestershire Beacon, to feel yourself richly rewarded for your efforts. There are few situations where we care to be embarrassed with a cicerone, but the top of such a Pisgah is certainly one of them. If you can engage a well-informed local acquaintance as companion, so much the better. He will follow the course of the rivers for you, as they wind down from their sources towards the sea; he will trace the boundaries of counties by conspicuous landmarks; he will point out the sites of memorable battle-fields; he will show you cities indicated by their canopies of smoke; he will name the hills and the villages, the halls and the manor-houses, till he brings you back from the great red pile of the Worcester Lunatic Asylum to the hotels and the hydropathic establishments immediately beneath your feet.

The attraction of the place is in the air, the walks, and the innumerable excursions. The cathedral cities of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, with their archæological antiquities and modern manufactures lie within easy distance by rail.

There are no more luxuriant landscapes in England than those of Worcestershire and Herefordshire; and the counties pride themselves on their staple productions of cattle, fruit, and hops.

Nowhere is the simple practice of old-fashioned English gardening kept up in greater perfection. Proprietors can hardly adopt the modern Italian fashion without laying themselves open to the charge of Vandalism,—without uprooting old associations and landmarks. Near the ancient manor-house are the pleached alleys between yew hedges that may date from the days of the Tudors. Impenetrable as they are lofty, and trimmed from tall ladders as those at Schonbrunn, these hedges nevertheless seldom straggle at the bottom. The shrubberies of laurels and rhododendrons might serve for pheasant covers, save that their height would be apt to spoil the shooting at "hot corners;" and we need hardly say that these Edens of wood and water swarm with each species of tuneful songsters. But the whole of the country is a garden, more or less. Fruit-trees shake their blossoms or their fruits in showers upon the grass in odd nooks and corners of the straggling villages; each farmhouse, as many a labourer's cottage, stands in its orchard, brilliant with the sprays of pink and white or with balls of russet and gold, according to the season; and the moss that grows thickly on the gnarled trunks furnishes cover and material for the nests of the chaffinches.

The farming, too, like the gardening, is somewhat old-fashioned. The farmers go in rather for hops and pasturage than for

wheat crops ; and, indeed, the arable land is steadily though slowly diminishing.

Everywhere are the irregularly shaped meadows, with their fantastic nooks and corners, and their sweet lush herbage, where dairy cows and the cattle feeding up for the butcher pass their tranquil lives literally in clover. There is pretty sure to be a pool under the clump at one corner, or a shallow stream rippling gently along one side. And it is a pleasing picture, in the heat of a breezeless noon, to see the sleek self-satisfied animals standing hoof-deep or knee-deep in the water which reflects their "points" and their portly outlines lazily switching their tails round their flanks, where those troublesome flies will settle.

The writer gives a sketch of an excursion to the city of Hereford and thence down the Wye. Of Hereford he says :—

Turn which way we will, there is something picturesque or pleasing,—ancient houses with projecting upper storeys, and whitewashed fronts interlaced with blackened beams of oak ; quaint corners, where crumbling walls are over-shadowed by venerable apple-trees ; bits of the city walls ; lanes dipping between grass-grown dust-heaps into hollows ; sleeping stretches of shaded water, where the swans and ducks take life very leisurely. Then at the corners of the streets we read the old Saxon names, raising historic memories, and suggestive of local archæological associations. Offa Street, for instance, which reminds us of the neighbouring "Offa's Dyke," of which the remains are still to be traced, and which was thrown up in the reign of that kinglet of the Saxons, as a standing barrier against the incursions of the Britons.

Later on he writes :—

There are few prettier or pleasanter walks in Hereford than that from Ledbury to Malvern by way of Eastnor Castle, skirting the walls of Eastnor Park under canopies of magnificent foliage. The last time we walked it was in a heavy thunder-plump, when scarcely a drop came through those umbrellas of nature's providing. Eastnor, the seat of the late Earl Somers, contains a good collection of Italian paintings, tapestries, and other objects of art ; and the castle, built after designs by Smirke, is no bad imitation of the feudal fortress of the middle ages. But a more interesting sight for the pedestrian is the famous yew avenue, which runs for several miles along the Roman Ridgeway, believed to have been originally a British road. In fact, the yew seems to flourish at Eastnor as it flourishes nowhere else—Norbury in Surrey, with its famous Druids' Grove, not excepted.

Worcester, delightfully situated on the Severn, has still greater variety of interest. Thanks to its glass, its pottery ware, and its river-trade, it grows bigger and bigger each succeeding year, and numbers already over 40,000 inhabitants.

In Worcester, the old and the new order of things touch everywhere, if they do not actually meet and mingle. There are spacious suburbs, ever extending themselves ; there are bustling streets with broad pavements and busy river-wharves ; there are handsome bridges, and big warehouses, and bigger manufactories with tall chimneys ; and long rows of brick cottages for workmen, which may be comfortable, but assuredly are not ornamental ; and there are

boats and low black lighters plying on the river. But, on the other hand, we have graceful spires of old churches, ringing in the lofty cathedral roofs. The broad streets narrow suddenly, making sharp turns round odd corners, losing themselves among lanes running up and down hill. There are weather-stained buildings, sacred or municipal, preserved or restored, or partially rebuilt; there is one venerable fortified gateway, and another airy medieval arch; and in streets with antiquated names like Foregate and the Fryars, are timbered houses with such open galleries as used to look down on the courtyards of our inns and hostelries, when the owners of waggons liked to keep an eye on their goods, and when guests had to shout for the waiters in place of ringing for them.

The writer concludes with a brief account of the Worcester manufactures, including the glove manufactory of Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co., which single firm employ from 12,000 to 15,000 women, who mostly make the gloves at home. The firm use up the skins of no less than five million lambs and kids in the course of each year.

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOFF.
By A. E. Staley.—We quote three of the four translations given, which, if not particularly original in their ideas, possess an unconventional freshness and natural pathos, which is very pleasing. With the second may be compared Sir Walter Scott's Lullaby of an Infant Chief, containing the lines—

O hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum.

I.

THE CUP OF LIFE: "CHASHA JHIZNI."

We quaff life's cup with dim,
With covered eyes;
We blur its golden rim
With tears and sighs.

When from our brows at death
The bonds shall fall,
And with them vanisheth
False festival,—

Then shall we see that nought
The cup outpours:
A dream the draught so sought,
And that—not ours.

II.

COSSACK CRADLE-SONG: "SPI, MLADENETS MOI."

Sleep, sleep, my pretty son,
Bayushka bayou;
Calm shines the moon upon
Thy cradle pillow.

While I my stories tell,
While I my songs coo,
Closed be thine eyes, sleep well,
Bayushka bayou.

Turbid the Terek roars
O'er pebbles fretting ;
Tchechens lurk on its shores,
Their daggers whetting.
Father's a soldier tried,
Steeled to war, constant, true ;
So sleep in peace, my pride,
Bayushka bayou.

Thou too shalt live to know
A life of quarrel—
Bold foot in stirrup throw,
Grasp a gun-barrel ;
Thy saddle-cloth all fine
Will I with silk sew.
Sleep, sleep, own child of mine,
Bayushka bayou.

Thy heart of Cossack breed,
Thy mien shall brave be ;
I'll see the mount thy steed,
And farewell wave me ;
Many a bitter tear
Will in the night flow.
Sleep, sleep, my angel dear,
Bayushka bayou.

Weary with long delay
I shall be pining,
Murmuring prayers all day
At nights divining
If, far away, for home
Pining art *thou* too.
Sleep, sleep, till troubles come,
Bayushka bayou.

I'll give thee for thy road
An image worthy :
Do thou in prayer to God
Place it before thee ;
And, on the eve of fight,
On mother dream thou.
Sleep, sleep, my soul's delight,
Bayushka bayou.

III.

THE PRISONER : "UZNİK."

Away from the prison-shade !
Give me the broad daylight ;
Bring me a black-eyed maid,
A steed dark-maned as night.
First the maiden fair
Will I kiss on her ruddy lips,
Then the dark steed shall bear
Me, like the wind, to the steppes.

But the heavy door hath a bar,
The prison-window is high ;
The black-eyed maiden afar
In her own soft bed doth lie ;
In meadow green the horse,
Unbridled, alone, at ease,
Gallops a playful course,
And tosses his tail to the breeze.

Lonely am I, unjoying,
Amid bare prison-walls :
The light in the lamp is dying—
Dimmer the shadow falls ;
And only, without my room,
I hear the measured ring
Of the sentry's steps in the gloom,
As he treads, unanswering.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1884.

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RUSSELL
Chapter XXIX.—I save a Child's Life.			
" XXX.—Florence Confesses.			
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THACKERAY AND THE THEATRE.—We learn from an editorial note that this article was written by Mr. Dutton Cook as a companion to his paper on "Dickens as a Dramatic Critic," which appeared in *Longman's* in May 1883. The writer did not live to see the article in type.

Thackeray is hardly to be reckoned among dramatists. In his story of 'Lovel the Widower' he protested with mock seriousness that he did not desire to impart a tragic air to that production, "though that I can write tragedy," he added, "plays of mine (of which envious managers never could be got to see the merit) I think will prove when they appear in my posthumous works." Of course these tragic plays had no real existence; nevertheless, a rebuff or two from the managers he had certainly experienced. After his death there was published his little comedy 'The Wolves and the Lamb,' the foundation and first cause of the novel of 'Lovel the Widower.' This, his only contribution to the literature of the stage, if indeed it may be so ambitiously described, was written presumably about the year 1854; it contains allusions to the Crimean War and to Mrs. Gaskell's fine novel of 'Ruth,' then recently published. 'The Wolves and the Lamb' was offered in turn to Mr. Alfred Wigan and to Mr. Buckstone, the managers of the Olympic and the Haymarket Theatres respectively. It was judged, however, that the play was not very well suited to the stage—the story lacked interest and its tendencies were rather farcical; the *dramatis personæ* offered few opportunities to their representatives; the supply of dialogue was excessive; there was a deficiency of action, &c. Subduing their natural anxiety to print the name of Thackeray upon their programmes, the managers returned the play to its author. He viewed their

decision as quite final in the matter, and abandoned all hope of witnessing the production upon the scene of 'The Wolves and the Lamb.' The play has indeed never been represented: it was soon converted to other uses. The first number of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' published in 1860, contained the opening chapters of the novel of 'Lovel the Widower,' into which the comedy of 'The Wolves and the Lamb' had been transformed. The story was supposed to be told by one of the characters, Mr. Batchelor, of Beak Street, who had figured in the play as Captain Touchit. Other of the characters had also undergone a change of name: Mr. Lovel, Lady Baker, Bedford, and Bessy had originally been called Milliken, Lady Kicklebury, Howell, and Julia. Great part of the original dialogue was preserved, but there were many variations of a minor sort. The scene was changed from Richmond to Putney, and a new personage, Mr. Drencher, "the great, healthy, florid, scarlet-whiskered" medical man, was added to the novel. The stage directions in 'The Wolves and the Lamb' are often curiously explicit. Here, for instance, is the author's careful description of the scene of "Milliken's villa at Richmond," where the whole action passes:—"Two drawing-rooms opening into one another. The late Mrs. Milliken's portrait over the mantelpiece; book-cases, writing-tables, piano, newspapers, a handsomely-furnished saloon. The back room opens, with very large windows, on the lawn and pleasure-ground; gate and wall, over which the heads of a cab and carriage are seen as persons arrive. Fruit and a ladder on the walls. A door to the dining-room, another to the sleeping apartments," &c. Before Captain Touchit enters "the head of a handsome cab is to be seen over the garden gate;" and presently "an altercation between cabman and Captain Touchit appears to be going on," &c. The carrying out of these instructions would have imposed some trouble upon the stage manager of the period and his assistants.

Thackeray was not to succeed as a dramatist; apart from the rejection by the managers of his 'Wolves and the Lamb' he was not permitted, indeed, to run any risks or to encounter any disappointments in connection with the stage. He turned his unacted play into a story; but he did not suffer at the hands of the adapters; he was not required to look on the while his stories were hacked and hewn into plays. His great liking for the theatre, his interest in its transactions, his hearty appreciation of its humours, these are constantly manifested in his works. It was his wont to laugh at the stage, but his laughter was very kindly and but thinly disguised his love.

He was a constant playgoer. The earlier papers he contributed to a magazine, dealing with his life in Paris when Louis Philippe was king, included an essay upon the French stage of that period, its dramas and melodramas. He pronounced that there were three kinds of drama in France, and that these might be subdivided. There was the old classical drama, well-nigh dead, and full time too . . . ancient French tragedy, red-heeled, patched, and be-periwigg-ed; the fair Rachel was trying to revive this *genre* and to untomb Racine; but, as he held, she could only galvanise the corpse, not revivify it: it was still in its grave, and it was only the ghost and not the body that the fair Jewess had

raised. Then there was the comedy of the day, with its gay colonels, smart widows, and silly husbands, of which M. Scribe was the father. "How that unfortunate seventh commandment has been maltreated by him and his disciples! You will see four pieces at the Gymnase of a night, and, so sure as you see them, four husbands shall be wickedly used. When is this joke to cease?" Finally, there was the drama, that great monster which had sprung into life of late years, of which Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas were the well-known and respectable guardians. The great Hugo's plays invariably contained a monster—a "delightful monster saved by one virtue." *Triboulet*, *Lucrece Borgia*, *Mary Tudor*, *Quasimodo*, and others. But to the great Dumas half a dozen monsters were necessary, to whom murder was nothing, common intrigue and breakage of the seventh commandment nothing, but who lived and moved "in a vast delightful complication of crime that could not easily be conceived in England, much less described." Of the famous Mlle. Georges he wrote: "When I think over the number of crimes that I have seen her commit I am filled with wonder at her greatness and the greatness of the poets who have conceived such charming horrors for her." In the '*Tour de Nesle*' he had seen her make love to and murder her sons. He had seen her as *Lucrece Borgia* poison a company of no less than nine gentlemen at Ferrara, including an affectionate son in the number; he had seen her as *Madame de Brinvilliers* kill off a number of respectable relations in the first four acts, and at the last he had seen her enter shuddering, ghastly, barefooted, in a white sheet, and actually burned at the stake! Looking back at the grand dramas which had been produced in Paris during the last half a dozen years, it seemed to him that a man, thinking over all he had seen, the many prodigious crimes by which he had been interested and excited, might well be heartily ashamed of the manner in which he had spent his time and of the hideous kind of mental intoxication in which he had permitted himself to indulge.

In an earlier paper he had discoursed concerning a certain "Catholic reaction," as it was called, which was distinguishing French art and literature at the time. He discovered the same Catholic reaction on the stage.

The theatres of the Boulevards had produced a series of quasi-religious plays very edifying to the Parisians, who thus were provided with more Biblical history than had fallen to their share during the whole of their lives before. In the course of a few seasons he had seen produced "*The Wandering Jew*," "*Belshazzar's Feast*," "*Nebuchadnezzar*," "*The Massacre of the Innocents*," "*Joseph and his Brethren*," "*The Passage of the Red Sea*," and "*The Deluge*." Even at the *Théâtre Français* had been presented Dumas' tragedy of "*Caligula*," which "brought a vast quantity of religion before the footlights." The critics had received the play but coldly, had even censured it freely; but the public had applauded. The public, said Dumas, was so much more religious than the critics: it understood him so much better. During four hours, with pious attention, it watched the action of the piece in all its serpentine windings; it listened to the sound of its rolling river of thoughts, new and bold it might be, yet chaste and grave nevertheless. The play could boast no particularly pious origin. As the author confessed, it had been, in the first instance, designed for *Franeoni's Cirque*, for the introduction of a performing steed of many accomplish-

ments, which was to figure as Incitatus, the horse of Caligula. Dumas was busy writing his play when news was brought him : " Incitatus a reçu d'un de ses camarades un coup de pied qui lui a cassé la cuisse ; il a fallu l'abattre." Franconi had no further need for the play. From an equestrian drama for the Cirque 'Caligula' was converted, therefore, into a poetic tragedy for the Français. Dumas had been anxious that his hero should enter into a car drawn by real horses. But the committee of the Comédie absolutely refused to allow horses to appear on their stage ; the innovation would be destructive of their best traditions ; it would be a desecration. " On m'offrait des femmes," wrote Dumas. " J'inventai le chant des Heures et le char de Caligula fut traîné par des femmes ; ce qui était bien autrement moral." This was in 1837.

Thackeray found that, all things considered, the tragedy of 'Caligula' was a decent tragedy ; as decent, that is, as the characters of the hero and heroine, Caligula and Messalina, would permit it to be. Caligula was killed at the end of the performance and Messalina was comparatively well-behaved throughout, the more religious qualities of the work being represented by a Christian maiden, one Stella, who, while staying on a visit to her aunt, near Narbonne, had been fortunate enough to be converted to Christianity by no less a person than Mary Magdalene !

But Dumas's play of 'Don Juan de Marana' was far in advance of Caligula in regard to sacred or profane excesses and eccentricities.

The subject was, of course, of Spanish origin ; the story dealt with that contest between a good and a bad angel for the possession of an immortal soul which has occupied a good many plays and operas ; and the scene was laid, as Thackeray describes, " in a vast number of places—in heaven (where we have the Virgin Mary, and little angels in blue, swinging censers before her !), on earth, under the earth, and in a place still lower but not mentionable to ears polite." The hero closely resembles his namesake, celebrated by Mozart, Molière, and others, and " unites the virtues of Lovelace and Lacenaire." The first act contains half a dozen of murders and intrigues. In the second act Don Juan flogs his elder brother and runs away with his sister-in-law. In the third he fights a duel with a rival and kills him, whereupon the lady-love of his victim takes poison and dies in great agonies upon the stage. In the fourth act Don Juan, having entered a church to carry off a nun, is seized by the statue of one of the ladies he has previously victimised, and made to behold the ghosts of all the unfortunate persons whose deaths he has caused. These apparitions, clothed in white sheets and preceded by wax candles, declare their names and qualities and call in chorus for vengeance upon Don Juan. An angel descends carrying a flaming sword and demands, " Is there no voice in favour of Don Juan de Marana ?" whereupon Don Juan's father quits his coffin to implore pardon for his son ; and the nun Don Juan would have scandalously borne away from her convent, who proves indeed to be " the good spirit of the house of Marana, who has gone to the length of losing her wings and forfeiting her place in heaven in order to keep company with Don Juan on earth, and, if possible, to convert him," actually flies to the skies to beg the divine permission to remain with him here below. The cur-

tain draws up to the sound of harps, and discovers white-robed angels walking in the clouds, the while the good angel of Marana upon her knees offers up her extraordinary prayer. It is granted, and she descends to earth to love and to go mad and to die for Don Juan! "The reader," as Thackeray observes, "will require no further explanation in order to be satisfied as to the moral of this play; but is it not a very bitter satire upon the country which calls itself the politest nation in the world that the incidents, the indecency, the coarse blasphemy, and the vulgar wit of this piece should find admirers among the public and procure reputation for the author?" Yet the theatrical censorship, which Louis Philippe had restored, found no fault with the morality of "Don Juan de Marana" and works of its class. "Here is a man," writes Thackeray of Dumas, "who seizes upon saints and angels merely to put sentiments in their mouths which might suit a nymph of Drury Lane. He shows heaven in order that he may carry debauch into it; and avails himself of the most sacred and sublime parts of our creed as a vehicle for a scene-painter's skill or an occasion for a handsome actress to wear a new dress."

Another admired play at this time was entitled 'Le Maudit des Mers,' which proved to be an early version of the legend of the Flying Dutchman, and may have had its share in producing Wagner's Opera, 'Der Fliegende Holländer.'

The hero is the familiar Dutch captain who, in the midst of a storm at sea, while his crew were on their knees at prayer, "blasphemed and drank punch; but what was his astonishment at beholding an archangel, with a sword all covered with flaming resin, who told him that as he in this hour of danger was too daring or too wicked to utter a prayer, he never should cease roaming the seas until he could find some being who would pray to heaven for him!" Once only in hundred years was the captain allowed to land for this purpose, and the play runs through four centuries in as many acts, setting forth the agonies and the unavailing attempts of the unfortunate Dutchman. In the second act he betrays a Virgin of the Sun to a follower of Pizarro. In the third act he assassinates the heroic William of Nassau. But the angel with the flaming sword reappears to condemn him again to be lonely and tempest-tossed for a hundred years more. "Treachery," says the spirit, "cannot lessen thy punishment; crime will not obtain thy release. *A la mer! à la mer!*" In the fourth act, however, he lands in America to find a crowd of peasants wearing Italian costumes, "celebrating in a quadrille the victories of Washington." The Dutchman is fortunate enough to find a virtuous maiden to pray for him. Forthwith "the curse is removed, the punishment is over, and a celestial vessel with angels on the decks and sweet little cherubs fluttering about the shrouds and the poop appear to receive him."

To the critic the drama of Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and the enlightened classes seemed to be profoundly immoral and absurd, the while he found the drama of the common people absurd, it might be, but good and right-hearted.

"If they borrow a story from the sacred books they garble it without mercy and take sad liberties with the text; but they do not deal in descriptions of the agreeably wicked or ask pity and admiration for tender-hearted criminals and

philanthropic murderers as their betters do. Vice is vice on the Boulevards ; and it is fine to hear the audience as a tyrant king roars out cruel sentences of death, or a bereaved mother pleads for the life of her child, making their remarks on the circumstances of the scene. '*Ah, le gredin !*' growls an indignant countryman. '*Quel monstre !*' says a grisette in a fury. You see very fat old men crying like babies, and like babies sucking enormous sticks of barley-sugar." The successful melodramas of '*La Duchesse de la Vauballière*' and '*Hermann l'ivrogne*' are cited in proof of the popular morality, the general joy in the discomfiture of vice and the triumph of virtue. Of course the villain of the story was always an aristocrat, a wicked count or a licentious marquis, brought to condign punishment just before the fall of the curtain. "And too good reason," adds the critic, "have the French people had to lay such crimes to the charge of the aristocracy, who are expiating now on the stage the wrongs which they did a hundred years since. The aristocracy is dead now ; but the theatre lives upon traditions ; and don't let us be too scornful at such simple legends as are handed down by the people from race to race."

Other plays dealt with English life and character, the intention of the dramatists being occasionally satirical.

A little Christmas piece at the Palais Royal parodied the balloon voyage across the Channel of Messrs. Green and Monck Mason, "and created a good deal of laughter at the expense of John Bull." Two English noblemen, designated Milor Cricri and Milor Hanneton, were important characters. Dumas's diama of "Kean, on Génie et Désordre," was designed by its author and received by the public "as a faithful portraiture of English manners." The absurdities of this work have been often described. In the end Kean goes suddenly mad and so cruelly insults the Prince of Wales that his Royal Highness determines to transport the tragedian to Botany Bay, a sentence which is afterwards commuted to banishment to New York. In a scene representing the "Coal Hole Tavern," all the "Trou de Charbon" and supposed to be situated upon the banks of the Thames, "a company of English-women are introduced, and they all wear *pinafors*, as if the British female," writes Thackeray, "were in the invariable habit of wearing this outer garment, or slobbering her gown without it." An earlier play related the sorrows of Queen Caroline. George the Fourth was made to play a most despicable part, and Signor Bergami fought a duel with Lord Londonderry. In the last act the House of Lords was represented, and Sir Brougham made an eloquent speech on the Queen's behalf. "Presently the shouts of the mob were heard without ; from shouting they proceed to pelting ; and pasteboard brickbats and cabbages came flying among the representatives of our hereditary legislature. At this unpleasant juncture, Sir Hardinge, the Secretary at War, rises and calls in the military ; the act ends in a general row and the ignominious fall of Lord Liverpool, laid low by a brickbat from the mob." The Englishman of the French theatre, it was noted, wore almost invariably a red wig, leather gaiters, and "a long white upper Benjamin." In a play called "*Le Naufrage de la Méduse*," the deck of an English ship of war was represented, where all the English officers "appeared in light blue or green coats (the lamplight prevented our distinguishing the colour accurately) and *top boots* !"

In the character of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush Thackeray reviewed humorously enough, and yet with a severity that was well deserved, the quasi-poetic play of '*The Sea Captain*,' which Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer gave to the stage in 1839.

It was not only the play that was satirised, however; the dramatist had written an injudicious preface—egotistical, pretentious, and peevish, which rendered him peculiarly liable to criticism. The hostility of certain reviewers he attributed to prejudice against his political opinions. He was professing Liberal principles at this time. On behalf of his play he pleaded that its deficiencies were due in great part to his “uncertain health and broken spirits,” and he denounced the systematic depreciation and opposition it had been his misfortune to encounter from the general contributors to the periodical press, and avowed that the endeavours made “to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, if possible, to *run down*,” had occasionally haunted “even the hours of composition to check the inspiration and damp the ardour.” Mr. Yellowplush, who pretended to have seen the performance from the gallery of the Haymarket, and to have afterwards, in his pantry, over “a glass of beer and a cold oyster,” dashed off his article “on the dresser, while his friend and fellow-servant, John Thomas Smith, wrote a supplementary review, ‘across the knife-board,’ made very merry over both play and preface. The drollery did not merely consist in that strange system of misspelling which Mr. Yellowplush had adopted, in imitation perhaps of the Winifred Jenkins of Smollett, and which long continued to be a source of amusement to the readers of Thackeray; the footman’s criticisms were extremely comical, while they were distinguished by the soundest sense. One example must suffice:—“Take my advise, honorable sir—listen to a humble footmⁿ,” wrote Mr. Yellowplush; “it’s generally best in poetry to understand puffickly what you mean yourself and to ingpress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal, an “ancestral coronal,” if you like, as you might call a hat a “swart sombrero,” a “glossy four and nine,” a “silken helm to storm impermeable and lightsome as the breezy gossamer”; but in the long run it’s as well to call it a hat. It is a hat; and that name is quite as poetticle as another. I think it’s Plato or else Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Confess now, dear Bar’net, don’t you long to call it a polyanthus?” Of the drama of ‘The Sea Captain’ little was heard after its first season until, accorded the new name of ‘The Rightful Heir,’ it was revived at the Lyceum in 1868. Due attention had been paid to Mr. Yellowplush’s criticisms and suggestions; the work had undergone considerable change. No larger measure of success, however, was awarded to ‘The Rightfu’ Heir’ than twenty years before had been obtained by ‘The Sea Captain.’

There are few other examples of Thackeray’s appearance as a dramatic critic. “I like to see children enjoying a pantomime,” he wrote in “Punch” upon one occasion, signing himself “Brown the Elder,” and presently, describing himself as “Mr. Spec,” he related how he had fulfilled a solemn engagement made during the mid-summer holidays to go with his young friend Augustus Jones to a Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre.

In those days the pantomime was not the sole entertainment of the evening; the performances commenced with “one of Mr. Boyster’s comedies of English life.” Mr. Spec could not help remarking “how like the comedy was to life; how the gentlemen always say ‘thou’ and ‘prythee’ and ‘go to,’ and talk about

heathen goddesses to each other ; how the servants are always their particular intimates ; how when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each : how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress with jewels in her hair ; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches and rings on her fingers ; while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip." The comedy opened with a conversation between Frank Nightrake and Bob Fitzoffley, Frank being represented by the light comedian Stupor, attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown lined with glazed red calico, while Bob was personated by Bulger, " a meritorious man, but very stout and nearly fifty years of age," dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body coat with brass buttons, a couple of under-waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteen-penny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody." A close description of the pantomime follows. It was entitled " Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pocket-handkerchief ; or, the Dream of the Enchanted Nose." Mr. Spec writes, " Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blase* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still just at the moment when the bell—the dear and familiar bell of your youth—begins to tinkle and the curtain to rise, and there stand revealed the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-coloured leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus? All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to hope ; desire is about to be realised. O, you blind little brats ; clap your hands and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder. Clap your hands now ! In three weeks more the Reverend Doctor Swishtail expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House." In one of the " Roundabout Papers" of 1861 the author deals again with the subject and sets forth how he went to two pantomimes with little Bob Miselton—one at the Theatre of Fancy ; the other at the Fairy Opera, " and I don't know which we liked the best," he adds. At the Fancy the theme was " Hamlet" ; at the Opera " William the Conqueror" formed the subject. " Very few men in the course of nature," he reflects, " can expect to see all the pantomimes in one season ; but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of the 'Times' which appears on the morning after Boxing Day. Perhaps reading is even better than seeing. The best way, I think, is to say you are ill, lie in bed, and have the paper for two hours, reading all the way down from Drury Lane to the Britannia at Hoxton." The initial letter to this " Roundabout Paper" contains an admirable " back view" of Thackeray, by the late Frederick Walker.

In 'Vanity Fair' the allusions to the theatre are few. But in 'Pendennis' we are introduced to the beautiful Miss Fotheringay and the other members of Mr. Manager Bingley's Company performing at the Chatteriss Theatre.

Mr. Bows is the first fiddler in the orchestra, and the money is taken at the doors by a slumberous old lady, who is explained by Mr. Foker to be "Mrs. Dropsicum, Bingley's mother-in-law, great in Lady Macbeth." Miss Fotheringay's Mrs.

Haller is supported by the Countess Wintersen of Mrs. Bingley, the Baron Steinforth of Garbetts, the Tobias of Gott; by Hicks and Miss Thackthwaite, and the Stranger of Bingley, in pantaloons and Hessians, with a large cloak and beaver hat, and a hearse feather "drooping over his ruddled old face, and only partially concealing his great buckled brown wig." He wears, too, upon his little finger, which he allows to quiver out of his cloak, a large sham diamond ring, "covering the first joint of the finger and twiddling in the faces of the pit." It had belonged to George Frederick Cooke, who had had it from Mr. Quin, who may have bought it for a shilling! Nevertheless, "Bingley fancied the world was fascinated by its glitter." Upon the occasion of her benefit Miss Fotheringay represents Ophelia and Susan in Jerrold's nautical drama. Mr. Hornbull from London was the Hamlet of the night, Bingley modestly contenting himself with the part of Horatio, and reserving his chief strength for William in "Black-eyed Susan." Gott was the Admiral and Garbetts the Captain. The artful Major Pendennis would have Miss Fotheringay removed from Chatteriss, and to effect that object brings into action Dolphin the London manager, who figures also, it may be noted, in "Lovel the Widower" as the employer of Bessy Bellenden in the ballet-girl period of her career. Dolphin comes to Chatteriss, "a tall and portly gentleman, with a hooked nose and a profusion of curling brown hair and whiskers, gorgeously dressed with rich under-waistcoats, many splendid rings and pins and chains, and shaking out odours of bergamot from his yellow silk handkerchief. He is of the Jewish nation, if his portrait is to be trusted. Dolphin attends the theatre and witnesses the performance of Cora by Miss Fortheringay, "uncommonly handsome in white raiment and a leopard's skin, with a sun upon her breast and five tawdry bracelets on her beautiful glancing arms." It was in vain that Bingley, as Rolla, darted about the stage and yelled like Kean; that Mrs. Bingley, as Elvira presumably, raised her voice and bellowed like a bull of Bashan; that Garbetts and Rowkins and Miss Ronney tried each of them the force of their charms or graces, and acted and swaggered and scowled and spouted their very loudest. Dolphin gave attention only to the efforts of Miss Fortheringay, forthwith offered her an engagement in London, and fairly removed her from the history of Arthur Pendennis. When he next met her she had quitted the stage and become my Lady Mirabel, the wife of Sir Charles, "an old beau in a star and a blonde wig."

In 'Esmond' is introduced an interesting picture of the theatre of Queen Anne's time.

Harry Esmond accompanies Lord Castlewood and Lord Mohun to the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The play is one of Mr. Wycherley's, 'Love in a Wood.' Mrs. Bracegirdle performs the girl's part in the comedy. She is disguised as a page, and comes and stands before the gentlemen as they sit on the stage. She looks over her shoulder with a pair of arch black eyes and laughs at my Lord Castlewood, and asks what ails the gentleman from the country, and had he had bad news from Bullock Fair? The fatal duel between Lord Castlewood and Mohun was impending. Between the acts of the play the gentlemen cross the stage and converse freely. There were two of Lord Mohun's party, Captain Macartney in a military habit, and a gentleman in a suit of blue velvet and silver, in a fair periwig with a rich fall of point of Venice lace—my lord the Earl of Warwick

and Holland. My lord has a paper of oranges ; he offers the fruit to the actresses, joking with them. "And Mrs. Bracegirdle, when my Lord Mohun said something rude, turned on him, and asked him what he did there, and whether he and his friends had come to stab anybody else as they did poor Will Mountfort ? My Lord's dark face grew darker at this taunt, and wore a mischievous fatal look. They that saw it remembered it and said so afterwards." The picture is impressive, although one or two of its details may be questioned. Perhaps the play was not 'Love in a Wood,' but some other comedy. The disguise of a page is not worn by any of the ladies in Mr. Wycherley's comedy, and Mrs. Bracegirdle is not known ever to have sustained any part in that work, which was revived at Drury Lane in 1718, the playbills stating that it had not been represented for thirty years. And perhaps in Queen Anne's time the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields had ceased to be called after the Duke of York, who had become James II, and had abdicated his throne. Moreover, Lord Mohun, whose Christian name, by the by, was Charles, and not Henry, appears from his portrait by Kneller to have been a man of fair complexion.

The stage of the early part of George the Third's time is particularly described in 'The Virginians.' The Warringtons and the Lambert family attend the performance of Mr. John Home's famous tragedy of "Douglas" at Covent Garden Theatre.

Mr. Spranger Barry is superb as young Norval, a Highlander in white satin slashed breeches and red boots. The beautiful Mrs. Woffington affects to tears even the Grenadiers on guard upon each side of the stage, according to the custom of the time. Mr. George Warrington reads his tragedy of 'Carpezan' to a select party of gentlemen, including among them the learned Mr. Samuel Johnson, assembled at Mr. Spencer's chambers in Fig-tree Court. Mr. Johnson recollects that he had read at Oxford in Meteranus, in the *Theatrum Universum*, the story of Mr. Warrington's tragedy, which is afterwards produced at Covent Garden Theatre, and obtains great success. "Mr. Warrington records that the part of Carpezan was filled by Barry, that Shuter was the old nobleman, that Reddish made an excellent Ulric, and the King of Bohemia was represented by Mr. Geoghagan, or Hagan as he was called on the stage, who looked and played the part to perfection. Mrs. Woffington was thought to look too old for the heroine, but her dying scene greatly affected and delighted the audience. Mr. Rich, the manager, had placed the play upon the stage very elegantly ; though there was some doubt whether in the march of Janissaries, in the last act, he had been correct in introducing a favourite elephant which had figured in various pantomimes, and by which one of Mr. Warrington's black servants marched in a Turkish habit." Amidst general applause Mr. Barry announced the play for repetition, and stated it to be the work of a young gentleman of Virginia, his first attempt in the dramatic style.

Mr. Warrington's second attempt was much less fortunate. Although produced at Drury Lane under Mr. Garrick's auspices, and although Mr. Samuel Johnson, wearing a laced waistcoat, and accompanied by his famous friend Mr. Reynolds, countenanced the performance by sitting in the front boxes, the poetic tragedy of "Pocahontas" was swiftly and surely condemned by the audience. "One of the causes of failure," explains the dramatist, "was my actual fidelity to his-

tory." The characters were most accurately dressed; drawings from the pictures in the British Museum were expressly made for the occasion. Mr. Hagan was attired to look like Sir Walter Raleigh, and Miss Prit hard, as Pocahontas, assumed the aspect of a Red Indian. When the heroine rushed into the hero's arms, and a number of spectators were actually in tears, a coarse wag in the pit bawled out, 'Bedad! here's the Belle Savage kissing the Saracen's Head!' and a roar of laughter ensued—"the wretched people," notes Mr. Warrington, "not knowing that Pocahontas herself was the very Belle Sauvage from whom the tavern took its name." The 'pot-house joke' was repeated, however *ad nauseam*; the English Governor with a long beard was dubbed the 'Goat and Boots;' his lieutenant, whose face happened to be broad, was jeered at as the 'Bull and Mouth,' and so on; the curtain descending amidst a shrill storm of whistles and hisses.

The subject of Mr. Warrington's second tragedy, as the author of 'The Virginians' was no doubt aware, has really served the English theatre, though at a later date than that assigned to the production of 'Pocahontas' under Mr. Gar rick's management. At Drury Lane in 1820 there was presented 'a new American drama' in three acts, founded on historical fact, and entitled 'Pocahontas or the Indian Princess.'

The play obtained but three performances. The heroine was personated by Mrs. W. West—a favourite actress of that time wont to appear as Desdemona to Edmund Kean's Othello; Mr. John Cooper represented the hero Captain Smith; and a character bearing the remarkable name of Opechan-canough, "Tributary to Powhatan, the Sachem or Emperor of the Indians," was assumed by Mr. Junius Brutus Booth. The play was an amended version of an operatic drama by one Barker, entitled 'The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage,' produced at Philadelphia in 1808, the author in his advertisement stating that he had found his materials in the 'General History of Virginia,' written by Captain Smith, and printed in 1624, as close an adherence to historic truth having been preserved as dramatic rules would allow of." When 'Pocahontas' was last heard of she was undergoing the usual fate of poetic heroines—she was figuring on the London stage as the leading character of a 'burlesque extravaganza.'

FRENCH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

PARIS, 2nd August 1884.

AFTER a series of ups and downs, of battledore and shuttlecock, the Senate has dictated the clauses of the Revision Bill to the Ministry and the Chamber of Deputies ; and the Congress, or more properly speaking the National Assembly, will commence its sittings forthwith. The Senate, so far, insists on its right to have a voice in the control of the Budget, which was ever the sore point between the two Chambers and the *raison d'être* of the revision. Then while the Congress will declare there is a necessity to reform the manner of electing the senators, the latter will have a veto on the scheme for reforming them. In short all is haste, confusion, and contradiction. It is tacitly rather than formally understood, that the Congress must only touch on certain fixed subjects. This supposes that the Ministry will be able to have an unflinching majority ever at its back, of one-half of the members present, plus one ; there are 557 deputies and 300 Senators ; allowing for some 30 vacancies, 400 true men must be ever in line at least. What strengthens the Cabinet is the fact that the existence of the Republic depends on the sagacity of the National Assembly, and that the nation does not care a fig about the revision. The *Scrutin de Liste*, which is down for ordinary discussion, comes home more to men's business and bosoms. It may be accepted as the law for holding next year the general elections. Politically, France will then have her best men seated in the legislature.

The China imbroglio has not the importance it at one time had. General Millot's commonplace talents have largely contributed to the Langsen defeat ; this necessitates a diminution of the French demands. However, China must pay something, and the French budget wants a lift from extraneous sources. The feeling of animosity in the navy against General Millot runs very high : the blue jackets would roast, rather than toast, him ; he has so snubbed the

service. He will doubtless be recalled. General Negrier is indicated popularly as his successor.

The preliminaries between France and England before the Conference were merely an agreement, it would seem, to differ. The Conference is dead and England has the ball a second time at her feet.

The French are discussing the propriety of an alliance with Germany, *vice* England dismissed. And England is discussing marching with Germany, instead of with France. The French expect to make pulling with Germany more profitable than with friend John.

The cholera has not appeared in Paris ; and, it is hoped, the plague may be stayed at Provence. The Recidivist Bill will be practically dropped. Thanks to Australia's knowing what she wanted and what she intended, she has made England and France both weigh her resolves.

Efforts are being made to organize a Molière Library, as the English have done for Shakspeare, and the Italians for Dante. The idea is to collect all the editions that have up to the present been published of the great Frenchman's works, as well as all the criticisms that have been made on his writings.

There are very few relics of Molière extant. His autograph is generally priced at 1,200 francs, and even at that price people will not be too anxious about the matter of authenticity : a complete letter would fetch 25,000 francs, perhaps 100,000 francs,—if such could only be found. France has published about 233 editions of Molière's works, and every day the number augments of critics who labour to discover something new about the author, or to render him homage. Molière excites inquiry. Instead of so many editions interfering with sales, they on the contrary stimulate them. Every educated person has an edition in his library ; they descend in families like heirlooms.

Molière has been translated into all languages ; types of his characters have been selected on which to preach sermons or compose folios ; his ladies, his valets, his fathers, his children, his doctors, have been seized and utilized. Much attention has been given to clearing up the obscurities of his life. Naturally these were coeval with his birth. That event was for a long time believed to have occurred in 1620. Now the exact date is fixed on 15th January 1622, following Beffara, who discovered the poet's register of baptism. Even with this document, there are Dryasdusts unconvinced still. Madame de Sévigné has let out the month, and the day of it, when

she was born, but she always kept back the year, so that it was only something like a century after her death that the register of her birth was discovered. It is presumed also that Molière was born before his parents were married. We know all about his wife; an inventory has been made of his mistresses also, as if he were a Louis XV.

Paris claims Molière as her *enfant*, and though two separate houses are decorated with his bust, to perpetuate his birth-place, it is to the Rue St. Honoré, No. 96, and not to 31, Rue Pont-Neuf, that the honour reverts. The assertion that Molière was a class-mate of the Prince de Conti, is not satisfactorily proved, any more than how he passed his nomadic life of twelve years after his illustrious theatre had been closed.

Equally unsatisfactory is the evidence adduced of Molière's marriage, despite the finding (a century and a half after that alleged event) of the marriage certificate. It is established, however, that his partner was the sister, and not the daughter, of Madeleine.

Molière died the 17th February 1673, but it is only some months ago that M. Vitu decided the question in which of the three houses in the Rue Richelieu that have been shown as place of his death, the event really occurred. It was at No. 40. A book has been written to prove that the dramatist died in the Bastille in 1703.

There are not less than twenty "authentic" portraits of Molière. But only two are accepted as really authentic. The first, presumed to be by Mignard, is in the Duc d'Aumale's gallery at Chantilly; it has been engraved by Nolin. The second is in the green-room of the Theatre Français, representing the poet in the tragic rôle of Augustus. It is presumed to be also by Mignard. The autographs of Molière are as rare as his genuine portraits; except a few isolated signatures, there are none. All are apocryphal, though Vrain Lucas sold Academician Charles no less than 125 manuscripts by the poet, in addition to epistles by Jesus Christ and letters by the Virgin Mary. The only scrap of writing we possess of Molière, is a receipt, given to the Treasury in 1656, and even this is accepted *cum grano salis*. Now this absence of his handwriting is one of the most singular facts about Molière's life: for Molière wrote his own dramas, wrote the instructions for their mounting, was an administrator of his theatre, a business man in fact, and at the same time a controversialist, and yet not a line of his manuscripts, not a sentence of his vast correspondence, exists.

Some accuse his clerical enemies, the *Tartuffes* of having requisitioned the Inquisition to destroy the relics of such an

arch-heretic. Some accuse his wife of the destruction of all his papers, on the occasion of her second marriage; but all is conjecture. A few years hence the identity of Molière may become as doubtful as that of Homer; and some Whately may possibly indulge in genuine "Historic Doubts" concerning his existence; or theories may be propounded that Molière was only the pseudonym of Corneille and Racine as some pretend that Shakspeare was but the *nom de plume* of Bacon.

In the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, M. de Neuville continues his very interesting studies on the "Origin of Chinese Civilisation." That civilisation, the writer remarks, is unique in the history of peoples, by its spontaneity and independence of all external influences. By its language, its writings, its arts, its institutions, and its laws, China differs profoundly from all other nations of the globe. Japan, isolated in the midst of seas; the empires of Mexico and Peru separated from the ancient continent by immense spaces, have left in several of their primitive traditions, in some of their beliefs, and in certain details of their arts, a trace, however slender, of the influence of the Malay, Mongol, or Indian races. Nothing similar can be discovered in China; her people appear to possess a civilization purely aboriginal, which for many years was viewed as coeval with humanity itself. China belongs, the writer thinks, to a phase altogether primitive in the evolution of the human species. There are *savants* who maintain that the Chinese escaped the universal deluge, while their monosyllabic language, whose strange character cannot be found among any other peoples, even the most savage, and its perpetuity, lead some to think Chinese was the primitive language of man.

Not much attention has been given to Prison Libraries: yet as moral agencies they are invaluable. The idea in France was suggested by accident in 1847, when a prisoner was specially permitted to have some books to abridge his long leisure. At the expiration of his imprisonment, he sold these books to a fellow-prisoner for a small sum, and the new proprietor converted them into a circulating Library, for the benefit of his *codétenus* who were delighted to pay the small weekly subscription for a means of lightening their captivity. In 1849 the Commissioners of Prisons acquired such proofs of the excellence of the innovation that small sums of money were voted to open libraries in the nine various penitentiaries of the Capital. A grant of 2,800 francs is at present yearly allotted to effect purchases. These are supplied by contract,

and the inmates are entrusted with the binding of the works. The number of volumes in a library varies from 500, as at the Dépôt, to 8,000 at Mazas. Illustrated volumes are in most request; then those containing short, healthy stories, elegant extracts, travels, history, and technical subjects. Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, Dickens, Cooper, Paul Feval, Henri Conscience, L. Blanc, About, Madame Marechal, Mesdames de Ségur, de Witt, and Gouraud, are the favourite authors.

The number of inmates at Mazas is 1,200, but as many of these are undergoing only preventive arrest, they cannot be compelled to work, and have a fair claim to be supplied with books to kill *ennui*. There are Latin and Greek authors, and some valuable historical works, as Saint Simon's *Memoirs*. The volumes are suited to the intellectual capacities of the prisoners and also to their religious persuasions. There are also special volumes only accorded as a favour, a kind of reward, and to obtain these the *détenu* must have to his credit a month's irreproachable conduct. The books are changed on Wednesdays and Saturdays. There are blank sheets of paper in each volume, wherein are recorded the material condition of the book as to wear or abuse, and the punishment to be inflicted in case of carelessness or wilful injury. The annotations by the readers are principally anathemas upon the magistrates, judges, and police, with criticisms on the discipline of the prison, the warders, &c., and suggestions for judicial reform. Never are any moral maxims inscribed. The Librarian is generally a prisoner, but the qualities desired are difficult to find, and the honour is rather at a discount. A prisoner prefers confinement in his cell, which entitles him to a reduction of one-fourth of the term of his imprisonment, rather than full time and "lettered ease."

Voyage à Madagascar, by J. L. Macgulaire, with illustrations is a book that will be read because it conveys the conviction that the author has lived among the people and describes realities. It is not one of those books brought out at "stop press" speed, to meet the curiosity of the crowd or the wants of the day, when its subject becomes interesting or politically important. The work forms only fresh testimony to the value of the great African island: its rich natural resources, and the future in store for its intelligent inhabitants. One excellent feature of the volume is the amputations, M. Macgulaire performs upon the legendary descriptions of the island by travellers who have never set foot on it—geographers after the manner of Strabo.

L'Amiral de Coligny et les guerres de religion du XVI Siècle, by Charles Buet. For ten years past quite a fever has set in to write upon Coligny. Not less than fifteen or twenty volumes have within that period appeared, treating of the historical celebrity's character from different points of view, and based upon documents more or less authentic. Of course as his character is approached by Protestants or Catholics, so must the verdicts vary. M. Delaborde's work is a uniform panegyric, that of M. Buet is an indictment against the admiral, whom he calls the Tartuffe of the sixteenth century. The truth will be found between the two extremes, as ever happens. M. Buet candidly admits that he has only composed a complete mosaic where all that bears upon the religious or political side of the admiral finds its place. But he goes farther; he denies that the rôle of an historian is to be impartial; first, because that is useless, and secondly, dangerous; but, above all, impossible. M. Buet ranks Coligny as a "traitor," because he entered into an alliance with the English Protestants, and fomented thus the first civil war. He incited Paltrot de Mère to assassinate his old companion in arms, the Duc de Guise. The massacre of St. Bartholomew draws forth no apology from M. Buet: it was a natural defence against conspiracy against the life of the king, and the Court assumed a position of legitimate self-protection. Two facts must never be lost sight of; the general massacre of the Huguenots followed the attempt to murder Coligny; and that massacre, by Catherine de Medici, was political, with which the Catholics had nothing whatsoever to do. M. Buet gives his authorities and never conceals his opinions, so that the reader can never be deceived.

Histoire de l'Escrime, by Emile Mérignac, is the history of fencing and foils from the earliest times. The author alleges that the Vedas include the science of arms in their revelations to the priests on the subject of sciences, and that the Chinese, two thousand years before our era, exercised themselves in their "pi-yong" at fencing. The author aims at showing the importance of fencing both as an exercise and as a means of personal defence; he agrees with Grisier, who maintains that every weapon held in the hand is intended for fencing in the sense of being employed against an adversary.

Les Anglais au moyen âge, by J. J. Jusserand, an author already familiar to English readers, is a lively description of the English in the fourteenth century from the popular point of view; that is to say, in their nomadic and irregular life, whether their haunt be a ditch, the highway, a bush, or a forest. He depicts all classes of society that frequent

highroads, from sturdy vagrants up to kings; from the ecclesiastical dignitary down to the serf of the abbey. This work is interesting, amusing even, but though historical and learned is not pretentious. The author conveys his views, always original and remarkable; in a graceful and vivacious style.

Histoire des Institutions monarchiques de la France sous les premier Capétiens, by M. Achille Luchaire, is a valuable work for those historical students who desire to know all that is to be known of the first two centuries of the Capetian monarchy. The author shows us that the early Capets were something more than captive kings and *sainéants*; he shows us Capetian, royalty in its origin, its transmission, its resources, and its action alike on justice, feudalism, the clergy, and the people. M. Luchaire indulges in no hypotheses, and his volume is full of interesting and exact ideas. There is a very curious chapter which treats of the transmission of royalty from the first Capetians, by associating round the throne heirs presumptive. A point worthy of note is that the author relies solely on original authorities.

Correspondence inédite de Malet du Pau avec le Cour de Vienne, 1794—1798, from manuscripts in the Archives of Vienna, by M. André Michel, with preface by M. Taine. Malet du Pau was a paid diplomatic spy, in the service both of Austria and Prussia. He supplies us with an exciting tableau of the movements of opinion in France at the most trying period of her history. It is the moral anatomy of France made by an observer at once cool and hostile. The letters are prolix, diffuse even, but honest, and their Puritan flavour may be traced to the author being a native of Geneva. M. du Pau received a monthly stipend from Austria and Prussia, and he might be described as "our own correspondent" to these powers, at Paris. He was anti-revolutionary and anti-Jacobin. The chief fault of Malet du Pau is, that though he desires to be a faithful chronicler he omits stating any case for the defence. He is quoted as being remarkably true in his predictions of events; but he was altogether wrong in the last of his letters (1798), where he expresses but a poor opinion of the future of "General" Bonaparte.

Nouvelles Lettres d'Italie, by Emile de Laveleye, are as interesting as those which the eminent Belgian economist published in 1878-79, where he depicted Italy suffering profoundly from the influences of an old and decayed society and a new, hardly yet constituted one. The provinces were in a state of ruin from the tax-collector's exactions. The agriculturists and farm labourers were subject to the most atrocious treatment; emigration aided the work

of depopulation, while the Government built iron-clads that cost 26 millions of francs each, though unable to recover taxes eighteen years in arrear, because the people had not a *son*, and no one would invest in land, as this implied starvation. This is only one part of the work : the reader will find very pleasant and picturesque descriptions of the manners and private life of the people, and also important details of the political and economical condition of new Italy, briefly and pleasantly described.

Machiavel's *Prince*, translated by Guiraudet, with introductory biographical notes by M. L. Derome, is made new and interesting by the ingenious, witty, and solid observations of the annotators. M. Derome rather demonstrates than judges. He ranks Machiavel among the moralists of the La Rochefoucauld school, while avowing that the Florentine was destitute of moral sense. This appears paradoxical : but only in appearance. Events, things, and forces of nature have no moral sense, and yet we draw moral conclusions from them. Similarly with Machiavel : he supplies an inexhaustible mine of texts for moral lessons : but he does not profess, on the contrary he ignores, morality. M. Derome explains by reasons at once neat and subtle why Machiavel has been admired, abused, discussed, studied, cursed, and hated by all, yet has not the less remained the bedside book of all politicians, from Charles V to Napoleon. It is gratifying to learn that the methods of Machiavel are no longer at the service of the ambitious. It is to be hoped so.

C. DE LUTECE.

THE MONTH.

EUROPE.

MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PREVALEBIT, may be an excellent motto for the philosopher, who can afford to await the calm judgment of an impartial posterity, but it is hardly one which the practical politician, constrained, as in most cases he must be, to bow to the prejudices of the hour, can safely accept without extensive qualification.

It is open to doubt whether, in their treatment of the Franchise Bill, confidence in the abstract justice of their cause has not betrayed the Peers into a grave tactical error.

Instead of rejecting the Bill, or returning it to the House of Commons in an amended form, they passed a Resolution which had the effect of placing it in abeyance, so that, in the absence of such supplementary legislation by the Lower House as would meet the objection recorded therein, it would expire *ipso facto* with the termination of the Session.

It was open to Mr. Gladstone, by recourse to such legislation, to put it in the power of the Lords to re-enter on the consideration of the Bill; or he might have kept it alive till the autumn by adjourning Parliament, instead of proroguing it. He has left the Bill alone, and elected to prorogue Parliament, instead of adjourning it. The act in virtue of which the Bill dies is, therefore, Mr. Gladstone's act; but the fact remains that it dies in the House of Lords, and upon the House of Lords, consequently, in the eyes of the great bulk of the public, rests such odium as its death under the circumstances implies.

The question, then, naturally arises whether it was necessary, or wise, for the House of Lords to incur this odium.

That it was not necessary, is obvious; for the purpose which the Lords had in view was to prevent the passing of the Bill in what they considered an incomplete and dangerous form, and this purpose they might have attained equally well by returning it to

the House of Commons with a clause making its operation contingent on the passing of a satisfactory Redistribution Bill.

The only argument urged against the adoption of this course was the fact that Mr. Gladstone had already refused to accept such a clause. But this argument was at once invalid and irrelevant. It was invalid because it did not follow that, in order to save the Bill, Mr. Gladstone would not have consented to do what he refused to do when it was in no immediate danger. It was irrelevant because, while the object of the Lords would have been in no way frustrated by his refusing to accept such a clause, their position in the eyes of the public would have been distinctly improved. For, though the real responsibility for the failure of the Bill would not have been affected, the apparent responsibility would have been shifted from the Upper to the Lower House.

That it was unwise for the Lords to incur this odium, no one who has watched the course of the present agitation can doubt. If they could have made sure of being able to select the tribunal by which they would be judged ; if they could have relied on being provided with full opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses of their accusers, the danger of thus surrendering the advantage of position might have been less serious. But it lay with Mr. Gladstone to choose the tribunal, and he would have been false alike to his character and his declarations, had he not chosen the mob, which he knows to be with him, rather than the Constituencies, which he believes to be against him.

The tactics of the agitators have been in perfect keeping with the motives which dictated this choice. To have placed the question before the mob on its merits would have been, in a large measure, to address the intelligence which they lack, rather than the passions which they possess ; to appeal to arguments which, so far as they would have been understood by them, would have failed to move them ; to emphasise distinctions which, however real and just, are offensive to their prejudices.

So they are told, not that the Peers, while accepting the extension of the franchise, have withheld their assent from the Bill because it is incomplete, but that the Peers have rejected the Bill because they are determined to withhold the extension of the franchise ; that the Government refuses to dissolve Parliament, not because it fears the verdict of the nation, but because the mob are the nation, and for the Peers to maintain the contrary is unconstitutional and revolutionary.

In this deliberate falsification of the real issue raised by the

House of Lords Mr. Gladstone himself, by his acts and by his words, has taken a prominent part. His holocaust of the work of the Session was a practical misrepresentation. It was not enough to make it appear that the Peers had rejected the franchise; they must be held up to execration, as having rendered all legislation impossible.

Not content with placing the motives of his opponents in a false light, he puts imaginary speeches into their mouths to support the misrepresentation.

On the 10th ultimo, Mr. Gladstone announced to the House that, in order to enable them to discharge the paramount duty of securing the earliest possible passing of the Franchise Bill and at the same time to redeem their engagement with regard to Redistribution, the Government had determined on advising Her Majesty to summon Parliament again in the autumn for the purpose of considering the former measure anew. Under these circumstances he had no option but to withdraw the whole of the Bills then before the House, with the exception of the Corrupt Practices at Municipal Elections Bill and the Law of Evidence Bill, which would be proceeded with, and the Medical Acts Amendment Bill, regarding which they would take the judgment of the House.

The Bills thus ostensibly sacrificed to the perversity of the Lords were the London Government, the Railways Regulation, the Scotch Universities, the Welsh Education, the Irish Land Purchase, the Irish Sunday Closing, the Coinage, the Police Superannuation, and the Criminal Law Amendment Bills.

A mere comparison of the number and magnitude of these projects of legislation, to say nothing of their contentiousness, with the length of time left at the disposal of Parliament, is sufficient to show that the reason assigned for their abandonment was, in the case of most of them, merely a colourable device for saddling the House of Lords with the responsibility of a failure, which was already a foregone conclusion.

The true causes of that failure, as I pointed out last month, are to be found partly in the extravagant character of the Bills themselves, and partly in the conduct of the Ministry in relation to Foreign Affairs. On the other hand, there were some of the measures, such as the Coinage and Police Superannuation Bills, which there would have been no difficulty in passing, and the abandonment of which can be attributed to nothing but a desire to make the sacrifice as sensational, and the odium implied in it as great as possible.

The other incident to which I have referred took place at a meeting of the Liberal Party held at the Foreign Office the same day.

Speaking at that meeting, Mr. Gladstone, after dwelling on the iniquity of the Peers in hanging up the Franchise Bill in spite of the pledges given by the Government that they desired—which no one disputed—to effect a Redistribution before the dissolution of the present Parliament, said :—

We were so anxious that solemnity should be given to these pledges, and that they should be placed beyond all possibility of evasion, that even at the last moment a mode was devised for giving them additional solemnity, and an offer was made to the Tory Party in the House of Lords the night before last, but was rejected. It was an offer that both Houses should, on the responsibility of the Government, be invited to pass identical Resolutions in which it should be set forth that each House had passed the Franchise Bill in reliance on the pledges of Her Majesty's advisers to introduce the Redistribution Bill next year, and to make the passing of that redistribution the great object of their efforts, and that this Resolution as so passed should be presented by a joint Address to the Crown by which the matter could be formally accepted, so that there would be the concurrence of the three bodies which gave the authority of law, and although it would not have the form, it would yet have all the moral authority of law, and make certain, if anything in future can be, the devotion of the next Session of Parliament to the settlement of this question of redistribution. That offer was rejected because the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords said he could not discuss redistribution with a rope round his neck. A rope round his neck! That used to be a penalty inflicted on innovators who failed. At least it was a warning applied to innovators who failed in certain ancient Republics, and the warning was sometimes applied in a manner more effective than agreeable. But what is this rope round his neck? It is the prospect of a large addition to the franchise. I utterly deny that that large addition to the franchise ought to be regarded as a rope round the neck of Lord Salisbury. I am here to assert that it is a substantial though imperfect good. It is our duty not to be content with an imperfect good when we can get a perfect one. We have shown by every means that we can show that we shall not be content with the Franchise Bill alone, but will make every effort possible to pass next year a measure of redistribution. But I do protest that it is monstrous to describe as a great calamity, or as a danger, the admission within the electoral areas now constituted of a large additional number of our fellow-countrymen of the classes who already have experience of the political franchise. But, gentlemen, they speak of it as if the franchise was a poison, and as if nothing in the world but the antidote of redistribution would neutralise

t. They speak as if these persons to be enfranchised were a set of wild beasts to be brought within the Parliamentary Constitution, and that we could never have safety until they were all brought within their cages. That is the tone adopted, and I protest against it in the name of common sense that those fellow-citizens of ours, who belong to the same stamp as have already passed muster, should be handled in a manner which I cannot call anything else than insulting.

Mr. Gladstone, it will be thus seen, not only imputed to Lord Salisbury the declaration that he rejected a certain proposal for a compromise "because he would not discuss Redistribution with a rope round his neck," but proceeded to make the alleged declaration the basis of a vehement denunciation of Conservative malice and Conservative hostility to the people.

The statement was duly published to the world the next day, along with the theatrical episode in the House which I have just described, and to which it was a becoming prelude.

The following morning revealed the astounding fact that the declaration imputed in it to Lord Salisbury was nothing but a figment of Mr. Gladstone's imagination. In the House of Lords, on the 11th ultimo, Lord Salisbury rose and pronounced the statement of the Prime Minister to be a baseless fabrication, and a poisoned weapon of misrepresentation, and Lord Granville had to discharge the humiliating office of conveying to the House Mr. Gladstone's confession that, in imputing to that nobleman the declaration in question, he had intended merely to convey his own idea of the ground on which he had declined to consider the ministerial offer.

In the House of Commons, the same evening Mr. Gladstone, on being challenged by Lord Churchill, repeated the confession, and, having done so, proceeded to give what he described as a complete history of the transaction "as far as his memory served him."

Sir Stafford Northcote then stated, on behalf of Lord Salisbury, that he had never used the expression imputed to him, and added that he was further authorised to say that the communication referred to had been made to him by Lord Cairns as of a private and confidential nature.

This view of the nature of the communication was disputed by Mr. Gladstone; but it is evident that it would have been opposed alike to usage and policy to have regarded it in any other light.

It subsequently transpired that the "complete history of the transaction" given by Mr. Gladstone "as far as his memory served him" was incomplete in another particular.

The Prime Minister's memory very conveniently carried him only as far as the point at which his own proposal for a compromise had been declined. Possibly at that point the communication became in Mr. Gladstone's eyes private and confidential. At all events it did not end there. For after declining the Government offer, Lord Cairns had submitted an alternative proposal, which Mr. Gladstone, in his turn, rejected.

In the course of the speech at the Foreign already referred to, Mr. Gladstone made another remarkable statement, which it would be unjust to him to leave unrecorded.

As some sort of compensation, it may be, for his uncandour in putting an imaginary speech into Lord Salisbury's mouth for the purpose of conveying to the world his own idea of that nobleman's motives, he exhibited a singular candour in describing his own motive for refusing to comply with the demands of the Opposition in the matter of Redistribution.

"The goodwill of the Opposition which we require in order to give a Redistribution Bill a chance," he said, "cannot be had unless they know that the extension of the franchise is to take place, and that, if they will not have it with Redistribution, they must have it without."

Here, then, is the guilty conscience which led Mr. Gladstone to describe Lord Salisbury as objecting to have a rope put round his neck. It was simply a metastasis of persons and ideas; of his own intentions with Lord Salisbury's fears.

The proposal which Lord Salisbury declined to entertain was that, if the Lords passed the Franchise Bill, the Government would introduce in both Houses an identical Resolution to the effect that the Bill had been passed in reliance on the ministerial undertaking to bring in a Redistribution Bill in the next Session. As, however, the motive of the Peers, in refusing to pass the Franchise Bill as it stood, was the fear, not that Ministers would prove false to their undertaking to bring in a Redistribution Bill, but that the Bill they would bring in would be of a character which the Peers could not pass, such a Resolution would have been mere verbiage.

The alternative proposition which Mr. Gladstone rejected was that the Government should accept an amendment, that the Franchise

Bill should come into operation on a day to be named in a subsequent Act, or that it should come into operation on the 1st July 1886, unless an earlier day were fixed in the meantime.

On the 17th ultimo, Lord Wemyss, in the House of Lords, moved a Resolution that "the House was prepared to proceed with the Franchise Bill on the understanding that an address should be presented to Her Majesty praying her to summon Parliament to assemble in the early part of the autumn for the purpose of considering the Redistribution Bill which Ministers had undertaken to present to Parliament on the earliest possible occasion." But Mr. Gladstone's candid confession, that the object of the Government in making the passing of the Franchise Bill an essential preliminary to the introduction of a measure of Redistribution was to obtain a lever whereby to coerce the Opposition into accepting the latter, had obviously rendered it impossible for the Lords to accept any security short of a pledge that the one Bill should not come into operation without the other.

Lord Cadogan submitted, as an amendment, "that it was desirable that Parliament should assemble early in the autumn for the purpose of considering the Franchise Bill in conjunction with the Redistribution of Seats Bill which the Government had undertaken to present to Parliament on the earliest possible occasion," and, after Lord Wemyss's Resolution had been rejected by a majority of 182 to 132, this amendment was agreed to without a division.

To follow in detail the course of the agitation outside Parliament, would be tedious to your readers, and impracticable within the space at my disposal.

That it should assume the form of an attack on the House of Lords was from the circumstances of the case inevitable, even if the ministerial leaders, with Mr. Gladstone himself at their head, had not given the cue.

In spite of some feeble attempts on the part of the Prime Minister, both in the House and out of it, to minimise the significance of his famous Shakespearian menace, there is abundant evidence that he looks with satisfaction on the efforts that are being made to justify it. At a dinner of the Eighty Club, on the 11th instant, while counselling a calm and rational consideration of the immediate position, he was careful not to exclude from view the possibility of the question of organic changes being raised by irresistible necessity.

Other members of the Cabinet have been less scrupulous.

At a Liberal meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel, on the previous Wednesday, Sir Charles Dilke characterised the action of the Peers as an intolerable abuse of their privilege, and a Resolution was passed to support the Government in "any step" that might be deemed expedient to secure the early passing of the Franchise Bill in both Houses, and expressing an opinion that the rejection by a non-representative body of important measures sanctioned by the representatives of the people was a hindrance to good legislation and a source of danger to the country which ought to be removed.

Even so moderate a man as Lord Hartington has found it consistent with his position as a Cabinet Minister to act as henchman to Mr. Bright at a great Radical meeting at Manchester at which the power of veto of the House of Lords was condemned as an intolerable anomaly, productive of much mischief and no good, leading to just irritation in the people, acting as a constant hindrance to good and necessary legislation, and deserving to be abolished.

At a great demonstration at Birmingham on the 4th instant, Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech full of bitterness and contempt, supported a Resolution, which was proposed and passed at six platforms, to the effect that "this meeting declares its opinion that the rejection of the Franchise Bill by the House of Lords is a new and flagrant instance of the disdain in which that House holds the rights and wishes of the nation. It offers to Mr. Gladstone and his Government its hearty support in every step they may think necessary to take for the purpose of securing the passing of the Bill during the present Parliament; and it demands such a reform of the Constitution as will effectually deprive the House of Lords of the powers it has so often misused to provoke the hostility, imperil the good order, and retard the progress of the people."

At the same meeting Mr. Bright sketched a plan of the legislation he thought necessary to secure the latter object, which was, in effect, to leave the personal composition of the House of Lords untouched and allow it, as at present, to reject, once at least, any Bill sent up to it by the House of Commons, but to provide that, if the same Bill were sent up to it in a subsequent Session, its powers should be limited to amending it with the consent of the Commons.

The great demonstration of the 21st ultimo in Hyde Park, though probably only a gentle hint of what is to come should the

Bill be again sent up and rejected, has so far been the supreme effort of the agitators.

The procession, which marched from the Westminster end of the Thames Embankment to the Park, was remarkable in point of both the numbers which composed it, and the perfect order they maintained, and was distinguished by a quietude of bearing, which may be interpreted as indicative either of earnestness, or of want of enthusiasm. So bare of incident was the march that the *Times*, which is far from being disposed to minimise the importance of the movement, is constrained to admit that, except for its dimensions, it would have been tame.

The crowd which lined the route and watched the procession from every point of vantage, was prodigious, but, beyond the amusement to be extracted from a big spectacle, showed little sign of interest in it.

Arrived in the Park, the procession at once lost all cohesion, and degenerated into a crowd, the members of which appeared, for the most part, to have no more definite object in view than that of making the most of their holiday under the circumstances. Few appeared to take much interest in what was going on at the platforms where, to all but an inner circle of listeners, the speeches were mere dumb show.

It may well be, says the *Times*,—

That the great majority of those who hung about the wagons were not particularly interested in the county franchise. But they were quite clear as to their right to demonstrate. They might not exactly know why they were there, or how it was that the House of Lords had defied the will of the nation. But as to their distinct right to be there they had made up their minds. And this was perhaps the most remarkable feature in the meeting. Its attitude towards the House of Lords was, if anything, that of Martial's too often borrowed epigram—

"Non amo te, Sabidi; nec possum dicere quare,

"Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te."

What it was exactly that the Lords had done, or what they had not done, or what they were going to do, were matters which nobody seemed to know, or to care about. But there was a very general sense that the House of Lords must somehow or other be brought to its bearings.

In other words the demonstration was essentially dishonest, differing from a monster petition signed by people ignorant, in nine cases out of ten, of its contents only by the greater amount of personal effort and pecuniary outlay implied in the corporal presence at one central spot of those who took part in it—an effort and expense which were practically therefore, not of the fifty or sixty

thousand who composed the procession, but of the leaders who organised it.

The Resolution which was passed at the several platforms was to the effect—

That this vast assembly, consisting of seven enormous meetings—composed of representatives of the unenfranchised agricultural labourers, miners, urban and rural non-voters, and other unenfranchised classes; and of trades' organizations, political and Radical clubs, Liberal associations, and other organized bodies, political and non-political—emphatically protests against the rejection of the Representation of the People Bill by an irresponsible and unrepresentative House of Lords, notwithstanding its almost unanimous acceptance by the people and the people's accredited representatives; and it approves Mr. Gladstone's action in advising Her Majesty to summon an autumn session of Parliament, and his determination to send up the Bill again to the Peers; and further expresses its opinion that the continued existence of an unchecked power of impeding and obstructing the popular will at present exercised by the House of Peers is not conducive either to the welfare of the people or the peace and prosperity of the country. That a copy of this Resolution be sent to the Prime Minister.

A large number of meetings, some of them of portentous dimensions, have been held by the agitators in other parts of the country, and Resolutions passed much less moderate in their purport than the above.

The Conservatives, on their side, have not been idle. Meetings are being held in the Metropolis and throughout the provinces in support of the Peers, and, though in the numbers they have attracted, none of these gatherings have approached the Radical demonstrations in London, Manchester, Leeds, or Birmingham, the character of the attendance justifies the belief that the great middle class is largely with them, and that, if the appeal were to the country, instead of to the mob, the result would be to vindicate their action.

There can, indeed, be little doubt that the violent tone of the extreme Radicals has not only impaired the position of the Government with the Constituencies, but is rapidly alienating the support of the more moderate Liberals. The agitation has already touched the limits beyond which Mr. Goschen, at the Foreign Office meeting, warned his hearers it could not go without driving a wedge through the Liberal Party, and nothing will probably prevent its passing those limits, should Mr. Gladstone persist in his refusal to meet the demands of the Opposition by furnishing the guarantee which his own incautious utterances have made more necessary than ever, or by adopting the suggestion made by Lord Redesdale in the House

of Lords on the 22nd ultimo, and bringing forward a scheme complete in all its parts in the Autumn Session.

The proceedings of Parliament, since the 10th ultimo, have necessarily possessed little interest, the time of the House of Commons having been mainly occupied with supply. On the 26th, Mr. Gladstone announced the abandonment of the Medical Acts Amendment Bill. On the 30th a motion of Mr. Dawnay to reduce the vote for Zululand furnished occasion for a short but animated debate on the Government policy in that quarter.

Mr. Dawnay protested against the Government standing still, while the Boers were establishing a second Stellaland in Zululand; and maintained that, while interference in the end was inevitable, the longer Government abstained from action, the greater would be the mischief entailed on all concerned.

Mr. Ashley defended the policy of the Government, which, he contended, had led to the establishment of peace and order in the Reserve, and pointed out that the logical issue of the policy advocated by Mr. Dawnay was annexation, from which they were determined to abstain.

Lord Churchill, Mr. Forster, and Sir Stafford Northcote supported the views of Mr. Dawnay, and, after Mr. Chamberlain and the Premier had spoken on the other side, the amendment was negatived by 155 to 99, and the vote agreed to.

An important step in advance has been taken during the last few days by the advocates of Federation. On the 30th ultimo a numerous attended Conference of representative men of all parties interested in the question was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the Presidentship of Mr. Forster, for the purpose of promoting such a scheme of combination between England and her Colonies as would secure common action in matters of common interest and render separation highly improbable. A Resolution was unanimously passed that some form of federation was essential to secure the permanent unity of the Empire, and it was determined to form a society for the purpose of advocating and supporting the principle.

The mere existence of such a movement largely supported by members of Parliament must place a powerful check on the growing tendency to treat colonial questions from a Party point of view, while Federation, should it ever be achieved, would deal a deadly blow to the advocates of dismemberment and make strongly in favour of a firm and courageous foreign policy.

The manifold failures of the Ministry have found a fitting

climax in the breakdown of the Egyptian Conference. With a perverseness which is inexplicable except on the supposition that she is actuated by some deep ulterior motive, France has refused to consent to the one small concession insisted on by England in return for a loan of eight millions accompanied by a complete surrender not only of her actual position of vantage in Egypt, but of all special claim on it in the future.

By the preliminary agreement with France, England pledged herself to withdraw from Egypt at the close of 1887, unless the Powers should decide that her doing so would be inconsistent with peace and order. At the same time she consented to vest in an international commission the power of vetoing all expenditure in excess of the amount sanctioned in a normal Budget, to be framed by the Conference, and she undertook to consider with France a plan for the neutralisation of the country, together with the Canal, to take effect after her withdrawal.

By the financial scheme laid before the Conference, she undertook further to furnish a loan of eight millions sterling for the purpose of meeting the indemnity claims, and placing the finances of the country on a footing of permanent stability, on the condition of a reduction of one-half per cent. in the interest on the existing debt.

To this reduction France has obstinately refused to consent, with the result that the Conference has been indefinitely adjourned, the preliminary engagement with France, which was conditional on an understanding being arrived at on the entire question, has fallen to the ground, and it is left to England, on her own motion and of her own authority, to take such steps as she may think fit for the future administration of Egypt.

The following summary of the statement made by Mr. Gladstone in the House on the 2nd instant, sufficiently describes what has occurred.

The three principal questions brought before the Conference, the Prime Minister explained,—

were the prospective charges of the administration of Egypt, the present necessity of a loan to meet immediate wants, and the sufficiency of the Egyptian revenue to meet the charges upon it. With regard to the sums necessary for defraying the expenses of the Government there was no difference of opinion among the Powers, nor was there any substantial difference as to the necessity of a loan, the amount of which would have been either eight millions, if it were to include the payment of the Alexandria indemnities, or four and a quarter millions excluding them. The Representatives of

France and England differed irreconcilably in their estimate of the relation of charge and receipt. France absolutely refused any diminution of dividends payable under the Law of Liquidation ; England would not accept any plan which did not make certain provision for the necessary charges of administration, which in their nature were the first charges upon the revenue. That being so, the question was, whether it was possible to devise a plan under which, if the English Representatives were right, the charges of Government would be safely provided for ; while at the same time, if the French Representatives were right, the full dividends would be received by the bondholders. The English Government submitted a plan placing the charges upon the revenue in the following order :—First, a pre-preference debt of eight millions ; second, the dividends on the other debts, minus a deduction of a half per cent. ; third, the administrative expenses of the Government, fixed in round numbers at five and a quarter millions ; and, fourth, a half per cent. upon the debt, making up the full dividends due to the bondholders. Rather than have seen the Conference fail they would have preferred to accept this plan for a period of three years only, to be followed by a reassembling of the Conference. That day the French Representatives had presented their final proposal, which included the payment of the full dividends on the Privileged and Unified debt before any of the charges of the administration were satisfied, any surplus revenue, after paying all the dividends and administrative charges, to be freely at the disposal of the Egyptian Government. The English estimate of the Egyptian revenue showed a deficit of between three hundred thousand and four hundred thousand pounds a year. The French estimate was more sanguine by six hundred thousand or seven hundred thousand pounds. But, in case of a deficit, the French proposal was that it was to be considered and provided for by joint consultation between the Egyptian Government and the Commission of the Caisse, and the Commission was not to accept any trenching upon the full dividends, except by a unanimous vote, or, failing that, after reference to the seven Powers assembled in Conference. To this plan Her Majesty's Government took decided objection. Repudiating the idea which had been attributed to Her Majesty's Government of establishing an International Control similar in character to the Dual Control, Mr. Gladstone said that the view which they had taken had been supported in the Conference by Italy and Turkey, but France being opposed to it, Russia, Germany, and Austria had declined to give any opinion. The Conference had, therefore, adjourned without any date fixed for its reassembling, and its failure to arrive at any satisfactory adjustment of Egyptian finance would, of course, impose upon Her Majesty's Government a very serious consideration of the position and of the measures to be taken.

Mr. Gladstone further stated that, as a result of the failure of the Conference, the Anglo-French agreement was in abeyance and without any binding effect as regards either Power, though Her Majesty's Government continued to value its provisions and would

continue to appreciate most highly the spirit of friendship and far-sighted wisdom shown by the French Government in negotiating it.

Though in all technical respects the *status quo* has thus been restored and the country has every reason to be grateful for the good fortune that has saved it from the humiliation and embarrassment in which the Government scheme would have involved it, it must, at the same time, be obvious to every one that the gravity of the situation has been enormously increased by the action of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues.

In seeking to conciliate France, Mr. Gladstone has succeeded only in confirming her resentment. What England, in her own interests and those of Egypt, ought to have done in the first instance, and what she was free to do without consulting any one, she can now do only in spite of the refusal of France to consent to it.

The Government wisely declines, without mature consideration, to make any statement regarding the action it proposes taking under such critical circumstances. But it would seem practically to have very little choice in the matter.

It is more than ever bound to go forward or retreat.

The country will not allow it to leave Egypt to anarchy. But if it stays in Egypt, it must find means to meet immediate demands on the exchequer, and to carry on the administration with efficiency. For the former purpose a loan is even more necessary than it was before the failure of the Conference. For we may rest assured that one of the first acts of France will be to press for immediate satisfaction of the indemnity claims. But no one will lend the money without a guarantee, and Parliament will not give a guarantee without adequate security for the new liability being met.

That such security can be obtained only by England taking the administration of the country into her own hands, is sufficiently obvious from the case laid by the Government itself before the Conference.

Should the Ministry decide to take this thorough and straightforward course, they will immensely strengthen their position in the country. But so far they have given no indication of any intention to do so. On Monday, indeed, Mr. Gladstone made an announcement, which led to a very general feeling of hope that they had made up their minds to grapple boldly with the situation. They proposed applying, he said, for a vote of credit, to the extent of £300,000, to enable them to undertake operations for the relief of Gordon in case of necessity. The application, which was made and voted the following day, is, however, susceptible of quite another interpretation. For the relief of Gordon would obviously be a necessary preliminary to withdrawal from Egypt.

The same evening the Prime Minister stimulated public curiosity by informing the House that he would, on Tuesday, announce an important preliminary step which the Government had determined to take, and sanguine people looked forward to obtaining at least an indication of the general lines of its policy.

This important step turned out, however, to be nothing more heroic than the appointment of Lord Northbrook, as High Commissioner, to proceed to Egypt and report. In all probability it was dictated merely by a sense of the necessity of doing something to gain time and prevent further awkward questions before the prorogation of Parliament. A more unlikely person either to throw new light on the situation, or identify himself with a forward policy, than the late Viceroy of India, it would, at all events, have been difficult to select.

The last meeting of the Conference was marked by the prevalence of anything but an amicable spirit. On a previous day Count Münster had made an attempt to import the question of the sanitary state of Egypt into the discussion. This Lord Granville had positively refused to allow. He now renewed the attempt with a warmth amounting almost to rudeness; and it is ominous that he was supported by the representatives of the other Powers.

At the suggestion of Count Nigra Lord Granville, while expressing his conviction of the uselessness of such a course, offered to adjourn the Conference indefinitely, instead of declaring it absolutely dismissed. M. Waddington thereupon pleaded for an adjournment to a fixed date, and Lord Granville having declined to accede to this, he renewed the request again and again, and demanded that it should be submitted to the vote of the Conference. This Lord Granville refused to agree to, on the ground that it would be liable to misinterpretation, and would fetter the action of England.

M. Waddington then put in a claim to have the question of the payment of the indemnity separately considered, and, on Lord Granville rejecting it, protested vehemently against this decision, and insisted on throwing his proposition on the table. So great, indeed, was his insistence in the case of the latter point, that Lord Granville was constrained to leave his seat as a final expression of his determination not to permit its consideration.

The situation in the Soudan, so far as it has changed at all, has, in spite of the inaction of the Government, changed for the better. The enemy have nowhere gained any advantage, and the rebellion seems to be dying of sheer exhaustion.

At Debba, the commander of the garrison has gained a signal

victory over a large body of the enemy, while the latest news from Khartoum is of a highly re-assuring character.

First, we have the report of a Greek merchant who has arrived in Cairo from Kassala, and who says that, when at the latter place, he saw a letter from General Gordon to the Mudir, dated the 11th June, exhorting him to hold out, and stating that he had eight thousand men with him; that, though his stock of money was running short, he was well supplied with provisions, and that he intended to steam south on the rising of the Nile and attack the rebels.

About the same time, the Mudir of Dongola reported to the Khedive the receipt of a letter from Gordon in which he made a similar statement regarding the number of men at his command, and added that Khartoum and Sennaar were in a perfect state of defence.

Then we have the statement of an Arab merchant from Kordofan, who arrived at Assouan on the 21st ultimo, and who reported, among other things, that General Gordon, after defeating the rebels who had surrounded the place, had left Khartoum and got as far as Shendy, but was obliged to return for want of water.

Of a still later date, we have the statement of a merchant who had reached Assouan from Berber, and who describes the rebels as being in bodily fear of Gordon, who makes constant sallies in boats, capturing their provisions and inflicting heavy loss on them.

The witness last mentioned gives some further details about Berber, which, he says, fell in the beginning of June. The town, he states, was taken at day-break by a sudden rush of the enemy, and Khalifa Pacha, the commandant, was kept a prisoner, awaiting the Mahdi's pleasure.

Mr. Stanley, who arrived at Plymouth on the 28th ultimo from the Congo, is said to have expressed an opinion that Gordon might retreat whenever he chose, and has three routes open to him for the purpose, that by the Congo, that by the Nile, and that *via* Zanzibar; that he is quite strong enough to meet the Mahdi and force his way through the country, and that he will never leave Khartoum ingloriously; but settle the whole difficulty like a soldier.

With the exception of the proceedings connected with the French Revision Bill, affairs on the Continent, since I last wrote, have presented little worthy of note.

The Committee appointed by the Senate to consider M. Ferry's project having reported, by an overwhelming majority, in favour of rejecting the clause by which it was proposed to curtail the powers possessed by that body over fiscal Bills, M. Ferry, in a somewhat defiant and minatory speech, declared his firm determination not

to accept the Bill without it. At the same time, in the hope of effecting an arrangement between the two Houses, he undertook, with the consent of the Senate, to obtain a vote of the Chamber on an amendment by M. Berlet which would have had the effect of binding it not to go beyond the Government proposal in this direction.

To this the Senate agreed. In the meantime, however, the various sections of the Chamber held meetings to consider what course they should adopt in the matter, with the result of eliciting so general a condemnation of the proposed amendment that M. Ferry's courage failed him, and, instead of arranging for an interpellation with the view of taking the formal opinion of the House, he confined himself to consulting the two central groups on the subject. The result was entirely adverse to accepting any restriction of the discretion of the Chamber, and M. Ferry consequently had to inform the Senate that the question lay between accepting and rejecting the original clause, which was thereupon put to the vote and rejected by a large majority.

If he had acted as he had threatened, M. Ferry should now have declined to have anything more to do with the Bill; but he thought better of it, and took the Resolution down to the Chamber without the rejected clause, and introduced it, not as an amendment, but as an original motion. Urgency was thereupon voted, at his request, and the Resolution referred to the Revision Committee, who, to the surprise of everyone, accepted it by a decisive majority.

Their decision having been confirmed by the Chamber by a majority of 294 to 191, and an identical Resolution thus arrived at, the Congress of the two Houses was summoned to meet at Versailles on Monday.

The two Houses, accordingly, to the number of about eight hundred, assembled on that day, when the proposal of the President, M. Leroyer, that it should accept *en bloc* the standing orders of the National Assembly of 1871 was the occasion of a scene of the wildest excitement and turmoil.

For a whole hour a tempest of discordant noises, cries, banging of desk lids, rattling of paper knives and the like, made it impossible for any one to be heard even by his nearest neighbour. One member after another took possession of the tribune in spite of the President; members abused one another, threatened one another, brandished fists at one another.

M. Ferry having ascended the tribune, M. Andrieux leapt into it, marched up to him with folded arms, and, placing himself in an attitude of menace, refused to leave it. As a last resource, the President, whose expostulations were unregarded, put on his hat and

left the House, whereupon M. Ferry descended from the tribune, leaving M. Andrieux in possession. The tumult then increased. Colonel Langlois, having climbed into the tribune, threw himself down on its edge and gesticulated fiercely. After some minutes M. Andrieux beat a retreat, on which Colonel Langlois also withdrew. After that the storm gradually died out, and lots were drawn for the Bureaux.

Finally the Congress agreed to accept the standing orders of 1871, with certain amendments, and M. Ferry was able to make his statement and submit the provisional draft of the Bill, which now comprises only a declaration of the fixity of the Republican form of Government, the exclusion from the Constitution of the law of senatorial elections and the abolition of public prayers at the opening of the Sessions.

Yesterday there was another stormy sitting, at which a committee of thirty members, chiefly supporters of the Government, was appointed to consider the Bill.

The negotiations between the French and Chinese Governments in connexion with the late violation of the Tientsin treaty reached a point on the 30th ultimo, when the Chinese plenipotentiaries who up to that date had declined to recognise the principle of an indemnity, offered, "in a spirit of conciliation," and while characterising the French demand as unjust, to pay a sum of five hundred thousand taels, or about three and a half million francs, instead of the sum of two hundred and fifty millions claimed.

M. Ferry subsequently instructed M. Patenôtre, under certain conditions, to accept two hundred million francs; but as it is stated that the negotiations were definitively broken off on Sunday last, the Chinese, presumably, refused to pay the reduced amount.

In the meantime Admiral Courbet, with five large ships of war is before Foochow, and, it is believed, that active steps will be taken without delay to obtain satisfaction.

That portion of the French demand which required the immediate evacuation of Tonking, was complied with by a decree issued on the 16th ultimo.

During the last fortnight there has been a steady diminution in the mortality from cholera at Toulon and Marseilles; but the disease is slowly spreading, and has shown itself not only at Arles, Aix, and other towns in the south of France, but at several places in Piedmont, notably at Pancalieri, where, up to Sunday last, twenty-seven cases and eight deaths had occurred.

JAMES W. FURRELL.

LONDON, August 6th, 1884.

INDIA.

THE "SILLY SEASON" with the London Press, when small beer chronicles and the re-appearance of the sea serpent help largely to fill the Procrustean length of the daily columns, has its counterpart in India in the months of August and September. Sodden with the pervading damp, men's spirits, like their shirt-collars, grow limp, and there is not energy enough in the population to provide events worth recording.

The *personnel* of the Afghan Frontier Delimitation Commission is at last definitely settled. A Committee has assembled to decide on the pattern of pyjama's to be issued to the troops; and this attention to details, which was one of the marked characteristics of England's greatest warrior in his Peninsula days, seems to augur well for the completeness of the arrangements that will be made. Sir P. Lumsden has left London for Odessa, and it remains for us to wish the expedition God-speed and a safe return.

Jacta est alea! The French have at last let slip the dogs of war and have occupied Kelung and Foochow after a few hours bombardment. The loss of the great arsenal of China at the first onset may serve to bring to the front the strong peace party among the Chinese under the leadership of the powerful and enlightened Minister, Hung Chang. Should the contest be fought out, ending, as it surely must, in the utter overthrow of the Chinese military power, it is thought not unlikely that a civil war will ensue which will be a severe test of the stability of the present Manchu dynasty. It is to be hoped that a few such reverses as these initial ones will make it possible for the English Minister at Peking, Sir Harry Parkes, to mediate with effect, and thus prevent the blockade by the French of the treaty ports,—a step that would have a serious effect on British commercial interests in China. Opium merchants are said to have little fear that their trade will suffer to any great extent, as, owing to the smuggling so extensively carried on when the Chinese Custom House Department is thrown into disorder, they have often made large profits where hardly any return was expected. Native merchants say that all articles of export, such as silk, are brought down to the English port of Hong-Kong, and are shipped thence without interference from an enemy. Indian tea will doubtless be in greater demand if the China supply falls short; it is calculated that about 100 million pounds of China tea remain unshipped from last season's outturn of 224 millions, and India may be called on to supply this deficiency if the China ports are kept closed for any length of time.

The report of the proceedings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Indian Railways is viewed with considerable disappointment. India seems in this matter, as in so many others, to have been sacrificed on the altar of party interest in England. The strength seems to have been taken out of the original document as presented by the Chairman by amendments proposed by the Under-Secretary of State, Mr. Cross, and no expression has been allowed to appear in the report which might be turned against the Liberal party.

On all minor points it seems that the opinion of the Committee was at one with that of the Government of India. They "consider the evidence in favour of a more rapid extension of railway communication to be conclusive"; as to the gauge question they are of opinion "that all the leading trunk lines with the principal feeders should be on the broad gauge"; they think that both State and private agency should be employed in construction; they recommend that the Government should retain in their own hands a power of fixing or from time to time varying the maximum fares and rates; no distinction can, in their opinion, be maintained between protective and productive lines; and the amount proposed to be spent in the next six years upon railroads is not deemed excessive. All this is satisfactory, but on the crucial point of funds the interests of party show themselves paramount. The amount to be spent each year is to be decided by the Secretary of State, and we shall again have the spectacle of shilly-shally policy,—the staff increased one year, pensioned off the next, public works urged on regardless of cost to-day, while to-morrow the shears will be applied to estimates, reducing them below the rate of sound and solid work—just as the *aura popularis* blows hot or cold.

The Bombay Exhibition Committee have practically decided that their great show shall be held towards the end of the year 1886. There seems to have been some little difficulty as to where the liability would fall if any of the guarantors should prove defaulters. When this point had been satisfactorily settled, the Committee proceeded to pass a very well-merited vote of thanks to the Chairman, the Honorable Mr. Forbes Adam, for the abundant energy he has displayed and the success which has attended his efforts to swell the guarantee fund; he bated no jot of heart or hope when the fund seemed unable to rise beyond four lacs, and the whole scheme seemed to be moribund: the fund now amounts to 20 lacs and the Exhibition may be regarded as certain to be a success.

Calcutta has to thank her conscript fathers for providing them with some lively newspaper reading of a morning during the month. The resignation of a batch of Commissioners in high dudgeon at the action of the local Government has been viewed with approbation or with derision by the Press according as the writer's proclivities are of a Radical or a Conservative tendency. One thing seems to be certain, that the "Rump" Town Council, as now composed of the Chairman and some three other members, is a much more handy and effective machinery for getting through real work than the unwieldy collection of rhetoricians whose perorations so often shook the rafters of our Town Hall. One is almost inclined to advocate that the elections should be postponed, and a year's trial given to the present body who have preferred the good of their poorer fellow-citizens to the indulgence of party spirit.

GENERAL NOTES.

Belles Lettres.

Very few books of travel present a clearer picture of the aspect of Nature and the incidents of daily life in a foreign land than the "Indian Lyrics"* of Mr. Trego Webb. When a poet and a humourist takes up the tale of distant climes he not only enlarges knowledge, but he gives delight. We once had the privilege of listening to Charles Kingsley as hatless but not pipeless on a wild March morning, he described an evening scene in the West Indian forest, the monkeys going to bed and the oldest monkey preaching a sermon to his younger brethren, and we need not say that the picture was fixed in our mind for ever. If Mr. Webb does not command the inspiration of genius, he certainly possesses the poet's eye and the sympathy of the humourist, without which there is neither seeing nor hearing of the procreative kind. The earlier part of the volume, belying the title, consists of a series of sonnets on native servants and European residents. They may be characterized as humorous-descriptive. They are, no doubt, accurate transcripts from well-known types, and to set against the tone of quiet contempt which bespeaks the Anglo-Indian, there is an undertone of tenderness for these "children of a larger growth" which excites the sympathy of the reader. Of the lyrics proper we return to read with the greatest interest the "Old Punkah Wallah." Headed by a quotation from Wordsworth, and recalling the style and treatment of the Lyrical Ballads, this poem, in our judgment, touches the highest level of any in the volume. We can only find space for the opening stanzas, and those which record the death of the Punkah Wallah at his post.

Our ways are full of sound and strife,
Ambition clouds our years;
We break the quiet calms of life
With restless hopes and fears.

Sometimes methinks we well might learn
From humble lives we shun
How uncomplaining toil may earn
The crown of duty done.

But soon his resting-place was known,
Nor was he far astray;
For in an outhouse all alone
Stone-dead the old man lay.

* "Indian Lyrics" by Mr. Trego Webb, Bengal Association Service. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink & Co. 1924. We, Thacker & Co., 222.

Still faithful he had borne his part
Down to his latest breath;
Till Nature to that patient heart
Whispered that this was death.

"The Ode to a Crow" ranks highest as a metrical composition and as a work of humour. "The Adjutant Bird," "The Nautch Girl," and "Punkah Beats" are more original if less striking. For rhymes of the P. and O. we care but little, and the inevitable triplets and rondeaux, like all new fashions which are not quite new, seem to us already out of date. In his last stanzas Mr. Webb again strikes the Wordsworthian lyre.

Our years amid these sultry plains,
The palm, the lotus' silver gleam,
Light subjects of my lighter strains,
May seem to some an idle theme.

Yet to men's minds great Nature's powers
A silent inspiration give;
The fields and sunlight, trees and flowers
All help to mould the life we live.

In the various surroundings of Indian life Mr. Webb has discovered rather than invented an original subject, and if he now and again recalls great poets to our minds, it is less in the way of imitation than of dutiful reproduction. As a rule his style is his own, and serves his turn sufficiently well.

—*Westminster Review*.

Contemporary Records.

THE "Falcon"* is a story of Boccaccio's put into dramatic form. The original story is one of the most graceful in the Decameron: it does not gain by being made vivid and striking on the stage. The mediæval quaintness of spirit which is essential to the whole story can be appreciated better by the reader than by the man who looks on from the pit. The story is believed and loved when the actors are moving in some remote theatre of the fancy; when they are vague in the mists of idle reverie, with no orchestra to accompany them except some half-unconscious undersong, that keeps saying—

"This, all this, was in the olden
Time long ago."

* The Cup and the Falcon. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan, 1884.

The story of the Falcon is almost as ill-suited for the stage as that of Patient Griselda. Each of these stories is admired by the reader; it is possible to read them again and again; but the pathos of them will not bear to be made a show of. It was too cruel to bring forward the martyred falcon *coram populo*. In all the bloodshed of the Elizabethan stage there is nothing more ruthless. But the story is told nobly, as it could not but be, by its second author. This is the solution of the tragedy, the speech in which the Count explains why he cannot grant the Lady Giovanna's request to give up his falcon to save the life of her son:—

"Stay, stay. I am most unlucky, most unhappy.

You never had look'd in on me before,
And when you came and dipt your sovereign head

Thro' these low doors, you ask'd to eat with me.

I had but emptiness to set before you—

No not a draught of milk, no not an egg,
Nothing but my brave bird, my noble falcon,

My comrade of the house and of the field.
She had to die for it—she died for you,
Perhaps I thought with those of old, the nobler

The victim was, the more acceptable
Might be the sacrifice. I fear you scarce
Will thank me for your entertainment now.

LADY GIOVANNA (*returning*).

I bear with him no longer.

COUNT.

No, Madonna!

And he will have to bear with it as he may.

LADY GIOVANNA.

I break with him for ever!

COUNT.

Yes, Giovanna.

But he will keep his love to you for ever!

LADY GIOVANNA.

You? you? not you! my brother! my hard brother!

O Federigo, Federigo, I love you!

Spite of ten thousand brothers, Federigo."

The "Cup" is really, as much as the "Falcon," a *novella* put into dramatic form—not a drama founded upon a *novella*. The characters are not interesting in themselves—it is the story of treachery and of just vengeance in which they are actors that gives them all their interest, not they that give substantiality and life to the story. Camma is more real than either Sinnatus or Synorix; her speech in answer to the message of Synorix ("Tell him there is one shadow among the shadows"), and the speech before the end ("O women, ye will have Roman masters")—these have living words in them. But the misgiving will arise that they are the words of the master of the show, not of the individual character in whose mouth they are placed. In any case, however, gratitude is the only proper frame of mind in which to receive these and the other gifts of eloquence that are contained in this volume.—*Contemporary Review*.

A Sign of the Times in Lexicography.*

The chief merit of the "New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" is suggested by its title—it is the first thoroughly systematic and exhaustive history ever attempted of the words of a language. The principle upon which it is based is, of course, not new. The idea that lexicography is at bottom history, and demands historical accuracy and completeness, is conspicuous in Grimm and Littré, and, in fact, lies at the basis of every great modern lexicon. But the task of accumulating all the facts which constitute the history of words is so vast, incompleteness is apparently so inevitable, and it is so much easier to analyse and pass judgment upon contemporary or classical usage than to show by what steps it was reached, that even Littré, the greatest of modern lexicographers, virtually abandoned the purely historical field. To have highly resolved to realize the historical idea in all its fulness, and to have carried that resolve into successful execution, is the great merit of the Philological Society and of Dr. Murray. Their dictionary breathes a new atmosphere and is animated by a new spirit. With its great rivals, Littré and Grimm, one feels that the language—the French or German—of the present forms a limit up to which the past leads, but beyond which it does not point. "Contemporary usage," says Littré (preface), "is the first and principal object of a dictionary." The prime value of the word-history of the past is, he thinks, to establish the usage of the present; and this present usage seems, for him, to have in it a certain completeness, ultimateness, and sacredness. But the "New Dictionary" lifts us over this barrier, and shows us that present usage is only an imaginary section of the great stream of linguistic changes flowing toward us from the past and away into the future. It places us upon the summit of philosophic history, for which past, present, and future are more or less arbitrary divisions of one comprehensive view. Of the scholarship, toil, self-sacrifice, genius, by which this summit has been reached, it is unnecessary to speak.

This broad, philosophic view of its theme gives to the philological Society's work a significance beyond that which belongs to it within its special province. It marks the movement of another department of thought into line with those sciences which have surrendered themselves wholly to the scientific spirit of the age; which recognise truth as existing in fact alone, and in the whole fact, and have turned resolutely away from individual inspiration, feeling, preference, to impersonal observation, analysis, and induction. How far at least English lexicography has hitherto been from this position, every one knows. Johnson's dictionary is

* A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles, founded mainly on the materials collected by the Philological Society. Edited by James A. H. Murray, LL.D., President of the Philological Society, with the assistance of many scholars and men of science. Part I. A-A.N.T. Oxford: the Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

hardly more a work of science than is "Sartor Resartus"; nor do Richardson, Latham, and the rest come much nearer the scientific ideal. They are monuments of literary taste, skill, knowledge, and even of genius, but they are not truly scientific; for not one of them recognises that, as a man of science, the lexicographer has no right to express an opinion until all the facts upon which that opinion *ought* to be founded are before him. They exhibit everywhere the freedom of the *littérateur*. But the editors of the "New Dictionary" have proceeded differently. First, with the aid of hundreds of others, they have collected millions of facts, and only when these were all in their hands have they ventured to express their opinions as to the meaning of any. This is the true scientific spirit; and that it has taken firm hold of lexicography in all its branches is indicated by the similar scheme for a great Latin lexicon, which is being carried into execution by Professor Wölfflin. Is not this a sign of the times. And may we not hope that the same spirit will soon drive out the personal element, the arbitrariness of individual opinion and feeling, from the remaining departments of scientific thought, from literary criticism, aesthetics, biography, and philosophy? Certainly the fact that over one thousand persons (readers) have been found who have not only appreciated the scientific aim which the Philological Society has set before them, but have also enthusiastically devoted themselves to its promotion, ought to encourage those who are working for this grand result. — *The Century*.

Lawn Tennis.

The specialism of the age is carried into the sphere of games. As a contemporary remarks, "The time has passed when a country curate or a competition-wallah home on leave could aspire to championship honours." Not only must the aspirant have the requisite leisure, but he must refrain from indulging in a diversity of pastimes, and concentrate his energies upon the one game, and that alone. Cricketers, to keep their hand in the winter, find themselves under the necessity of undertaking tours to the Antipodes. The lucky lawn-tennis player need not, however, travel so far afield. True, he must sacrifice his hunting, but the sacrifice is slight when we consider that no further off than the Riviera does he find ample scope for indulging his favourite taste; and the dwellers at Pau and Cannes are now initiated into the mysteries of the "game"—another word for Mr. Bellows, *bona fide* use in potatoes—"foot-faulting," and the like. We already have tournaments all over the three kingdoms, championship meetings for ladies as well as gentlemen,

inter-university and international matches; and we confidently look forward to the day when a team of Australian lawn-tennis players will visit our shores with the regularity and success that attend on the redoubtable band of cricketers whose names have already become household words amongst us. For who knows not of Murdoch, the Ulysses of cricket; Blackham, peerless among wicket-keepers; and Spofforth, whose fiendish speed of delivery has won for him a title suggestive of supernatural powers? It is positively difficult to avoid lapsing into a heroic vein when treating of these mighty personages. So, too, in the world of lawn-tennis, eminent players are beginning to have their special titles, and the Messrs. Renshaw, as we mentioned above, have been fitly dubbed the Great Twin-Brethren. A decent respect, a becoming silence, and motionlessness of attitude, are indispensable on the part of the spectators on any great occasion. An anecdote in point is related of a noted performer, who is very particular on this score. During a grand match, after he had just been adjuring one of the small boys in attendance to stand still, and had got into position, an audacious butterfly, totally devoid of any proper feeling, boldly fluttered on to the court, and caused the famous *virtuoso* a further delay of several seconds, until it thought fit to depart, to the great amusement of a certain section of the spectators who were hardly alive to the solemnity of the occasion. It would be easy to multiply instances of the seriousness, the Teutonic thoroughness, which characterise the pursuit of this game. Of late, the correspondence columns of the *Field* have been devoted to a discussion as to the difference between "absolutely unreturnable" and "impossible of turn," conducted in a truly Aristotelian spirit. Perhaps, the *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole thing may be best exemplified by the following story:—We have been assured, on credible authority, that the run upon the crack lawn-tennis racquet-maker is so great that gentlemen who have found their own powers of persuasion and offers of enhanced prices unavailing, have been reduced, and with success, to the employment of the feminine wiles of their sisters to coax the coveted implements out of the artist. We should greatly like to hear what an intelligent foreigner would have to say who had witnessed the recent tournament at Wimbledon. His comments would, at any rate, prove entertaining, even though he saw no more "wit" in the game than the Frenchman did in cricket, or felt as mystified as the Turk at Constantinople who, seeing some young Englishmen playing football, cried out, "Will no one stop this fight?" — *Spectator*.

